THE
Dramatick Works
OF
Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

In Three Volumes.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING,

Marriage A-la-mode.
Love in a Nunnery.
Amboyna.
State of Innocence.
Aurenzebe.
All for Love.
Limberham.
Oedipus.
Troilus and *Creſſida.*
Spaniſh Fryar.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Bentley*, at the Poſt Houſe in *Ruſſel-Street* in *Covent-Garden.* 1695.

MARRIAGE
A-la-Mode.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

Written by John Dryden *Eſq;*

> ———————*Quicquid ſum ego, quamvis*
> *Infra Lucilli cenſum ingeniumque, tamen me*
> *Cum magnis vixiſſe, invita fatebitur uſque*
> *Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem*
> *Offendet ſolido.*
>
> Horat. Serm.

In the SAVOY:
Printed by *Edw. Jones*, for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by
R. Bentley, at the Post-House in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden*. 1691.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Earl of
ROCHESTER.

My Lord,

I Humbly Dedicate to your Lordſhip that Poem, of which you were pleas'd to appear an early Patron before it was Acted on the Stage. I may yet go farther, with your Permiſſion, and ſay, That it receiv'd amendment from your noble Hands, e'er it was fit to be preſented. You may pleaſe likewiſe to Remember, with how much favour to the Author, and indulgence to the Play, you Commended it to the view of His Majeſty, then at *Windſor*, and by His Approbation of it in Writing, made way for its kind Reception on the *Theatre.* In this Dedication therefore, I may ſeem to imitate a Cuſtom of the Ancients, who offer'd to their Gods the Firſtlings of the Flock, which I think they call'd *Ver Sacrum*, becauſe they help'd 'em to increaſe. I am ſure if there be any thing in this Play, wherein I have rais'd my ſelf beyond the ordinary lowneſs of my Comedies, I ought wholly to acknowledge it to the favour of being admitted into your Lordſhips Converſation. And not only I, who pretend not to this way, but the beſt Comick Writers of our Age, will joyn with me to acknowledge, that they have copied the Gallantries of Courts, the Delicacy of Expreſſion, and the Decencies of Behaviour, from your Lordſhip, with more ſucceſs, than if they had taken their Models from the Court of *France*. But this, my Lord, will be no wonder to the World, which knows the Excellency of your Natural Parts, and thoſe you have acquir'd in a Noble Education. That which with more Reaſon I admire, is, that being ſo abſolute a Courtier, you have not forgot, either the Ties of Friendſhip, or the Practice of Generoſity. In my little Experience of a Court, (which I Confeſs I deſire not to improve) I have found in it much of Intereſt, and more of Detraction: Few Men there have that Aſſurance of a Friend, as not to be made Ridiculous by him, when they are abſent. There are a midling ſort of Courtiers, who become happy by their want of Wit; but they ſupply that want, by an exceſs of Malice to thoſe who have it. And there is no ſuch Perſecution as that of Fools: They can never be conſiderable enough to be talk'd of themſelves; ſo that they are ſafe only in their Obſcurity, and grow miſchievous to Witty Men, by the great diligence of their Envy, and by being always preſent to repreſent and aggravate their Faults. In the mean time they are forc'd, when they endeavour to be pleaſant, to live on the Offals of their Wit, whom they decry; and either to quote it, (which they do unwillingly) or to paſs it upon others for their own. Theſe are the Men who make it their Buſineſs to chaſe Wit from the Knowledge of Princes, leſt it ſhould diſgrace their Ignorance. And this kind of Malice your Lordſhip has not ſo much avoided, as ſurmounted. But if by the excellent Temper of a Royal Maſter, always more ready to hear good than ill, if by his Inclination to Love you, if by your own Merit and Addreſs, if by the Charms of your Converſation, the Grace of your Behaviour, your Knowledge of Greatneſs and Habitude in Courts, you having been able to preſerve your ſelf with Honour in the midſt of ſo dangerous a Courſe; yet at leaſt the remembrance of thoſe Hazards has inſpir'd you with Pity for other Men, who being of an inferiour Wit and Quality to you, are yet Perſecuted, for being that in Little, which your Lordſhip is in Great. For the Quarrel of thoſe People extends it ſelf to any thing of Senſe; and if I may be ſo Vain to own it amongſt the reſt of the Poets, has ſometimes reach'd to the very Borders of it, even to me. So that, if our general good Fortune had not rais'd up your Lordſhip to defend us, I know not whether any thing had been more Ridiculous in Court, than Writers. 'Tis to your Lordſhips Favour we generally owe our Protection and Patronage; And to the Nobleneſs of your Nature, which will not ſuffer the leaſt ſhadow of your Wit to be Contemn'd in other Men: You have been often pleas'd, not only to excuſe my Imperfections, but to vindicate what was tolerable in my Writings from their Cenſures. And, what I never can forget, you have not only been careful of my Reputation, but of my Fortune. You have been Sollicitous to ſupply my Neglect of my ſelf; and to overcome the fatal Modeſty of Poets, which ſubmits them to perpetual wants, rather than to become importunate with thoſe People, who have the Liberality of Kings in their diſpoſing; and who, diſhonouring the Bounty of their Maſter, ſuffer ſuch to be in Neceſſity, who endeavour at leaſt to pleaſe him: And for whoſe entertainment He has generouſly provided, if the Fruits of His Royal Favour were not often ſtopp'd in other Hands. But your Lordſhip has given me occaſion, not to complain of Courts, whilſt you are there. I have found the effects of your Mediation in all my Concernments; and they were ſo much the more Noble in you, becauſe they were wholly voluntary. I became your Lordſhips (if I may venture on the Similitude) as the World was made, without knowing him who made it; and brought only a Paſſive Obedience to be your Creature. This Nobleneſs of yours I think my ſelf the rather oblig'd to own, becauſe otherwiſe it muſt have been loſt to all Remembrance: For you are endued with that excellent Quality of a frank Nature, to forget the Good which you have done.

But, my Lord, I ought to have conſider'd, that you are as great a Judge, as you are a Patron; and that in Praiſing you ill, I ſhall incur a higher Note of Ingratitude, than that I thought to have avoided. I ſtand in need of all your accuſtom'd Goodneſs for the Dedication of this Play; which, though perhaps it be the beſt of my Comedies, is yet ſo faulty, that I ſhould have fear'd you for my Critick, if I had not with ſome Policy given you the trouble of being my Protector. Wit ſeems to have lodg'd it ſelf more Nobly in this Age, than [illegible] any of the former: And People of my mean Condition, are o[illegible] Writers, becauſe ſome of the Nobility, and your Lordſhip [illegible] the firſt place, are above the narrow Praiſes which Poſie could give you. But let thoſe who love to ſee themſelves exceeded, encourage your Lordſhip in ſo dangerous a Quality: For my own part, I muſt confeſs, that I have ſo much of ſelf-Intereſt, as to be content with Reading ſome Papers of your Verſes, without deſiring you ſhould proceed to a Scene or Play; with the common Prudence of thoſe, who are worſted in a Duel, and declare they are ſatisfied when they are firſt Wounded. Your Lordſhip has but another ſtep to make, and from the Patron of Wit, you may become its Tyrant; and oppreſs our little Reputations with more eaſe than you now protect them. But theſe, my Lord, are deſigns, which I am ſure you harbour not, any more than the *French* King is contriving the Conqueſt of the *Swiſſers*: 'Tis a barren Triumph, which is not worth your Pains, and wou'd only rank him amongſt your Slaves, who is already,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips

Moſt Obedient,

and moſt Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Prologue.

Lord, how Reform'd and quiet we are grown,
Since all our Braves and all oar Wits are gone:
Fop-corner now is free from Civil War:
White-Wig and Vizard make no longer jar.
France, *and the Fleet, have ſwept the Town ſo clear,*
That we can Act in peace, and you can hear.
'Twas a ſad ſight, before they march'd from home,
To ſee our Warriours, in Red Waſtecoats, come,
With Hair tuck'd up, into our Tireing-Room.
But 'twas more ſad to hear their laſt Adieu,
The Women ſob'd, and ſwore they would be true;
And ſo they were, as long as e're they cou'd:
But powerful Guinea *cannot be withſtood,*
And they were made of Play-houſe Fleſh and Blood.
Fate did their Friends for double uſe ordain,
In Wars abroad, they grinning Honour gain,
And Miſtreſſes, for all that ſtay, maintain.
Now they are gone, 'tis dead Vacation here,
For neither Friends nor Enemies appear.
Poor penſive Punk now peeps ere Plays begin,
Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture in:
But manages her laſt Half-Crown with care;
And trudges to the Mall, *on foot, for Air.*
Our City Friends ſo far will hardly come,
They can take up with Pleaſures nearer home;
And ſee gay Shows, and gawdy Scenes elſewhere:
For we preſume they ſeldom come to hear.
But they have now ta'n up a glorious Trade,
And cutting Moorcraft, ſtruts in Maſquerade.
There's all our hope, for we ſhall ſhow to Day,
A Maſquing Ball, to recommend our Play:
Nay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em ſee,
We ſcorn to come behind in Courteſie,
We'll follow the new Mode which they begin,
And Treat 'em with a Room and Couch within.
For that's one way, how e'er the Play fall ſhort,
To oblige the Town, the City, and the Court.

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

MEN.

	By
Polydamus, Uſurper of *Sicily*	Mr. *Winterſhall.*
Leonidas, the Rightful Prince, unkown	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Argaleon, Favourite to *Polydamas*	Mr. *Lydall.*
Hermogenes, Foſter-Father to *Leonidas*	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Eubulus, his Friend and Companion	Mr. *Watſon.*
Rhodophil, Captain of the Guards	Mr. *Mohun.*
Palamede, a Courtier	Mr. *Hart.*

WOMEN.

	By
Palmyra, Daughter to the Uſurper	Mrs. *Coxe.*
Amalthea, Siſter to *Argaleon*	Mrs. *James.*
Doralice, Wife to *Rhodophil*	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Melantha, an affected Lady	Mrs. *Bowtell.*
Philotis, Woman to *Melantha*	Mrs. *Reeve.*
Beliſa, Woman to *Doralice*	Mrs. *Slade.*
Artemis, a Court Lady	Mrs. *Uphill.*

Scene, *SICILY.*

Marriage A-la-Mode.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Walks near the Court.

Enter Doralice *and* Beliza.

Dor. BEliza, bring the Lute into this Arbour, the Walks are empty: I would try the Song the Princeſs *Amalthea* bad me learn. *They go in and Sing.*

1.

WHy ſhould a fooliſh Marriage Vow
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now
When Paſſion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,
Till our love was lov'd out in us both:
But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleaſure is fled:
'Twas Pleaſure firſt made it an Oath.

2.

If I have Pleaſures for a Friend,
And farther Love in ſtore,
What wrong has he whoſe Joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?

'Tis a Madneſs that he
Should be Jealous of me,
Or that I ſhou'd bar him of another?
For all we can gain,
Is to give our ſelves Pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

Enter Palamede, *in Riding Habit, and hears the Song.*

Re-enter Doralice *and* Beliza.

Bel. Madam, a Stranger.

Dor. I did not think to have had Witneſſes of my bad Singing.

Pala. If I have err'd, Madam, I hope you'l Pardon the Curioſity of a Stranger; for I may well call my ſo, after five years abſence from the Court: But you have freed me from one Error.

Dor. What's that, I beſeech you?

Pala. I thought good Voices, and ill Faces, had been inſeparable; and that to be Fair, and Sing well, had been only the priviledge of Angels.

Dor. And how many more of theſe fine Things can you ſay to me.

Pala. Very few, Madam, for if I ſhould continue to ſee you ſome hours longer; you look ſo killingly, that I ſhould be Mute with wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the Reputation of a Wit with me: You Travelling Monſieurs live upon the Stock you have got abroad, for the firſt day or two: To repeat with a good Memory, and apply with a good Grace, is all your Wit. And commonly, your Gullets are ſew'd up like Cormorants: When you have regorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leaneſt things in Nature.

Pala. Then, Madam, I think you had beſt make that uſe of me; let me wait on you for two or three days together, and you ſhall hear all I have learnt of extraordinary in other Countries: And one Thing which I never ſaw till I came home, that is, a Lady of a better Voice, better Face, and better Wit, than any I have ſeen abroad. And after this, if I ſhould not declare my ſelf moſt Paſſionately in Love with you, I ſhould have leſs Wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain and pithy Declaration. I ſee, Sir, you have been Travelling in *Spain* or *Italy*, or ſome of the hot Countries, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you ſure theſe are not Words of Courſe? For I would not give my poor Heart an occaſion of complaint againſt me, that I engag'd it too raſhly, and then could not bring it off.

Pala. Your Heart may truſt it ſelf with me ſafely; I ſhall uſe it very Civilly while it ſtays, and never turn it away, without fair warning to provide for it ſelf.

Dor. Firſt, then, I do receive your Paſſion with as little Conſideration on my part, as ever you gave it me on yours. And now ſee what a miſerable Wretch you have made your ſelf.

Pala. Who, I miſerable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough, and Life enough, and I defie *Fortune*.

Dor. Know then, thou Man of Vain Imagination; know, to thy utter Confuſion, that I am Virtuous.

Pala. Such another Word, and I give up the Ghoſt.

Dor. Then, to ſtrike you quite Dead, know, that I am Marry'd too.

Pala. Art thou Marry'd; O thou damnable Virtuous Woman!

Dor. Yes, Marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handſome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you deſpair and hang your ſelf.

Pala. Well, in ſpight of all that, I'll Love you: *Fortune* has cut us out for one another; for I am to be Marry'd within theſe three days. Marry'd paſt Redemption, to a young, fair, rich, and Virtuous Lady: And, it ſhall go hard, but I will Love my Wife as little, as I perceive you do your Husband.

Dor. Remember, I invade no propriety: My Servant you are only till you are Marry'd.

Pala. In the mean time, you are to forget you have a Husband.

Dor. And you, that you are to have a Wife.

Bel. Aſide to her Lady. O Madam, my Lord's juſt at the end of the Walks; and, if you make not haſte, will diſcover you.

Dor. Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk further of the Premiſes; in the mean while, break not my firſt Commandment, that is, Not to follow me.

Pala. But where, then, ſhall I find you again?

Dor. At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

Pala. And Nights, I beſeech you, Madam. [*Exit* Dor. *and* Beliza.

Pala. Well, I'll ſay that for thee, thou art a very dextrous Executioner; thou haſt done my buſineſs at one Stroke: Yet I muſt Marry another —— and yet I muſt Love this; and if it lead me into ſome little Inconveniencies, as Jealouſies, and Duels, and Death, and ſo forth; yet while ſweet Love is in the caſe, *Fortune* do thy worſt, and avant Mortality.

Enter Rodophil, *who ſeems Speaking to one within.*

Rho. Leave 'em with my Lieutenant, while I fetch new Orders from the King. How? *Palamede!* [*Sees* Palamede.

Pala. Rodophil!

Rho. Who thought to have ſeen you in *Sicily*?

Pala. Who thought to have found the Court ſo far from *Syracuſe*?

Rho. The King beſt knows the Reaſon of the Progreſs. But Anſwer me, I beſeech you, What brought you home from Travel?

Pala. The Commands of an old rich Father.

Rho. And the hopes of Burying him.

Pala. Both together, as you ſee, have prevail'd on my good Nature. In few words, my old Man has already Marry'd me; for he has agreed with another old Man, as Rich and as Covetous as himſelf; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my Conſent, for fear of being diſ-inherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to Marry.

Rho. Sure your Father intends you ſome very ugly Wife; and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have ſhot the Gulf.

Pala. I know not that; but Obey I will, and muſt.

Rho. Then I cannot chuſe but grieve for all the good Girls and Curtizans of *France* and *Italy*: They have loſt the moſt kind-hearted, doting, prodigal, humble Servant, in *Europe*.

Pala. All I could do in theſe three years I ſtay'd behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures for the loſs of you. But what's the Reaſon that in all this time a Friend could never hear from you?

Rho. Alas, Dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to pleaſe me: The greateſt Misfortune imaginable is fall'n upon me.

Pala. Prithee, What's the matter?

Rho. In one word, I am Marry'd; wretchedly Marry'd; and have been above theſe two Years. Yes, faith, the Devil has had power over me, in ſpight of my Vows and Reſolutions to the contrary.

Pala. I find you have Sold your ſelf for filthy lucre; ſhe's old, or ill-Condition'd.

Rho. No, none of theſe: I'm ſure ſhe's young; and for her Humour, ſhe Laughs, Sings, and Dances eternally; and, which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the ſame.

Pala. You're very unfortunate indeed: Then the caſe is plain, ſhe is not handſome.

Rho. A great Beauty too, as People ſay.

Pala. As People ſay: Why, you ſhould know that beſt your ſelf.

Rho. Ask thoſe, who have ſmelt to a ſtrong Perfume two years together, what's the Scent.

Pala. But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

Rho. Ay, too many, *Palamede*, if I could put 'em into three or four Women, I ſhould be content.

Pala. O, now I have found it, you diſlike her for no other Reaſon, but becauſe ſhe's your Wife.

Rho. And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory; I remember, indeed, that about two years ago I Lov'd her Paſſionately; but thoſe Golden Days are gone, *Palamede*: Yet I Lov'd her a whole half year, double the Natural term of any Miſtreſs, and think in my Conſcience I could have held out another quarter; but then the World began to Laugh at me, and a certain Shame of being out of Faſhion ſeiz'd me: At laſt, we arriv'd at that Point, that there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another; yet ſtill I ſet a good Face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but when we are alone, we walk like Lions in a Room, ſhe one way, and I another: And we lie with our Backs to each other ſo far diſtant, as if the faſhion of great Beds was only invented to keep Husband and Wife ſufficiently aſunder.

Pala. The Truth is, your Diſeaſe is very deſperate; but though you cannot be Cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you muſt get you a Miſtriſs, *Rodophil*: That, indeed, is living upon Cordials; but, as faſt as one fails, you muſt ſupply it with another. You're like a Gameſter, who has loſt his Eſtate; yet, in doing that, you have learn'd the advantages of Play, and can arrive to live upon't.

Rho. Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have juſt reſolv'd to take your Counſel; and, faith, conſidering the Damn'd diſadvantages of a Marry'd Man, I have provided well enough for a poor humble Sinner that is not Ambitious of great Matters.

Pala. What is ſhe for a Woman?

Rho. One of the Stars of *Syracuſe*, I aſſure you: Young enough, fair enough, and, but for one quality, juſt ſuch a Woman as I would wiſh.

Pala. O Friend, this is not an Age to be Critical in Beauty: When we had good ſtore of handſome Women, and but few Chapmen, you might have been more curious in your choice; but now the price is enhanc'd upon us, and all Mankind ſet up for Miſtriſſes, ſo that poor little Creatures, without Beauty, Birth, or Breeding, but only Impudence, go off at unreaſonable Rates, and a Man, in theſe hard times, ſnaps at 'em, as he does at broad Gold, never examines the weight, but takes light, or heavy, as he can get it.

Rho. But my Miſtriſs has one Fault that's almoſt unpardonable; for being a Town-Lady, without any relation to the Court, yet ſhe thinks her ſelf undone, if ſhe be not ſeen there three or four times a day, with the Princeſs *Amalthea.* And for the King, ſhe haunts, and watches him ſo narrowly in a Morning, that ſhe prevents even the Chymiſts who beſet his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

Pala. Yet, hitherto, methinks, you are no very unhappy Man.

Rho. With all this, ſhe's the greateſt Goſſip in Nature; for, beſides the Court, ſhe's the moſt eternal viſiter of the Town; and yet manages her time ſo well, that ſhe ſeems Ubiquitary. For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the Sun; for, like him, ſhe takes no reſt, nor ever ſets in one place, but to riſe in another.

Pala. I confeſs ſhe had need be handſome with theſe Qualities.

Rho. No Lady can be ſo curious of a new Faſhion, as ſhe is of a new French Word; ſhe's the very Mint of the Nation; and as faſt as any Bullion comes out of *France,* Coins it immediately into our Language.

Pala. And her Name is———

Rho. No Naming; that's not like a Cavalier:

Find her, if you can, by my Deſcription; and I am not ſo ill a Painter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

Pala. Well then, how far have you proceeded in your Love?

Rho. 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear I cannot tell; for this inſufferable humour of haunting the Court, is ſo predominant, that ſhe has hitherto broken all her Aſſignations with me, for fear of miſſing her Viſits there.

Pala. That's the hardeſt part of your Adventure; but, for ought I ſee, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a ſtrange kind of Miſtriſs too in Court, beſides her I am to Marry.

Rho. You have made haſte to be in Love then; for, if I am not miſtaken, you are but this day arriv'd.

Pala. That's all one, I have ſeen the Lady already, who has charm'd me, ſeen her in theſe Walks, Courted her, and receiv'd for the firſt time, an Anſwer that does not put me into Deſpair.

To them, Argaleon, Amalthea, Artemis.

I'll tell you at more leiſure my Adventures. The Walks fill apace, I ſee. Stay, is not that the young Lord *Argaleon,* the Kings Favourite?

Rho. Yes, and as Proud as ever, as Ambitious, and as Revengeful.

Pala. How keeps he the Kings Favour with theſe Qualities?

Rho. *Argaleon's* Father help't him to the Crown: Beſides, he gilds over all his Vices to the King; and ſtanding in the dark to him, ſees all his Inclinations, Intereſts and Humours, which he ſo times and ſooths, that in effect, he Reigns.

Pala. His Siſter *Amalthea*, who I gueſs ſtands by him, ſeems not to be of his Temper.

Rho. O, ſhe's all Goodneſs and Generoſity.

Arga. Rhodophil, the Kings expects you earneſtly.

Rho. 'Tis done, my Lord, what he Commanded; I only waited his return from Hunting. Shall I attend your Lordſhip to him?

Arga. No; I go firſt another way. [*Exit haſtily.*

Amal. to Rhod. after a ſhort Whiſper. Your Friend? Then he muſt needs be of much Merit.

Rho. When he has kiſs'd the King's Hand, I know he'll beg the Honour to kiſs yours. Come, *Palamede.*

Exeunt Rhodo. *and* Pala. *bowing to* Amal.

Arte. Madam, you tell me moſt ſurprizing News.

Amal. The fear of it, you ſee
Has diſcompos'd my Brother; but to me
All that can bring my Country good is welcome.

Arte. It ſeems incredible, that this old King,
Whom all the World thought Childleſs,
Should come to ſearch the fartheſt parts of *Sicily*,
In hope to find an Heir.

Amal. To leſſen your Aſtoniſhment, I will
Unfold ſome private Paſſages of State,
Of which you yet are ignorant: Know, firſt,
That this *Polydamus*, who Reigns, unjuſtly
Gain'd the Crown.

Arte. Somewhat of this I have confus'dly heard.

Amal. I'll tell you all in brief: *Theagenes*,
Our laſt great King,
Had, by his Queen, one only Son, an Infant
Of three years old, call'd, after him, *Theagenes*;
The General, this *Polydamus*, then Marri'd:
The publick Feaſts for which were ſcarcely paſt,
When a Rebellion in the heart of *Sicily*
Call'd out the King to Arms.

Arte. ———— ———— ———— *Polydamus*
Had then a juſt excuſe to ſtay behind.

Amal. His Temper was too warlike to accept it:
He left his Bride, and the new Joys of Marriage,
And follow'd to the Field. In ſhort, they fought,
The Rebels were ov'rcome; but in the Fight
The too bold King receiv'd a mortal Wound.
When he perceiv'd his End approaching near,
He call'd the General, to whoſe Care he left
His Widow Queen, and Orphan Son; then dy'd.

Arte. Then falſe *Polydamus* betray'd his Truſt?

Amal. He did, and with my Fathers help, for which
Heav'n Pardon him, ſo gain'd the Soldiers Hearts,

That in ſew days he was Saluted King:
And when his Crimes had Impudence enough
To bear the Eye of day,
He march'd his Army back to *Syracuſe.*
But ſee how Heav'n can puniſh wicked Men
In granting their Deſires: The News was brought him
That day he was to enter it, that *Eubulus*,
Whom his dead Maſter had left Governor,
Was fled, and with him bore away the Queen,
And Royal Orphan; but what more amaz'd him,
His Wife, now big with Child, and much deteſting
Her Husband's Practiſes, had willingly
Accompani'd their flight.
Arte. How I admire her Virtue!
Amal. ———————————What became
Of her, and them, ſince that, was never known;
Only, ſome few days ſince, a famous Robber
Was taken with ſome Jewels of vaſt price,
Which, when they were deliver'd to the King,
He knew had been his Wife's; with theſe, a Letter,
Much torn, and ſulli'd, but which yet he knew
To be her Writing.
Arte. ————————Sure from hence he learn'd
He had a Son.
Amal. ———————It was not left ſo plain:
The Paper only ſaid, ſhe dy'd in Childbed:
But when it ſhould have mention'd Son, or Daughter,
Juſt there it was torn off.
Arte. ——————Madam, the King.

To them, Polydamas, Argaleon, *Guard, and Attendants.*

Arga. The Robber, though thrice Rack'd, confeſs'd no more,
But that he took thoſe Jewels near this place.
Poly. But yet the Circumſtances ſtrongly argue,
That thoſe, for whom I ſearch, are not far off.
Arga. I cannot eaſily believe it.
Arte. ———————No,
You would not have it ſo. [*aſide.*
Poly. Thoſe I employ'd, have, in the Neighbouring Hamlet,
Amongſt the Fiſhers Cabins, made diſcovery
Of ſome young Perſons, whoſe uncommon Beauty,
And graceful Carriage, makes it ſeem Suſpicious
They are not what they ſeem: I therefore ſent
The Captain of my Guards, this Morning early,
With Orders to ſecure and bring 'em to me.

Enter Rhodophil *and* Palamede.

O here he is. Have you perform'd my Will?
Rho. Sir, thoſe whom you Commanded me to bring,
Are waiting in the Walks.
Poly. ——————Conduct 'em hither.
Rho. Firſt give me leave
To beg your Notice of this Gentleman.
Poly. He ſeems to merit it. His Name and Quality?
Rho. Palamede, Son to the Lord *Cleodemus* of *Palermo*,
And new return'd from Travel.

Palamede *approaches, and kneels to kiſs the Kings Hand.*

Poly. ——————You're welcome,
I knew your Father well, he was both brave,
And honeſt; we two once were fellow Soldiers,
In the laſt Civil Wars.
Pala. I bring the ſame unqueſtion'd honeſty
And zeal to ſerve your Majeſty; the Courage
You were pleas'd to praiſe in him,
Your Royal Prudence, and you Peoples love,
Will never give me leave to try like him
In Civil Wars, I hope it may in Foreign.
Poly. Attend the Court, and it ſhall be my care
To find out ſome Employment worthy you.
Go, *Rhodophil*, and bring in thoſe without. [*Exit* Rho. *and* Pala.

Rhodophil *returns again immediately, and with him*
Enter Hermogenes, Leonidas, *and* Palmyra.

Behold two Miracles { *Looking earneſtly on* Leon. *and* Palmyra.
Of different Sexes, but of equal Form:
So matchleſs both, that my divided Soul
Can ſcarcely ask the Gods a Son, or Daughter,
For fear of loſing one. If from your Hands,
You Powers, I ſhall this day receive a Daughter,
Argaleon, ſhe is yours; but if a Son,
Then *Amalthea*'s Love ſhall make him happy.
Arga. Grant, Heav'n, this admirable Nymph may prove
That Iſſue which he ſeeks.
Amal. Venus Urania, if thou art a Goddeſs,
Grant that ſweet Youth may prove the Prince of *Sicily*.
Poly. Tell me, old Man, and tell me true, from whence [*To* Her.
Had you that Youth and Maid?
Her. ——————From whence you had
Your Scepter, Sir. I had 'em from the Gods.
Poly. The Gods then have not ſuch another Gift.
Say who their Parents were.

Her. ————————My Wife, and I.

Arga. It is not likely, a Virgin of ſo excellent a Beauty
Should come from ſuch a Stock.

Amal. Much leſs, that ſuch a Youth, ſo ſweet, ſo graceful,
Should be produc'd from Peaſants.

Her. Why, Nature is the ſame in Villages,
And much more fit to form a Noble Iſſue
Where it is leaſt corrupted.

Poly. He talks, too like a Man that knew the World
To have been long a Peaſant. But the Rack
Will teach him other Language. Hence with him.
[*As the Guards are carrying him away, his Perruke falls off.*
Sure I have ſeen that Face before. *Hermogenes!*
'Tis he, 'tis he, who fled away with *Eubulus*,
And with my dear *Eudoxia.*

Her. Yes, Sir, I am *Hermogenes*,
And if to have been Loyal be a Crime,
I ſtand prepar'd to ſuffer.

Poly. If thou would'ſt live, ſpeak quickly,
What is become of my *Eudoxia?*
Where is the Queen, and young *Theagenes?*
Where *Eubulus?* And which of theſe is mine?
{*Pointing to* Leon.
and Palm.

Her. *Eudoxia* is Dead, ſo is the Queen,
The Infant King her Son, and *Eubulus.*

Poly. Traitor, 'tis falſe: Produce 'em, or ——

Her. ————————Once more
I tell you, they are dead; but leave to threaten,
For you ſhall know no further.

Poly. Then prove indulgent to my Hopes, and be
My Friend for ever. Tell me, good *Hermogenes*,
Whoſe Son is that brave Youth?

Her. ————————Sir, he is yours.

Poly. Fool that I am, thou ſeeſt that ſo I wiſh it,
And ſo thou flatter'ſt me.

Her. ————————By all that's Holy.

Poly. Again, thou canſt not ſwear too deeply.
Yet hold, I will believe thee: ———yet I doubt.

Her. You need not, Sir.

Arga. Believe him not; he ſees you Credulous,
And would impoſe his own baſe Iſſue on you,
And fix it to your Crown.

Amal. Behold his goodly Shape and Feature, Sir,
Methinks he much reſembles you.

Arga. I ſay, if you have any Iſſue here,
It muſt be that fair Creature;
By all my Hopes I think ſo.

Amal. Yes, Brother, I believe you by your Hopes, For they are all for her.

Poly. ———————Call the Youth nearer.

Her. Leonidas, the King would ſpeak with you.

Poly. Come near, and be not dazled with the Splendor
And greatneſs of a Court.

Leon. I need not this incouragement.
I can fear nothing but the Gods.
And for this Glory, after I have ſeen
The Canopy of State ſpread wide above
In the Abyſs of Heaven, the Court of Stars,
The bluſhing Morning, and the riſing Sun,
What greater can I ſee?

Poly. This ſpeaks the Born a Prince, thou art thy ſelf [*Embracing him.*
That riſing Son, and ſhalt not ſee on Earth,
A brighter than thy ſelf——All of you Witneſs,
That for my Son I here receive this Youth,
This brave, this—— but I muſt not Praiſe him further,
Becauſe he now is mine.

Leon. I wonnot, Sir, believe [*kneeling.*
That I am made your ſport;
For I find nothing in my ſelf, but what
Is much above a Scorn; I dare give credit
To whatſoe'er a King, like you, can tell me.
Either I am, or will deſerve to be your Son.

Arga. I yet maintain it is impoſſible
This young Man ſhould be yours; for, if he were,
Why ſhould *Hermogenes* ſo long conceal him
When he might gain ſo much by his diſcovery?

Her. I ſtay'd a while to make him worthy, Sir, of you. [*To the King.*
But in that time I found
Somewhat within him, which ſo mov'd my love,
I never could reſolve to part with him.

Leon. You ask too many Queſtions, and are [*To* Argaleon.
Too ſawcy for a Subject.

Arga. You rather over-act your part, and are
Too ſoon a Prince.

Leon. ———————Too ſoon you'll find me one.

Poly. Enough, *Argaleon*,
I have declar'd him mine: And you, *Leonidas*,
Live well with him I Love.

Arga. Sir, if he be your Son, I may have leave
To think your Queen had Twins; look on this Virgin;
Hermogenes would enviouſly deprive you
Of half your Treaſure.

Her. ———————Sir, ſhe is my Daughter.
I could, perhaps, thus aided by this Lord,
Prefer her to be yours; but Truth forbid

I ſhould procure her greatneſs by a Lie.

Poly. Come hither, beauteous Maid: Are you not ſorry
Your Father will not let you paſs for mine?

Palm. I am Content to be what Heav'n has made me.

Poly. Could you not Wiſh your ſelf a Princeſs then?

Palm. Not to be Siſter to *Leonidas*.

Poly. Why, my ſweet Maid?

Palm. ———————Indeed I cannot tell;
But I could be content to be his Handmaid.

Arga. I wiſh I had not ſeen her. [*Aſide.*

Palm. I muſt weep for your good Fortune; [*To* Leonidas.
Pray Pardon me, indeed I cannot help it.
Leonidas, (alas, I had forgot,
Now I muſt call you Prince) but muſt I leave you?

Leon. I dare not ſpeak to her; for if I ſhould, [*Aſide.*
I muſt weep too.

Poly. No, you ſhall live at Court, ſweet Innocence,
And ſee him there. *Hermogenes*,
Though you intended not to make me happy,
Yet you ſhall be Rewarded for th'event.
Come, my *Leonidas*, let's thank the Gods;
Thou for a Father, I for ſuch a Son. [*Exeunt all but* Leon. *and* Pal.

Leon. My dear *Palmyra*, many Eyes obſerve me,
And I have Thoughts ſo tender, that I cannot
In publick Speak 'em to you: Some Hours hence
I ſhall ſhake off theſe crowds of fawning Courtiers.
And then——— [*Exit* Leonidas.

Palm. Fly ſwiſt, you Hours, you meaſure time for me in vain,
Till you bring back *Leonidas* again.
Be ſhorter now; and to redeem that wrong,
When he and I are met, be twice as long. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Melantha *and* Philotis.

Phil. Count *Rhodophil*'s a fine Gentleman indeed, Madam; and I think deſerves your Affection.

Mel. Let me die but he's a fine Man; he Sings, and Dances *en Francois*, and writes the *Billets Doux* to a Miracle.

Phil. And thoſe are no ſmall Talents to a Lady that underſtands, and values the French Ayr, as your Ladyſhip does.

Mel. How Charming is the French Air! And what an *Etourdy Bete* is one of our untravel'd Iſlanders! when he would make his Court to me, let me die, but he is juſt *Æſop*'s Aſs, that would imitate the Courtly

French in his Addreſſes; but, inſtead of thoſe, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things ſo *Mal a droitly*.

Phil. 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil*'s a Married Man, that you may not have an Honourable Intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue, *Philotis*! that's an old Phraſe; I have laid that Word by: *Amour* ſounds better. But thou art Heir to all my caſt Words, as thou art to my old Wardrobe. Oh Count *Rhodophil*! Ah *mon cher*! I could Live and Die with him.

Enter Palamede *and a Servant.*

Ser. Sir, this is my Lady.

Pala. Then this is ſhe that is to be Divine, and Nymph, and Goddeſs, and with whom I am to be deſperately in Love.

[*Bows to her, delivering a Letter.*

This Letter, Madam, which I preſent you from your Father, has given me both the happy opportunity, and the boldneſs, to kiſs the faireſt Hands in *Sicily*.

Mel. Came you lately from *Palermo*, Sir?

Pala. But yeſterday, Madam.

Mel. [Reading the Letter] *Daughter, receive the Bearer of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have choſen to make you happy*; (Oh *Venus*, a new Servant ſent me! And let me Die but he has the Air of a Gallant *Homme*,) *his Father is the Rich Lord* Cleodemus, *our Neighbour: I ſuppoſe you'l find nothing diſagreeable in his Perſon or his Converſe; both which he has improv'd by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded, and I ſhall be in Town within theſe three days; ſo that you have nothing to do, but to Obey your careful Father.*

(*To* Pala.) Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your paſſionate Addreſſes; but you muſt alſo give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from ſo accompliſh'd a Cavalier.

Pala. I want many Things, Madam, to render me accompliſh'd; and the firſt and greateſt of 'em, is your Favour.

Mel. Let me Die, *Philotis*, but this is extreamly French; but yet Count *Rhodophil* —— A Gentleman, Sir, that underſtands the *Grand Mond* ſo well, who has hanted the beſt Converſations, and who (in ſhort) has Voyag'd, may pretend to the good Graces of any Lady.

Pala. (*Aſide*) Hay day! *Grand Mond*! *Converſation*! *Voyag'd*! and *good Graces*! I find my Miſtriſs is one of thoſe that run Mad in new French Words.

Mel. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have made the *Tour* of *France*; and having ſeen all that's fine there, will make a conſiderable Reformation in the rudeneſs of our Court: For, let me Die, but an unfaſhion'd, untravel'd, meer *Sicilian*, is a *Bete*; and has nothing in the world of an *honete Homme*.

Pala. I muſt confeſs, Madam, That——

Mel. And what new *Minouets* have you brought over with you?

their *Minouets* are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian Jigs* are ſo dull and ſad to 'em!

Phil. For *Minouets*, Madam——

Mel. And what new Plays are there in Vogue? And who Danc'd beſt in the laſt Grand Ballet? Come, ſweet Servant, you ſhall tell me all.

Pal. (*Aſide*) Tell her all? Why, ſhe asks all, and will hear nothing—— To Anſwer in order, Madam, to your Demands——

Mel. I am thinking what a happy Couple we ſhall be! for you ſhall keep up your Correſpondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ in *France*, and fine, I mean all that's delicate, and *bien tourné*, we will have firſt.

Pal. But, Madam, our Fortune——

Mel. I underſtand you, Sir; you'l leave that to me: For the mannage of a Family, I know it better than any Lady in *Sicily*.

Pal. Alas, Madam, we——

Mel. Then we will never make Viſits together, nor ſee a Play, but always apart; you ſhall be every day at the King's *Leve*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-Room.

Phil. Madam, the new Prince is juſt paſs'd by the end of the Walk.

Mel. The new Prince, ſay'ſt thou? Adieu, dear Servant; I have not made my Court to him theſe two long Hours. O, 'tis the ſweeteſt Prince! ſo obligeant, charmant, raviſſant, that——Well, I'll make haſte to kiſs his Hands; and then make half a ſcore Viſits more, and be with you again in a Twinkling. [*Exit, running with* Philotis.

Pal. (*Solus*) Now Heaven, of thy Mercy bleſs me from this Tongue; it may keep the Field againſt a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language, *French Gibberiſh*. 'Tis true, in the day-time, 'tis tolerable, when a Man has Field-Room to run from it; but, to be ſhut-up in a Bed with her, like two Cocks in a Pit; Humanity cannot ſupport it: I muſt kiſs all Night in my own Defence, and hold her down, like a Boy at Cuffs, nay, and give her the riſing blow every time ſhe begins to Speak.

Enter Rhodophil.

But here comes *Rhodophil*. 'Tis pretty odd that my Miſtris ſhould ſo much reſemble his: The ſame News-monger, the ſame paſſionate lover of a Court, the ſame——But *Baſta*, ſince I muſt Marry her, I'll ſay nothing, becauſe he ſhall not Laugh at my Misfortune.

Rho. Well, *Palamede*, how go the Affairs of Love? You've ſeen your Miſtris?

Pal. I have ſo.

Rho. And how, and how? Has the old *Cupid*, your Father, choſen well for you? Is he a good Woodman?

Pal. She's much handſomer than I could have imagin'd: In ſhort, I Love her, and will Marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off from your other Miſtris?

Pal. You are miſtaken, I intend to Love 'em both, as a reaſonable

Man ought to do. For ſince all Women have their Faults and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one of 'em ſhould help out t'other.

Rho. This were a bleſſed Doctrine, indeed, if our Wives would hear it; but they're their own Enemies: If they would ſuffer us but now and then to make Excurſions, the benefit of our variety would be theirs; inſtead of one continu'd, lazy, tyr'd Love, they would, in their turns, have twenty vigorous, freſh, and active Loves.

Pal. And I would ask any of 'em, whether a poor narrow Brook, half dry the beſt part of the year, and running ever one way, be to be compar'd to a luſty Stream, that has Ebbs and Flows?

Rho. Ay; or is half ſo profitable for Navigation.

Enter Doralice, *walking by, and Reading.*

Pal. Ods my Life. *Rhodophil,* will you keep my Counſel?

Rho. Yes: Where's the Secret?

Pal. There 'tis. [*Shewing* Doralice.
I may tell you, as my Friend, *ſub ſigillo, &c.* this is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in Love.

Rho. By all that's virtuous, my Wife! [*Aſide.*

Pal. You look ſtrangely; how do you like her? Is ſhe not very handſom?

Rho. Sure he abuſes me. [*Aſide.*
Why the Devil do you ask my Judgment? [*To him.*

Pal. You are ſo dogged now, you think no Man's Miſtreſs handſom but your own. Come, you ſhall hear her talk too; ſhe has Wit, I aſſure you.

Rho. This is too much, *Palamede.* [*Going back.*

Pal. Prithee do not hang back ſo: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the moſt baſhful Fellow. [*Pulling him forward.*

Dor. Were you ſo near, and would not ſpeak, dear Husband? [*Looking up.*

Pal. Husband, quoth a! I have cut out a fine piece of Work for my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Rho. Pray, Spouſe, how long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

Dor. Who, I acquainted with this Stranger?
To my beſt Knowledge, I never ſaw him before.

Enter Melantha, *at the other end.*

Pal. Thanks, Fortune, thou haſt help'd me. [*Aſide.*

Rho. *Palamede,* this muſt not paſs ſo: I muſt know your Miſtreſs a little better.

Pal. It ſhall be your own fault elſe. Come, I'll introduce you.

Rho. Introduce me! where! [*Pointing to* Melantha, *who ſwiftly paſſes over the Stage.*

Pal. There. To my Miſtreſs.

Rho. Who? *Melantha!* O heavens, I did not ſee her.

Pal. But I did; I am an Eagle where I Love; I have ſeen her this half hour.

Dor. (*Aſide*) I find he has Wit, he has got off ſo readily; but it would anger me, if he ſhould love *Melantha.*

Rho. (*Aſide.*) Now I could e'en wiſh it were my Wife he lov'd: I find he's to be marry'd to my Miſtreſs.

Pal. Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to preſent you to her?

Rho. No, you need not; I have the honour to have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with her.

Pal. (*Aſide.*) O *Jupiter!* What a Blockhead was I not to find it out! My Wife that muſt be, is his Miſtreſs. I did a little ſuſpect it before; well, I muſt marry her, becauſe ſhe's handſom, and becauſe I hate to be diſinherited for a younger Brother, which I am ſure I ſhall be if I diſobey; and yet I muſt keep in with *Rhodophil*, becauſe I love his Wife. (*To* Rhodo.) I muſt deſire you to make my Excuſe to your Lady, if I have been ſo unfortunate to cauſe any miſtake; and, withal, to beg the honour of being known to her.

Rho. O, that's but reaſon. Hark you, Spouſe, pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend; whom, to my Knowledge, you have never ſeen before this hour.

Dor. I'm ſo obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Husbands Commands ſhall ever be a Law to me.

Enter Melantha *again, haſtily, and runs to embrace* Doralice.

Mela. O, my dear, I was juſt going to pay my Devoirs to you; I had not time this morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never Nation was ſo happy, and all that, in a young Prince; and he's the kindeſt Perſon in the World to me, let me die, if he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore——

Mel. That imports not: Though he has not ſeen the *Grand Mond*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the Court, moſt abſolutely.

Pal. But yet, Madam, he——

Mel. O, Servant, you can teſtifie, that I am in his good Graces. Well, I cannot ſtay long with you, becauſe I have promis'd him this Afternoon to——But hark you, my Dear, I'll tell you a Secret.

[*Whiſpers to* Doralice.

Rho. The Devil's in me, that I muſt Love this Woman. [*Aſide.*

Pal. The Devil's in me, that I muſt Marry this Woman. [*Aſide.*

Mel. Raiſing her Voice. So the Prince and I—— But you muſt make a Secret of this, my Dear, for I would not for the World your Husband ſhould hear it, or my Tyrant, there, that muſt be.

Pal. Well, fair impertinent, your whiſper is not loſt; we hear you.

[*Aſide.*

Dor. I underſtand then, that——

Mel. I'll tell you, my dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and preſs'd it *al a derobbée*, because the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and, *in ſuitte*, ſaid a thouſand Gallantries, or let me Die, my Dear.

Dor. Then I am ſure you———

Mel. You are miſtaken, my dear.

Dor. What, before I ſpeak?

Mel. But I know your meaning; you think, my dear, that I aſſum'd ſomething of *fierté* into my Countenance, to *rebute* him; but, quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to expreſs it in our dull *Sicilian* Language, *d'un ayre enjoüé*; and ſaid nothing but *ad autre, ad autre*, and that it was all *Grimace*, and would not paſs upon me.

Enter Artemis: Melantha *ſees her, and runs away from* Doralice.

To Artemis. My dear, I muſt beg your Pardon, I was juſt making a looſe from *Doralice*, to pay my Reſpects to you. Let me die, if I ever paſs time ſo agreeably as in your Company, and if I would leave it for any Lady's in *Sicily*.

Arte. The Princeſs *Amalthea* is coming this way.

Enter Amalthea: Melantha *runs to her.*

Mel. O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new *Galeche*, ſo often, to tell you of a new Amour, betwixt two Perſons whom you would little ſuſpect for it; that, let me die, if one of my Coach-Horſes be not Dead, and another quite tyr'd, and ſunk under the *fatigue*.

Amal. O, *Melantha*, I can tell you News, the Prince is coming this way!

Mel. The Prince, O ſweet Prince! He and I are to——— and I forgot it. ———Your Pardon, ſweet Madam, for my abruptneſs. Adieu, my Dears. Servant, *Rhodophil*; Servant, Servant, Servant all.
[*Exit running.*

Amal. Rhodophil, a Word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Dor. To Pal. Why do you not follow your Miſtris, Sir?

Pal. Follow her! Why, at this rate ſhe'll be at the *Indies* within this half hour.

Dor. However, if you can't follow her all day, you'll meet her at Night, I hope.

Pal. But can you, in Charity, ſuffer me to be ſo Mortify'd, without affording me ſome Relief? If it be but to puniſh that ſign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull inſipid taſte, who leaves ſuch delicious fare at home, to Dine abroad on worſe Meat, and to pay dear for't into the bargain.

Dor. All this is in Vain: Aſſure your ſelf, I will never admit of any Viſit from you in private.

Pal. That is to tell me, in other Words, my Condition is deſperate.

Dor. I think you in ſo ill a Condition, that I am reſolved to Pray for you this very Evening, in the cloſe Walk, behind the Terras; for that's a private place, and there I am ſure no Body will diſturb my Devotions. And ſo good Night, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pal. This is the neweſt way of making an Appointment, I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the means; I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be ſo Prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to joyn my own with 'em. [*Exit.*

Amal. (*To* Rhodophil) I know already they do not Love each other; and that my Brother acts but a forc'd Obedience to the Kings Commands; ſo that, if a quarrel ſhould ariſe betwixt the Prince and him, I were moſt miſerable on both ſides.

Rho. There ſhall be nothing wanting in me, Madam, to prevent ſo ſad a Conſequence.

Enter the King, Leonidas; *the King Whiſpers* Amalthea.

(To himſelf) I begin to hate this *Palamede*, becauſe he is to Marry my Miſtris: Yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her Company. 'Tis a hard Caſe when a Man muſt go by his Rival to his Miſtris: But 'tis at worſt but uſing him like a pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all day, I'll throw him off at Night.

Amal. *(To the King)* This Honour is too great for me to hope.

Poly. You ſhall this Hour have the Aſſurance of it.
Leonidas, come hither; you have heard,
I doubt not, that the Father of this Princeſs
Was my moſt Faithful Friend, while I was yet
A private Man; and when I did aſſume
This Crown, he ſerv'd me in that high attempt.
You ſee then, to what Gratitude obliges me;
Make your Addreſſes to her.

Leon. Sir, I am yet too young to be a Courtier;
I ſhould too much betray my Ignorance.
And want of breeding to ſo fair a Lady.

Amal. Your Language ſpeaks you not bred up in Deſarts,
But in the ſoftneſs of ſome *Aſian* Court,
Where Luxury and Eaſe invent kind Words,
To cozen tender Virgins of their Hearts.

Poly. You need not doubt
But in what Words ſoe'er a Prince can offer
His Crown and Perſon, they will be receiv'd.
You know my Pleaſure, and you know your Duty.

Leon. Yes, Sir, I ſhall Obey, in what I can.

Poly. In what you can, *Leonidas*? Conſider,
He's both your King, and Father, who commands you.
Beſides, what is there hard in my Injunction?

Leon. 'Tis hard to have my Inclination forc'd,
I would not Marry, Sir; and when I do,
I hope you'll give me freedom in my choice.
Poly. View well this Lady,
Whoſe Mind as much Tranſcends her Beauteous Face,
As that excells all others.
Amal. My Beauty, as it ne'er could merit Love,
So neither can it beg: And, Sir, you may
Beleive that what the King has offer'd you,
I ſhould refuſe, did I not value more
Your Perſon than your Crown.
Leon. ———— ———— Think it not Pride,
Or my new Fortunes ſwell me to contemn you;
Think leſs, that I want Eyes to ſee your Beauty;
And leaſt of all think Duty wanting in me
T' Obey a Father's Will: But——
Poly. ———— ———— But what, *Leonidas* ?
For I muſt know your Reaſon; and be ſure
It be convincing too.
Leon. ———— ———— Sir, ask the Stars,
Which have impoſ'd Love on us like a fate,
Why Minds are bent to one, and fly another?
Ask why all Beauties cannot move all Hearts?
For though there may
Be made a rule for Colour or for Feature;
There can be none for liking.
Poly. Leonidas, you owe me more
Than to oppoſe your liking to my Pleaſure.
Leon. I owe you all Things, Sir; but ſomething too
I owe my ſelf.
Poly. You ſhall diſpute no more; I am a King,
And I will be obey'd.
Leon. You are a King, Sir; but you are no God;
Or if you were, you could not force my Will.
Poly. But you are juſt, you Gods; O you are juſt, [*Aſide.*
In puniſhing the Crimes of my Rebellion
With a Rebellious Son!
Yet I can puniſh him, as you do me.
Leonidas, there is no jeſting with
My will: I ne'er had done ſo much to gain
A Crown, but to be abſolute in all Things.
Amal. O, Sir, be not ſo much a King, as to
Forget you are a Father: Soft Indulgence
Becomes that Name. Though Nature gives you Pow'r,
To bind his Duty, 'tis with ſilken Bonds:
Command him, then, as you command your ſelf:
He is as much a part of you, as are

Your Appetite, and Will, and thoſe you force not,
But gently Bend, and make 'em pliant to your Reaſon.
Poly. It may be I have uſ'd too rough a way;
Forgive me, my *Leonidas*; I know
I lie as open to the guſts of paſſion,
As the bare Shore to every beating Surge:
I will not force thee now; but I intreat thee,
Abſolve a Father's vow, to this fair Virgin:
A vow, which hopes of having ſuch a Son
Firſt cauſ'd.
Leon. Shew not my diſobedience by your Pray'rs,
For I muſt ſtill deny you, though I now
Appear more guilty to my ſelf, than you:
I have ſome reaſons, which I cannot utter,
That force my diſobedience; yet I mourn
To death, that the firſt thing you e're injoyn'd me,
Should be that only one command in Nature
Which I could not obey.
Poly. I did deſcend too much below my ſelf
When I intreated him. Hence, to thy Deſart,
Thou'rt not my Son, or art not fit to be.
Amal. Great Sir, I humbly beg you, make not me [*kneeling.*
The cauſe of your diſpleaſure. I abſolve
Your vow: far, far from me, be ſuch deſigns;
So wretched a deſire of being great,
By making him unhappy. You may ſee
Something ſo noble in the Prince his nature,
As grieves him more not to obey, than you
That you are not obey'd.
Poly. ——— Then, for your ſake,
I'll give him one day longer to conſider
Not to deny; for my reſolves are firm
As fate, that cannot change. [*Exeunt King and* Amal.
Leon. ——— ——— And ſo are mine.
This beauteous Princeſs, charming as ſhe is,
Could never make me happy: I muſt firſt
Be falſe to my *Palmyra*, and then wretched.
But, then, a Father's anger!
Suppoſe he ſhould recede from his own Vow,
He never will permit me to keep mine.

Enter Palmyra; Argaleon *following her a little after.*

See, ſhe appears!
I'll think no more of any thing, but her.
Yet I have one hour good e're I am wretched.
But, Oh! *Argaleon* follows her! So night

Treads on the foot-ſteps of a Winter's Sun,
And ſtalks all black behind him.
Palm. ——— ——— O *Leonidas*,
(For I muſt call you ſtill by that dear name)
Free me from this bad Man.
Leon. I hope he dares not be injurious to you.
Arga. I rather was injurious to my ſelf,
Than her.
Leon. That muſt be judg'd when I hear what you ſaid.
Arga. I think you need not give your ſelf that trouble;
It concern'd us alone.
Leon. You anſwer ſawcily, and indirectly:
What intereſt can you pretend in her?
Arga. It may be, Sir, I made her ſome expreſſions,
Which I would not repeat, becauſe they were
Below my rank, to one of hers.
Leon. What did he ſay, *Palmyra?*
Palm. I'll tell you all: Firſt he began to look,
And then he ſigh'd, and then he look'd again;
At laſt, he ſaid my Eyes wounded his Heart:
And, after that, he talk'd of flames, and fires;
And ſuch ſtrange words, that I believ'd he conjur'd.
Leon. O my heart! Leave me, *Argaleon.*
Arga. Come, ſweet *Palmyra*,
I will inſtruct you better in my meaning:
You ſee he would be private.
Leon. ——— ——— Go your ſelf,
And leave her here.
Arga. ——— ——— Alas, ſhe's ignorant,
And is not fit to entertain a Prince.
Leon. Firſt, learn what's fit for you; that's to obey.
Arga. I know my duty is to wait on you.
A great King's Son, like you, ought to forget
Such mean converſe.
Leon. ——— ——— What? A diſputing Subject?
Hence; or my Sword ſhall do me juſtice on thee.
Arga. Yet I may find a time ——— ——— ——— [*Going.*
Leon. ——— What's that you mutter, [*Going after him.*
To find a time?
Arga. ——— ——— To wait on you again ———
(*Softly.*) In the mean while I'll watch you.
[*Exit, and watches during the Scene.*

Leon. How precious are the hours of Love in Courts!
In Cottages, where Love has all the day,
Full, and at eaſe, he throws it half away.
Time gives himſelf, and is not valu'd, there;
But ſells, at mighty rates, each minute here.

There, he is lazy, unemploy'd, and ſlow;
Here, he's more ſwift; and yet has more to do.
So many of his hours in publick move,
That few are left for privacy, and Love.

Palm. The Sun, methinks, ſhines faint and dimly here;
Light is not half ſo long, nor half ſo clear.
But, Oh! when every day was yours and mine,
How early up! what haſte he made to ſhine!

Leon. Such golden days no Prince muſt hope to ſee;
Whoſe ev'ry Subject is more bleſs'd than he.

Palm. Do you remember, when their tasks were done,
How all the Youth did to our Cottage run?
While Winter-winds were whiſtling loud without,
Our chearful Hearth was circled round about:
With ſtrokes in aſhes Maids their Lovers drew;
And ſtill you fell to me, and I to you.

Leon. When Love did of my heart poſſeſſion take,
I was ſo young, my Soul was ſcarce awake:
I cannot tell when firſt I thought you fair;
But ſuck'd in Love inſenſibly as Air.

Palm. I know too well when firſt my Love began;
When, at our Wake, you for the Chaplet ran:
Then I was made the Lady of the May,
And, with the Garland, at the Goal did ſtay:
Still, as you ran, I kept you full in view;
I hop'd, and wiſh'd, and ran, methought, for you.
As you came near, I haſtily did riſe,
And ſtretch'd my arm out-right, that held the Prize.
The cuſtom was to kiſs whom I ſhould Crown:
You kneel'd; and, in my Lap, your head laid down.
I bluſh'd, and bluſh'd, and did the kiſs delay:
At laſt, my Subjects forc'd me to obey;
But, when I gave the Crown, and then the kiſs,
I ſcarce had breath to ſay, Take that —— and this.

Leon. I felt, the while, a pleaſing kind of ſmart;
The kiſs went, tingling, to my very heart.
When it was gone, the ſenſe of it did ſtay;
The ſweetneſs cling'd upon my Lips all day,
Like drops of Honey, loth to fall away.

Palm. Life, like a Prodigal, gave all his ſtore
To my firſt youth, and now can give no more.
You are a Prince; and, in that high degree,
No longer muſt converſe with humble me.

Leon. 'Twas to my loſs the Gods that Title gave;
A Tyrant's Son is doubly born a Slave:
He gives a Crown; but, to prevent my Life
From being happy, loads it with a Wife.

Palm. Speak quickly; what have you reſolv'd to do?

Leon. To keep my Faith inviolate to you.
He threatens me with Exile, and with ſhame,
To loſe my Birth-right, and a Prince his name;
But there's a Bleſſing which he did not mean,
To ſend me back to Love and You again.

Palm. Why was not I a Princeſs for your ſake?
But Heav'n no more ſuch Miracles can make:
And, ſince that cannot, this muſt never be;
You ſhall not loſe a Crown for love of me.
Live happy, and a nobler Choice purſue;
I ſhall complain of Fate; but not of you.

Leon. Can you ſo eaſily without me live?
Or could you take the counſel which you give?
Were you a Princeſs, would you not be true?

Palm. I would; but cannot merit it from you.

Leon. Did you not merit, as you do, my heart;
Love gives eſteem; and then it gives deſert.
But if I baſely could forget my vow,
Poor helpleſs Innocence, what would you do?

Palm. In Woods, and Plains, where firſt my love began,
There would I live, retir'd from faithleſs man:
I'd ſit all day within ſome lonely ſhade,
Or that cloſe Arbor which your hands have made:
I'd ſearch the Groves, and ev'ry Tree, to find
Where you had carv'd our names upon the rind:
Your Hook, your Scrip, all that was yours, I'd keep,
And lay 'em by me when I went to ſleep.
Thus would I live: and Maidens, when I die,
Upon my Hearſe white True-love-knots ſhould tie:
And thus my Tomb ſhould be inſcrib'd above,
Here the forſaken Virgin reſts from Love.

Leon. Think not that time or fate ſhall e'r divide
Thoſe Hearts, which Love and mutual Vows have ty'd,
But we muſt part; farewel, my Love.

Palm. ———————— Till when?

Leon. Till the next age of hours we meet agen.
Mean time ———— we may,
When near each other we in publick ſtand,
Contrive to catch a look, or ſteal a hand:
Fancy will every touch, and glance improve;
And draw the moſt ſpirituous parts of Love.
Our Souls ſit cloſe, and ſilently within;
And their own Web from their own Intrals ſpin.
And when Eyes meet far off, our ſenſe is ſuch,
That, Spider-like, we feel the tender'ſt touch.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter **Rhodophil,** *meeting* **Doralice** *and* **Artemis.**
Rhodophil *and* **Doralice** *embrace.*

Rho. MY own dear heart!
Dor. My own true Love! [*She ſtarts back.* I had forgot my ſelf to be ſo kind; Indeed I am very angry with you, dear; you are come home an hour after you appointed: If you had ſtaid a minute longer, I was juſt conſidering, whether I ſhould ſtab, hang, or drown my ſelf. [*Embracing him.*

Rho. Nothing but the King's Buſineſs could have hinder'd me; and I was ſo vex'd, that I was juſt laying down my Commiſſion, rather than have fail'd my Dear. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Arte. Why, this is Love as it ſhould be, betwixt Man and Wife: Such another Couple would bring Marriage into Faſhion again. But is it always thus betwixt you?

Rho. Always thus! this is nothing. I tell you there is not ſuch a pair of Turtles in all *Sicily*; there is ſuch an eternal Cooing and Kiſſing betwixt us, that indeed it is ſcandalous before civil Company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd, I ſhould have been this fond Fool, I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd: I marry'd to be happy; and have made my ſelf miſerable, by over-loving. Nay, and now, my Caſe is deſperate; for I have been marry'd above theſe two years, and find my ſelf every day worſe and worſe in Love: Nothing but Madneſs can be the end on't.

Arte. Doat on, to the extremity, and you are happy.

Dor. He deſerves ſo infinitely much, that, the truth is, there can be no doating in the matter; but to love well, I confeſs, is a Work that pays it ſelf: 'Tis telling Gold, and after taking it for ones pains.

Rho. By that I ſhould be a very covetous Perſon; for I am ever pulling out my Money, and putting it into my Pocket again.

Dor. O dear *Rhodophil!*

Rho. O ſweet *Doralice!* [*Embracing each other.*

Arte. (*Aſide.*) Nay, I'm reſolved, I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave 'em as happy as I found 'em. [*Steals away.*

Rho. What, is ſhe gone; [*Looking up.*

Dor. Yes; and without taking leave.

Rho. Then there's enough for this time. [*Parting from her.*

Dor. Yes ſure, the Scene's done, I take it.

They walk contrary ways on the Stage; he, with his Hands in his Pocket, whiſtling: She, ſinging a dull melancholy Tune.

Rho. Pox o' your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you.

Dor. Pox o' your damn'd whiſtling; you can neither be Company to me your ſelf, nor leave me to the freedom of my own Fancy.

Rho. Well, thou art the moſt provoking Wife!

Dor. Well, thou art the dulleſt Husband, thou art never to be provok'd.

Rho. I was never thought dull till I marry'd thee; and now thou haſt made an old Knife of me, thou haſt whetted me ſo long, till I have no edge left.

Dor. I ſee you are in the Husbands Faſhion; you reſerve all your good Humours for your Miſtreſſes, and keep your ill for your Wives.

Rho. Prithee leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them it was I marry'd thee.

Dor. Whatever your Sin was, mine's the Puniſhment.

Rho. My Comfort is, thou art not immortal; and when that bleſſed, that Divine, day comes, of thy departure, I'm reſolv'd I'll make one Holy-day more in the Almanack, for thy ſake.

Dor. Ay, you had need make a Holy-day for me, for I am ſure you have made me a Martyr.

Rho. Then, ſetting my victorious Foot upon thy Head, in the firſt hour of thy ſilence, (that is, the firſt hour thou art dead, for I deſpair of it before,) I will ſwear by the Ghoſt, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* is to the Gods, never more to be in danger of the Banes of Matrimony.

Dor. And I am reſolved to marry the very ſame day thou dy'ſt, if it be to ſhew how little I'm concern'd for thee.

Rho. Prithee, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus a-days? ha! this is but a kind of Heatheniſh Life, and does not anſwer the ends of Marriage. If I have err'd, propound what reaſonable Atonement may be made, before we ſleep, and I ſhall not be refractory: But withal conſider, I have been marry'd theſe three years, and be not too Tyrannical.

Dor. Why ſhould you talk of a Peace abed, when you can give no Security for Performance of Articles?

Rho. Then, ſince we muſt live together, and both of us ſtand upon our Terms, as to matter of dying firſt, let us make our ſelves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes.

Why, there's the Devil on't! if thou couldſt make my enjoying thee but a little leſs eaſie, or a little more unlawful, thou ſhouldſt ſee what a Termagant Lover I would prove. I have taken ſuch pains to enjoy thee, *Doralice*, that I have fanci'd thee all the fine Women in the Town, to help me out: But now there's none left for me to think on, my Imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a Wife, and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make thee another no longer. [*Exit* Rhodophil.

Dor. Well, ſince thou art a Husband, and wilt be a Husband, I'll try if I can find out another! 'Tis a pretty time we Women have on't, to be made Widows, while we are marry'd. Our Husbands think it reaſonable to complain, that we are the ſame, and the ſame to them; when we have more reaſon to complain, that they are not the ſame to us:

Becauſe they cannot feed on one Diſh, therefore we muſt be ſtarv'd. 'Tis enough that they have a ſufficient Ordinary provided, and a Table ready ſpread for 'em: If they cannot fall too and Eat heartily, the fault is theirs; and 'tis pity, me-thinks, that the good Creature ſhould be loſt, when many a poor Sinner would be glad on't.

Enter Melantha, *and* Artemis *to her.*

Mel. Dear, my Dear, pity me; I am ſo chagrin to day, and have had the moſt ſignal affront at Court! I went this Afternoon to do my devoir to Princeſs *Amalthea*, found her, Converſ'd with her, and help'd to make her Court ſome half an hour; after which, ſhe went to take the Air, choſe but two Ladies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me moſt barbarouſly behind her.

Arte. You are the leſs to be piti'd *Melantha*, becauſe you ſubject your ſelf to theſe Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Buſineſs nor Employment.

Mel. I declare, I had rather of the two, be *raily'd*, nay, *mal traittée* at Court, than be Deifi'd in the Town; for, aſſuredly, nothing can be ſo *Ridicule*, as a meer Town-Lady.

Dor. Eſpecially at Court. How I have ſeen 'em crowd and ſweat in the Drawing-Room, on a Holiday-Night! for that's their time to ſwarm, and invade the Preſence. O, how they catch at a Bow, or any little Salute from a Courtier, to make ſhew of their Acquaintance! and rather than be thought to be quite unknown, they Court'ſie to one another; but they take true pains to come near the Circle, and preſs and peep upon the Princeſs, to write Letters into the Country how ſhe was dreſs'd, while the Ladies that ſtand about make their Court to her with abuſing them.

Arte. Theſe are ſad Truths, *Melantha*; and therefore I would e'en adviſe you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town; or, if you like not that, in the Country.

Dor. In the Country! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our Offals here: Their entertainment of Wit, is only the remembrance of what they had when they were laſt in Town; they live this year upon the laſt [illegible] Knowledge, as their Cattel do all Night, by chewing the Cud of what they Eat in the Afternoon.

Mel. And they tell for News, ſuch unlikely Stories; a Letter from one of us is ſuch a preſent to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carriers day with ſuch Devotion, that they cannot ſleep the Night before.

Arte. No more than I can, the Night before I am to go a Journey.

Dor. Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

Mel. A Song that's ſtale here, will be new there a Twelvemonth hence; and if a Man of the Town by chance come amongſt 'em, he's Reverenced for Teaching 'em the Tune.

Dor. A Friend of mine, who makes Songs ſometimes, came lately out of the Weſt, and vow'd he was ſo put out of Count'nance with a

Song of his; for at the firſt Country Gentleman's he viſited, he ſaw three Tailors croſs Legg'd upon the Table in the Hall, who were tearing out as loud as ever they could Sing,

——*After the Pangs of a deſperate Lover, &c.*

and all that day he heard nothing elſe, but the Daughters of the Houſe and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father whiſtling it.

Arte. Indeed I have obſerv'd of my ſelf, that when I am out of Town but a Fortnight, I am ſo humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Tailor or Mercer for a Favour.

Mel. When I have been at Graſs in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I'm to be turn'd into *Ridicule* by all that ſee me; but when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my ſelf again, and to deſpiſe my Country Acquaintance.

Arte. There are places where all People may be ador'd, and we ought to know our ſelves ſo well as to chuſe 'em.

Dor. That's very true; your little Courtiers Wife, who ſpeaks to the King but once a Month, need but go to a Town-Lady, and there ſhe may Vapour, and cry, *The King and I*, at every Word. Your Town-Lady, who is Laugh'd at in the Circle, takes her Coach into the City, and there ſhe's called your Honour, and has a Banquet from the Merchants Wife, whom ſhe Laughs at for her kindneſs. And, as for my finical Cit, ſhe removes but to her Country Houſe, and their inſults over the Country Gentlewoman that never comes up; who Treats her with Frumity and Cuſtard, and opens her dear Bottle of *Mirabilis* beſide, for a Jill-Glaſs of it at parting.

Arte. At laſt, I ſee, we ſhall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for, by your Deſcription of the Town and Country, they are become more dreadful to her, than the Court, where ſhe was affronted. But you forget we are to wait on the Princeſs *Amalthea*. Come, *Doralice*.

Dor. Farewel, *Melantha*.

Mel. Adieu, my dear.

Arte. You are out of Charity with her, and therefore I ſhall not give your Service.

Mel. Do not omit it, I beſeech you; for I have ſuch a tender for the Court, that I love it even from the Drawing-Room to the Lobby, and can never be *rebutee* by any uſage. But hark you, my Dears, one thing I had forgot of great Concernment.

Dor. Quickly then, we are in haſte.

Mel. Do not call it my Service, that's too vulgar; but do my *Baiſe Mains* to the Princeſs *Amalthea*, that is *Spirituelle!*

Dor. To do you Service then, we will *prendre* the *Carroſſe* to Court, and do your *Baiſe Mains* to the Princeſs *Amalthea*, in your Phraſe *Spirituelle*. [*Exeunt* Artemis *and* Doralice.

Enter Philotis, *with a Paper in her hand.*

Mel. O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you a moſt precious Damſel, to retard all my viſits for want of language, when you know you are paid ſo well for furniſhing me with new words for my daily converſation? Let me die, if I have not run the riſque already, to ſpeak like one of the vulgar; and if I have one phraſe left in all my ſtore that is not thread-bare & *uſé*, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peaſants.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my vocation; but you have ſo drain'd all the *French* Plays and Romances, that they are not able to ſupply you with words for your daily expences.

Mel. Drain'd! what a word's there?
Epuiſée, you Sot you. Come, produce your Morning's work.

Phil. 'Tis here, Madam. [*Shew the Paper.*

Mel. O, my *Venus!* fourteen or fifteen words to ſerve me a whole day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot laſt till night. Come, read your works: twenty to one half of 'em will not paſs muſter neither.

Phil. Sottiſes. (*Reads.*

Mel. Sottiſes: bon. That's an excellent word to begin withal: as for example; He, or ſhe, ſaid a thouſand *Sottiſes* to me. Proceed.

Phil. Figure: as what a figure of a man is there!
Naive, and *Naiveté*.

Mel. Naive! as how?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally ſaid; It was ſo *naive*: or ſuch an innocent piece of ſimplicity; 'twas ſuch a *naiveté.*

Mel. Truce with your interpretations: make haſte.

Phil. Foible, Chagrin, Grimace, Embarraſſe, Double entendre, Equivoque, Eſclairciſſement, Suitté, Beveue, Facon, Panchant, Coup d'etourdy, and *Ridicule.*

Mel. Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil. They began at *Sottiſes*, and ended *en Ridicule.*

Mel. Now give me your Paper in my hand, and hold you my Glaſs, while I practiſe my poſtures for the day.

[Melantha *laughs in the Glaſs.*

How does that laugh become my face?

Phil. Sovereignly well, Madam.

Mel. Sovereignly! Let me die, that's not amiſs. That word ſhall not be yours; I'll invent it, and bring it up my ſelf: my new Point-Gorget ſhall be yours upon't: not a word of the word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, Madam.

Mel. That glance, how ſutes it with my face?

[*Looking in the Glaſs again.*

Phil. 'Tis ſo *languiſſant.*

Mel. Languiſſant! that word ſhall be mine too, and my laſt *Indian Gown* thine for't.
That ſigh? [*Looks again.*

Phil. 'Twill make many a man ſigh, Madam. 'Tis a meer *Incendiary.*

Mel. Take my Gimp Petticoat for that truth. If thou haſt more of theſe phraſes, let me die but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked? then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. O *Jupiter!* what had I forgot? this Paper was given me by *Rhodophil*'s Page.

Mel. (Reading the Letter.)——Beg the favour from you——Gratifie my Paſſion——ſo far—— aſſignation——in the Grotto——behind the Terras ——clock this evening——Well, for the *Billets doux* there's no man in *Sicily* muſt diſpute with *Rhodophil*; they are ſo *French*, ſo *gallant*, and ſo *tendre*, that I cannot reſiſt the temptation of the aſſignation. Now go you away, *Philotis*; it imports me to practiſe what I ſhall ſay to my Servant when I meet him.

(*Exit* Philotis.

Rodophil, you'll wonder at my aſſurance to meet you here; let me die, I am ſo out of breath with coming, that I can tender you no reaſon of it. Then he will make this *repartee*; Madam, I have no reaſon to accuſe you for that which is ſo great a favour to me. Then I reply, But why have you drawn me to this ſolitary place? Let me die, but I am apprehenſive of ſome violence from you. Then, ſays he; Solitude, Madam, is moſt fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand——— ——Nay, now I vow you're rude, Sir. O fie, fie, fie; I hope you'll be honourable?——You'd laugh at me if I ſhould, Madam—— What do you mean to throw me down thus? Ah me! ha, ha, ha.

Enter Polydamus, Leonidas, *and Guards.*

O *Venus!* the King and Court. Let me die, but I fear they have found my *foible*, and will turn me into *ridicule*. (*Exit running.*

Leon. Sir, I beſeech you.

Poly. —— ——Do not urge my patience.

Leon. I'll not deny,
But what your Spies inform'd you of, is true:
I love the fair *Palmyra*; but I lov'd her
Before I knew your title to my bloud.

Enter Palmyra, *guarded.*

See, here ſhe comes; and looks, amidſt her Guards,
Like a weak Dove under the Falcon's gripe:
O Heav'n, I cannot bear it.

Poly.—— —— ——Maid, come hither.
Have you preſum'd ſo far, as to receive
My Son's affection?

Palm. Alas, what ſhall I anſwer? to confeſs it,
Will raiſe a bluſh upon a Virgin's face;
Yet I was ever taught 'twas baſe to lye.

Poly. You've been too bold, and you muſt love no more.
Palm. Indeed I muſt; I cannot help my love;
I was ſo tender when I took the bent,
That now I grow that way.
Poly. He is a Prince; and you are meanly born.
Leon. Love either finds equality, or makes it:
Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,
But plains, and levels all.
Palm. Alas, I had not render'd up my heart,
Had he not lov'd me firſt; but he preferr'd me
Above the Maidens of my age and rank;
Still ſhun'd their company, and ſtill ſought mine;
I was not won by gifts, yet ſtill he gave;
And all his gifts, though ſmall, yet ſpoke his love.
He pick'd the earlieſt Strawberries in Woods,
The cluſter'd Filberds, and purple Grapes:
He taught a prating Stare to ſpeak my name;
And when he found a Neſt of Nightingales,
Or callow Linnets, he would ſhew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.
Poly. This is a little Miſtris, meanly born,
Fit only for a Prince his vacant hours,
And then, to laugh at her ſimplicity,
Not fix a paſſion there. Now hear my ſentence.
Leon. Remember, ere you give it, 'tis pronounc'd
Againſt us both.
Poly. Firſt, in her Hand
There ſhall be plac'd a Player's painted Sceptre;
And, on her Head, a gilded Pageant Crown;
Thus ſhall ſhe go,
With all the Boys attending on her Triumph:
That done, be put alone into a Boat,
With Bread and Water only for three days,
So on the Sea ſhe ſhall be ſet adrift,
And who relieves her, dies.
Palm. I only beg that you would execute
The laſt part firſt: Let me be put to Sea;
The Bread and Water, for my three days life,
I give you back, I would not live ſo long;
But let me ſcape the ſhame.
Leon. Look to me, Piety; and you, O Gods, look to my Piety:
Keep me from ſaying that which miſbecomes a Son;
But let me die before I ſee this done.
Poly. If you for ever will abjure her ſight,
I can be yet a Father; ſhe ſhall live.
Leon. Hear, O you Pow'rs, is this to be a Father?
I ſee 'tis all my happineſs and quiet

You aim at, Sir; and take 'em:
I will not ſave ev'n my *Palmyra*'s life
At that ignoble price; but I'll die with her.
Palm. So had I done by you,
Had Fate made me a Princeſs: Death, methinks,
Is not a terrour now;
He is not fierce, or grim, but fawns, and ſooths me,
And ſlides along, like *Cleopatra*'s Aſpick,
Off'ring his ſervice to my troubled breaſt.
Leon. Begin what you have purpos'd when you pleaſe,
Lead her to ſcorn, your triumph ſhall be doubled.
As holy Prieſts
In pity go with dying Malefactors,
So will I ſhare her ſhame.
Poly. You ſhall not have your will ſo much; firſt part 'em,
Then execute your Office.
Leon.——————————No; I'll die
In her defence.
(*Draws his Sword.*
Palm.——————————Ah, hold, and pull not on
A curſe, to make me worthy of my death:
Do not by lawleſs force oppoſe your Father,
Whom you have too much diſobey'd for me.
Leon. Here, take it, Sir, and with it, pierce my heart;
(*Preſenting his Sword to his Father upon his Knees.*
You have done more, in taking my *Palmyra.*
You are my Father, therefore I ſubmit.
Poly. Keep him from any thing he may deſign
Againſt his life, whilſt the firſt fury laſts;
And now perform what I commanded you.
Leon. In vain; if Sword and Poyſon be deny'd me,
I'll hold my breath and die.
Palm. Farewel, my laſt *Leonidas*; yet live,
I charge you live, till you believe me dead.
I cannot die in peace, if you die firſt.
If life's a bleſſing, you ſhall have it laſt.
Poly. Go on with her, and lead him after me.

Enter Argaleon *haſtily, with* Hermogenes.

Arga. I bring you, Sir, ſuch news as muſt amaze you,
And ſuch as will prevent you from an action
Which would have rendred all your life unhappy.
Poly. *Hermogenes*, you bend your knees in vain,
(Hermogenes *kneels.*

My doom's already paſt.
Her. I kneel not for *Palmyra*, for I know
She will not need my pray'rs; but for my ſelf:
With a feign'd tale I have abus'd your ears,

And therefore merit Death; but ſince, unforc'd,
I firſt accuſe my ſelf, I hope your Mercy.
Poly. Haſte to explain your meaning.
Her. Then, in few Words, *Palmyra* is your Daughter.
Poly. How can I give belief to this Impoſtor?
He who has once abus'd me, often may.
I'll hear no more.
Arga. ———— For your own ſake, you muſt.
Her. A Parent's love (for I confeſs my Crime)
Mov'd me to ſay, *Leonidas* was yours;
But when I heard *Palmyra* was to Die,
The fear of guiltleſs bloud ſo ſtung my Conſcience,
That I reſolv'd, ev'n with my ſhame, to ſave
Your Daughter's life.
Poly. But how can I be certain, but that Intereſt
Which mov'd you firſt to ſay your Son was mine,
Does not now move you too, to ſave your Daughter?
Her. You had but then my Word; I bring you now
Authentick Teſtimonies. Sir, in ſhort,
[*Delivers on his Knees a Jewel, and a Letter.*
If this will not convince you, let me ſuffer.
Poly. I know the Jewel well; 'twas once my Mothers,
[*Looking firſt on the Jewel.*
Which Marrying, I preſented to my Wife.
And this, O this, is my *Eudocia*'s Hand.
This was the Pledge of Love given to Eudocia, [Reads.
Who, dying, to her young Palmyra *leaves it;*
And this when you, my deareſt Lord, receive,
Own her, and think on me, dying Eudocia.
Take it; 'tis well there is no more to Read; [*To* Argaleon.
My Eyes grow full, and ſwim in their own light. [*He embraces* Palmyra.
Palm. I fear, Sir, this is your intended Pageant.
You ſport your ſelf at poor *Palmyra*'s coſt;
But if you think to make me Proud,
Indeed I cannot be ſo: I was born,
With humble Thoughts, and lowly, like my Birth.
A real Fortune could not make me haughty,
Much leſs a feign'd.
Poly. ——— This was her Mother's Temper.
I have too much deſerv'd thou ſhouldſt ſuſpect
That I am not thy Father; but my Love
Shall henceforth ſhew I am. Behold my Eyes,
And ſee a Father there begin to flow:
This is not feign'd, *Palmyra*.
Palm. I doubt no longer, Sir, you are a King,
And cannot Lye: Falſhood's a Vice too baſe
To find a Room in any Royal Breaſt;

I know, in ſpight of my Unworthineſs,
I am your Child; for when you would have kill'd me,
Methought I lov'd you then.
Arga. Sir, we forgot the Prince *Leonidas*,
His greatneſs ſhould not ſtand neglected thus.
Poly. Guards, you may now retire: Give him his Sword,
And leave him free.
Leon. Then the firſt uſe I make of Liberty
Shall be, with your permiſſion, mighty Sir,
To pay that Reverence to which Nature binds me. [*Kneels to* Hermog.
Arga. Sure you forget your Birth, thus to miſplace
This act of your Obedience; you ſhou'd kneel
To nothing but to Heav'n, and to a King.
Leon. I never ſhall forget what Nature owes,
Nor be aſham'd to pay it; though my Father
Be not a King, I know him brave and honeſt,
And well deſerving of a worthier Son.
Poly. He bears it gallantly.
Leon. Why would you not inſtruct me, Sir, before [*To* Herm.
Where I ſhould place my Duty?
From which, if Ignorance have made me ſwerve,
I beg your Pardon for an erring Son.
Palm. I almoſt grieve I am a Princeſs, ſince
It makes him loſe a Crown.
Leon. And next, to you, my King, thus low I Kneel,
T' implore your Mercy; if in that ſmall time
I had the Honour to be thought your Son,
I pay'd not ſtrict Obedience to your Will:
I thought, indeed, I ſhould not be compell'd,
But thought it as your Son; ſo what I took
In Duty from you, I reſtor'd in courage;
Becauſe your Son ſhould not be forc'd.
Poly. You have my Pardon for it.
Leon. To you, fair Princeſs, I Congratulate
Your Birth; of which I ever thought you Worthy:
And give me leave to add, that I am Proud
The Gods have pick'd me out to be the Man
By whoſe dejected Fate yours is to riſe;
Becauſe no Man could more deſire you Fortune,
Or franklier part with his to make you great.
Palm. I know the King, though your are not his Son,
Will ſtill regard you as my Foſter-Brother,
And ſo conduct you downward from a Throne,
By ſlow degrees, ſo unperceiv'd and ſoft,
That it may ſeem no fall; or, if it be
May Fortune lay a Bed of Down beneath you.
Poly. He ſhall be rank'd with my Nobility,
And kept from ſcorn by a large Penſion giv'n him.

Leon. You are all great and Royal in your Gifts; [*Bowing.*
But at the Donor's Feet I lay 'em down:
Should I take Riches from you, it would ſeem
As I did want a Soul to bear that Poverty
To which the Gods deſign'd my humble Birth:
And ſhould I take your Honours without merit,
It would appear, I wanted Manly courage
To hope 'em, in your Service, from my Sword.

Poly. Still brave, and like your ſelf.
The Court ſhall ſhine this Night in its full Splendor,
And Celebrate this new diſcovery.
Argaleon, lead my Daughter: As we go
I ſhall have time to give her my Commands,
In which you are concern'd. [*Exeunt all but* Leonidas.

Leon. Methinks I do not want
That huge long Train of fawning followers,
That ſwept a Furlong after me.
'Tis true, I am lone;
So was the Godhead ere he made the World,
And better ſerv'd Himſelf, than ſerv'd by Nature,
And yet I have a Soul
Above this humble Fate, I could command,
Love to do good; give largely to true merit;
All that a King ſhould do! But though theſe are not
My Province, I have ſeen enough within
To exerciſe my Virtue.
All that a Heart, ſo fix'd as mine, can move,
Is, that my niggard Fortune ſtarves my Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Palamede *and* Doralice *meet: She with a Book in her Hand, ſeems to ſtart at Sight of him.*

Dor. 'TIs a ſtrange thing that no warning will ſerve your turn; and that no retirement will ſecure me from your impertinent addreſſes! Did not I tell you, that I was to be private here at my Devotions?

Pala. Yes; and you ſee I have obſerv'd my Cue exactly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come, ſhut up, ſhut up your Book; the man's come who is to ſupply all your neceſſities.

Dor. Then, it ſeems, you are ſo impudent to think it was an aſſignation? This, I warrant, was your lewd interpretation of my innocent meaning.

Pala. Venus forbid that I ſhould harbour ſo unreaſonable a thought of a fair young Lady, that you ſhould lead me hither into temptation. I confeſs I might think indeed it was a kind of honorable challenge, to meet privately without Seconds, and decide the difference betwixt the two Sexes; but Heaven forgive me if I thought amiſs.

Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my life on't, that you might as well make love to me, as my Husband does to your Miſtriſs.

Pala. I was ſo unreaſonable to think ſo too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was ſome juſtice in the revenge of it: or at leaſt but little injury; for a man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a bleſſing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull poſſeſſor. Confeſs you wickedneſs, did you not think ſo?

Pala. I confeſs I was thinking ſo, as faſt as I could; but you think ſo much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I deſign'd: I have foreſtall'd all your arguments, and left you without a word more, to plead for mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, ere Sentence paſs—— Poor Animal! I brought you hither only for my diverſion.

Pala. That you may have, if you'll make uſe of me the right way; but I tell thee, woman, I am now paſt talking.

Dor. But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could ſay for your ſelf.

Pala. You would be very angry, to my knowledge, if I ſhould loſe ſo much time to ſay many of 'em—— By this Hand you would——

Dor. Fie, *Palamede*, I am a woman of honour.

Pala. I ſee you are; you have kept touch with your aſſignation, and before we part, you ſhall find that I am a man of honour—— yet I have one ſcruple of conſcience——

Dor. I warrant you will not want ſome naughty argument or other to ſatisfie your ſelf—— I hope you are afraid of betraying your friend?

Pala. Of betraying my friend! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my friend. You women now are got into the way of telling firſt your ſelves: A man who has any care of his Reputation will be loath to truſt it with you.

Dor. O you charge your faults upon our Sex: You men are like Cocks, you never make love, but you clap your wings, and crow when you have done.

Pala. Nay, rather you women are like Hens; you never lay, but you cackle an hour after, to diſcover your Neſt—— But I'll venture it for once.

Dor. To convince you that you are in the wrong, I'll retire into the dark Grotto, to my devotion, and make ſo little noiſe, that it ſhall be impoſſible for you to find me.

Pala. But if I find you——

Dor. Ay, if you find me—— But I'll put you to ſearch in more corners than you imagine. [*She runs in, and he after her.*

Enter Rhodophil *and* Melantha.

Mel. Let me die, but this ſolitude, and that Grotto are ſcandalous; I'll go no further; beſides, you have a ſweet Lady of your own.

Rho. But a ſweet Miſtriſs, now and then, makes my ſweet Lady ſo much more ſweet.

Mel. I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will, if you deſire it.

Pala. (*Within.*) Where the Devil are you, Madam? S'death I begin to be weary of this hide and ſeek: If you ſtay a little longer, till the fit's over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding of me.

[*He enters, and ſees* Rhodophil *and* Melantha.

How, *Rhodophil* and my Miſtriſs!

Mel. My Servant to apprehend me! this is *Suprenant au dernier.*

Rho. I muſt on; there's nothing but impudence can help me out.

Pala. *Rhodophil,* How came you hither in ſo good company?

Rho. As you ſee, *Palamede*; an effect of pure friendſhip; I was not able to live without you.

Pala. But what makes my Miſtriſs with you?

Rho. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in civility but bring her to you.

Mel. You'll pardon the effects of a paſſion which I may now avow for you, if it tranſported me beyond the rules of *bien ſeance.*

Pala. But who told you I was here? they that told you that, may tell you more, for ought I know.

Rho. O, for that matter, we had intelligence.

Pala. But let me tell you, we came hither ſo very privately, that you could not trace us.

Rho. Us? what us? you are alone.

Pala. Us! the Devil's in me for miſtaking: me, I meant. Or us; that is, you are me, or I you, as we are friends: that's us.

Dor. *Palamede, Palamede.* [*Within.*

Rho. I ſhould know that voice? who's within there, that calls you?

Pala. Faith I can't imagine; I believe the place is haunted.

Dor. *Palamede, Palamede,* All-cocks hidden. [*Within.*

Pala. Lord, lord, what ſhall I do? Well, dear friend, to let you ſee I ſcorn to be jealous, and that I dare truſt my Miſtriſs with you, take her back, for I would not willingly have her frighted, and I am reſolved to ſee who's there; I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's certain: prethee diſpute it not, it ſhall be ſo; nay, do not put me to ſwear, but go quickly: there's an effect of pure friendſhip for you.

Enter Doralice, *and looks amaz'd, ſeeing them.*

Rho. *Doralice!* I am thunder-ſtruck to ſee you here.

Pala. So am I! quite thunder-ſtruck. Was it you that call'd me within? (I muſt be impudent.)

Rho. How came you hither, Spouſe?

Pala. Ay, how came you hither? And, which is more, how could you be here without my knowledge?

Dor. (*To her Husband.*) O, Gentleman, have I caught you i'faith! have I broke forth in ambuſh upon you! I thought my ſuſpicions would prove true.

Rho. Suſpicions! this is very fine, Spouſe! Prethee what ſuſpicions?

Dor. O, you feign ignorance: why, of you and *Melantha*; here have I ſtaid theſe two hours, waiting with all the rage of a paſſionate, loving Wife, but infinitely jealous, to take you two in the manner; for hither I was certain you would come.

Rho. But you are miſtaken, Spouſe, in the occaſion; for we came hither on purpoſe to find *Palamede*, on intelligence he was gone before.

Pala. I'll be hang'd then if the ſame party who gave you intelligence I was here, did not tell your wife you would come hither: Now I ſmell the malice on't on both ſides.

Dor. Was it ſo, think you? Nay then, I'll confeſs my part of the malice too. As ſoon as ever I ſpi'd my husband and *Melantha* come together, I had a ſtrange temptation to make him jealous in revenge; and that made me call *Palamede*, *Palamede*, as though there had been an Intrigue between us.

Mel. Nay, I vow, there was an appearance of an Intrigue between us too.

Pala. To ſee how things will come about!

Rho. And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice*? [*Embraces.*

Dor. And did I wrong none, *Rhodophil*, with a falſe ſuſpicion? [*Embracing him.*

Pala. (*Aſide.*) Now I am confident we had all four the ſame deſign: 'Tis a pretty odd kind of game this, where each of us plays for double ſtakes: This is juſt thruſt and parry with the ſame motion; I am to get his Wife, and yet to guard my own Miſtriſs. But I am vilely ſuſpicious, that, while I conquer in the Right Wing, I ſhall be routed in the Left: for both our women will certainly betray their party, becauſe they are each of them for gaining of two, as well as we; and I much fear,

If their Neceſſities and ours were known,
They have more need of two, than we of one.

[*Exeunt, embracing each other.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Leonidas, *musing*, Amalthea *following him.*

Amal. YOnder he is, and I must speak, or die;
And yet 'tis death to speak; yet he must know
I have a paſſion for him, and may know it
With a leſs bluſh; becauſe to offer it
To his low fortunes, ſhews I lov'd before,
His perſon, not his greatneſs.

Leon. Firſt ſcorn'd, and now commanded from the Court!
The King is good; but he is wrought to this
By proud *Argaleon*'s malice.
What more diſgrace can Love and Fortune joyn
T'inflict upon one man? I cannot now
Behold my dear *Palmyra*: ſhe, perhaps too,
Is grown aſham'd of a mean ill-plac'd love.

Amal. Aſſiſt me, *Venus*, for I tremble when [*Aſide.*
I am to ſpeak, but I muſt force my ſelf.
Sir, I would crave but one ſhort minute with you, [*To him.*
And ſome few words.

Leon. ——————The proud *Argaleon*'s ſiſter! [*Aſide.*

Amal. Alas, it will not out; ſhame ſtops my mouth. [*Aſide.*
Pardon my errour, Sir, I was miſtaken,
And took you for another.

Leon. In ſpight of all his Guards, I'll ſee *Palmyra*; [*Aſide.*
Though meanly born, I have a Kingly Soul yet. [*Aſide.*

Amal. I ſtand upon a precipice, where fain
I would retire, but Love ſtill thruſts me on:
Now I grow bolder, and will ſpeak to him.
Sir, 'tis indeed to you that I would ſpeak, [*To him.*
And if——

Leon. O, you are ſent to ſcorn my fortunes?
Your Sex and Beauty are your priviledge;
But ſhould your Brother——

Amal. Now he looks angry, and I dare not ſpeak.
I had ſome buſineſs with you, Sir,
But 'tis not worth your knowledge.

Leon. Then 'twill be charity to let me mourn
My griefs alone, for I am much diſorder'd.

Amal. 'Twill be more charity to mourn 'em with you:
Heav'n knows I pity you.

Leon. ——————Your pity, Madam,
Is generous, but 'tis unavailable.

Amal. You know not till 'tis try'd.
Your Sorrows are no ſecret; you have loſt
A Crown, and Miſtreſs.

Leon. ———— Are not theſe enough?
Hang two ſuch Weights on any other Soul,
And ſee if it can bear 'em.

Amal. More; you are baniſh'd, by my Brother's means,
And ne'r muſt hope again to ſee your Princeſs;
Except as Priſ'ners view fair Walls and Streets,
And careleſs Paſſengers going by their Grates,
To make 'em feel the want of Liberty.
But, worſe than all,
The King this morning has injoyn'd his Daughter
T' accept my Brother's Love.

Leon. ———— ———— Is this your pity?
You aggravate my Griefs, and print 'em deeper
In new and heavier ſtamps.

Amal. 'Tis as Phyſicians ſhew the deſperate ill
T' indear their Art, by mitigating Pains
They cannot wholly cure: When you deſpair
Of all you wiſh, ſome part of it, becauſe
Unhop'd for, may be grateful; and ſome other————

Leon. What other?

Amal. Some other may————
My ſhame again has ſeiz'd me, and I can go
No farther———— ———— ———— ———— [*Aſide.*

Leon. Theſe often Failings, Sighs, and Interruptions,
Make me imagine you have grief like mine:
Have you ne'r lov'd?

Amal. ———— ———— ———— I! never: 'Tis in vain;
I muſt deſpair in ſilence. [*Aſide.*

Leon. You came, as I ſuſpected then, to mock,
At leaſt obſerve my Griefs: Take it not ill
That I muſt leave you. [*Is going.*

Amal. You muſt not go with theſe unjuſt Opinions.
Command my Life, and Fortunes: you are wiſe:
Think, and think well, what I can do to ſerve you.

Leon. I have but one thing in my Thoughts and Wiſhes:
If by your means I can obtain the ſight
Of my ador'd *Palmyra*; or, what's harder,
One minutes time, to tell her, I die hers. [*She ſtarts back.*
I ſee I am not to expect it from you;
Nor could, indeed, with reaſon.

Amal. Name any other thing: Is *Amalthea*
So deſpicable, ſhe can ſerve your Wiſhes
In this alone?

Leon.———— ———— ————If I ſhould ask of Heav'n,
I have no other ſuit.

Amal. To ſhew you, then, I can deny you nothing,
Though 'tis more hard to me than any other,
Yet I will do't for you.

Leon. Name quickly, name the means, ſpeak my good Angel.

Amal. Be not ſo much o'rjoy'd; for, if you are,
I'll rather dye than do't. This night the Court
Will be in Maſquerade;
You ſhall attend on me; in that diſguiſe
You may both ſee and ſpeak to her,
If you dare venture it.

Leon. Yes, were a God her Guardian,
And bore in each hand thunder, I would venture.

Amal. Farewel then; two hours hence I will expect you:
My heart's ſo full, that I can ſtay no longer. [*Exit.*

Leon. Already it grows dusky: I'll prepare
With haſte for my diſguiſe. But who are theſe?

Enter Hermogenes *and* Eubulus.

Her. 'Tis he: we need not fear to ſpeak to him.

Eub. *Leonidas.*

Leonidas. ———— Sure I have known that voice.

Her. You have ſome reaſon, Sir: 'tis *Eubulus*,
Who bread you with the Princeſs: and departing,
Bequeath'd you to my care.

Leon. My Foſter, Father! let my knees expreſs [*Kneeling.*
My joys for your return!

Eub. Riſe, Sir, you muſt not kneel.

Leon. ———————— E'r ſince you left me,
I have been wand'ring in a maze of fate,
Led by falſe fires of a fantaſtick glory,
And the vain luſtre of imagin'd Crowns,
But, ah! why would you leave me? or how could you
Abſent your ſelf ſo long?

Eub. I'll give you a moſt juſt account of both:
And ſomething more I have to tell you, which
I now muſt cauſe your wonder: but this place,
Though almoſt hid in darkneſs, is not ſafe.
Already I diſcern ſome coming towards us [*Torches appear.*
With lights, who may diſcover me. *Hermogenes*,
Your lodgings are hard by, and much more private.

Her. There you may freely ſpeak.

Leon. ———————— Let us make haſte;
For ſome affairs, and of no ſmall importance,
Call me another way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Palamede *and* Rhodophil *with Vizor Maſques in their hands, and Torches before 'em.*

Pala. We ſhall have noble ſport to night, *Rhodophil*; this Maſquerading is a moſt glorious invention.

Rho. I believe it was invented firſt by ſome jealous Lover, to diſcover the haunts of his Jilting Miſtris; or, perhaps, by ſome diſtreſſed ſervant, to gain an opportunity with a jealous man's Wife.

Pala. No, it muſt be the invention of a woman, it has ſo much of ſubtilty and love in it.

Rho. I am ſure 'tis extreamly pleaſant; for to go unknown, is the next degree to go inviſible.

Pala. What with our antique habits, and feign'd voices; do you know me? and I know you? Methinks we move and talk juſt like ſo many over-grown Puppets.

Rho. Maſquerade is only Vizor Maſque improv'd, a heighning of the ſame faſhion.

Pala. No; Maſquerade is Vizor-maſque in debauch; and I like it the better for't: for, with a Vizor-maſque, we fool our ſelves into courtſhip, for the ſake of an eye that glanc'd; or a hand that ſtole it ſelf out of the glove ſometimes, to give us a ſample of the skin: but in Maſquerade there is nothing to be known, ſhe's all *Terra incognita*, and the bold diſcoverer leaps aſhore, and takes his lot among the wild *Indians* and *Salvages*, without the vile conſideration of ſafety to his perſon, or of beauty, or wholeſomneſs in his Miſtris.

Enter Beliza.

Rho. Beliza, what make you here?

Bel. Sir, my Lady ſent me after you, to let you know, ſhe finds her ſelf a little indiſpos'd, ſo that ſhe cannot be at Court; but is retir'd to reſt, in her own apartment, where ſhe ſhall want the happineſs of your dear embraces to night.

Rho. A very fine phraſe, *Beliza*, to let me know my wife deſires to lie alone.

Pala. I doubt, *Rhodophil*, you take the pains ſometimes to inſtruct your wife's woman in theſe elegancies.

Rho. Tell my dear Lady, that ſince I muſt be ſo unhappy as not to wait on her to night, I will lament bitterly for her abſence. 'Tis true, I ſhall be at Court, but I will take no divertiſement there; and when I return to my ſolitary bed, if I am ſo forgetful of my paſſion as to ſleep, I will dream of her; and, betwixt ſleep and waking, put out my foot towards her ſide, for midnight conſolation; and not finding her, I will ſigh, and imagine my ſelf a moſt deſolate widower.

Bel. I ſhall do your commands, Sir.

Rho. (*Aſide.*) She's ſick as aptly for my purpoſe, as if ſhe had contriv'd it ſo: well, if ever woman was a help-meet for man, my Spouſe is ſo;

for within this hour I receiv'd a Note from *Melantha*, that ſhe would meet me this evening in Maſquerade in Boys habit, to rejoyce with me before ſhe entred into fetters; for I find ſhe loves me better than *Palamede*, only becauſe he's to be her husband. There's ſomething of antipathy in the word Marriage to the nature of love; marriage is the meer Ladle of affection, that cools it when 'tis never ſo fiercely boiling over.

Pala. Dear *Rhodophil*, I muſt needs beg your pardon; there is an occaſion fall'n out which I had forgot: I cannot be at Court to night.

Rho. Dear *Palamede*, I am ſorry we ſhall not have one courſe together at the herd; but I find your Game lies ſingle: good fortune to you with your Miſtris. [*Exit.*

Pala. He has wiſh'd me good fortune with his Wife: there's no ſin in this then, there's fair leave given. Well, I muſt go viſit the ſick; I cannot reſiſt the temptations of my charity. O what a difference will ſhe find betwixt a dull reſty Husband, and a quick vigorous Lover! he ſets out like a Carrier's Horſe, plodding on, becauſe he knows he muſt, with the Bells of Matrimony chiming ſo melancholy about his neck, in pain till he's at his journeys end, and deſpairing to get thither, he is fain to fortifie imagination with the thoughts of another woman: I take heat after heat, like a well-breath'd Courſer, and —— But hark, what noiſe is that? Swords! [*Claſhing of Swords within.* Nay, then have with you. [*Exit* Palamede.

Re-enter Palamede, *with* Rhodophil: *and* Doralice *in Man's habit.*

Rho. Friend, your relief was very timely, otherwiſe I had been opreſs'd.

Pala. What was the quarrel?

Rho. What I did, was in reſcue of this Youth.

Pala. What cauſe could he give 'em?

Dor. The cauſe was nothing but only the common cauſe of fighting in Maſquerades: they were drunk, and I was ſober.

Rho. Have they not hurt you?

Dor. No; but I am exceeding ill with the fright on't.

Pala. Let's lead him to ſome place where he may refreſh himſelf.

Rho. Do you conduct him then.

Pala. (*Aſide.*) How croſs this happens to my deſign of going to *Doralice*! for I am confident ſhe was ſick on purpoſe that I ſhould viſit her. Hark you, *Rhodophil*, could not you take care of the ſtripling? I am partly engag'd to night.

Rho. You know I have buſineſs: but come, Youth, if it muſt be ſo.

Dor. (*To* Rhodophil.) No, good Sir, do not give your ſelf that trouble; I ſhall be ſafer, and better pleas'd with your friend here.

Rho. Farewel then; once more I wiſh you a good adventure.

Pala. Damn this kindneſs! now muſt I be troubled with this young Rogue, and miſs my opportunity with *Doralice*.

{*Exit* Rhodophil *alone*,
Palamede *with* Doralice.

SCENE II.

Enter **Polydamas.**

A*Rgaleon* counſell'd well to baniſh him,
He has, I know not what,
Of greatneſs in his looks, and of high fate,
That almoſt awes me; but I fear my Daughter,
Who hourly moves me for him, and I mark'd
She ſigh'd when I but nam'd *Argaleon* to her.
But ſee, the Maskers; hence my cares, this night,
At leaſt take truce, and find me on my pillow.

Enter the Princeſs in Maſquerade, with Ladies: At the other end, Argaleon *and Gentlemen in Maſquerade: Then* Leonidas *leading* Amalthea. *The King ſits. A Dance. After the Dance,*

Amal. (*To* Leonidas.) That's the Princeſs,
I ſaw the habit e're ſhe put it on.

Leon. I know her by a thouſand other ſigns,
She cannot hide ſo much Divinity.
Diſguis'd, and ſilent, yet ſome graceful motion
Breaks from her, and ſhines round her like a Glory. [*Goes to* Palmyra.

Amal. Thus ſhe reveals her ſelf, and knows it not;
Like Love's dark lantern I direct his ſteps,
And yet he ſees not that which gives him light.

Palm. I know you; but, alas, *Leonidas*, [*To* Leonidas.
Why ſhould you tempt this danger on your ſelf?

Leon. Madam, you know me not, if you believe
I would not hazard greater for your ſake:
But you, I fear, are chang'd.

Palm. No, I am ſtill the ſame;
But there are many things became *Palmyra*
Which ill become the Princeſs.

Leon. ——————— I ask nothing
Which Honor will not give you leave to grant:
One hours ſhort audience, at my Father's houſe,
You cannot ſure refuſe me.

Palm. Perhaps I ſhould, did I conſult ſtrict virtue:
But ſomething muſt be given to Love and you.
When would you I ſhould come?

Leon. This evening, with the ſpeedieſt opportunity:
I have a Secret to diſcover to you,
Which will ſurpriſe, and pleaſe you.

Palm. ——————— 'Tis enough.
Go now; for we may be obſerv'd and known,
I truſt your honor; give me not occaſion
To blame my ſelf, or you.

Leon. You never ſhall repent your good opinion.
[*Kiſſes her hand, and Exit.*

Arga. I cannot be deceiv'd; that is the Princeſs:
One of her Maids betray'd the habit to me;
But who was he with whom ſhe held diſcourſe?
'Tis one ſhe favours, for he kiſs'd her hand.
Our ſhapes are like, our habits near the ſame:
She may miſtake, and ſpeak to me for him.
I am reſolv'd, I'll ſatisfie my doubts,
Though to be more tormented.

SONG.

I.

Whilſt Alexis *lay preſt*
In her Arms he lov'd beſt,
With his hands round her neck,
And his head on her breaſt,
He found the fierce pleaſure too haſty to ſtay,
And his Soul in the Tempeſt juſt flying away.

II.

When Cœlia *ſaw this*
With a ſigh, and a kiſs,
She cry'd, Oh my Dear, I am robb'd of my bliſs;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

III.

The Youth, though in haſte,
And breathing his laſt,
In pity dy'd ſlowly, while ſhe dy'd more faſt;
Till at length ſhe cry'd, Now, my dear, now let us go,
Now die, my Alexis, *and I will die too.*

IV.

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis *did try*
To recover new breath, that again he might die:
Then often they di'd; but the more they did ſo,
The Nymph di'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.

Another Dance. After it Argaleon *re-enters, and ſtands by the Princeſs.*

Palm. Leonidas, what means this quick return? [*To Arga.*
Arga. O heav'n! 'tis what I fear'd.

Palm. Is ought of Moment happen'd ſince you went?

Arga. No, Madam, but I underſtood not fully
Your laſt Commands.

Palm. ——— ——— And yet you anſwer'd right.
Retire; you are too indiſcreet a Lover:
I'll meet you where I promis'd. [*Exit.*

Arga. O my curſt Fortune! what have I diſcover'd!
But I will be Reveng'd. [*Whiſpers to the King.*

Poly. But are you certain you are not deceiv'd?

Arga. Upon my life.

Poly. ——— Her Honour is concern'd.
Somewhat I'll do; but I am yet diſtracted,
And know not where to fix. I wiſh'd a Child,
And Heav'n, in Anger, granted my Requeſt.
So blind we are, our Wiſhes are ſo vain,
That what we moſt deſire, proves moſt our Pain. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

An Eating-Houſe. Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede *and* Doralice *in Mans Habit.*

Dor. *Aſide* NOw cannot I find in my Heart to diſcover my ſelf, though I long he ſhould know me.

Pal. I tell thee, Boy, now I have ſeen thee ſafe, I muſt be gone: I have no leiſure to throw away on thy raw Converſation: I am a Perſon that underſtand better Things, I.

Dor. Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me! cry up every Word I ſaid, and ſcrue your Face into a ſubmiſſive Smile; as I have ſeen a dull Gallant act Wit, and counterfeit Pleaſantneſs, when he Whiſpers to a great Perſon in a Play-houſe; ſmile, and look briskly, when the other Anſwers, as if ſomething of extraordinary had paſt betwixt 'em, when, heaven knows, there was nothing elſe but, What a Clock does your Lordſhip thing it is? And my Lord's *repertée* is, 'Tis almoſt Park-time: Or, at moſt, ſhall we out of the Pit, and go behind the Scenes for an Act or two? And yet ſuch fine Things as theſe would be Wit in a Miſtris's Mouth.

Pal. Ay, Boy; there's Dame Nature in the caſe, He who cannot find Wit in a Miſtris, deſerves to find nothing elſe, Boy. But theſe are Riddles to thee, Child, and I have not leiſure to inſtruct thee; I have Affairs to diſpatch, great Affairs, I am a Man of Buſineſs.

Dor. Come, you ſhall not go: You have no Affairs but what you may diſpatch here, to my knowledge.

Pal. I find now, thou art a Boy of more underſtanding than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked Boy: O' my Conſcience thou wouldſt debauch me, and has ſome evil deſigns upon my Perſon.

Dor. You are miſtaken, Sir; I would only have you ſhew me a more lawful Reaſon why you would leave me, than I can why you ſhould not, and I'll not ſtay you; for I am not ſo young but I underſtand the neceſſities of Fleſh and Blood, and the preſſing occaſions of Mankind, as well as you.

Pal. A very forward and underſtanding Boy! Thou art in great danger of a Pages Wit, to be briſk at Fourteen, and dull at Twenty. But I'll give thee no farther account; I muſt, and will go.

Dor. My life on't your Miſtris is not at home.

Pal. This Imp will make me very Angry. I tell thee, young Sir, ſhe is at home; and at home for me; and which is more, ſhe is Abed for me, and Sick for me.

Dor. For you only.

Pal. Ay, for me only.

Dor. But how do you know ſhe's Sick abed?

Pal. She ſent her Husband word ſo.

Dor. And are you ſuch a Novice in Love, to believe a Wife's meſſage to her Husband?

Pal. Why, What the Devil ſhould be her meaning elſe?

Dor. It may be, to go in Maſquerade as well as you; to obſerve your haunts, and keep you Company without your knowledge.

Pal. Nay, I'll truſt her for that: She loves me too well, to diſguiſe her ſelf from me.

Dor. If I were ſhe, I would diſguiſe on purpoſe to try your Wit; and come to my Servant like a Riddle, Read me, and take me.

Pal. I could know her in any Shape: My good Genius would prompt me to find out a handſom Woman: There's ſomething in her, that would attract me to her without my knowledge.

Dor. Then you make a Loadſtone of your Miſtris?

Pal. Yes, and I carry Steel about me, which has been ſo often touch'd, that it never fails to point to the North Pole.

Dor. Yet ſtill my Mind gives me, that you have met her diſguis'd to Night, and have not known her.

Pal. This is the moſt pragmatical conceited little fellow, he will needs underſtand my Buſineſs better than my ſelf. I tell thee once more, thou doſt not know my Miſtris.

Dor. And I tell you once more, that I know her better than you do.

Pal. The Boy's reſolv'd to have the laſt Word. I find I muſt go without reply. [*Exit.*

Dor. Ah miſchief, I have loſt him with my Fooling. *Palamede, Palamede.*

He returns. She plucks off her Perruke, and puts it on again when he knows her.

Pal. O Heavens! Is it you, Madam?

Dor. Now, where was your good Genius, that would prompt you to find me out?

Pal. Why, you ſee I was not deceiv'd; you your ſelf were my good Genius.

Dor. But where was the Steel, that knew the Load-ſtone? ha!

Pal. The Truth is, Madam, the Steel hath loſt its Virtue; and therefore, if you pleaſe, we'll new touch it.

Enter Rhodophil; *and* Melantha *in Boy's Habit.* Rhodophil *ſees* Palamede *kiſſing* Doralice's *Hand.*

Rho. Palamede again! am I fallen into your Quarters? What? ingaging with a Boy, is all honourable?

Pal. O, very honourable on my ſide, I was juſt chaſtiſing this young Villain; he was running away, without paying his ſhare of the Reckoning.

Rho. Then I find I was deceived in him.

Pal. Yes, your are deceived in him: 'Tis the archeſt Rogue, if you did but know him.

Mel. Good *Rhodophil*, let us get off *a-la-derobbée*, for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd.

Rho. There's no retiring now; I warrant you for diſcovery: Now have I the oddeſt Thought, to entertain you before your Servant's Face, and he never the wiſer; 'twill be the prettieſt juggling Trick to cheat him when he looks upon us.

Mel. This is the ſtrangeſt *caprice* in you.

Pal. (*To* Doralice.) This *Rhodophil*'s the unluckieſt Fellow to me! This is now the ſecond time he has barr'd the Dice when we were juſt ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again———

Dor. Do you think he will not know me? Am I like my ſelf?

Pal. No more than a Picture in the Hangings.

Dor. Nay, then he can never diſcover me, now the wrong ſide of the Arras is turn'd towards him.

Pal. At leaſt, 'twill be ſome Pleaſure to me, to enjoy what freedom I can while he looks on; I will ſtorm the Out-works of Matrimony even before his Face.

Rho. What Wine have you there, *Palamede*?

Pal. Old *Chios*, or the Rogue's damn'd that drew it.

Rho. Come, to the moſt conſtant of Miſtreſſes, that I believe is yours, *Palamede*.

Dor. Pray ſpare your Seconds; for my part, I am but a weak Brother.

Pal. Now, to the trueſt of Turtles; that is, your Wife, *Rhodophil*, that lies ſick at home in the Bed of Honour.

Rho. Now, let's have one common Health, and ſo have done.

Dor. Then, for once, I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the faireſt Lady of *Sicily* in Maſquerade to night.

Pal. This is ſuch an obliging Health, I'll kiſs thee, dear Rogue, for thy Invention. [*Kiſſes her.*

Rho. He who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without diſpute. ——— I'm moſt concern'd in this, I am ſure. [*Aſide.*

Pal. Was it not well found out, *Rhodophil*?

Mel. Ay, this was *bien trouvée* indeed.

Dor. (*To* Melantha.) I ſuppoſe I ſhall do you a kindneſs to enquire if you have not been in *France*, Sir?

Mel. To do you Service, Sir.

Dor. O, Monſieur, *vot valet bien humble.* [*Saluting her.*

Mel. *Votre eſclave, Monſieur, de tout Mon Cœur.* [*Returning the Salute.*

Dor. I ſuppoſe, ſweet Sir, you are the Hope and Joy of ſome thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himſelf at home to breed you abroad, where you have learnt your Exerciſes, as it appears, moſt awkardly, and are return'd, with the Addition of a new lac'd Boſom and a Clap, to your good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth, while you ſpout *French* with your *Man Monſieur*.

Pal. Let me kiſs thee again for that, dear Rogue.

Mel. And you, I imagine, are my young Maſter, whom your Mother durſt not truſt upon Salt Water, but left you to be your own Tutor at Fourteen, to be very briſk and *entreprenant*, to endeavour to be debauch'd ere you have learnt the knack on't, to value your ſelf upon a Clap before you can get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Miſtreſs.

Rho. (*Embracing* Mel.) O dear young Bully, thou haſt tickled him with a *repertee* i'faith.

Mel. You are one of thoſe that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums, and Trumpets, and Blood, and Wounds, are Wit.

Rho. Again, my Boy! Let me kiſs thee moſt abundantly.

Dor. You are an Admirer of the dull French Poetry, which is ſo thin, that it is the very Leaf-Gold of Wit, the very Wafers and whipp'd Cream of Senſe, for which a Man opens his Mouth, and gapes to ſwallow nothing: And to be an Admirer of ſuch profound dulneſs, one muſt be endow'd with a great Perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

Pal. Let me embrace thee moſt vehemently.

Mel. I'll ſacrifice my Life for French Poetry. [*Advancing.*

Dor. I'll die upon the ſpot for our Country Wit.

Rho. (*To* Melantha.) Hold, hold, young *Mars*: *Palamede*, draw back your *Hero*.

Pal. 'Tis time; I ſhall be drawn in for a Second elſe, at the wrong Weapon.

Mel. O, that I were a Man for thy ſake!

Dor. You'll be a Man as ſoon as I ſhall.

Enter a Meſſenger to Rhodophil.

Meſſ. Sir, the King has inſtant Buſineſs with you.
I ſaw the Guard drawn up, by your Lieutenant,
Before the Palace-gate, ready to march.

Rhod. 'Tis ſomewhat ſudden; ſay that I am coming.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Now, *Palamede*, What think you of this Sport?
This is ſome ſudden Tumult: Will you along?

Pal. Yes, yes, I will go; but the Devil take me if ever I was leſs in humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have ſtaid their Tumult till to morrow? Then I had done my Buſineſs, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little tranſitory Crime to have committed firſt; and I am the worſt Man in the World at Repenting, till a Sin be throughly done: But what ſhall we do with the two Boys?

Rho. Let 'em take a Lodging in the Houſe till the Buſineſs be over.

Dor. What, lie with a Boy? For my part, I own it, I cannot endure to lie with a Boy.

Pal. The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bed-Fellow.

Mel. Let me die, if I enter into a pair of Sheets with him that hates the *French*.

Dor. Piſh, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets; I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em all.

Rho. I'll Fight in meer Revenge, and wreak my Paſſion [*Aſide.*
On all that ſpoil this hopeful Aſſignation.

Pal. I'm ſure we Fight in a good Quarrel:
Rogues may pretend Religion and the Laws;
But a kind Miſtriſs is the *Good Old Cauſe.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Palmyra, Eubulus, Hermogenes.

Palm. You tell me Wonders; that *Leonidas*
Is Prince *Theagenes*, the late King's Son.

Eub. It ſeem'd as ſtrange to him, as now to you,
Before I had convinc'd him; but, beſides
His great reſemblance to the King his Father,
The Queen his Mother lives, ſecur'd by me
In a Religious Houſe; to whom each year
I brought the News of his encreaſing Virtues.
My laſt long abſence from you both, was caus'd
By Wounds which in my Journey I receiv'd,
When ſet upon by Thieves; I loſt thoſe Jewels
And Letters, which your dying Mother left.

Her. The ſame he means, which ſince brought to the King,
Made him firſt know he had a Child alive:
'Twas then my care of Prince *Leonidas*
Caus'd me to ſay he was th' Uſurpers Son;
Till, after forc'd by your apparent danger,
I made the true diſcovery of your Birth,
And once more hid my Princeſs.

Enter

Leon. *Hermogenes*, and *Eubulus*, retire;
Thoſe of our Party, whom we left without,
Expect your Aid and Counſel.
Palm. I ſhould, *Leonidas*, congratulate
This happy change of your exalted fate;
But, as my Joy, ſo you my Wonder move;
Your Looks have more of Buſineſs than of Love:
And your laſt Words ſome great deſign did ſhow.
Leon. I frame not any to be hid from you:
You, in my Love, all my deſigns may ſee;
But what have Love and you deſign'd for me?
Fortune, once more, has ſet the Ballance right:
Firſt, equall'd us in lowneſs; then, in height.
Both of us have ſo long, like Gameſters, thrown,
'Till Fate comes round, and gives to each his own.
As Fate is equal, ſo may Love appear:
Tell me, at leaſt, what I muſt hope, or fear.
Palm. After ſo many Proofs, how can you call
My Love in doubt? fear nothing, and hope all.
Think what a Prince, with Honour, may receive,
Or I may give, without a Parents leave.
Leon. You give, and then reſtrain the Grace you ſhow;
As oſtentatious Prieſts, when Souls they woe,
Promiſe their Heav'n to all, but grant to few:
But do for me, what I have dar'd for you;
I did no Argument from Duty bring:
Duty's a Name, and Love's a Real Thing.
Palm. Man's Love may, like wild Torrents, overflow;
Woman's as deep, but in its Banks muſt go:
My Love is mine; and that I can impart;
But cannot give my Perſon with my Heart.
Leon. Your Love is then no Gift:
For when the Perſon it does not convey,
'Tis to give Gold, and not to give the Key.
Palm. Then ask my Father.
Leon. ———————He detains my Throne:
Why holds back mine, will hardly give his own.
Palm. What then remains?
Leon.————————That I muſt have recourſe
To Arms; and take my Love and Crown by force:
Hermogenes is forming the deſign;
And with him all the Brave and Loyal join.
Palm. And is it thus you court *Palmyra*'s Bed?
Can ſhe the Murd'rer of her Parent wed?

Deſiſt

Deſiſt from force: So much as you well may give
To Love, and me, to let my Father live.

Leon. Each Act of mine my Love to you has ſhown;
But you, who tax my want of it, have none.
You bid me part with you, and let him live;
But they ſhould nothing aſk, who nothing give.

Palm. I give what Virtue, and what Duty can,
In vowing ne'r to wed another Man.

Leon. You will be forc'd to be *Argaleon's* Wife.

Palm. I'll keep my Promiſe, though I loſe my Life.

Leon. Then you loſe Love, for which we both contend;
For Life is but the means, but Love's the end.

Palm. Our Souls ſhall love hereafter.

Leon. ———————I much fear,
That Soul which could deny the Body here,
To taſte of Love, would be a Niggard there,

Palm. Then 'tis paſt hope: Our cruel Fate, I ſee,
Will make a ſad divorce 'twixt you and me.
For, if you force employ, by Heav'n I ſwear,
And all bleſs'd Beings,————

Leon. ————————Your raſh Oath forbear.

Palm. I never————

Leon. ——————Hold once more. But, yet, as he
Who ſcapes a dangerous leap, looks back to ſee;
So I deſire, now I am paſt my fear,
To know what was that Oath you meant to ſwear.

Palm. I meant, that if you hazarded your Life,
or ſought my Father's, ne'r to be your Wife.

Leon. See now, *Palmyra*, how unkind you prove!
Could you, with ſo much eaſe, forſwear my Love?

Palm. You force me with your ruinous deſign.

Leon. Your Father's Life is more your Care, than Mine.

Palm. You wrong me: 'Tis not; though it ought to be;
You are my Care, Heav'n knows, as well as he.

Leon. If now the execution I delay,
My Honour, and my Subjects I betray.
All is prepar'd for the juſt Enterprize;
And the whole City will to morrow riſe.
The Leaders of the Party are within,
And *Eubulus* has ſworn, that he will bring,
To head their Arms, the Perſon of their King.

Palm. In telling this, you make me guilty too;
I therefore muſt diſcover what I know:
What Honour bids you do, Nature bids me prevent;
But kill me firſt, and then purſue your black intent.

Leon. *Palmira*, no; you ſhall not need to die,
Yet I will not truſt ſo ſtrict a Piety. [*Within there.*

[illegible]

———————*Eubulus*, a Guard prepare!
Here, I commit this Pris'ner to your care.
[*Kisses Palmyra's Hand*; *then gives it to Eubulus.*

Palm. *Leonidas*, I never thought these Bands
Could e'er be giv'n me by a Lover's Hands.

Leon. *Palmyr*, thus your Judge himself arraigns; [*Kneeling.*
He who impos'd these Bands, still wears your Chains:
When you to Love or Duty false must be,
Or to your Father guilty, or to me,
These Chains, alone, remain to set you free. }
[*Noise of Swords clashing.*

Poly. (*Within*) Secure these first; then search the inner Room.

Leon. From whence do these tumultuous Clamours come?

Enter Hermogenes *hastily.*

Her. We are betray'd; and there remains alone
This comfort, that your Person is not known.

Enter the King, Argaleon, Rhodophil, Palamede, *Guards*; *some like Citizens as Prisoners.*

Poly. What mean this Midnight Consultations here,
Where I, like an unsummon'd Guest appear?

Leon. Sir————————

Arga. ————There needs no excuse; 'tis understood;
You were all watching, for your Prince's good,

Poly. My Reverend City Friends, you are well met!
On what great work were your grave Wisdoms set?
Which of my Actions were you scanning here?
What *French* Invasion have you found to fear?

Leon. They are my Friends; and come, Sir, with intent
To take their leaves before my Banishment.

Poly. Your exile, in both Sexes, Friends can find:
I see the Ladies, like the Men, are kind. [*Seeing Palmyra.*

Palm. Alas, I came but———————— [*Kneeling.*

Poly. ————————Add not to your Crime
A Lye: I'll here you speak some other time.
How? *Eubulus!* nor time, nor thy disguise,
Can keep thee, undiscover'd, from my Eyes.
A Guard there; seize 'em all.

Rho. Yield, Sir; what use of valour can be shewn?

Pal. One, and unarm'd, against a multitude!
O for a Sword!
[*He reaches at one of the Guards Halberds, and is seiz'd behind.*
————————I wo'nt lose my Breath
In fruitless Pray'rs; but beg a speedy Death.

Palm. O spare *Leonidas*, and punish me.

Poly. Mean Girl, thou want'ſt an Advocate for thee.
Now the Myſterious Knot will be untry'd;
Whether the young King lives, or where he dy'd:
To Morrow's Dawn ſhall the dark Riddle clear;
Crown all my joys, and diſſipate my fear. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Palamede, Straton. *Palamede with a Letter in his hand.*

Pal. THis Evening, ſay'ſt thou? Will they both be here?

Stra. Yes, Sir; both my old Maſter, and your Miſtriſs's Father: The old Gentleman rid hard this Journey; they ſay, it ſhall be the laſt time they will ſee the Town; and both of 'em are ſo pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live ſome years longer to trouble you, with the joy of it.

Pal. But this is ſuch an unreaſonable thing, to impoſe upon me to be marry'd to Morrow; 'tis hurrying a man to execution, without giving him time to ſay his pray'rs.

Stra. Yet, if I might adviſe you, Sir, you ſhould not delay it: For your younger Brother comes up with 'em, and is got already into their favours. He has gain'd much upon my old Maſter, by finding fault with Inn-keepers Bills, and by ſtarving us, and our Horſes, to ſhew his Frugality; and he is very well with your Miſtriſs's Father, by giving him Receipts for the Spleen, Gout, and Scurvy, and other Infirmities of Old Age.

Pall. I'll rout him, and his Country-Education: Pox on him, I remember him before I travell'd, he had nothing in him but meer Jocky; us'd to talk loud, and make Matches, and was all for the crack of the Field: Senſe and Wit were as much baniſh'd from his diſcourſe, as they are when the Court goes out of Town to a Horſe-race. Go now and provide your Maſter's Lodgings.

Stra. I go, Sir. (*Exit.*

Pal. It vexes me to the heart, to leave all my deſigns with *Doralice* unfiniſh'd; to have flown her ſo often to a mark, and ſtill to be bob'd at retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her, though I could not have ſatiſfi'd my ſtomach with the feaſt, at leaſt I ſhould have reliſh'd my mouth a little; but now———

Enter Philotis.

Phil. Oh, Sir, you are happily met; I was coming to find you.

Pal. From your Lady, I hope.

Phil. Partly from her; but more eſpecially from my ſelf: She has juſt now receiv'd a Letter from her Father, with an abſolute command to diſpoſe her ſelf to marry you to morrow.

Pal. And ſhe was pleas'd with it?

Phil. Quite contrary: The Preſent could never have come more unluckily timed; for I found her in an ill humour with a Rival of yours, that ſhall be nameleſs, about the pronunciation of a *French* word.

Pal. Count *Rhodophil*; never diſguiſe it, I know the *Amour*: But I hope you took the occaſion to ſtrike in for me?

Phil. It was my good fortune to do you ſome ſmall ſervice in it; for your ſake I diſcommended him all over: Cloaths, Perſon, Humour, Behaviour, every thing; and to ſum up all, told her, It was impoſſible to find a marry'd man that was otherwiſe; for they were all ſo mortifi'd at home with their Wives ill Humours, that they could never recover themſelves to be company abroad.

Pal. Moſt divinely urg'd!

Phil. Then I took occaſion to commend your good qualities; as, the ſweetneſs of your Humour, the comelineſs of your Perſon, your good Mean, your Valour; but, above all, your Liberality.

Pal. I vow to Gad I had like to have forgot that good quality in my ſelf, if thou hadſt not remember'd me on't: Here are five Pieces for thee. ——

Phil. Lord, you have the ſofteſt hand, Sir! it would do a Woman good to touch it: Count *Rhodophil*'s is not half ſo ſoft; for I remember I felt it once, when he gave me ten Pieces for my New-Years-Gift.

Pal. O, I underſtand you, Madam; you ſhall find my hand as ſoft again as Count *Rhodophil*'s: There are twenty Pieces for you. The former was but a Retaining Fee; now I hope you'll plead for me.

Phil. Your own Merits ſpeak enough. Be ſure only to ply her with *French* words, and I'll warrant you'll do your buſineſs. Here are a liſt of her phraſes for this day: Uſe 'em to her upon all occaſions, and foil her at her own weapon; for ſhe's like one of the old *Amazons*, ſhe'll never marry, except it be the man who has firſt conquer'd her.

Pal. I'll be ſure to follow your advice: But you'll forget to further my deſign.

Phil. What, do you think I'll be ungrateful? —— —— But, however, if you diſtruſt my Memory, put ſome token on my finger to remember it by: that Diamond there would do admirably.

Pal. There 'tis; and I ask your pardon heartily for calling your Memory into queſtion: I aſſure you I'll truſt it another time, without putting you to the trouble of another token.

Enter Palmyra *and* Artemis.

Art. Madam, This way the Priſoners are to paſs;
Here you may ſee *Leonidas*.

Palm. Then here I'll ſtay, and follow him to death.

Enter Melantha *haſtily*.

Mela. O, here's her Highneſs!
Now is my time to introduce my ſelf, and to make my court to her, in my

[illegible] *French* phraſes. Stay, let me [illegible] catalogue—*ſuitte*, *fi-gure*, [illegible] and let me die, for the Parentheſis of all.

Phil. Do, [illegible] ; and I'll [illegible] them as faſt in thy own [illegible]

Mel. Madam the Princeſs! let me die, but this is a moſt horrid ſpectacle, to ſee a Perſon who makes ſo grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suitte* of a Princeſs, and entertaining your *Chagrin* all alone; (*Naiveté* ſhould have been there, but the diſobedient word would not come in.)

Palm. What is ſhe, *Artemis?*

Art. An impertinent Lady, Madam; very ambitious of being known to your Highneſs.

Pal. (*to Melantha.*) Let me die, Madam, if I have not waited you here theſe two long hours, without ſo much as the *Suitte* of a ſingle Servant to attend me; entertaining my ſelf with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the honour to ſee your Ladiſhip, who are a perſon that makes ſo conſiderable a figure in the Court.

Mel. Truce with your *douceurs*, good ſervant; you ſee I am addreſſing to the Princeſs; pray do not *embarraſs* me——*embarraſs* me! what a delicious *French* word do you make me loſe upon you too! (*To the Princeſs.*) Your Highneſs, Madam, will pleaſe to pardon the *Bevue* which I made, in not ſooner finding you out to be a Princeſs: but let me die, if this *Eclairciſſement* which is made this day of your quality, does not raviſh me; and give me leave to tell you——

Pal. But firſt give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I have ſo great a tendre for your perſon, and ſuch a *penchant* to do you ſervice, that——

Mel. What, muſt I ſtill be troubled with your *Sottiſes?* (There's another word loſt, that I meant for the Princeſs, with a miſchief to you.) But your Highneſs, Madam——

Pal. But your Ladiſhip, Madam——

Enter Leonidas, guarded, and lead over the Stage.

Mel. Out upon him, how he looks, Madam! now he's found no Prince, he is the ſtrangeſt figure of a Man; how could I make that *Coup d'etourdy* to think him one?

Palm. Away, Impertinent——My dear *Leonidas!*

Leon. My dear *Palmyra!*

Palm. Death ſhall never part us; My Deſtiny is yours. [*He is led off, ſhe follows.*

Mel. Impertinent! Oh I am the moſt unfortunate perſon this day breathing: that the Princeſs ſhould thus *rompre en viſiere*, without occaſion. Let me die, but I'll follow her to death, till I make my peace.

Pal. (*Holding her.*) And let me die, but I'll follow you to the Infernals till you pity me.

Mel. (*Turning towards him angrily.*) Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is faln upon me; your impertinence has put me out of the good Graces of the Princeſs, and all that, which has ruin'd me and all that, and therefore let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pal. Forcing, forcer, you muſt, and ſhall love me, and all that; for my old man is coming up, and all that; and I am *deſeſperé au dernier*, and will not be diſinherited, and all that.

Mel. How durſt you interrupt me ſo *mal à propos*, when you knew I was addreſſing to the Princeſs?

Pal. But why would you addreſs your ſelf ſo much *a contre-temps* then?

Mel. Ah *mal peſte!*

Pal. Ah *j'enrage!*

Phil. Radouciſſez vous, de grace, Madame; vous etes bien en colere pour peu de choſe. Vous n'entendez pas la raillerie gallante.

Mel. A d'autres, a d'autres: he mocks himſelf of me, he abuſes me: ah me unfortunate! [*Cries.*

Phil. You miſtake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his phraſe to your refin'd language. *Ah, qu'il eſt un Cavalier accomply!* Purſue your point, Sir—— [*To him.*

Pal. Ah qu'il fait beau dans ces boccages; [*Singing.*
Ah que le ciel donne un beau jour!
There I was with you, with a minuet.

Mel. Let me die now, but this ſinging is fine, and extremely *French* in him: [*Laughs.*
But then, that he ſhould uſe my own words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [*Crying.*

Pal. Ces beaux ſejours, ces doux ramages—— [*Singing.*

Mel. Ces beaux ſejours, ces doux ramages, [*Singing after him.*
Ces beaux ſejours, nous invitent a l'amour! Let me die, but he ſings *en Cavalier*, and ſo humours the Cadence. [*Laughing.*

Pal. Voy, ma Clymene, voy ſoubs ce cheſne [*Singing again.*
S'entrebaiſer ces oiſeaux amoureux! Let me die now, but that was fine. Ah, now, for three or four briſk *French-men*, to be put into Maſquing habits, and to ſing it on a Theatre, how witty it would be! and then to dance helter ſkelter to a *Chanſon a boire: toute la terre, toute la terre eſt a moy!* what's matter though it were made, and ſung, two or three years ago in *Cabarets*, how it would attract the admiration, eſpecially of every one that's an *eveillé!*

Mel. Well; I begin to have a *tendre* for you; but yet, upon condition, that—— when we are marri'd, you——
[Pal. *ſings while ſhe ſpeaks.*

Phil. You muſt drown her voice: if ſhe makes her *French* conditions, you are a ſlave for ever.

Mel. Firſt, will you engage—— that——

Pal. Fa, la, la, la, *&c.* [*Louder.*

Mel. Will you hear the conditions?

Pal. No; I will hear no conditions! I am reſolv'd to win you *en François*; to be very airy, with abundance of noiſe, and no ſenſe. Fa, la, la, la, *&c.*

Mel. Hold, hold; I am vanquiſh'd with your *gayeté d'eſprit*. I am yours, and will be yours, *ſans nulle reſerve, ny condition*: and let me die, if I do not think my ſelf the happieſt Nymph in *Sicily* —— My dear French Dear, ſtay but a *minuite*, till I *raccommode* my ſelf with the Princeſs; and than I am yours, *juſq' à la mort*. *Allons donc* ——

[*Exeunt* Mel. Philot.

Pal. (*Solus, fanning himſelf with his hat.*) I never thought before that wooing was ſo laborious an exerciſe; if ſhe were worth a million, I have deſerv'd her; and now, methinks too, with taking all this pains for her, I begin to like her. 'Tis ſo; I have known many, who never car'd for Hare nor Partridge, but thoſe they caught themſelves would eat heartily: the pains, and the ſtory a man tells of the taking of 'em, makes the meat go down more pleaſantly. Beſides, laſt night I had a ſweet dream of her, and, Gad, ſhe I have once dream'd of, I am ſtark mad till I enjoy her, let her be never ſo ugly.

Enter Doralice.

Dor. Who's that you are ſo mad to enjoy, *Palamede*?

Pal. You may eaſily imagine that, ſweet *Doralice*.

Dor. More eaſily than you think I can: I met juſt now with a certain man, who came to you with Letters, from a certain old Gentleman, yclipped your Father; whereby I am given to underſtand, that to morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be grave henceforward, to go ill-dreſs'd and ſlovenly, to get Heirs for your Eſtate, and to dandle 'em for your diverſion; and, in ſhort, that Love and Courtſhip are to be no more.

Pal. Now have I ſo much ſhame to be thus apprehended in the manner, that I can neither ſpeak nor look upon you; I have abundance of grace in me, that I find: But if you have any ſpark of true friendſhip in you, retire a little with me to the next room, that has a couch or bed in't, and beſtow your charity upon a poor dying man: a little comfort from a Miſtris, before a man is going to give himſelf in Marriage, is as good as a [illegible] of ſtrong-water to a dying Malefactor; it takes away the ſenſe of Hell, and hanging from him.

Dor. No, good *Palamede*, I muſt not be ſo injurious to your Bride: 'tis ill drawing from the Bank to day, when all your ready money is payable to morrow.

Pal. A Wife is only to have the ripe fruit, that falls of it ſelf; but a wiſe man will always preſerve a ſhaking for a Miſtris.

Dor. But a Wife for the firſt quarter is a Miſtris.

Pal. But when the ſecond comes.

Dor. When it does come, you are ſo given to variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another quarter.

Pal. No, never, except I were married to you: marri'd people can never oblige one another; for all they do is duty, and conſequently there can be no thanks: but love is more frank and generous than he is honeſt; he's a liberal giver, but a curſed pay-maſter.

Dor. I declare I will have no Gallant; but, if I would, he should never be a marri'd man; a marri'd man is but a Miſtriſs's half-ſervant, as a Clergy-man is but the King's half-ſubject: for a man to come to me that ſmells o'th' Wife! 's life, I wou'd as ſoon wear her old Gown after her, as her Husband.

Pal. Yet 'tis a kind of faſhion to wear a Princeſs caſt ſhoes, you ſee the Country Ladies buy 'em to be fine in them.

Dor. Yes, a Princeſs ſhoes may be worn after her, becauſe they keep their faſhion, by being ſo very little us'd; but generally a marri'd man is a creature of the world the moſt out of faſhion; his behaviour is dumpiſh, his diſcourſe his Wife and Family, his habit ſo much neglected it looks as if that were marri'd too; his Hat is marri'd, his Perruke is marri'd, his Breeches are marri'd, and if we could look within his Breeches, we ſhould find him marri'd there too.

Pal. Am I then to be diſcarded for ever? pray do but mark how terrible that word ſounds; For ever! it has a very damn'd ſound, *Doralice.*

Dor. Ay, for ever! it ſounds as helliſhly to me, as it can do to you, but there's no help for't.

Pal. Yet if we had but once enjoy'd one another; but then once only, is worſe than not at all: it leaves a man with ſuch a lingring after it.

Dor. For ought I know 'tis better that we have not; we might upon trial have lik'd each other leſs, as many a man and woman, that have lov'd as deſperately as we, and yet when they came to poſſeſſion, have ſigh'd, and cri'd to themſelves, Is this all?

Pal. That is only, if the Servant were not found a man of this world; but if, upon trial, we had not lik'd each other, we had certainly left loving; and faith, that's the greater happineſs of the two.

Dor. 'Tis better as 'tis; we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after poſſeſſing, the reſt is but jealouſies, and diſquiets, and quarrelling, and piecing.

Pal. Nay, after one great quarrel, there's never any ſound piecing; the love is apt to break in the ſame place again.

Dor. I declare I would never renew a love; that's like him who trims an old Coach for ten years together, he might buy a new one better cheap.

Pal. Well, Madam, I am convinc'd, that 'tis beſt for us not to have enjoy'd; but Gad, the ſtrongeſt reaſon is, becauſe I cann't help it.

Dor. The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to enjoy, as they keep Grapes by hanging 'em upon a line, they muſt touch nothing if you would preſerve 'em freſh.

Pal. But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping; however I ſhall have a warmth for you, and an eagerneſs, every time I ſee you; and if I chance to out-live *Melantha*——

Dor. And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil*——

Pal. Well, I'll cheriſh my Body as much as I can upon that hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the Wife of my Boſom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of kindneſs, I'll put as far as another man: I'll begin to morrow night, and be very wrathful with her, that's reſolv'd on.

Dor. Well, *Palamede*, here's my hand, I'll venture to be your ſecond Wife, for all your threatnings.

Pal. In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeneſs of a Melon, and I hope you'll give me leave now and then to look on you, and to ſee if you are not ready to be cut yet.

Dor. No, no, that muſt not be, *Palamede*, for fear the Gardener ſhould come and catch you taking up the glaſs.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. (*Aſide.*) Billing ſo ſweetly! now I am confirm'd in my ſuſpicions; I muſt put an end to this, ere it go further. [*Aſide.*

(*To Doralice.*) Cry you mercy, Spouſe; I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

Dor. What Recreations?

Rho. Nay, no excuſes, good Spouſe; I ſaw fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and preſt, as though you had been ſqueezing ſoft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you and I muſt clear this Reckoning; why would you have ſeduc'd my Wife?

Pal. Why would you have debauch'd my Miſtriſs?

Rho. What do you think of that Civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd, *Hide and Seek*, laſt Evening, in the Grotto?

Pal. What do you think of that Innocent Pair, who made it their pretence to ſeek for others, but came, indeed, to hide themſelves there?

Rho. All things conſider'd, I begin vehemently to ſuſpect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company laſt Night, was a certain Youth of my acquaintance.

Pal. And I have an odd Imagination, that you could never have ſuſpected my ſmall Gallant, if your little villanous *Frenchman* had not been a falſe Brother.

Rho. Farther Arguments are needleſs; Draw off; I ſhall ſpeak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*.

[*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*

Pal. And I ſhall anſwer you by the way of Danger-field.

[*Claps his Hand on his.*

Dor. Hold, hold; are not you two a Couple of mad fighting Fools, to cut one another's Throats for nothing?

Pal. How for nothing? he courts the Woman I muſt marry.

Rho. And he courts you whom I have marri'd.

Dor. But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

Rho. Faith I am jealous, and that makes me partly ſuſpect that I love you better than I thought.

Pal. Piſh! A mear Jealouſie of Honour.

Rho. Gad I am afraid there's ſomething elſe in't; for *Palamede* has Wit, and if he loves you, there's ſomething more in ye than I have found; ſome rich Mine, for ought I know, that I have not yet diſcover'd.

Pal. 'S life, what's this? Here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha*; for he has lov'd her, and he has Wit too, and, for ought I know, there may be a Mine: But, if there be, I am reſolv'd I'll dig for't.

Dor. (*To Rhod.*) Then I have found my account in raiſing your jealouſie: O! 'tis the moſt delicate ſharp ſawce to a cloy'd ſtomach; it will give you a new edge, *Rhodophil.*

Rho. And a new point too, *Doralice*, if I could be ſure thou art honeſt.

Dor. If you art wiſe, believe me for your own ſake: Love and Religion have but one thing to truſt to; that's a good ſound Faith. Conſider, if I have play'd falſe, you can never find it out by any experiment you can make upon me.

Rho. No? Why, ſuppoſe I had a delicate ſcrew'd Gun, if I left her clean, and found her foul, I ſhould diſcover, to my coſt, ſhe had been ſhot in.

Dor. But if you left her clean, and found her only ruſty, you would diſcover, to your ſhame, ſhe was only ſo for want of ſhooting.

Pal. Rhodophil, you know me too well, to imagine I ſpeak for fear; and therefore in conſideration of our paſt friendſhip, I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rho. Friend, I will believe you, and vow the ſame for your *Melantha*; but the Devil on't is, how we ſhall keep 'em ſo?

Pal. What doſt think of a bleſſed Community betwixt us four, for the ſolace of the Women, and relief of the Men? Methinks it would be a pleaſant kind of life: Wife and Husband for the ſtanding Diſh, and Miſtriſs and Gallant for the Deſert.

Rho. But ſuppoſe the Wife and the Miſtriſs ſhould both long for the ſtanding Diſh, how ſhould they be ſatisfi'd together?

Pal. In ſuch a caſe they muſt draw Lots; and yet that would not do neither; for they would be both wiſhing for the longeſt out.

Rho. Then I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each others Property.

Pal. Content, ſay I. From henceforth let all Acts of Hoſtility ceaſe betwixt us; aud that in the uſual form of Treaties, as well by Sea as by Land, and in all Freſh Waters.

Dor. I will add but one *Proviſo*, that whoever breaks the League, either by War abroad, or by neglect at home, both the Women ſhall revenge themſelves, by the help of the other party.

Rho. That's but reaſonable. Come away, *Doralice*; I have a great temptation to be ſealing Articles in private.

Pal. Haſt thou ſo? (*Claps him on the ſhoulder.*

Fall on, *Macbduff*,
And curſt be he that firſt cries, Hold, enough.

Enter Polydamas, Palmyra, Artemis, Argaleon; *after them,*
Eubulus *and* Hermogenes, *guarded.*

Palm. Sir, on my knees I beg you.
Pol. Away, I'll hear no more.
Palm. For my dead Mother's ſake; you ſay you lov'd her,
And tell me I reſemble her. Thus ſhe
Had begg'd.
Pol. ——— ——— And thus had I deny'd her.
Palm. You muſt be merciful.
Arga. ——— ——— ——— You muſt be conſtant.
Pol. Go, bear 'em to the torture; you have boaſted
You have a King to head you: I would know
To whom I muſt reſign.
Eub. ——— ——— This is our recompence
For ſerving the dead Queen.
Her. ——— ——— ——— And Education
Of thy Daughter.
Arga. You are too modeſt, in not naming all
His Obligations to you: Why did you
Omit his Son, the Prince *Leonidas*?
Pol. That Impoſture
I had forgot; their tortures ſhall be doubled.
Her. You pleaſe me, I ſhall die the ſooner.
Eub. No; could I live an Age, and ſtill be rack'd,
I ſtill would keep the ſecret. (*As they are going off.*

Enter Leonidas, *guarded.*

Leon. Oh whither do you hurry Innocence!
If you have any Juſtice, ſpare their Lives;
Or if I cannot make you juſt, at leaſt
I'll teach you to more purpoſe to be cruel.
Palm. Alas, what does he ſeek!
Leon. Make me the Object of your hate and vengeance.
Are theſe decrepid Bodies worn to ruine,
Juſt ready, of themſelves, to fall aſunder,
And to let drop the Soul,
Are theſe fit Subjects for a Rack, and Tortures?
Where would you faſten any hold upon 'em?
Place pains on me; united fix 'em here;
I have both Youth, and Strength, and Soul to bear 'em:
And if they merit Death, then I much more;
Since 'tis for me they ſuffer.
Her. ——— ——— ——— Heav'n forbid
We ſhould redeem our pains, or worthleſs lives,
By our expoſing yours.
Eub. Away with us: Farewell, Sir.

I only ſuffer in my fears for you.

Arga. So much concern'd for him? then my [*Aſide.*
Suſpicion's true. [*Whiſpers the King.*

Palm. Hear yet my laſt requeſt, for poor *Leonidas*;
Or take my life with his.

Arga. Reſt ſatisfied; *Leonidas* is he. [*To the King.*

Pol. I am amaz'd: What muſt be done?

Arga. Command his execution inſtantly;
Give him not leiſure to diſcover it;
He may corrupt the Soldiers.

Pol. Hence with that Traitor; bear him to his death:
Haſte there, and ſee my Will perform'd.

Leon. Nay then, I'll die like him the Gods have made me.
Hold, Gentlemen; I am—— [Argaleon *ſtops his Mouth.*

Arga. Thou art a Traytor; 'tis not fit to hear thee.

Leon. I ſay, I am the—— [*Getting looſe a little.*

Arga. So; gag him, and lead him off.—— [*Again ſtopping his Mouth.*

{Leonidas, Hermogenes, Eubulus} *led off.*
{Polydamas *and* Argaleon *follow.*

Palm. Duty and Love, by turns poſſeſs my Soul,
And ſtruggle for a fatal Victory:
I will diſcover he's the King; Ah, no:
That will perhaps ſave him;
But then I am guilty of a Father's ruine.
What ſhall I do, or not do? either way
I muſt deſtroy a Parent, or a Lover.
Break, Heart; for that's the leaſt of ills to me,
And Death the only cure. [*Swoons.*

Arte. Help, help the Princeſs.

Rho. Bear her gently hence, where ſhe may
Have more ſuccour. [*She is born off,* Arte. *follow her.*

[*Shouts within, and claſhing of Swords.*

Pal. What noiſe is that?

Enter Amalthea, *running.*

Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, ſhew it now: *Leonidas*
Broke on the ſudden from his Guards, and ſnatching
A Sword from one, his back againſt the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himſelf, and owns aloud
He is our long loſt King, found for this moment;
But, if your Valours help not, loſt for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the ſenſe of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they ſtand at Bay
Againſt an Hoſt of Foes.

Rho.——————Madam, no more;
We loſe time: My Command, or my Example,
May move the Soldiers to the better cauſe.

You'll ſecond me? [To Pal.

Pal. Or die with you: no Subject e'er can meet
A nobler fate, than at his Sovereign's Feet. [Exeunt.

[Claſhing of Swords within, and Shouts,

Enter Leonidas, Rhodophil, Palamede, Eubulus, Hermogenes,
and their Party, victorious,
Polydamas *and* Argaleon *diſarm'd.*

Leon. That I ſurvive the dangers of this day,
Next to the Gods, brave Friends, be yours the honour.
And let Heav'n witneſs for me, that my joy
Is not more great for this my right reſtor'd,
Than 'tis, that I have power to recompence
Your Loyalty and Valour. Let mean Princes
Of abject Souls, fear to reward great Actions;
I mean to ſhew,
That whatſoe'r ſubjects, like you, dare merit,
A King, like me, dares give———

Rho. You make us bluſh, we have deſerv'd ſo little.

Pal. And yet inſtruct us how to merit more.

Leon. And as I would be juſt in my rewards,
So ſhould I in my puniſhments; theſe two,
This the Uſurper of my Crown, the other
Of my *Palmyra*'s love, deſerve that death
Which both deſign'd for me.

Pol. ——————————— And we expect it.

Arga. I have too long been happy to live wretched.

Pol. And I too long have govern'd, to deſire
A life without an Empire.

Leon. You are *Palmyra*'s father; and as ſuch,
Though not a King, ſhall have obedience paid
From him who is one. Father, in that name,
All injuries forgot, and duty own'd. [Embraces him.

Pol. O, had I known you could have been this King,
Thus God-like, great and good, I ſhould have wiſh'd
T'have been dethron'd before. 'Tis now I live,
And more than Reign; now all my joys flow pure,
Unmix'd with cares, and undiſturb'd by conſcience.

Enter Palmyra, Amalthea, Artemis, Doralice, *and* Melantha.

Leon. See, my *Palmyra* comes! the frighted blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale cheeks.
Like the firſt ſtreaks of light broke looſe from darkneſs,
And dawning into bluſhes ——— Sir, you ſaid [To Polyda.
Your joys were full; Oh, would you make mine ſo!
I am but half-reſtor'd without this bleſſing.

Pol. The Gods, and my *Palmyra*, make you happy,
As you make me. [Gives her hand to Leonidas.

Palmy. ——— Now all my Prayers are heard:

I may be Dutiful, and yet may Love.
Virtue, and Patience, have at length unravell'd
The Knots which Fortune ty'd.

Mel. Let me die, but I'll Congratulate his Majeſty: How admirably well his Royalty Becomes him! Becomes! that is *lux ſied*, but our damn'd Language expreſſes nothing.

Pal. How? Does it become him already? 'twas but juſt now you ſaid, he was ſuch a Figure of a Man.

Mel. True, my Dear, when he was a private Man he was a Figure; but ſince he is a King, methinks he has aſſum'd another Figure: He looks ſo grand, and ſo Auguſt. [*Going to the King.*

Pal. Stay, ſtay; I'll preſent you when it is more convenient. I find I muſt get her a place at Court; and when ſhe is once there, ſhe can be no longer Ridiculous; for ſhe is young enough, and pretty enough, and Fool enough, and *French* enough, to bring up a Faſhion there to be affected.

Leon. (*To* Rhodophil) Did ſhe then lead you to this brave Attempt?
(*To* Amalthea) To you, fair *Amalthea*, what I am,
And what all theſe, from me, we joyntly owe:
Firſt, therefore, to your great deſert, give
Your Brother's Life; but keep him under Guard,
Till our new Power be ſetled. What more grace
He may receive, ſhall from his future Carriage
Be given, as he deſerves.

Arga. I neither now deſire, nor will deſerve it;
My loſs is ſuch as cannot be repair'd,
And to the wretched, Life can be no Mercy.

Leon. Then be a Priſoner always: Thy ill Fate,
And Pride will have it ſo: But ſince, in this, I cannot,
Inſtruct me, generous *Amalthea*, how
A King may ſerve you.

Amal. ———— ———— I have all I hope,
And all I now muſt wiſh; I ſee you happy.
Thoſe Hours I have to live, which Heav'n in pity
Will make but few, I vow to ſpend with Veſtals:
The greateſt part, in Pray'rs for you; the reſt
In Mourning my unworthineſs.
Preſs me not farther to explain my ſelf;
'Twill not become me, and may cauſe your trouble.

Leon. Too well I underſtand her ſecret Grief, [*Aſide.*
But dare not ſeem to know it. —— Come my faireſt, (*To* Palmyra.
Beyond my Crown, I have one Joy in Store;
To give that Crown to her whom I adore. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Thus have my Spouſe and I inform'd the Nation,
And led you all the way to Reformation.
Not with dull Morals, gravely writ, like thoſe,
Which Men of eaſie Phlegm, with care compoſe.
Your Poet's of ſtiff Words, and limber Senſe,
Born on the Confines of Indifference.
But by Examples drawn, I dare to ſay,
From moſt of you, who hear and ſee the Play.
There are more Rhodophils *in this Theatre,*
More Palamedes, *and ſome few Wives, I fear.*
But yet too far our Poet would not run,
Though 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing done.
He would not quite the Woman's frailty bare,
But ſtript 'em to the waſte, and left 'em there.
And the Men's Faults are leſs ſeverely ſhown,
For he conſiders that himſelf is one.
Some ſtabbing Wits, to bloody Satyr bent,
Would treat both Sexes with leſs Compliment:
Would lay the Scene at home, of Husbands tell,
For Wenches, taking up their Wives i'th' Mell,
And a brisk Bout which each of them did want,
Made by miſtake of Miſtriſs and Gallant.
Our modeſt Author thought it was enough
To cut you off a Sample of the Stuff;
He ſpar'd my Shame, which you, I'm ſure, would not;
For you were all for driving on the Plot:
You ſigh'd when I came in to break the ſport,
And ſet your Teeth when each deſign fell ſhort.
To Wives and Servants all good Wiſhes lend,
But the poor Cuckold ſeldom finds a Friend.
Since therefore Court and Town will take no pity,
I humbly caſt my ſelf upon the City.

FINIS.

THE

ASSIGNATION:

OR,

Love in a Nunnery.

As it is ACTED,

At the *THEATRE-ROYAL.*

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Succeſſum dea dira negat——————

Virg.

The Third Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Bently, Jacob Tonſon, Francis Saunders,*
and *Thomas Bennet.* 1692.

TO

My moſt Honour'd Friend

Sir *CHARLES SEDLEY*, Baronet.

SIR,

THE deſign of *Dedicating Plays*, is as common and unjuſt, as that of deſiring Seconds in a *Duel*. 'Tis engaging our Friends (it may be) in a ſenceleſs Quarrel, where they have much to venture, without any concernment of their own. I have declar'd thus much before-hand, to prevent you from ſuſpicion, that I intend to intereſt either your Judgment or your Kindneſs, in defending the Errors of this *Comedy*. It ſucceeded ill in the repreſentation, againſt the opinion of many the beſt Judges of our Age, to whom you know I read it e're it was preſented publickly. Whether the fault was in the Play it ſelf, or in the lameneſs of the Action, or in the number of its Enemies, who came reſolv'd to damn it for the Title, I will not now diſpute: That wou'd be too like the little ſatisfaction which an unlucky Gameſter finds in the relation of every caſt by which he came to loſe his Money. I have had formerly ſo much ſucceſs, that the miſcarriage of this Play was only my giving Fortune her Revenge: I ow'd it her; and ſhe was Indulgent that ſhe exacted not the payment long before. I will therefore deal more reaſonably with you, than any Poet has ever done with any Patron: I do not ſo much as oblige you, for my ſake, to paſs Two ill hours in reading of my Play. Think, if you pleaſe, That this Dedication is only an occaſion I have taken to do my ſelf the greateſt Honour imaginable with Poſterity; that is, to be recorded in the number of thoſe Men whom you have favour'd with your Friendſhip and Eſteem. For, I am well-aſſur'd, that beſides the preſent ſatisfaction I have, it will gain me the greateſt part of my Reputation with after-Ages, when they ſhall find me valuing my ſelf on your kindneſs to me: I may have reaſon to ſuſpect my own credit with them, but I have none to doubt of yours. And they who perhaps wou'd forget me in my Poems, wou'd remember me in this *Epiſtle*.

This was the courſe which has formerly been practis'd by the Poets of that Nation who were Maſters of the Univerſe. *Horace* and *Ovid*, who had little reaſon to diſſemble their kindneſs, yet took occaſion to ſpeak with Honour of *Virgil*, *Varius*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius* their Contemporaries: as if they ſought in the teſtimony of their Friendſhip a farther evidence of their Fame. For my own part, I, who am the leaſt amongſt the Poets, have yet the fortune to be honour'd with the beſt Patron, and the beſt Friend. For, (to omit ſome Great Perſons of our Court, to whom I am many ways oblig'd, and who have taken care of me, even amidſt the exigencies of a War,) I can make my boaſt to have found a better *Mæcenas* in the Perſon of my Lord Treaſurer *Clifford*, and a more elegant *Tibullus* in that of Sir *Charles Sedley*. I have choſen that Poet to whom I would reſemble you, not only becauſe I think him at leaſt equal, if not ſuperior to *Ovid* in his Elegies: nor becauſe of his Quality, for he was (you know) a *Roman* Knight as well as *Ovid*: But for his Candour, his Wealth, his way of Living, and particularly becauſe of this Teſtimony which is given him by *Horace*, which I have a thouſand times in my Mind apply'd to you.

Non tu Corpus eras ſine pectore; Dii tibi formam,
Dii tibi Divitias dederant, artemq; fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus Alumno
Quam ſapere, & fari poſſit quæ ſentiat, & cui
Gratia, forma, valetudo contingat abunde?
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena?

Certainly the Poets of that Age enjoy'd much happineſs in the Converſation and Friendſhip of one another. They imitated the beſt way of Living, which was to purſue innocent and inoffenſive Pleaſure; that which one of the Ancients called *Eruditam voluptatem*. We have, like them, our Genial Nights; where our diſcourſe is neither too ſerious, nor too light; but always pleaſant, and for the moſt part inſtructive: the Raillery neither too ſharp upon the preſent, nor too cenſorious on the abſent; and the Cups only ſuch as will raiſe the Converſation of the Night, without diſturbing the buſineſs of the Morrow. And thus far not only the Philoſophers, but the Fathers of the Church have gone, without leſſening their Reputation of good Manners, or of Piety. For this reaſon I have often laugh'd at the ignorant and ridiculous Deſcriptions which ſome Pedants have given of the Wits (as they are pleas'd to call them;) which are a Generation of Men as unknown to them, as the People of *Tartary*, or the *Terra Auſtralis* are to us. And therefore as we draw Giants and *Anthropophagi* in thoſe vacancies of our *Maps*, where we have not Travell'd to diſcover better; ſo thoſe wretches paint lewdneſs, Atheiſm, Folly, Ill-reaſoning, and all manner of Extravagances amongſt us, for want of underſtanding what we are. Oftentimes it ſo falls out, that they have a particular picque to ſome one amongſt us: and then they immediately intereſt Heav'n in their quarrel; as 'tis an uſual trick in Courts; when one deſigns the ruin of his Enemy, to diſguiſe his malice with ſome concernment of the Kings; and to revenge his own cauſe, with pretence of vindicating the Honour of his

Maſter

to [illegible] at your Table, than I have encounter'd in their Books. The Wits they deſcribe, are the Fops we baniſh: For Blaſphemy and Atheiſm, if they were neither Sin nor ill manners, are Subjects ſo very common, and worn ſo Thredbare, that People who have Sence avoid them, for fear of being ſuſpected to have none. It calls the good Name of their Wit in queſtion, as it does the credit of a Citizen when his Shop is fill'd with Trumperies, and painted Titles inſtead of Wares: we conclude them Bankrupt to all manner of Underſtanding: and, that to uſe Blaſphemy, is a kind of applying Pidgeons to the Soles of the Feet; it proclaims their Fancy as well as Judgment, to be in a deſperate condition. I am ſure for your own particular, if any of theſe Judges had once the happineſs to converſe with you, to hear the Candour of your Opinions; how freely you commend that Wit in others, of which you have ſo large a Portion your ſelf, how unapt you are to be cenſorious; with how much eaſineſs you ſpeak ſo many things, and thoſe ſo Pointed, that no other Man is able to excell, or perhaps to reach by Study; they wou'd, inſtead of your Accuſers, become your Proſelytes. They wou'd reverence ſo much good Sence, and ſo much good Nature in the ſame Perſon: and come, like the Satyre, to warm themſelves at that Fire, of which they were ignorantly afraid, when they ſtood at diſtance. But, you have too great a Reputation to be wholly free from Cenſure: 'Tis a fine which Fortune ſets upon all extraordinary Perſons, and from which you ſhould not wiſh to be deliver'd till you are dead. I have been us'd by my Critiques much more ſeverely, and have more reaſon to complain, becauſe I am deeper Tax'd for leſs Eſtate. I am ridiculouſly enough accus'd to be a contemner of Univerſities, that is in other words, an Enemy of Learning: without the Foundation of which I am ſure no Man can pretend to be a Poet. And if this be not enough, I am made a Detractor from my Predeceſſors, whom I confeſs to have been my Maſters in the Art. But this latter was the accuſation of the beſt Judge, and almoſt the beſt Poet in the *Latine* Tongue. You find *Horace* complaining, that for taxing ſome Verſes in *Lucilius*, he himſelf was blam'd by others, though his Deſign was no other than mine now, to improve the knowledge of Poetry, and it was no defence to him, amongſt his Enemies, any more than it is for me, that he prais'd *Lucilius* where he deſerv'd it; *Paginâ laudatur eâdem.* 'Tis for this reaſon I will be no more miſtaken for my good meaning: I know I honour *Ben Johnſon* more than my little Critiques, becauſe without vanity I may own, I underſtand him better. As for the Errors they pretend to find in me, I could eaſily ſhew them that the greateſt part of them are Beauties: and for the reſt, I could recriminate upon the beſt Poets of our Nation, if I could reſolve to accuſe another of little faults, whom at the ſame time I admire for greater Excellencies. But I have neither concernment enough upon me to write any thing in my own defence, neither will I gratify the ambition of two wretched Scriblers, who deſire nothing more than to be Anſwer'd. I have not wanted Friends, even amongſt Strangers, who have defended me more ſtrongly, than my contemptible Pedant cou'd attaque me. For the other: he is only like *Fungoſo* in the Play, who follows the Faſhion at a diſtance, and adores the *Faſtidius Brisk* of *Oxford*. You can bear me witneſs, that I have not conſideration enough for either of them to be angry: Let *Mævius* and *Bavius* admire each other, I wiſh to be hated by them and their Fellows, by the ſame reaſon for which I deſire to be lov'd by you. And I leave it to the World, whether their judgment of my Poetry ought to be preferr'd to yours; though they are as much prejudic'd by their malice, as I deſire you ſhould be led by your kindneſs, to be partial to, Sir,

Your moſt Humble,

And moſt Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

PRologues, *like Bells to Churches, toul you in*
With Chiming Verſe; till the dull Plays begin:
With this ſad difference though, of Pit and Pue;
You damn the Poet, *but the* Prieſt *damns you.*
But Prieſts can treat you at your own expence:
And, gravely, call you Fools, without offence.
Poets, poor Devils, have ne'r your Folly ſhown
But, to their coſt, you prov'd it was their own.
For, when a Fop's preſented on the Stage,
Straight all the Coxcombs in the Town engage:
For his deliverance, and revenge they joyn:
And grunt, like Hogs, about their Captive Swine.
Your Poets daily ſplit upon this ſhelf:
You muſt have Fools, yet none will have himſelf.
Or, if in kindneſs, you that leave would give,
No man could write you at that rate you live:
For ſome of you grow Fops with ſo much haſte,
Riot in nonſence, and commit ſuch waſte,
'Twould Ruine Poets ſhould they ſpend ſo faſt.
He who made this, obſerv'd what Farces hit,
And durſt not diſoblige you now with wit.
But, Gentlemen, you overdo the Mode:
You muſt have Fools out of the common Rode.
Th' unnatural ſtrain'd Buffoon is only taking:
No Fop can pleaſe you now of Gods own making.
Pardon our Poets, if he ſpeaks his Mind,
You come to Plays with your own Follies lin'd:
Small Fools fall on you, like ſmall ſhowers, in vain:
Your own oyl'd Coats keep out all common rain.
You muſt have Mamamouchi, ſuch a Fop
As would appear a Monſter in a Shop:
He'l fill your Pit and Boxes to the brim,
Where, Ram'd in Crowds, you ſee your ſelves in him.
Sure there's ſome ſpell our Poet never knew,
In bullibabilah da, and Chu, chu, chu.
But Marabarah ſahem moſt did touch you,
That is: Oh how we love the Mamamouchi!
Grimace and habit ſent you pleaſ'd away:
You damn'd the Poet, and cry'd up the Play.
This thought had made our Author more uneaſie;
But that he hopes I'm Fool enough to pleaſe ye:
But here's my grief; though Nature joyn'd with Art,
Have cut me out to act a Fooling Part;
Yet, to your praiſe, the few Wits here will ſay,
'Twas imitating you taught Haynes *to Play.*

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

Duke of *Mantoua* —— —— —— Major *Mohun.*
Prince *Frederick* his Son —— —— Mr. *Kynaſton,*
Aurelian a *Roman* Gentleman —— —— Mr. *Hart.*
Camillo his Friend —— —— —— Mr. *Burt,*
Mario Governor of *Rome* —— —— Mr. *Cartwright.*
Aſcanio, Page of Honour to the Prince —— Mrs. *Reeve.*
Benito, Servant to *Aurelian* —— —— Mr. *Haynes.*
Valerio, Confident to the Duke —— ——
Fabio, Servant to *Mario* —— —— ——

Sophronia, Abbeſs of the *Torr' di Specchi.* --Mrs. *James*
Lucretia, a Lady deſign'd to be a Nun —Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Hippolita, a Nun —— —— —— Mrs. *Knep.*
Laura, and *Violetta* } Siſters, Nieces to *Mario.* } —— Mrs. *Bowtel,*
—— Mrs. *Cox.*

SCENE, ROME.

THE ASSIGNATION: OR, Love in a Nunnery.

SCENE ROME.

A Great Glaſs Plac'd.

Enter Benito, *with a Guittar in his hand.*

Benito *bowing to the Glaſs.* SAve you, ſweet Signior *Benito*; by my faith I am glad to ſee you look ſo bonily to day: Gad, Sir, every thing becomes you to a miracle! your Perruke, your Cloaths, your Hat, your Shoo-tyes; and, Gad, Sir, let me tell you, you become every thing; you walk with ſuch a grace, and you bow ſo pliantly——

Aurelia within. *Benito*, Where are you, Sirrah?

Ben. Sirrah! That my damn'd Maſter ſhould call a man of my extraordinary indowments, Sirrah! A man of my indowments? Gad, I ask my own pardon, I mean, a perſon of my indowments; for a man of my parts and tallents, though he be but a *Valet de Chambre*, is a perſon; and, let me tell my Maſter—— Gad, I frown too, as like a perſon as any Jack-Gentleman of 'em all; but, Gad, when I do not frown, I am an abſolute beauty: whatever this Glaſs ſays to the contrary: and, if this Glaſs deny it, 'tis a baſe, lying Glaſs, ſo I'll tell it to its face, and kick it down into the bargain.

Aurelia within. Why *Benito*, How long ſhall we ſtay for you?

Ben. I come, Sir. What the Devil wou'd he have?
But, by his favour, I'll firſt [illegible] ing.

He plays on the Guittar, and Dances and Sings to the Glaſs.

I think that was not amiſs: I think ſo. Gad, I can Dance, and play no longer, I am in ſuch a rapture with my ſelf. *Lays down the Guittar.* What a villanous baſe fate have I? with all theſe excellencies, and a profound wit, and yet to be a Serving-man!

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo.

Aur. Why, you Slave, you Dog, you Son of twenty Fathers, am I to be ſerv'd at this rate eternally? A pox o'your conceited Coxcomb.

Camillo. Nay, prethee, *Aurelian*, be not angry.

Aur. You do not know this Rogue, as I do, *Camillo*. Now, by this Guittar, and that great looking-glaſs, I am certain how he has ſpent his time. He courts himſelf every morning in that Glaſs, at leaſt an hour: there admires his own perſon, and his parts, and ſtudies poſtures and grimaces, to make himſelf yet more ridiculous than he was born to be.

Cam. You wrong him ſure.

Aur. I do; for he is yet more fool than I can ſpeak him: I never ſent him on a meſſage, but he runs firſt to that Glaſs, to practice how he may become his errand. Speak, is this a lie, Sirrah?

Ben. I confeſs, I have ſome kindneſs for the mirrour.

Aur. The mirrour! there's a touch of his Poetry too, he could not call it a Glaſs. Then the Rogue has the impudence to make Sonnets, as he calls 'em; and, which is a greater impudence, he ſings 'em too: there's not a Street in all *Rome* which he does not nightly diſquiet with his villanous Serenades: with that Guittar there, the younger Brother of a Cittern, he frights away the Watch; and for his Violin, it ſqueaks ſo lewdly, that Sir *Tibert* in the gutter miſtakes him for his Miſtriſs. 'Tis a meer Cat-call.

Cam. Is this true *Benito*?

Ben. to Cam. aſide. My Maſter, Sir, may ſay his pleaſure; I divert my ſelf ſometimes with hearing him: Alaſs, good Gentleman, 'tis not given to all perſons to penetrate into Mens parts and qualities; but I look on you, Sir, as a man of judgment, and therefore you ſhall hear me play and ſing. *He takes up the Guittar and begins.*

Aur. Why, you invincible Sot you, will nothing mend you? Lay't down, or———

Ben. to *Camillo.* Do you ſee, Sir, this Enemy to the Muſes? he will not let me hold forth to you. [*Lays down the Guittar.*
O Envy, and Ignorance, Whither will you!——— But, Gad, before I'll ſuffer my parts to be kept in obſcurity———

Aur. What will you do, Raſcal?

Ben. I'll take up the Guittar, and ſuffer heroically. [*He Plays,* Aur. *Kicks.*

Aur. What? Do you Mutiny?

Ben. Ay, do, kick till your toes ake; I'll be baffled in my Muſick by ne're a foot in Chriſtendom.

Aur. I'll put you out of your time, with a vengeance to you.

As Aurelian *kicks harder,* Benito *ſings faſter, and ſometimes crys out.*

Cam. holding Aur. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtickle. Hold *Aurelian*, prethee ſpare *Benito*, you know we have occaſion for him.

Aur. I think that was well kick'd.

Ben. And I think that was well Sung too.

Cam. Enough, *Aurelian.*

Ben. No, Sir; let him proceed to diſcourage vertue, and ſee what will come on't.

Cam. Now to our buſineſs: but we muſt firſt inſtruct *Benito.*

Aur. Be rul'd by me, and do not truſt him: I propheſie he'll ſpoil the whole affair; he has a Worm in's head as long as a Conger, a brain ſo barren of all ſence, and yet ſo fruitful of fooliſh plots, that if he does not all things his own way, yet at leaſt he'll ever be mingling his deſigns with yours, and go halves with you, ſo that what with his ignorance, what with his plotting, he'll be ſure to ruine you, with an intention to ſerve you. For my part I had turn'd him off long ſince; but that my wiſe Father, commanded me the contrary.

Cam. Still you ſpeak, as if what we did were choice, and not neceſſity: you know their Uncle is ſuſpicious of me, and conſequently jealous of all my Servants; but if we employ yours, who is not ſuſpected, becauſe you are a ſtranger; I doubt not to get an Aſſignation with the younger Siſter.

Aur. Well, uſe your own way, *Camillo*: but if it ever ſucceed, with his management.——

Cam. You muſt underſtand then, *Benito*, that this old Signior *Mario*, has two Nieces, with one of which I am deſperately in Love, and——

Ben. aſide to him. I underſtand you already, Sir, and you deſire Love reciprocal: Leave your buſineſs in my hands, and, if it ſucceed not, think me no wiſer than my Maſter.

Cam. Pray take me with you. Theſe Siſters are great Beauties and vaſt Fortunes; but, by a Clauſe in their Fathers Will, if they Marry without their Uncles Conſent, are to forfeit all. Their Uncle, who is covetous, and baſe to the laſt degree, takes advantage of this Clauſe, and under pretence of not finding fit Matches for them, denies his conſent to all who love 'em.

Ben. Denies 'em marriage: very good, Sir.

Cam. More than this, he refuſes acceſs to any Suitor, and immures 'em in a mean apartment on the garden ſide, where he barbarouſly debars 'em from all humane Society.

Ben. Uſes them moſt barbarouſly: Still better and better.

Cam. The younger of theſe Siſters, *Violetta*, I have ſeen often in the Garden, from the Balcony in this Chamber, which looks into it, have divers times ſhot Tickets on the point of an Arrow, which She has taken, and by the ſigns ſhe made me I find they were not ill receiv'd.

Ben. I'll tell you now, juſt ſuch an Amour as this had I once with a young Lady, that.——

Aur. Quote your ſelf again, you Rogue, and my feet ſhall renew their acquaintance with your Buttocks.

Cam. Dear *Benito*, take care to convey this Ticket to *Violetta*: I ſaw her juſt now go by to the next Chappel; be ſure to ſtand ready to give her Holy-Water, and ſlip the Ticket into the hand of her Woman *Beatrix*; And take care the elder Siſter *Laura* ſees you not, for ſhe knows nothing of our Amour.

Ben. A word to the wiſe.
Have you no Service to *Laura?* [To Aurelian.

Aur. None that I ſhall trouble you withal: I'll ſee firſt what returns you make from this Voyage, before I put in my venture with you. Away, begone, Mr. *Mercury*.

Ben. I fly, Mr. *Jupiter*, [*Exit.*

Aur. This Lady *Laura* I have ſeen from your Balcony, and was ſeen by her: methought, too, ſhe lookt with a languiſhing Eye upon me, as who ſhould ſay, Are you a Man, and have no pity for a poor diſtreſſed Virgin? For my part, I never found ſo much diſpoſition in my ſelf to Love any Woman at firſt ſight: Handſome ſhe is, of that I am certain.

Cam. And has Wit, I dare aſſure you; but I have not heard ſhe has admitted of any Gallantry.

Aur. Her Hour is not come yet; ſhe has not met with a Man to Love: when that happens (as I am reſolv'd to puſh my fortune) you ſhall ſee that, as her Love warms, her Virtue will melt down, and diſſolve in it; for there's no ſuch Baud to a Woman, as her own Wit is.

Cam. I look upon the Aſſignation, as certain: Will you promiſe me to go? You and *Benito* ſhall walk in the Garden, while I ſearch the Nymph within the ſhade; one thing I had forgot to tell you, that our General of the Church, the Duke of *Mantona*, and the Prince his Son, are juſt approaching the Gates of *Rome*: Will you go ſee the Ceremony of their Entrance?

Aur. With all my heart. They ſay he has behav'd himſelf gallantly againſt the *French*, at their return from *Naples*: beſides, I have a particular knowledge of young Prince *Frederick*, ever ſince he was laſt at out *Venetian* Carnival.

Cam. Away, then, quickly; leſt we miſs the Solemnity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Laura, *and* Violetta *ſtriving about a Letter which* Laura *holds.*

Vio. Let it go; I ſay:

Lau. I ſay, Let you go.

Vio. Nay, ſweet Siſter *Laura*.

Lau. Nay, dear *Violetta*, 'tis in vain to contend, I am reſolv'd I'll ſee it. [*Plucks the Paper from* Violetta.

Vio. But I am reſolv'd you ſhall not read it. I know not what Authority this is which you aſſume, or what priviledge a year or two can give you, to uſe this Soveraignty over me.

Lau. Do you rebel young Gentlewoman? I'll make you know I have a double right over you: One, as I have more years, and the Other as I have more Wit.

Vio. Though I am not all Air and Fire, as you are, yet that little

Wit I have, will ſerve to conduct my Affairs, without a Governeſs.

Lau. No, Gentlewoman, but it ſhall not: Are you fit at Fifteen to ſtbe trued with a Maidenhead? 'Tis as much as your betters can manage at full Twenty.

For 'tis of a Nature ſo ſubtil,
That, if 'tis not Luted with care,
The Spirit will work through the Bottel,
And vaniſh away into Air.
To keep it, there's nothing ſo hard is,
'Twill go betwixt waking and ſleeping,
The Simple too weak for a guard is,
And no Wit would be plagu'd with the keeping.

Vio. For ought I ſee, you ars as little to be truſted with your Madneſs, as I with my Simplicity; and therefore pray reſtore my Letter.

Lau. reading it. What's here? An humble Petition for a private Meeting? Are you twittering at that ſport already, Miſtriſs Novice?

Vio. How! I a Novice, at ripe Fifteen? I would have you to know, that I have kill'd my Man before I was Fourteen, and am now ready for another execution.

Lau. A very forward Roſe-bud: you open apace, Gentlewoman. I find indeed your deſires are quick enough; but where will you have cunning to carry on your buſineſs with decency and ſecreſie? Secreſie, I ſay, which is a main part of chaſtity in our Sex. Where Wit, to be ſenſible of all delicacies of Love? the tenderneſs of a farewel-ſigh? for an abſence? the joy of a return? the zeal of a preſſing hand? the ſweetneſs of little quarrels, cauſ'd, and cur'd by the exceſs of Love? and, in ſhort, the pleaſing diſquiets of the Soul, always reſtleſs, and wandring up and down in a Paradiſe of Thought, of its own making?

Vio. If I underſtand not thus much before, I find you are an excellent inſtructer; and that argues you have had a feeling of the Cauſe in your time too, Siſter.

Lau. What have I confeſs'd before I was aware! She'll find out my inclination to that ſtranger, whom I have only ſeen, and to whom I have never ſpoken——*aſide.* No, good *Violetta*, I never was in Love; all my experience is from Plays and Romances: But who is this Man, to whom you have promis'd an Aſſignation?

Vio. You'll tell my Unkle.

Lau. I hate my Unkle more than you do.

Vio. You know the Man, 'tis Signior *Camillo*: his Birth and Fortunes are equal to what I can expect; and he tells me his intentions are Honourable.

Lau. Have I not lately ſeen him in his Balcony, which looks into our Garden, with another handſome Gentleman in his company, who ſeems a ſtranger?

Vio. They are the ſame. Do you think it a reaſonable thing, dear

Laura, that my Unkle ſhould keep us up ſo ſtrictly, that we muſt be beholden to hereſay, to know a young Gallant is in the next Houſe to us?

Lau. 'Tis hard, indeed to be mew'd like Hawks, and never Mann'd; to be lock'd in like Nuns here.

Vio. They that look for Nuns fleſh in me ſhall be miſtaken.

Lau. Well, What Anſwer have you return'd to this Letter?

Vio. That I would meet him at eight this Evening, in the cloſe Walk in the Garden, attended only by *Beatrix* my Woman.

Lau. Who comes with him?

Vio. Only his friend's Man *Benito*; the ſame who brought me the Letter which you took from me.

Lau. Stay, let me think a little. Do *Camillo*, or this *Benito*, know your Maid *Beatrix*?

Vio. They have never talk'd with her; but only ſeen her.

Lau. 'Tis concluded then; you ſhall meet your Servant, but I'll be your *Beatrix*: I'll go inſtead of her, and counterfeit your Waiting-woman, in the dark I may eaſily paſs for her: By this means I ſhall be preſent to inſtruct you; for you are yet a Callow Maid; I muſt teach you to Peck a little, you may come to Prey for your ſelf in time.

Vio. A little teaching will ſerve my turn: if the old one left me to my ſelf, I could go near to get my Living.

Lau. I find you are eager, and baiting to be gone already, and I'll not hinder you when your hour approaches. In the mean time go in, and ſigh, and think fondly, and ignorantly of your approaching pleaſures:

Love, in young Hearts, is like the Muſt of Wine;
'Tis ſweeteſt then; but elder 'tis more fine. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Front of a Nunnery.

Prince Frederick, Aurelian, Camillo, *and* Aſcanio *the Princes Page.*

Fred. MY Father's antient, and may repoſe himſelf, if he pleaſes, after the Ceremony of his Entrance; but we, who are younger, ſhould think it a ſin, to ſpend any part of Day-light in a Chamber. What are your ways of living here?

Cam. Why Sir, we paſs our time, either in Converſation alone, or in Love alone, or in Love and Converſation together.

Fred. Come, explain, explain, my Counſel learned in the Laws of Living.

Cam. For Converſation alone: that's either in going to Court, with a Face of Buſineſs, and there diſcourſing of the affairs of *Europe*, of which *Rome*, you know, is the publick Mart; or, at beſt, meeting the *Virtuoſi*, and there, wearying one another with rehearſing our own Works in Proſe and Poetry.

Fred. Away with that dry Method, I will have none on't. To the next.

Cam. Love alone, is either plain Wenching, where every Curtizan is your Miſtriſs, and every Man your Rival; or elſe, what's worſe, plain whining after one Woman: that is, walking before her door by day, and haunting her Street by Night, with Guittars, dark Lanthorns, and Rondaches.

Aur. Which I take it, is, or will be our caſe, *Camillo*.

Fred. Neither of theſe will fit my humour: if your third prove not more pleaſant, I ſhall ſtick to the old *Almaine* Recreation; the Divine Bottle, and the Bounteous Glaſs, that turn'd up old *Horace* to his *Odes*.

Aur. You ſhall need to have no recourſe to that; for Love and Converſation will do your buſineſs: that is, Sir, a moſt delicious Curtizan, I do not mean down-right Punk, but Punk of more than ordinary ſence in Converſation: Punk in Ragou, Punk who Plays on the Lute, and Sings; and, to ſum up all, Punk who Cooks and Dreſſes up her ſelf, with Poynant Sawce, to become a new Diſh every time ſhe is ſerv'd up to you.

Fred. This, I believe, *Aurelian*, is your method of living, you talk of it ſo ſavorily.

Aur. There is yet another more inſipid ſort of Love and Converſation; as for example, look you there, Sir, the Courtſhip of our Nuns. They Talk prettily; but, a Pox on 'em, they raiſe our Appetites, and then ſtarve us. They are as dangerous as cold Fruits without Wine, and are never to be us'd, but where there are abundance of Wenches in readineſs, to qualifie 'em.

Pointing to the Nunnery.

Cam. But yet they are ever at hand, and eaſie to come by; and, if you'll believe an experienc'd Sinner, eaſineſs in Love is more than half the Pleaſure of it.

Fre: This way of Chatting pleaſes me; for debauchery, I hate it; and, to Love, is not in my nature, except it be my Friends. Pray, What do you call that Nunnery.

Cam. 'Tis a Houſe of *Benedictines*, call'd the *Torre di Specchi*, where only Ladies of the beſt Quality are Profeſs'd.

Lucretia *and* Hippolita *appear at the Grates.*

Aur. Look you, yonder, Sir, are two of the pretty Magpies in white and black: if you will lull your ſelf into a Platonick Dream you may: but, conſider your ſport will be but dull, when you play without Stakes.

Fred. No matter, I'll fool away an hour of Courtſhip; for I never yet was engag'd in a ſerious Love, nor, I believe, can be. Farewel, Gentlemen; at this time I ſhall diſpence with your attendance: nay, without Ceremony, becauſe I would be *incognito*.

Cam. Come then, *Aurelian*, to our own Affairs.

Exeunt Aur. *and* Camillo.

The Prince *and* Aſcanio *approach*.

Fred. to *Lu.* For what Crime, fair Creature, were you condemn'd to this perpetual Priſon?

Luc. For Chaſtity and Devotion, and two or three ſuch melancholly Vertues: they firſt brought me hither, and now muſt keep me Company.

Fred. I ſhould rather have gueſs'd it had been Murder, and that you are veil'd, for fear of doing more miſchief with thoſe Eyes: for, indeed, they are too ſharp to be truſted out of the Scabbard.

Luc. Ceaſe, I beſeech you, to accuſe my Eyes, till they have done ſome execution on your Heart.

Fred. But I am out of reach, perhaps.

Luc. Truſt not to that; they may ſhoot at a diſtance, though they cannot ſtrike you near at hand.

Fred. But, if they ſhould kill, you are ne'r the better: there's a Grate betwixt us, and you cannot fetch in the dead Quarry.

Luc. Provided we deſtroy the Enemy, we do not value their dead Bodies: but you, perhaps, are in your firſt Error, and think we are rather Captives than Warriors; that we come like Priſoners to the Grate, to beg the Charity of Paſſengers for their Love.

Fre. to *Aſcanio*. Inquire as dexterouſly as you can, what is the Name and Quality of this Charming Creature.

Luc. to *Hip.* Be ſure, if the Page approaches you, to get out of him his Maſters Name. *The* Prince *and* Lucretia *ſeem to talk*.

Hip. to *Aſcu.* By that ſhort whiſper which I obſerv'd you took with your Maſter, I imagine, Mr. *Page*, you come to aſk a certain queſtion of me.

Aſca. By this thy queſtion, and by that whiſper with thy Lady, (O thou Nymph of Devotion!) I find I am to impart a ſecret, and not to aſk one: therefore, either confeſs thou art yet a meer Woman under that Veil, and by conſequence moſt horribly inquiſitive, or thou ſhalt loſe thy longing, and know nothing of my Maſter.

Hip. By my Virginity, you ſhall tell firſt.

Aſca. You'll break your Oath, on purpoſe to make the forfeit.

Hip. Your Maſter is call'd———

Aſca. You Lady is Yclip'd———

Hip. For decency, in all matters of Love, the Man ſhould offer firſt, you know.

Aſca. That needs not, when the Damſel is ſo willing.

Hip. But I have ſworn not to diſcover firſt, that her Name is Madam *Lucretia*; fair, as you ſee, to a Miracle, and of a moſt charming Converſation, of Royal Blood, and Neice to his Holineſs; and, if ſhe were not eſpous'd to Heaven, a Miſtriſs for a Soveraign Prince.

Aſca. After theſe Encomiums, 'twere vain for me to praiſe my Maſter.

ſter: he is only poor Prince *Frederick*, otherwiſe call'd the Prince of *Mantona*; Liberal and Valiant, Diſcreet and Handſome, and, in my ſimple Judgment, a fitter Servant for your Lady, than his old Father, who is a Soveraign.

Hip. Dare you make all this good you have ſaid of your Maſter?

Aſca. Yes, and as much more of my ſelf, to you.

Hip. I defie you upon't, as my Lady's Second.

Aſca. As my Maſters, I accept it. The time?

Hip. Six this Evening.

Aſca. The place?

Hip. At this Grate.

Aſca. The Weapons?

Hip. Hands, and it may be Lips.

Aſca. 'Tis enough; expect to hear from me.

They withdraw and whiſper to their Principals.

After the Whiſper.

Fred. to *Luc.* Madam, I am glad I know my Enemy; for ſince it is impoſſible to ſee, and not admire you, the name of *Lucretia* is the beſt excuſe for my defeat.

Luc. Perſons, like Prince *Frederick*, ought not to aſſault Religious Houſes; or to purſue Chaſtity and Virtue to their laſt retreat.

Fred. A Monaſtry is no retreat for Chaſtity; 'tis only a hiding place for bad Faces, where they are thruſt in Crowds together, like heaps of rubbiſh out of the way, that the World may not be Peopled with deform'd Perſons, and that ſuch who are out of Play themſelves may pray for a bleſſing on their endeavours, who are getting handſome Children, and carrying on the work for publick benefit.

Luc. Then you would put off Heaven with your leavings, and uſe it like them who play at Cards alone, take the Courts for your ſelves, and give the refuſe to the Gentleman.

Fred. You miſtake me, Madam; I would ſo contrive it, that Heaven and we might be ſerv'd at once; we have occaſion for Wit and Beauty; now Piety and Uglineſs will do as well for Heaven; that plays at one Game, and we at another, and therefore Heaven may make its Hand with the ſame Cards that we put out.

Luc. I could eaſily convince you, if the Argument concern'd me; but I am one of thoſe, whom, for want of Wit and Beauty, you have condemn'd to Religion; and therefore am your humble Servant to Pray for your handſome Wife and Children.

Fred. Heaven forbid, Madam, that I ſhould condemn you, or indeed any handſome Woman, to be Religious. No, Madam, the occaſions of the World are great and urgent for ſuch as you: and, for my part, I am of opinion, that it is as great a Sin for a Beauty to enter into a Nunnery, as for an ugly Woman to ſtay out of it.

Luc. The Cares of the World are not yet upon you; but as ſoon as ever you come to be afflicted with Sickneſs, or viſited with a Wife, you'll be content I ſhould pray for you.

Fre. Any where, rather than in a Cloyſter; for, truly, I ſuppoſe, all your Prayers there will be how to get out of it; and, upon that ſuppoſition, Madam, I am come to offer you my ſervice for your redemption. Come, faith, be perſwaded, the Church ſhall loſe nothing by it; I'll take you out, and put in two or three Crooked Apoſtles in your place. [*Bell rings within.*

Luc. Hark, the Bell rings, I muſt leave you: 'tis a ſummons to our Devotion.

Fred. Will you leave me for your Prayers, Madam? You may have enough of them at any time, but remember you cannot have a Man ſo eaſily.

Luc. Well, I'll ſay my Beads for you, and that's but Charity, for I believe I leave you in a moſt deplorable condition. *Exeunt Women.*

Fred. Not deplorable neither, but a little altred: if I could be in Love, as I am ſure I cannot, it ſhould be with her, for I like her Converſation ſtrangely.

Aſca. Then, as young as I am, Sir, I am before-hand with you; for I am in Love already. I would fain make the firſt proof of my Manhood upon a Nun: I find I have a mighty grudging to Holy Fleſh.

Fred. I'd ply *Lucretia* again, as ſoon as ever her Devotion's over. Methinks theſe Nuns divide their time moſt admirably: from Love to Prayers; from Prayers to Love, that is, juſt ſo much Sin, juſt ſo much Godlineſs.

Aſca. Then I can claim that Siſter's Love by merit:
Half Man, half Boy; for her half Fleſh, half Spirit. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Aurelian *and* Camillo.

Aur. I'll proceed no farther, if *Benito* goes: I know his folly will produce ſome miſchief.

Cam. But *Violetta* deſir'd me, in her Note, to bring him, on purpoſe to paſs the time with her Woman *Beatrix.*

Aur. That objection is eaſily remov'd: I'll ſupply *Benito*'s place; the darkneſs will prevent diſcovery, and, for my diſcourſe, I'll imitate the half Wit, and patch'd breeding of a *Valet de Chambre.*

Cam But how ſhall we get rid of him?

Aur. Let me alone for that.

Enter Benito.

Ben. Come, Are we ready, Gallants? the Clock's upon the ſtroke of Eight.

Aur. But we have alter'd our reſolution: we go another way to Night.

Ben. I hope you have not broke my Aſſignation.

Aur. Why do you hope ſo?

Ben. Becauſe my reputation is engag'd in't: I've ſtipulated upon my Honour, that you ſhall come.

Aur. I ſhall beat you if you follow me. Go, Sirrah, and adjourn to the great Looking glaſs, and let me hear no more from you till to Morrow Morning.

Ben. Sir, my fidelity, and, if I may be ſo vain, my diſcretion may ſtand you in ſome ſtead.

Aur. Well, come along then, they are brave Fellows who have Challeng'd us, you ſhall have Fighting enough, Sir.

Ben. How, Sir, Fighting?

Aur. You may 'ſcape with the loſs of a Leg or an Arm, or ſome ſuch tranſitory Limb.

Ben. No, Sir; I have that abſolute obedience to your Commands, that I will bridle my Courage and ſtay at home. *Exit.*

Cam. You took the only way to be rid of him. There's the Wall: behind yond pane of it we'll ſet up the Ladder. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Night-Piece of a Garden.*

Enter Laura *and* Violetta.

Vio. Remember your Waiting-woman's part, *Laura.*

Lau. I warrant you, I'll wait on you by night, as well as I govern'd you by day.

Vio. Hark, I hear foot-ſteps; and now, methinks, I ſee ſomething approaching us.

Lau. They are certainly the Men whom we expect.

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo.

Cam. I hear Womens Voices.

Aur. We are right, I warrant you.

Cam. Violetta, my Love!

Vio. My dear *Camillo*!

Cam. O ſpeak thoſe words again: my own name never ſounded ſo ſweetly to me, as when you ſpoke it, and make me happy by adding Dear to it.

Vio. Speak ſoftly then. I have ſtoln theſe few minutes from my watchful Uncle and my Siſter, and they are as full of danger as they are of Love. Something within me checks me too, and ſays; I was too forward in venturing thus to meet you.

Cam. You are too fearful rather, and Fear's the greateſt Enemy to Love.

Vio. But night will hide my Bluſhes, when I tell you I love you much, or I had never truſted my Virtue and my Perſon in your hands.

Cam. The one is ſacred, and the other ſafe; but this auſpicious minute is our firſt of near converſe. May I not hope that favour, which ſtrangers, in civility, may claim even from the moſt reſerv'd?

[*Kiſſes her hand.*

Vio. I fear you'll cenſure me.

Cam. Yes, as the bleſt above tax Heaven for making them ſo happy.

[*They walk farther off.*

Aur. ſtepping towards Lau. Damoſel of darkneſs, advance, and meet my flames.

Lau. ſtepping forward. Right truſty Valet, heard, but yet unſeen, I have advanced one ſtep on reputation.

Aur. Now, by laudable cuſtom, I am to love thee vehemently.

Lau. We ſhould do well to ſee each other firſt: You know 'tis ill taking Money without light.

Aur. O, but the coyn of Love is known by the weight only, and you may feel it in the dark: Beſides, you know 'tis Prince-like to Love without ſeeing.

Lau. But then you may be ſerv'd as Princes are ſometimes.

Aur. Let us make haſte however, and diſpatch a little Love out of the way: we may do it now with eaſe, and ſave our ſelves a great deal of trouble, if we take it in time, before it grows too faſt upon our hands.

Lau. Fie, no; let us Love diſcreetly, we muſt manage our paſſion, and not love all our love out at one meeting, but leave ſome for another time.

Aur. I am for applying the Plaiſter whilſt the wound is green, 'twill heal the better. [*Takes her by the hand.*

Lau. Let go my hand: What crime has the poor wretch committed that you preſs it thus? I remember no miſchief it has done you.

Aur. O 'tis a hainous malefactour, and is preſs'd by Law, becauſe it will confeſs nothing. Come, withdraw a little farther, we have urgent buſineſs with one another.

Lau. 'Twere a ſhame to quit my ground upon the firſt charge; yet if you pleaſe to take truce a little, I will conſent to go behind the Lovers, and liſten with you.

Aur. I wonder you defer'd the Propoſition ſo long. I were neither true Valet, nor you true Woman, if we could not Eves-drop.

They retire behind the other two, who come forward upon the Stage.

Cam. kiſſing Violetta's hand. Give me another yet, and then——

Vio. And then will you be ſatisfy'd?

Cam. And then I'll aſk a thouſand more, and ne'r be ſatisfy'd. Kiſſes are but thin nouriſhment, they are too ſoon digeſted, and hungry Love craves more.

Vio. You feed a Wolf within you.

Cam. Then feaſt my Love with a more ſolid dyet. He makes us now a Miſers Feaſt, and we forbear to take our fill. The ſilent night, and all theſe downy hours were made for Lovers: Gently they tread, and ſoftly meaſure time, that no rude noiſe may fright the tender Maid, from giving all her ſoul to melting joys.

Vio. You do not love me; if you did, you would not
Thus urge your ſatisfaction in my ſhame;
At beſt, I ſee you would not love me long,
For they who plunder do not mean to ſtay.

Cam. I haſte to take poſſeſſion of my own.

Vio. E're Heaven and holy vows have made it ſo?

Cam. Then witneſs Heaven, and all theſe twinkling Stars——

Vio. Hold, hold; you are diſtemper'd with your love:
Time, place, and ſtrong deſires now ſwear, not you.

Cam. Is not Love love without a Prieſt and Altars?
The Temples are inanimate, and know not
What Vows are made in them; the Prieſt ſtands ready
For his hire, and cares not what hearts he couples,
Love alone is marriage.

Vio. I never will receive theſe Mid-night Vows;
But when I come hereafter to your Arms,
I'll bring you a ſincere, full, perfect bliſs,
Then you will thank me that I kept it ſo,
And truſt my faith hereafter.

Lau. There's your deſtiny, Lover mine: I am to be honeſt by infection; my Lady will none you ſee.

Aur. Truth is, they are a loſt couple, unleſs they learn grace by our example. Come, ſhall we begin firſt, and ſhame them both. { *Takes her by the hand again*

Lau. You'll never be warn'd of this hand, *Benito!*

Aur. Oh, 'tis ſo ſoft, as it were made on purpoſe to take hearts, and handle them without hurting. Theſe Taper fingers too, and even joynts, ſo ſupple, that methinks I mould 'em as they paſs through mine: nay, in my conſcience, tho' it be nonſence to ſay it, your hand feels white too.

Lau. Methinks yours is not very hard, for a Serving-mans: but where, in the name of wonder, have you learn'd to talk ſo courtly? you are a ſtrange *Valet de Chambre.*

Aur. And you are as ſtrange a Waiting-woman: you have ſo ſtab'd me with your Repartees to Night, that I ſhould be glad to change the weapon to be reveng'd on you.

Lau. Theſe, I ſuppoſe, are fragments which you learn'd from your wild Maſter *Aurelian*: many a poor woman has paſs'd through his hands, with theſe very words. You treat me juſt like a Serving-man, with the cold Meat which comes from your Maſters Table.

Aur. You could never have ſuſpected me for uſing my Maſters wit, if you had not been guilty of purloining from your Lady. I am told, that *Laura*, your Miſtreſſes Siſter, has wit enough to confound a hundred *Aurelians.*

Lau. I ſhall do your commendations to *Laura* for your compliment.

Aur. And I ſhall not fail to revenge my ſelf by informing *Aurelian* of yours.

Enter Benito *with a Guittar.*

Ben. The poor ſouls ſhall not loſe by the bargain, though my fooliſh gadding Maſters have diſappointed them. That Ladder of Ropes was doubtleſs left there by the young Lady in hope of them.

Vio. Hark, I hear a noiſe in the Garden.

Lau. I fear we are betray'd.

Cam. Fear nothing, Madam, but ſtand cloſe.

Ben. Now, *Benito*, is the time to hold forth thy talent, and to ſet up for thy ſelf. Yes, Ladies, you ſhall be Serenaded, and when I have diſplay'd my gifts, I'll retire in Triumph over the Wall, and hug my ſelf for the adventure. [*He fums on the Guittar.*

Vio. Let us make haſte, Siſter, and get into Covert, this *Muſick* will raiſe the Houſe upon us immediately.

Lau. Alaſs, we cannot, the damn'd Muſician ſtands juſt in the door where we ſhould paſs.

Ben. Singing. *Eveillez vous, Belles endormies;*
Eveillez vous: car il eſt jour:
Mettez la tete a la feneſtre
Vous entendrez parler d'amour.

Aur. aſide to Cam. Camillo, this is my incorrigible rogue; and I dare not call him *Benito*, for fear of diſcovering my ſelf not to be *Benito*.

Cam. The alarm's already given through the houſe. Ladies, you muſt be quick: ſecure your ſelves, and leave us to ſhift. [*Exeunt Women.*

Within. This way, this way.

Aur. I hear 'em coming; and, as ill luck will have it, juſt by that quarter where our Ladder is plac'd.

Cam. Let us hide in the dark walk till they are paſt.

Aur. But then *Benito* will be caught, and being known to be my man, will betray us.

Ben. I hear ſome in the Garden: Sure they are the Ladies, that are taken with my melody. To't again *Benito*; this time I will abſolutely inchant 'em. [*Fums again.*

Aur. He's at it again. Why *Benito*, are you mad?

Ben. Ah, Madam! Are you there? this is ſuch a favour to your poor unworthy Servant. [*Sings.*

But ſtill between kiſſing Amintas *did ſay,*
Fair Phillis *look up, and you'l turn* Night *to* Day.

Aur. Come away, you unſufferable raſcal, the Houſe is up, and will be upon us immediately.

Ben. O Gemini, Is it you, Sir?

Within. This way; follow, follow.

Aur. Leave your ſcraping and croaking, and ſtep with us into this Arbor.

Ben. Scraping and Croaking! 'Sfoot, Sir, either grant I ſing and play to a Miracle, or I'll juſtifie my Muſick, though I am caught and hang'd for't.

Enter Mario *and* Servants.

Mar. Where is this Serenading Raſcal? If I find him, I'll make him an example to all midnight Caterwaulers, of which this Fidler is the lewdeſt.

Ben. O that I durſt but play my Tune out to convince him! Soul of harmony! Is this lewd? [*Plays and Sings ſoftly.*

Cam. Peace, dear *Benito.* We muſt flatter him.

Ben. Singing ſoftly. Mettez la tete: the Notes which follow are ſo ſweet, Sir, I muſt ſing 'em, though it be my ruin—— *Parler d'amour,*

Laura *and* Violetta *in the Balcony.*

Lau. Yes, we are ſafe, Siſter; but they are yet in danger.

Vio. They are juſt upon 'em:

Lau. We muſt do ſomething: Help, help; Thieves, thieves; we ſhall be murder'd.

Mar. Where? Where are they?

Lau. Here, Sir, at our Chamber door, and we are run into the Balcony for ſhelter: Dear Uncle, come and help us.

Mar. Back again quickly: I durſt have ſworn they had been in the Garden. 'Tis an *Ignis fatuus* I think that leads us from one place to another. [*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Servants.

Vio. They are gone. My dear *Camillo*, make haſte, and preſerve your ſelf.

Cam. May our next Meeting prove more propitious.

Aur. to Benito. Come, Sirrah, I ſhall make you ſing another note when you are at home.

Ben. Such another word, and I'll ſing again.

Aur. Set the Ladder, and mount firſt, you Rogue.

Ben. Mount firſt your ſelf, and fear not my delaying:
If I am caught, they'll ſpare me for my playing.
[*Sings as he goes off.*
Vous entendrez parler d'amour. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Front of the Nunnery.

Aſcanio *and* Hippolita *at the Grate.*

Hip. I See you have kept touch, Brother.

Aſca. As a man of honour ought, Siſter, when he is challeng'd: and now, according to the Laws of Duel, the next thing is to ſtrip, and, inſtead of ſeconds, to ſearch one another.

Hip. We'll ſtrip our hands, if you pleaſe, Brother; for they are the only weapons we muſt uſe.

Aſca. That were to invite me to my Loſs, Siſter; I could have made a full Meal in the World, and you would have me take up with hungry Commons in the Cloiſter. Pray mend my fare, or I am gone.

Hip. O, Brother, a hand in a Cloiſter, is Fare like Fleſh in *Spain*, 'tis delicate, becauſe 'tis ſcarce. You may be ſatisfy'd with a hand, as well as I am pleas'd with the Courtſhip of a Boy.

Aſca. You may begin with me, Siſter, as *Milo* did, by carrying a Calf firſt, you may learn to carry an Oxe hereafter: In the mean time produce your hand, I underſtand Nuns fleſh better than you imagine: give it me, you ſhall ſee how I will worry it.

[*She gives her hand.*

Now could not we thruſt out our Lips, and contrive a Kiſs too?

Hip. Yes, we may; but I have had the experience of it: it will be but half Fleſh, half Iron.

Aſca. Let's try however.

Hip. Hold, *Lucretia* is here.

Aſca. Nay, if you come with odds upon me, 'tis time to call Seconds.

Aſcanio *Hems.*

The Prince *and* Lucretia *appear.*

Luc. Sir, though your Song was pleaſant, yet there was one thing amiſs in it, that was your rallying of Religion.

Fred. Do you ſpeak well of my Friend Love, and I'll try to ſpeak well of your Friend Devotion.

Luc. I can never ſpeak well of Love: 'twas to avoid it that I entred here.

Fred. Then, Madam, you have met your Man: for, to confeſs the truth to you, I have but counterfeited Love to try you; for I never yet could love any Woman, and, ſince I have ſeen you, and do not, I am certain now I ſhall 'ſcape for ever.

Luc. You are the beſt Man in the World, if you continue this reſolution. Pray, then, let us vow ſolemnly theſe two things: the firſt, to eſteem each other better than we do all the World beſides; the next, never to change our Amity to Love.

Fred. Agreed Madam: ſhall I kiſs your Hand on't?

Luc. That's too like a Lover: or, if it were not, the narrowneſs of the Grate will excuſe the ceremony.

Hip. No, but it will not, to my knowledge, I have try'd every Bar many a fair time over, and, at laſt, have found out one where a hand may get through and be gallanted.

Luc. giving her hand. There, Sir, 'tis a true one.

Fre. kiſſing it. This, then, is a Seal to our perpetual friendſhip; and a defiance to all Love.

Luc. That ſuducer of Virtue.

Fre. That diſturber of quiet.

Luc. That madneſs of youth.

Fre. That dotage of old age.

Luc. That enemy to good Humor.

Fre. And, to conclude all, that reaſon of all unreaſonable Actions.

Aſca. This Doctrine is abominable, do not believe it Siſter.

Hip. No, if I do, Brother, may I never have comfort from ſweet youth at my extremity.

Luc. But remember one Article of our friendſhip, that though we baniſh Love, we do not Mirth nor Gallantry; for I declare I am for all extravagancies, but juſt loving.

Fre. Juſt my own Humour; for I hate Gravity and Melancholy next to Love.

Aſca. Now it comes into my Head, the Duke of *Mantoua* makes an Entertainment to night in Maſquerade: if you love extravagancy ſo well, Madam, I'll put you into the head of one; lay by your Nunſhip, for an hour or two, and come amongſt us in diſguiſe.

Fre. My Boy is in the right, Madam. Will you venture? I'll furniſh you with Masking-habits.

Hip. O my dear Siſter, never refuſe it: I keep the keys you know, I'll warrant you we'll return before we are miſs'd. I do ſo long to have one fling into the ſweet World, again before I dye. Hang't, at worſt, 'tis but one ſin more, and then we'll repent for all together.

Aſca. But if I catch you in the World, Siſter, I'll make you have a better opinion of the Fleſh and the Devil for ever after.

Luc. If it were known, I were loſt for ever.

Fre. How ſhould it be known? you have her on your ſide, there, that keeps the Keys: and, put the worſt, that you are taken in the World, the World's a good World to ſtay in; and there are certain occaſions of waking in a Morning, that may be more pleaſant to you than your *Matins.*

Luc. Fie, Friend, theſe extravagancies are a breach of Articles in our Friendſhip: but well, for once, I'll venture to go out; Dancing and Singing are but petty tranſgreſſions.

Aſca. My Lord, here's company approaching: we ſhall be diſcover'd.

Fred. Adieu then, *juſqu'a revoir*; *Aſcanio* ſhall be with you immediately to conduct you.

Aſca. How, Will you diſguiſe, Siſter? Will you be a Man, or a Woman?

Hip. A Woman, Brother *Page*, for life: I ſhould have the ſtrangeſt Thoughts if I once wore Breeches.

Aſca. A Woman, ſay you? Here's my Hand, if I meet you in place convenient, I'll do my beſt to make you one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo.

Cam. But, Why thus melancholy, with Hat pull'd down, and the Hand on the Region of the Heart, juſt the reverſe of my Friend *Aurelian* of happy Memory?

Aur. Faith, *Camillo*, I am aſham'd on't, but cannot help it.

Cam. But to be in Love with a Waiting-woman! with an eater of Fragments, a Simperer at lower end of a Table, with mighty Golls, rough-grain'd, and Red with Starching, thoſe diſcouragers and abettors of elevated Love!

Aur. I could love Deformity it ſelf, with that good Humor. She who is arm'd with Gayety and Wit, needs no other Weapon to conquer me.

Cam. We Lovers are the great Creators of Wit in our Miſtriſſes. For *Beatrix*, ſhe is a meer utterer of Yes and No, and has no more Senſe than what will juſt dignify her to be an arrant Waiting-woman: that is, to Lye for her Lady, and take your Money.

Aur. It may be then I found her in the exaltation of her Wit; for, certainly, Women have their good and ill days of talking, as they have of looking.

Cam. But, however, ſhe has done you the courteſie to drive out *Laura*: and ſo one poiſon has expell'd the other.

Aur. Troth, not abſolutely neither; for I dote on *Laura's* Beauty, and on *Beatrix's* Wit: I am wounded with a forked Arrow, which will not eaſily be got out.

Cam. Not to loſe time in fruitleſs complaints, let us purſue our new contrivance, that you may ſee your two Miſtriſſes, and I my one.

Aur. That will not now be difficult: this Plot's ſo laid, that I defy the Devil to make it miſs. The Woman of the Houſe, by which they are to paſs to Church, is brib'd; the Ladies are, by her, acquainted with the deſign; and we need only to be there before them, and expect the prey, which will undoubtedly fall into the Net.

Cam. Your Man is made ſafe, I hope, from doing us any miſchief.

Aur. He has diſpos'd of himſelf, I thank him, for an hour or two: the Fop would make me believe that an unknown Lady is in love with him, and has made him an Aſſignation.

Cam. If he ſhould ſucceed now, I ſhould have the worſe opinion of the Sex for his ſake.

Aur. Never doubt but he'l ſucceed: your brisk Fool that can make a Leg, is ever a fine Gentleman among the Ladies, becauſe he's juſt of their Talent, and they underſtand him better than a Wit.

Cam. Peace, the Ladies are coming this way to the Chappel, and their Jaylor with 'em: let 'em go by without ſaluting, to avoid ſuſpition; and let us go off to prepare our Engine.

Enter Mario, Laura, *and* Violetta.

Aur. I muſt have a look before we go. Ah, you little Divine Rogue! I'll be with you immediately. [*Exeunt* Aur. *and* Cam.

Vio. Look you, Siſter, there are our Friends, but take no notice.

Lau. I ſaw them. VVas not that *Aurelian* with *Camillo*?

Vio. Yes.

Lau. I like him ſtrangely. If his Perſon were joyn'd with *Benito's* VVit, I know not what would become of my poor heart.

Enter Fabio, *and whiſpers with* Mario.

Mar. Stay, Nieces, I'll but ſpeak a word with *Fabio*, and go with you immediately.

Vio. I ſee, Siſter, you are infinitely taken with *Benito's* Wit; but I have heard he is a very conceited Coxcomb.

Lau. They who told you ſo, were horribly miſtaken; you ſhall be judge your ſelf, *Violetta*; for, to confeſs frankly to you, I have made him a kind of an appointment.

Vio. How! Have you made an Aſſignation to *Benito?* A Serving-Man! a Trencher-carrying Raſcal!

Lau. Good words, *Violetta!* I only ſent to him from an unknown Lady near this Chappel, that I might view him in paſſing by, and ſee if his Perſon were anſwerable to his Converſation.

Vio. But how will you get rid of my Uncle?

Lau. You ſee my project; his Man *Fabio* is brib'd by me, to hold him in diſcourſe.

Enter Benito, *looking about him.*

Vio. In my conſcience this is he. Lord, what a Monſter of a Man is there! With ſuch a Workiday-rough hewn Face too! for, faith, Heaven has not beſtow'd the finiſhing upon't.

Lau. 'Tis impoſſible this ſhould be *Benito*; yet he ſtalks this way: from ſuch a piece of animated Timber, ſweet Heaven deliver me.

Benito aſide. This muſt of neceſſity be the Lady who is in Love with me. See how ſhe ſurveys my Perſon! Certainly one Wit knows another by inſtinct. By that old Gentleman, it ſhould be the Lady *Laura* too. Hum! *Benito*, thou art made for ever.

Lau. He has the moſt unpromiſing Face, for a Wit, I ever ſaw; and yet he had need have a very good one, to make amends for his face. I am half cur'd of him already.

Ben. What means all this Surveying, Madam? you briſtle up to me, and wheel about me, like a Turkey-cock that is making Love: Faith, How do you like my Perſon, ha?

Lau. I dare not praiſe it, for fear of the old Compliment, that you ſhould tell me, 'Tis at my Service. But, pray, Is your Name *Benito?*

Ben. Signior *Benito*, at your Service, Madam.

Lau. And have you no Brother, or any other of your Name, one that is a Wit, attending on Signior *Aurelian?*

Ben. No, I can aſſure your Ladiſhip: I my ſelf am the only Wit who does him the Honour not to attend him, but to bear him Company.

Lau. But ſure it was another you, that waited on *Camillo* in the Garden, laſt Night.

Ben. It was no other Me, but me Signior *Benito*.

Lau. 'Tis impoſſible.

Ben. 'Tis moſt certain.

Lau. Then I would adviſe you to go thither again, and look for the Wit which you have left there, for you have brought very little along with you: your voice, methinks, too, is much alter'd.

Ben. Only a little over-ſtrain'd, or ſo, with Singing.

Lau. How ſlept you, after your adventure?

Ben. Faith, Lady, I could not ſleep one wink, for Dreaming of you.

Lau. Not ſleep for Dreaming! When the place falls, you ſhall be Bull-maſter-General at Court.

Ben. Et tu Brute! Do you miſtake me for a Fool too? then, I find there's one more of that opinion beſides my Maſter.

Vio. Siſter, look to your ſelf, my Uncle's returning.

Lau. I am glad on't; he has done my buſineſs; he has abſolutely cur'd me. Lord, that I could be ſo miſtaken!

Vio. I told you what he was.

Lau. He was quite another thing laſt night: never was Man ſo alter'd in four and twenty hours. A pure Clown, meer Elementary Earth, without the leaſt ſpark of Soul in him!

Ben. But, tell me truly, Are not you in Love with me? Confeſs the truth; I love plain dealing: you ſhall not find me refractory.

Lau. Away, thou Animal; I have found thee out for a high and mighty fool, and ſo I leave thee.

Mar. Come, now I am ready for you; as little Devotion, and as much good Huswifry as you pleaſe: take example by me; I aſſure you no body debauches me to Church, except it be in your Company.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Benito.

Ben. I am undone for ever: What ſhall I do with my ſelf? I'll run into ſome Deſart, and there I'll hide my opprobrious head. No, hang't, I won't neither; all Wits have their failings ſometimes, and have the fortune to be thought fools once in their lives. Sure this is but a copy of her Countenance; for my heart's true to me, and whiſpers to me, ſhe loves me ſtill: well, I'll truſt in my own merits, and be confident. [*A noiſe of throwing down Water within.*

Enter Mario, Fabio, Laura, *and* Violetta.

Lau. ſhaking her Cloaths. Oh Sir, I am wet quite through my Cloaths, I am not able to endure it.

Vio. Was there ever ſuch an inſolence?

Mar. Send in to ſee who lives there: I'll make an example of 'em.

Enter Frontona.

Fab. Here's the Woman of the Houſe her ſelf, Sir.

Fron. Sir, I ſubmit, moſt willingly, to any puniſhment you ſhall inflict upon me; for, though I intended nothing of an affront to theſe ſweet Ladies, yet I can never forgive my ſelf the misfortune of which I was the innocent occaſion.

Vio. O I am ready to faint away.

Fron. Alas, poor ſweet Lady, ſhe's young and tender, Sir: I beſeech you, give me leave to repair my offence, with offering my ſelf and poor Houſe for her accommodation.

Ben. I know that Woman: there's ſome villanous Plot in this, I'll lay my life on't. Now, *Benito*, caſt about for thy credit, and recover all again.

Mar. Go into the Coach, Nieces, and bid the Coach-man drive apace. As for you, Miſtriſs, your ſmooth Tongue ſhall not excuſe you.

Lau. By your favour, Sir, I'll accept of the Gentlewoman's Civility; I cannot ſtir a ſtep farther.

Fro. Come in, ſweet Buds of Beauty, you ſhall have a Fire in an inner Chamber, and if you pleaſe to repoſe your ſelf a while, Sir, in another Room, they ſhall come out, and wait on you immediately.

Mar. Well, if it muſt be ſo.

Fron. whiſpering the Ladies. Your Friends are ready in the Garden, and will be with you as ſoon as we have ſhaken off your Uncle.

Ben. A Cheat, a Cheat, a rank one; I ſmell it, old Sir, I ſmell it.

Mar. What's the matter with the Fellow? Is he diſtracted?

Ben. No, 'tis you are more likely to be diſtracted; but that there goes ſome Wit to the being Mad, and you have not the leaſt grain of Wit to be gull'd thus groſly. —

Fron. What does the Fellow mean?

Ben. The Fellow means to detect your Villany, and to recover his loſt reputation of a Wit.

Fron. Why, Friend, What Villany? I hope my Houſe is a civil Houſe.

Ben. Yes, a very civil one; for my Maſter lay in of his laſt Clap there, and was Treated very civilly to my knowledge.

Mar. How's this, How's this?

Fron. Come, you are a dirty Fellow, and I am known to be a Perſon that———

Ben. Yes, you are known to be a Perſon that———

Fron. Speak your worſt of me, What Perſon am I known to be?

Ben. Why, if you will have it, you are a little better than a Procureſs: you carry Meſſages betwixt Party and Party, and, in one word, Sir, ſhe's as arrant a Fruit-Woman as any is about *Rome*.

Mar. Nay, if ſhe be a Fruit-Woman, my Neices ſhall not enter into her doors.

Ben. You had beſt let them enter, you do not know how they may fructifie in her Houſe, for I heard her with theſe Ears whiſper to'm, that their Friends were within call.

Mar. This is palpable, this is manifeſt; I ſhall remember you, Lady Fruiterer, I ſhall have your Baskets ſearch'd when you bring Oranges again. Come away, Nieces; and thanks honeſt Fellow for thy diſcovery. [*Exeunt* Mario *and* Women.

Ben. Hab couragio: Il Diavolo e morto. Now I think I have tickled it; this diſcovery has re-inſtated me into the Empire of my Wit again. Now, in the pomp of this atchievment, will I preſent my ſelf before Madam *Laura*, with a Behold, Madam, the happy reſtauration of *Benito*.

Enter Aurelian, Camillo, *and* Frontona *overhearing him.*

Oh, now, that I had the Mirrour to behold my ſelf in the fulneſs of my Glory! and, oh, that the domineering Fop, my Maſter, were in preſence, that I might Triumph over him! that I might even contemn the wretched Wight, the Mortal of a groveling Soul, and of a debaſed Underſtanding.

[*He looks about him and ſees his Maſter.*

How the Devil came theſe three together? nothing vexes me but that I muſt ſtand bare to him, after ſuch an enterpriſe as this is.

Aur. Nay, put on, put on again, ſweet Sir; Why ſhould you be uncover'd before the Fop your Maſter? the wretched Wight, the mortal of a groveling Soul.

Ben. Ay, Sir, you may make bold with your ſelf at your own pleaſure: But for all that, a little bidding would make me take your Counſel and be cover'd, as Affairs go now.

Aur. If it be lawful for a Man of a debaſed underſtanding to confer with ſuch an exalted Wit, pray what was that glorious atchievment which wrapt you into ſuch an extaſie?

Ben. 'Tis a ſign you know well how matters grow, by your asking me ſo impertinent a queſtion.

Aur. putting off his Hat to him. Sir, I beg of you, as your moſt humble Maſter, to be ſatisfied.

Ben. Your Servant, Sir; at preſent I am not at leiſure for Conference. But hark you, Sir, by the way of friendly advice, one word, henceforward tell me no more of the adventure of the Garden, nor of the great Looking-glaſs————

Aur. You mean the Mirror.

Ben. Yes, the Mirror; tell me no more of that, except you could behold in it a better, a more diſcreet, or a more able face for ſtratagem, than I can, when I look there.

Aur. But, to the buſineſs; What is this famous enterpriſe?

Ben. Be ſatisfi'd, without troubling me farther, the buſineſs is done, the Rogues are defeated, and your Miſtriſs is ſecur'd: if you would know more, demand it of that Criminal, and [*Pointing to* Frontana. ask her how ſhe dares appear before you, after ſuch a ſignal Treachery; or before me, after ſuch an overthrow?

Fron. I know nothing but only that, by your Maſters Order, I was to receive the two Ladies into my Houſe, and you prevented it.

Ben. By my Maſter's Order? I'll ne'r believe it. This is your ſtratagem, to free your ſelf, and defraud me of my reward.

Cam. I'll witneſs what ſhe ſays is true.

Ben. I am deaf to all aſſeverations that make againſt my Honour.

Aur. I'll ſwear it then. We two were the two Rogues, and you the diſcoverer of our Villany.

Ben. Then, woe, woe, to poor *Benito!* I find my abundance of Wit has ruin'd me.

Aur. But come a little nearer: I would not receive a good Office from a Servant, but I would reward him for his diligence.

Ben. Virtue, Sir, is its own reward: I expect none from you.

Aur. Since it is ſo, Sir, you ſhall loſe no farther time in my Service: henceforward pray know me for your humble Servant; for your Maſter I am reſolv'd to be no longer.

Ben. Nay, rather than ſo, Sir, I beſeech you let a good honeſt ſufficient beating attone the difference.

Aur. 'Tis in vain.

Ben. I am loath to leave you without a Guide.

Aur. He's at it again, do you hear, *Camillo?*

Cam. Prithee, *Aurelian*, be mollifi'd, and beat him.

Fron. Pray, Sir, hear Reaſon, and lay't on for my ſake.

Aur. I am obdurate.

Cam. But, What will your Father ſay, if you part with him?

Aur. I care not.

Ben. Well, Sir, ſince you are ſo peremptory, remember I have offer'd you ſatisfaction, and ſo long my Conſcience is at eaſe: What a Devil, before I'll offer my ſelf twice to be beaten, by any Maſter in Chriſtendom, I'll ſtarve, and that's my reſolution, and ſo your Servant that was, Sir. *Exit.*

Aur. I am glad I am rid of him; he was my Evil Genius, and was always appearing to me, to blaſt my undertakings: Let me ſend him never ſo far off, the Devil would be ſure to put him in my way, when I had any thing to execute. Come, *Camillo*, now we have chang'd the Dice, it may be we ſhall have better fortune.

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke of Mantoua *in Maſquerade*, Frederick, Valerio, *and others.*
On the other ſide Enter Lucretia, Hippolito, *and* Aſcanio.

Luc. to Aſca. The Prince *I* know already, by your deſcription of his Masking-habit; but, Which is the Duke his Father?

Aſca. He whom you ſee talking with the Prince, and looking this way. *I* believe he has obſerv'd us.

Luc. If he has not, *I* am reſolv'd we'll make our ſelves as remarkable as we can: *I'll* exerciſe my Talent of Dancing.

Hip. And *I* mine of Singing.

Duke to Frederick. Do you know the Company which came in laſt?

Fred. *I* cannot poſſibly imagine who they are: at leaſt *I* will not tell you —— *Aſide*

Duke. There's ſomething very uncommon in the Ayre of one of them.

Fred. Pleaſe you, Sir, *I'll* diſcourſe with her, and ſee if *I* can ſatisfie your Highneſs.

Duke. Stay, there's a Dance beginning, and ſhe ſeems as if ſhe wou'd make one.

SONG *and* DANCE.

Long betwixt Love and Fear Phillis *tormented,*
Shunn'd her own Wiſh, yet at laſt ſhe conſented:
But loath that day ſhou'd her Bluſhes diſcover,
Come gentle Night, She ſaid,
Come quickly to my Aid,
And a poor Shame-fac'd Maid
Hide from her Lover.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire,
I dare not tell my ſelf my own deſire;
But let Day fly away, and let Night haſte her:
Grant ye kind Powers above,
Slow Hours to parting Love,
But when to Bliſs we move,
Bid 'em fly faſter.

How ſweet it is to Love when I diſcover,
That Fire which burns my Heart, warming my Lover;
'Tis pity Love ſo true ſhould be miſtaken:
But if this Night he be
Falſe or unkind to me,
Let me dye e're I ſee
That I'm forſaken.

After the Dance. My Curioſity redoubles, I muſt needs hale that unknown Veſſel, and enquire whither ſhe's bound, and what Freight ſhe carries.

Fred. She's not worth your trouble, Sir: She'll either prove ſome common Courtizan in diſguiſe, or at beſt, ſome homely perſon of Honour, that only Dances well enough to invite a ſight of her ſelf, and would look ill enough to fright you.

Duke. That's maliciouſly ſaid; all I ſee of her is charming, and I have reaſon to think her Face is of the ſame piece, at leaſt I'll try my fortune.

Fred. What an unlucky accident is this! If my Father ſhould diſcover her, ſhe's ruin'd: if he does not, yet I have loſt her Converſation to night.

Duke *approaches* Lucretia.

Aſc. 'Tis the Duke himſelf who comes to Court you.

Luc. Peace, I'll fit him; for I have been inform'd to the leaſt tittle of his actions ſince he came to Town.

Duke to Lucretia. Madam, the Duke of *Mantona*, whom you muſt needs imagine to be in this company, has ſent me to you, to know what kind of Face there is belonging to that excellent ſhape, and to thoſe charming Motions which he obſerv'd ſo lately in your Dancing.

Luc. Tell his Highneſs if you pleaſe, that there is a Face within the Maſque, ſo very deform'd, that if it were diſcover'd, it would prove the worſt Vizor of the two; and that, of all Men, he ought not to deſire it ſhould be expos'd, becauſe then ſomething would be found amiſs in an Entertainment which he has made ſo ſplendid and magnificent.

Duke. The Duke I am ſure would be very proud of your Compliment, but it would leave him more unſatisfy'd than before, for he will find in it ſo much of Gallantry, as, being added to your other Graces, will move him to a ſtrange temptation of knowing you.

Luc. I ſhould ſtill have the more reaſon to refuſe him; for 'twere a madneſs, when I had charm'd him by my Motion and Converſe, to hazard the loſs of that Conqueſt by my Eyes.

Duke aſide, I am on fire till I diſcover her.
At leaſt, Madam, tell me of what Family you are.

Luc. Will you be ſatisfy'd if I tell you I am of the *Colonne*; you have *Julia* of that Houſe.

Duke. Then you are ſhe.

Luc. Have I not her Stature moſt exactly?

Duke. As near as I remember.

Luc. But, by your favour, I have nothing of her ſhape; for, if I may be ſo vain to praiſe my ſelf, ſhe's a little thicker in the Shoulders, and, beſides, ſhe moves ungracefully.

Due. Then you are not ſhe again.

Luc. No not ſhe: but you have forgotten *Emilia* of the *Urſini*, whom the Duke ſaluted yeſterday at her Balcony, when he enter'd her Air and Motion——————

Duke. Are the very ſame with yours. Now I am ſure I know you.

Luc. But there's too little of her to make a Beauty: my Stature is much more advantagious.

Duke. You have cozen'd me again.

Luc. Well, I find at laſt I muſt confeſs my ſelf. What think you of *Eugenia Beata*? the Duke ſeem'd to be infinitely pleas'd laſt night, when my Brother preſented me to him at the *Belvedere.*

Duke. Now I am certain you are ſhe; for you have both her Stature and her Motion.

Luc. But, if you remember your ſelf a little better, there's ſome ſmall difference in our Wit; for ſhe has indeed the Ayr and Beauty of a *Roman* Lady, but all the Dulneſs of a Dutch Woman.

Duke. I ſee, Madam, you are reſolv'd to conceal your ſelf, and I am as fully reſolv'd to know you.

Luc. See which of our Reſolutions will take place.

Duke. I come from the Duke, and can aſſure you he is of an humor to be obey'd.

Luc. And I am of an humor not to obey him. But, why ſhould he be ſo curious?

Duke. If you would have my opinion, I believe he is in love with you.

Luc. Without ſeeing me?

Duke. Without ſeeing all of you: Love is Love, let it wound us from what part it pleaſe; and if he have enough from your Shape and Converſation, his buſineſs is done, the more compendiouſly, without the Face.

Luc. But the Duke cannot be taken with my Converſation, for he never heard me ſpeak

Duke aſide. 'Sliſe, I ſhall diſcover my ſelf. Yes, Madam, he ſtood by, *incognito*, and heard me ſpeak with you: but———

Luc. I wiſh he had truſted to his own Courtſhip, and ſpoke himſelf; for it gives us a bad impreſſion of a Princes Wit, when we ſee Fools in favour about his Perſon.

Duke. Whatever I am, I have it in Commiſſion from him to tell you, He's in love with you.

Luc. The good old Gentleman may dote, if he ſo pleaſes; but Love, and Fifty years old, are ſtark Non-ſence.

Duke. But ſome Men, you know, are green at Fifty.

Luc. Yes, in their Underſtandings.

Duke. You ſpeak with great contempt of a Prince, who has ſome Reputation in the World.

Luc. No; 'tis you that ſpeak with contempt of him, by ſaying he is in love at ſuch an age.

Duke. Then, Madam, 'tis neceſſary you ſhould know him better for his Reputation: and, that ſhall be, though he violate the Laws of Maſquerade, and force you.

Fred. I ſuſpected this from his violent temper. [*Aſide.*
Sir, the Emperor's Ambaſſador is here, in Maſquerade, and I believe this to be his Lady: it were well if you inquir'd of him, before you forc'd her to diſcover.

Duke. Which is the Ambaſſador?

Fred. That farthermoſt. [Duke *retires farther.*

Fred. to Luc. Take your opportunity to eſcape, while his back is turn'd, or you are ruin'd. *Aſcanio*, wait on her.

Luc. I am ſo frighted, I cannot ſtay to Thank you.

[*Exeunt* Luc. Aſca. *and* Hippolita.

Duke to Fred. 'Tis a miſtake, the Ambaſſador knows nothing of her: I'm reſolv'd I'll know it of her ſelf, e're ſhe ſhall depart. Ha! Where is ſhe, I left her here.

Fred. aſide. Out of your reach, Father mine, I hope.

Duke. She has either ſhifted places, or elſe ſlipt out of the Aſſembly.

Fred. I have look'd round: ſhe muſt be gone, Sir.

Duke. She muſt not be gone, Sir. Search for her every where: I will have her.

Fred. Has ſhe offended your Highneſs ?

Duke. Peace, with your impertinent queſtions. Come hither, *Valerio.*

Valerio. Sir ?

Duke. O, *Valerio*, I am deſperately in love : that Lady, with whom you ſaw me talking, has——— But I loſe time ; ſhe's gone ; haſte after her ; find her, briug her back to me.

Val. If it be poſſible.

Duke. It muſt be poſſible ; the quiet of my life depends upon it.

Val. Which way took ſhe ?

Duke. Go any way, every way ; ask no queſtions : I know no more, but that ſhe muſt be had. [*Exit* Valerio.

Fred. Sir, the aſſembly will obſerve, that——— *Duke.*

Duke. Damn the aſſembly, 'tis a dull inſignificant crowd, now ſhe is not here : break it up, I'll ſtay no longer.

Fred. aſide. I hope ſhe's ſafe, and then this fantaſtick love of my Fathers will make us ſport to morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Lucretia, Aſcanio, Hippolita.

Luc. Now, that we are ſafe at the gate of our Coveut, methinks the adventure was not unpleaſant.

Hip. And now that I am out of danger, Brother, I may tell you what a Novice you are in love, to tempt a young Siſter into the wide Wide, and not to ſhew her the difference betwixt that and her Cloyſter : I find I may venture ſafely with you another time.

Aſca. O, Siſter, you play the Brazen-head with me ; you give me warning when Time's paſt : but that was no fit opportunity : I hate to ſnatch a morſel of Love, and ſo away ; I am for a ſet-meal, where I may enjoy my full guſt ; but when I once fall on, you ſhall find me a brave man upon occaſion.

Luc. 'Tis time we were in our Cells. Quick, *Hippolita*, where's the Key ?

Hip. Here, in my Pocket——— No, 'tis in my other Pocket——— Ha——— 'tis not there, neither. I am ſure I put it in one of them.

Luc. What ſhould we do, if it ſhould be loſt now ?

Hip. I have ſearch'd my ſelf all over, and cannot find it.

Aſca. A Woman can never ſearch her ſelf all over ; let me ſearch you, Siſter.

Luc. Is this a time for Raillery ? Oh, ſweet Heaven ! ſpeak comfort quickly ; Have you found it ? [*Exit*

Here Aſcanio *ſlips away.*

Hip. Speak you comfort, Madam, and tell me you have it, for I am too ſure that I have none on't.

Luc. O unfortunate that we are ! day's breaking ; the handy-crafts ſhops begin to open. *Clock ſtrikes.*

Hip. The Clock ſtrikes two: within this half hour we ſhall be call'd up to our Devotions. Now, good *Aſcanio* —— Alaſs he's gone too! we are left miſerable, and forlorn.

Luc. We have not ſo much as one place in the Town for a Retreat.

Hip. O, for a Miracle in our time of need! that ſome kind good-natur'd Saint would take us up, and heave us over the Wall into our Cells.

Luc. Dear Siſter, Pray; for I cannot: I have been ſo ſinful, in leaving my Cloiſter for the World, that I am aſham'd to trouble my Friends above to help me.

Hip. Alaſs, Siſter, with what face can I Pray, then! Yours were but little vanities; but I have ſin'd ſwingingly, againſt my Vow; yes, indeed, Siſter, I have been very wicked; for I wiſh'd the Ball might be kept perpetually in our Cloyſter, and that half the handſome Nuns in it might be turn'd to Men, for the ſake of the other.

Luc. Well, if I were free from this diſgrace, I would never more ſet foot beyond the Cloyſter, for the ſake of any Man.

Hip. And here I vow, if I get ſafe within my Cell, I will not think of Man again theſe ſeven years.

Aſcanio, *Re-enters.*

Aſca. Hold, *Hippolita*, and make no more raſh Vows: if you do, as I live, you ſhall not have the Key.

Hip. The Key! why, have it you, Brother?

Luc. He does but mock us: I know you have it not, *Aſcanio.*

Aſca. *Ecce ſignum*; Here it is for you.

Hip. O, ſweet Brother, let me kiſs you.

Aſca. Hands off, ſweet Siſter; you muſt not be forſworn: you vow'd you would not think of a man theſe ſeven years.

Hip. Ay, Brother, but I was not ſo haſty, but I had wit enough to cozen the Saint to whom I vow'd; for you are but a Boy, Brother, and will not be a Man theſe ſeven years.

Luc. But, where did you find the Key, *Aſcanio*?

Aſca. To confeſs the truth, Madam, I ſtole it out of *Hippolita*'s Pocket, to take the Print of it in Wax; for, I'll ſuppoſe, you'll give my Maſter leave to wait on you in the Nunnery-garden, after your Abbeſs has walk'd the Rounds.

Luc. Well, well, good morrow: when you have ſlept, come to the Grate for a Letter to your Lord. Now will I have the Headach, or the Megrim, or ſome excuſe, for I am reſolv'd I'll not riſe to Prayers.

Hip. Pray, Brother, take care of our Masking habits: that they may be forth-coming another time.

Aſca. Sleep, ſleep, and dream of me, Siſter: I'll make it good, if you dream not too unreaſonably.

Luc. Thus dangers in our Love makes joys more dear;
And Pleaſure's ſweeteſt, when 'tis mixt with fear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Dreſſing-Chamber.

The Masking-Habits of Lucretia *and* Hippolita *laid in a Chair.*

Fred. *and* Aſcanio.

Fred. I Never thought I ſhould have lov'd her. Is't come to this, after all my boaſtings and declarations againſt it? Sure I lov'd her before, and did not know it, till I fear'd to loſe her: there's the reaſon. I had never deſir'd her, if my Father had not. This is juſt the longing of a Woman: ſhe never finds the appetite in her ſelf, till ſhe ſees the Meat on anothers Plate. I'm glad however, you took the impreſſion of the Key; but 'twas not well to fright them.

Aſca. Sir, I could not help it; but here's the effect on't: the Workman ſate up all Night to make it. *Gives a Key.*

Fred. This Key will admit me into the *Seraglio* of the Godly. The Monaſtry has begun the War, in Sallying out upon the World, and therefore 'tis but juſt that the World ſhould make Reprizals on the Monaſtery.

Aſca. Alas, Sir, you and *Lucretia* do but skirmiſh; 'tis I and *Hippolita* that make the War: 'tis true, opportunity hath been wanting for a Battel, but the forces have been ſtoutly drawn up on both ſides. As for your concernment, I come juſt now from the Monaſtery, and have Orders from your Platonick-Miſtriſs to tell you, ſhe expects you this Evening in the Garden of the Nunnery; withall, ſhe deliver'd me this Letter for you.

Fred Give it me.

Aſca. O, Sir, the Duke your Father!

[*The* Prince *takes the Letter, and thinking to put it up haſtily, drops it.*

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, *Frederick!* not abroad yet?

Fred. Your laſt Nights entertainment left me ſo weary, Sir, that I over-ſlept my ſelf this morning.

Duke. I rather envy you, than blame you: our ſleep is certainly the moſt pleaſant portion of our Lives. For my own part, I ſpent the Night waking, and reſtleſs.

Fred. Has any thing of moment happen'd to diſcompoſe your Highneſs?

Duke. I'll confeſs my follies to you; I am in love with a Lady I ſaw laſt Night in Maſquerade.

Fred. 'Tis ſtrange ſhe ſhould conceal her ſelf.

Duke. She has from my beſt ſearch; yet I took exact notice of her Masking-habit, and deſcrib'd to thoſe whom I employ'd to find her.

Fred. aſide. 'Sdeath, it lies there unremov'd; and if he turns himſelf, full in his Eye. Now, now 'twill be diſcover'd.

Duke. For 'twas extreamly remarkable. I remember very well 'twas a looſe long Rob, ſtreak'd black and white, girt with a large Silver Ribband, and the Vizor was a *Moor*'s Face.

Frederick *Running to the Chair where the Habits are, ſits down.*

Sir, I beg pardon of your Highneſs for this Rudeneſs, I am——— O, Oh———

Duke. What's the Matter?

Fred. I am taken ſo extreamly ill o'the ſudden, that I am forc'd to ſit before you.

Duke. Alaſs, What's your diſtemper?

Fred. A moſt violent griping, which pulls me together on a heap.

Duke. Some cold, I fear, you took laſt night. [*Runs to the Door.* Who waits there? Call Phyſitians to the Prince.

Fred. Aſcanio, remove theſe quickly.

Aſcanio *takes away the habits, and Exit.*

Duke returning. How do you find your ſelf?

Fred. ariſing. Much better, Sir; that which pain'd me is remov'd; as it came unexpectedly, ſo it went as ſuddenly.

Enter Valerio.

Duke. The Air, perhaps, will do you good. If you have health, you may ſee thoſe Troops drawn out, which I deſign for *Milan.*

Fred. Shall I wait your Highneſs?

Duke. No, leave me here with *Valerio*; I have a little buſineſs, which diſpatch'd, I'll follow you immediately. Well, What ſucceſs, *Valerio*? [*Exit* Frederick.

Val. Our endeavours are in vain, Sir: there has been enquiry made about all the Palaces in *Rome*, and neither of the Masking-habits can be diſcover'd.

Duke. Yet, it muſt be a Woman of Quality. What Paper's that at my foot?

Val. taking up the Letter. 'Tis Seal'd, Sir, and directed to the Prince.

Duke. taking the Letter. 'Tis a Womans hand. Has he got a Miſtriſs in Town ſo ſoon? I am reſolv'd to open it, though I do not approve my own curioſity. *Opens and Reads it.*

Now my fear is over, I can laugh at my laſt nights adventure: I find that at Fifty all Mem grow incorrigible, and Lovers eſpecially; for, certainly, never any Creature could be worſe treated than your Father, (How's this, *Valerio?* I am amaz'd) *and yet the good, old, out of faſhion Gentleman heard himſelf Raillied, and bore it with all the patience of a Chriſtian Prince.* (Now 'tis plain, the Lady in Maſquerade is a Miſtriſs of my Son's, and the undutiful wretch was in the Plot to abuſe me.) Aſcanio *will tell you the latter part of our misfortune, how hardly we got into the Cloyſter,* (A Nun too! Oh, the Devil!) *when we meet next, pray provide to Laugh heartily, for there is ſubject ſufficient for a plentiful fit, and Fop enough to ſpare for another time.*

Lucretia.

Val. Lucretia! now the Miſtery is unfolded.

Duke. Do you know her?

Val. When I was laſt at *Rome* I ſaw her often; ſhe is near Kinſwoman to the preſent Pope; and, before he placed her in this Nunnery of *Benedictins*, was the moſt celebrated Beauty of the Town.

Duke. I know I ought to hate this Woman, becauſe ſhe has affronted me thus groſly; but yet I cannot help it, I muſt love her.

Val. But, Sir, you come on too much diſadvantage to be your Son's Rival.

Duke. I am deaf to all Conſiderations; prithee do not think of giving a Mad-man Counſel: pity me, and cure me, if thou can'ſt; but remember, there's but one infallible *Medicina*, that's enjoyment.

Val. I had forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Governor *Don Mario*, is without, to wait on you.

Duke. Deſire him to come in.

Enter Don Mario.

Mar. I am come, Sir, to beg a favour from your Highneſs, and 'tis on the behalf of my Siſter *Sophronia*, Abbeſs of the *Torr' di Specchi*.

Val. Sir, ſhe's Abbeſs of that very Monaſtry where your Miſtriſs is inclos'd, [*Aside, to the Duke.*

Duke. I ſhould be glad to ſerve any Relation of yours, *Don Mario.*

Mar. Her requeſt is, That you would be pleas'd to grace her Chappel this Afternoon. There will be Muſick, and ſome little Ceremony, in the Reception of my two Neices, who are to be plac'd in Penſion there.

Duke. Your Nieces, I hear, are fair, and great Fortunes.

Mar. Great vexations I'm ſure they are; being daily haunted by a company of wild Fellows, who buz about my Houſe like Flies.

Duke. Your deſign ſeems reaſonable; Women in hot Countries are like Oranges in cold: To preſerve them, they muſt be perpetually Hous'd. I'll bear you company to the Monaſtry. Come, *Valerio*; this opportunity is happy beyond our expectation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Camillo *and* Aurelian.

Cam. He has ſmarted ſufficiently for this offence: prithee, dear *Aurelian*, forgive him; he waits without, and appears penitent; I'll be reſponſible for his future Carriage.

Aur. For your ſake, then, I receive him into Grace.

Cam. at the door. Benito, you may appear, your peace is made.

Enter Benito.

Aur. But it muſt be upon Conditions.

Ben. Any Conditions that are reaſonable; for, as I am a Wit, Sir, I have not eaten———

Aur. You are in the path of Perdition already; that's the Principal of our Conditions, you are to be a Wit no more.

Ben. Pray, Sir, if it be poſſible, let me a little Wit ſtill.

Aur. No, Sir: you can make a Leg, and Dance; thoſe are no Talents of a Wit: You are cut out for a briſk Fool, and can be no other.

Ben. Pray, Sir, let me think I am a Wit, or my Heart will break.

Cam. That you will naturally do, as you are a Fool.

Aur. Then, no farther medling with adventures, or contrivances of your own: They are all belonging to the Territories of Wit, from whence you are baniſh'd.

Ben. But what if my imagination ſhould really furniſh me with ſome———

Aur. Not a Plot, I hope?

Ben. No, Sir, no Plot; but ſome expedient then, to mollifie the word, when your Invention has fail'd you?

Aur. Think it a Temptation of the Devil, and believe it not.

Ben. Then farewel all the happineſs of my Life.

Cam. You know your Doom, *Benito*, and now you may take your choice, whether you will renounce Wit or Eating.

Ben. Well, Sir, I muſt continue my Body at what rate ſoever: and the rather, becauſe now there's no farther need of me in your adventures; for I was aſſur'd, by *Beatrix*, this Morning, that her two Miſtriſſes are to be put in Penſion in the Nunnery of *Benedictins*, this Afternoon.

Cam. Then *I* am miſerable.

Aur. And you have defer'd the telling it till it is paſt time to ſtudy for prevention.

Cam. Let us run thither immediately, and either periſh in't, or free them. You'll aſſiſt me with your Sword?

Aur. Yes, if *I* cannot do't to more purpoſe, with my Counſel. Let us firſt play the faireſt of our Game, 'tis time enough to ſnatch when we have loſt it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Chappel.

The Duke, Valerio, Attendants. *At the other door,* Laura, Violetta, Beatrix, Mario. *Inſtrumental and Vocal Muſick. In the time of which,* *Enter* Aurelian *and* Camillo. *After the Muſick, Enter* Sophronia, Lucretia, Hippolita, *and other Nuns.*

Duke to Valeria, *who had whiſper'd to him.* I needed not thoſe marks to know her. She's one continu'd excellence; ſhe's all over Miracle.

Soph. to the Duke. We know, Sir, we are not capable, by our Entertainments, of adding any thing to your pleaſures; and therefore we muſt attribute this favour of your preſence, to your Piety and Devotion.

Duke. You have treated me with Harmony ſo excellent, that I believ'd my ſelf among a Quire of Angels; eſpecially when I beheld ſo fair a Troop behind you.

Soph. Their Beauty, Sir, is wholly dedicated to Heaven, and is no way ambitious of a commendation, which from your Mouth might raiſe a Pride in any other of the Sex.

Cam. I am impatient, and can bear no longer. Let what will happen———

Aur. Do you not ſee your ruine inevitable? Draw in a holy place! and in the preſence of the Duke!

Mar. I do not like *Camillo*'s being here: I muſt cut ſhort the Ceremony. [*Whiſpers* Sophronia.

Soph. to Luc. and Violet. Come, fair Couſins, we hope to make the Cloyſterial Life ſo pleaſing, that it may be an inducement to you to quit the wicked World for ever.

Violetta paſſing by Camillo. Take that, and read it at your leiſure. [*Conveys a Note into his hand.*

Cam. A Ticket, as I live, *Aurelian.*

Aur. Steal off, and be thankful. If that be my *Beatrix* with *Laura*, ſhe's moſt confoundedly ugly. If ever we had come to Love-work, and a Candle had been brought us, I had fal'n back from that Face, like a Buck-Rabbet in coupling. [*Exeunt* Camillo *and* Aurelian.

Soph. Daughters, the time of our Devotion calls us. All happineſs to your Highneſs.

Luc. to Hip. Little thinks my venerable old Love there, that his Miſtriſs in Maſquerade is ſo near him. Now do I e'en long to abuſe that Fop-gravity again.

Hip. Methinks he looks on us.

Luc. Farewel, poor Love, I am ſhe, I am, for all my demure looks, that treated thee ſo inhumanly laſt Night.

[*She is going off, after* Sophronia.

Duke, following her. Stay, Lady; I would ſpeak with you.

Luc. Ah! (ſcreaking.)

Soph. How now, Daughter? What's the meaning of that undecent noiſe you make?

Luc. aſide. If I ſpeak to him, he will diſcover my voice, and then I am ruin'd.

Duke. If your name be *Lucretia*, I have ſome buſineſs of concernment with you.

Luc. to Soph. Dear Madam, for Heavens ſake make haſte into the Cloyſter, the Duke purſues me on ſome ill deſign.

Soph. to the Duke. 'Tis not permitted, Sir, for Maids once entred into Religion, to hold diſcourſes here of Worldly things.

Duke. But my diſcourſes are not Worldly Madam;
I had a Viſion in the dead of Night,
Which ſhow'd me this fair Virgin in my Sleep,
And told me, that from her I ſhould be taught
Where to beſtow large Alms, and great Endowments,
On ſome near Monaſtry.

Soph. ——————————— Stay, *Lucretia*,
The Holy Viſion's Will muſt be obey'd.

[*Exeunt* Soph. *cum ſuis.*

Luc. aſide. He does not know me, ſure; and yet I fear
Religion is the leaſt of his buſineſs with me.

Duke. I ſee, Madam, Beauty will be Beauty in any habit. ———
Though, I confeſs, the ſplendor of a Court
Were a much fitter Scene for yours, than is
A Cloyſter'd privacy.

Luc. counterfeiting her voice. The World has no Temptations for a mind
So fix'd, and rais'd above it.
This humble Cell contains and bounds my wiſhes.
My Charity gives you my Prayers, and that's all my
Converſe with human kind.

Duke. Since when, Madam, have the World and you been upon theſe epual terms of Hoſtility? time was you have been better Friends.

Luc. No doubt, I have been vain and ſinful; but, the remembrance of thoſe days cannot be pleaſant to me now, and therefore, if you pleaſe, do not refreſh their Memory.

Duke. Their Memory! you ſpeak as if they were Ages paſt.

Luc. You think me ſtill what I was once, a vain, fond, giddy Creature; I ſee, Sir, whether your diſcourſes tend, and therefore take my leave.

Duke. Yes, Madam, I know you ſee whither my diſcourſes tend, and therefore 'twill not be convenient that you ſhould take your leave. Diſguiſe your ſelf no farther; you are known, as well as you know me in Maſquerade.

Luc. I am not us'd enough to the World, to interpret Riddles; therefore, once more, Heaven keep you.——

Duke. This will not do: your Voice, your Meen, your Stature, betray you for the ſame I ſaw laſt Night: you know the time and place.

Luc. You were not in this Chappel; and, I am bound by vow to ſtir no farther.

Duke. But you had too much Wit to keep that Vow.

Luc. If you perſiſt, Sir, in this raving madneſs,
I can bring witneſs of my Innocence. [*Is going.*

Duke. To ſave that labour, ſee if you know that hand, and let that juſtifie you. (*Shows her Letter.*)

Luc. What do I ſee! my ruine is inevitable. —

Duke. You know you merit it:
You us'd me ill, and now are in my power.

Luc. But you, I hope, are much too noble
To deſtroy the Fame of a poor ſilly Woman?

Duke. Then, in few words, for I am bred a Soldier,
And muſt ſpeak plain, it is your Love I ask:
If you deny, this Letter is produc'd,
You know the conſequence.

Luc. I hope I do not:
For, though there are appearances againſt me,
Enough to give you hope, I durſt not ſhun you;
Yet could you ſee my Heart, 'tis a white Virgin-Tablet,
On which no Characters of earthly love
Were ever Writ: and, 'twixt the Prince and me,
If there were any Criminal affection,
May Heaven this minute——

Duke. Swear not; I believe you:
For could I think my Son had e're enjoy'd you,
I ſhould not be his Rival. Since he has not,
I may have ſo much kindneſs for my ſelf
To wiſh that happineſs.

Luc You ask me what I muſt not grant,
Nor if I lov'd you would: you know my Vow of Chaſtity.

Duke. Yet again that ſenceleſs argument?
The Vows of Chaſtity can ne're be broken,
Where Vows of Secreſie are kept: thoſe I'll ſwear with you.
But 'tis enough, at preſent, you know my Reſolution.
I would perſwade, not force you to my Love;
And to that end, I give you this Nights reſpite.
Conſider all, that you may fear or hope,
And think, that on your grant, or your denial,
Depends a double welfare, yours and mine. *Exit.*

Luc. A double ruine rather, if I grant: For what can I expect from ſuch a Father, when ſuch a Son betrays me! Could I think of all Mankind, that *Frederick* could be baſe. And with the Vanity of Vulgar

Souls betray a Virgins Fame? One who eſteem'd him, and I much fear did more than barely ſo ——— But I dare not examine my ſelf farther; for fear of confeſſing to my own Thoughts, a tenderneſs of which he is unworthy.

Enter Hippolita.

Hip. I watch'd till your old Gallant was gone, to bring you news of your young one. A miſchief on theſe old dry Lovers, they are good for nothing but tedious Talking; Well, yonder's the Prince at the Grate; I hope I need ſay no more to you.

Luc. I'll come when I have recover'd my ſelf a little.
I am a wretched creature, *Hippolita*; the Letter
I writ the Prince ———

Hip. I know, it is fall'n into his Fathers hands by accident. He's as wretched as you too. Well, well, it ſhall be my part to bring you together; and then, if two young people that have opportunity, can be wretched and melancholy——I'll go before and meet *Aſcanio.* [*Exit.*

Luc. I am half unwilling to go, becauſe I muſt be acceſſary to her Aſſignation with *Aſcanio*; but, for once, I'll meet the Prince in the Garden-walk: I am glad however that he is leſs criminal than I thought him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Nunnery-Garden.

Hippolita, Aſcanio, *meeting* Laura *and* Violetta.

Hip. I hear ſome walking this way. Who goes there?

Lau. We are the two new Penſioners, *Laura* and *Violetta.*

Hip. Go in, to your Devotion: theſe undue hours of walking favour too much of worldly Thoughts.

Lau. Let us retire to the Arbor, where, by this time, I believe our Friends are. Good-night, Siſter.

Hip. Good Angels guard you. [*Exit* Laur *and* Violetta.
Now, Brother, the coaſt is clear, and we have the Garden to our ſelves. Do you remember how you threatened me? but that's all one. How good ſoever the opportunity may be, ſo long as we two reſolve to be virtuous.

Aſca. Speak for your ſelf, Siſter, for I am wickedly inclin'd, Yet, I confeſs, I have ſome remorſe, when I conſider you are in Religion.

Hip. We ſhould do very well to conſider that, both of us; for, indeed, What ſhould young people do, but think of Goodneſs and Religion; eſpecially when they love one another, and are alone too, Brother?

Aſcan. A curſe on't, here comes my Lord, and *Lucertia.* We might have accompliſh'd all, and been repenting by this time; yet who the Devil would have thought they ſhould have come ſo ſoon?

——Ah—— [*Sets his Teeth.*

Hip. Who the Devil would have put it to the venture? This is always the fault of you raw Pages: you that are too young, never uſe an opportunity; and we that are elder can ſeldom get one.——

Ah! [*Sets her Teeth.*

Enter Frederick *and* Lucretia.

Luc. I believe, indeed, it troubled you to loſe that Letter.

Fred. So much, Madam, that I can never forgive my ſelf that negligence.

Luc. Call it not ſo, 'twas but a caſualty, though, I confeſs, the conſequence is dangerous; and therefore have not both of us reaſon to defy Love, when we ſee a little Gallantry is able to produce ſo much miſchief.

Fred, aſide. Now cannot I, for my heart, bring out one word againſt this Love.

Luc. Come, you are mute, upon a Subject that is both eaſie and pleaſant. A Man in Love is ſo ridiculous a creature——

Fred. Eſpecially to thoſe that are not.

Luc. True; for to thoſe that are, he cannot be ſo: they are like the Citizens of *Bethelem*, who never find out one anothers Madneſs, becauſe they are all tainted. But for ſuch antient Fops, as (with reverence) your Father is, What reaſon can they have to be in Love?

Fred. Nay, your old Fop's unpardonable, that's certain——But——

Luc. But VVhat? Come, laugh at him.

Fred. But, I conſider, he is my Father, I can't laugh at him.

Luc. But, if it were another, we ſhould ſee how you would inſult over him.

Fred. Ay, if it were another—— And yet I don't know neither, 'tis no part of good nature to inſult: a Man may be overtaken with a Paſſion, or ſo, I know it by my ſelf.

Luc. How, by your ſelf? You are not in Love, I hope? Oh that he would confeſs firſt now! [*aſide.*

Fred. But, if I were, I ſhould be loath to be laugh'd at.

Luc. Since you are not in Love, you may the better counſel me: VVhat ſhall I do with this ſame troubleſome Father of yours?

Fred. Any thing, but love him.

Luc. But you know he has me at a Bay; my Letter is in his poſſeſſion, and he may produce it to my ruine; therefore if I did allow him ſome little favour, to mollify him——

Fred. How, Madam? VVould you allow him Favours? I can never conſent to it: not the leaſt Look or Smile; they are all too precious, though they were to ſave his life.

Luc. VVhat, not you Father? Oh that he wou'd confeſs he lov'd me firſt! [*aſide.*

Fred. VVhat have I done? I ſhall betray my ſelf, and confeſs my Love, to be laugh'd at by this hard hearted woman. [*aſide.*

'Tis true, Madam, I had forgot; he is, indeed, my Father, and therefore you may uſe him as kindly as you pleaſe.

Luc. He's inſenſible: now he enrages me. [*aſide.*

VVhat if he propoſes to Marry me? I am not yet profeſs'd, and 'twould be much to my advantage.

Fred. Marry you! I had rather dye a thouſand deaths, than ſuffer it.

Luc. This begins to pleaſe me. [*aſide.*

But, why ſhould you be ſo much my enemy?

Fred. Your enemy, Madam? VVhy, Do you deſire it?

Luc. Perhaps I do.

Fred. Do it, Madam, ſince it pleaſes you ſo well.

Luc. But you had rather dye than ſuffer it.

Fred. No, I have chang'd my Mind: I'll live, and not be concern'd at it.

Luc. Do you contradict your ſelf ſo ſoon? Then know, Sir, I did intend to do it; and I am glad you have given me advice ſo agreeable to my Inclinations.

Fred. Heaven! that you ſhould not find it out! I deliver'd your Letter on purpoſe to my Father, and 'twas my buſineſs, now, to come and mediate for him.

Luc. Pray, then, carry him the news of his good ſucceſs. Adieu, ſweet Prince.

Fred. Adieu, dear Madam.

Aſca. Hey day! VVhat will this come to? they have cozen'd one another into a quarrel; juſt like Friends in Fencing, a chance thruſt comes, and then they fall too't in earneſt.

Hip. You, and I, Brother, ſhall never meet upon even terms, if this be not piec'd. Faces about, Madam, turn quickly to your Man, or by all that's virtuous, I'll call the Abbeſs.

Aſca. I muſt not be ſo bold with you, Sir; but, if you pleaſe, you may turn towards the Lady, and I ſuppoſe you would be glad I durſt ſpeak to you with more Authority, to ſave the credit of your willingneſs.

Fred. Well, I'll ſhew her I dare ſtay, if it be but to confront her Malice.

Luc. I am ſure I have done nothing to be aſham'd of, that I ſhould need to run away.

Aſca. Pray give me leave, Sir, to ask you but one queſtion; Why were you ſo unwilling that ſhe ſhould be Marry'd to your Father?

Fred. Becauſe then her Friendſhip muſt wholly ceaſe.

Aſca. But, you may have her Friendſhip, when ſhe is Marry'd to him.

Fred. What when another had enjoy'd her?

Aſca. *Vittoria, Vittoria*, he loves you, Madam; let him deny it if he can.

Luc. Fie, fie, love me, *Aſcanio*! I hope he would not forſwear himſelf, when he has rail'd ſo much againſt it.

Fred. I hope I may love your Mind, Madam; *I* may love Spiritually.

Hip. That's enough, that's enough: let him love the Mind without the Body, if he can.

Aſca. Ay, ay, when the love is once come ſo far, that Spiritual Mind will never leave pulling, and pulling, till it has drawn the beaſtly body after it.

Fred. Well, Madam, ſince *I* muſt confeſs it, (though I expect to be laugh'd at, after my railing againſt Love) I do love you all over, both Soul and Body.

Aſca. Lord, Sir, What a Tygreſs have you provok'd! you may ſee ſhe takes it to the death that you have made this Declaration.

Hip I thought where all her Anger was: Why do you not rail, Madam? Why do you not baniſh him? the Prince expects it; he has dealt honeſtly; he has told you his Mind, and you make your worſt on't.

Luc. Becauſe he does expect it, I am reſolv'd I'll neither ſatisfy him nor you; I will neither rail nor laugh: let him make his worſt of that now.

Fred. If I underſtand you right, Madam, I am happy beyond either my deſerts or expectation.

Luc. You may give my words what *Interpretation* you pleaſe, Sir, I ſhall not envy you their meaning in the kindeſt Sence. But we are near the Jeſſimine-walk, there we may talk with greater freedom, becauſe 'tis farther from the Houſe.

Fred. I wait you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Aurelian *with a dark Lanthorn*, Camillo *and* Benito.

Cam. So, we are ſafe got over into the Nunnery-garden; for what's to come, truſt Love and Fortune!

Aur. This muſt needs be the Walk ſhe mention'd; yet, to be ſure, I'l hold the Lanthorn while you read the Ticket.

Cam. reads. I prepar'd this Ticket, hoping to ſee you in the Chappel; come this Evening over the Garden-wall, on the right hand near the Tiber.

Aur. (We are right, I ſee.)

Cam. Bring only your diſcreet *Benito* with you, and I will meet you, attended by my faithful *Beatrix*.

Ben. Diſcreet *Benito!* Did you hear that, Sir?

Aur. Mortifie thy ſelf for that vain Thought, and, without enquiquiring into the Myſtery of theſe words, which I aſſure thee were not meant to thee, plant thy ſelf by that Ladder without motion, to ſecure our retreat; and be ſure to make no noiſe.

Ben. But, Sir, in caſe that——

Aur. Honeſt *Benito*, no more Queſtions: *Baſta* is the word. Remember, thou art only taken with us, becauſe thou haſt a certain evil *Dæmon* who conducts thy actions, and would have been ſure, by ſome damn'd accident or other, to have brought thee hither to diſturb us.

Cam. I hear whiſpering not far from us, and I think 'tis *Violetta*'s voice.

Aur. to Benito. Retire to your Poſt; avoid, good Sathan.

Exit Benito.

Enter Laura *with a dark Lanthorn hid, and* Violetta.

Cam. Ours is the honour of the Field, Madam; we are here before you.

Vio. Softly, dear Friend, I think I hear ſome walking in the Garden.

Cam. Rather, let us take this opporunity for your eſcape from hence: all things are here in readineſs.

Vio. This is the ſecond time we e're have met; let us diſcourſe, and know each other better firſt: that's the way to make ſure of ſome love before-hand; for, as the world goes, we know not how little we may have when we are Marry'd.

Cam. Loſſes of opportunity are fatal, in War, you know, and Love's a kind of Warfare.

Vio. I ſhall keep you yet a while from cloſe fighting.

Cam. But, do you know what an hour in Love is worth? 'Tis more precious than an Age of ordinary life; 'tis the very Quinteſence and Extract of it.

Vio. I do not like your Chymical preparation of love; yours is all Spirit, and will fly too ſoon: I muſt ſee it fix'd, before I truſt you. But we are near the Arbor; now our Out-guards are ſet, let us retire a little, if you pleaſe; there we may talk more freely. [*Exeunt.*

Aur. to Laura. My Ladies Woman, methinks you are very reſerv'd to Night: pray advance into the Liſts: though I have ſeen your countenance by day, I can endure to hear you talk by Night. Be cunning, and ſet your wit to ſhew which is your beſt commodity: it will help the better to put off that drug, your face.

Lau. The courſeſt ware will ſerve ſuch cuſtomers as you are: let it ſuffice, Mr. Servingman, that I have ſeen you too. Your face is the original of the ugliest Vizors about Town; and for wit, I would adviſe you to ſpeak reverently of it, as a thing you are never like to underſtand.

Aur. Sure, *Beatrix*, you came lately from looking in your Glaſs, and that has given you a bad opinion of all faces. But ſince when I am become ſo notorious a fool!

Lau. Since yeſterday; for t'other night you talk'd like a Man of ſence: I think your wit comes to you, as the ſight of Owls does, only in the dark.

Aur. Why, When did you diſcourſe by day with me?

Lau. You have a ſhort memory: This Afternoon, in the great ſtreet. Do you remember when you talk'd with *Laura?*

Aur. But what was that to *Beatrix?*

Lau. aſide. 'Slife, I had forgot that I am *Beatrix.* But, pray, When did you find me out to be ſo ugly?

Aur. This afternoon, in the Chappel.

Lau. That cannot be, for I well remember you were not there, *Benito*: I ſaw none but *Camillo*, and his friend the handſom ſtranger.

Aur. aſide. Curſe on't, I have betray'd my ſelf.

Lau. I find you are an Impoſtor; you are not the ſame *Benito*: your language has nothing of the Serving-man.

Aur. And yours, methinks, has not much of the Waiting-woman.

Lau. My Lady is abus'd, and betray'd by you: but I am reſolv'd I'll diſcover who you are. [*Holds out a Lanthorn to him.* How? the Stranger!

Aur. Nay, Madam, if you are good at that, I'll match you there too. [*Holds out his Lanthorn.* O prodigy! Is *Beatrix* turn'd to *Laura?*

Lau. Now the queſtion is, which of us two is the greateſt cheat?

Aur. That's hardly to be try'd, at ſo ſhort warning: Let's Marry one another, and then, twenty to one, in a Twelve Month we ſhall know.

Lau. Marry! Are you at that ſo ſoon, Signior? *Benito* and *Beatrix*, I confeſs, had ſome acquaintance; but *Aurelian* and *Laura* are meer ſtrangers.

Aur. That ground I have gotten as *Benito*, I am reſolv'd I'll keep as *Aurelian.* If you will take State upon you, I have treated you with Ceremony already; for I have woo'd you by Proxy.

Lau. But you would not be contented to bed me ſo; or give me leave to put the Sword betwixt us.

Aur. Yes, upon condition you'll remove it.

Lau. Pray let our Friends be judge of it; if you pleaſe, we'll find 'em in the Arbor.

Aur. Content; I am then ſure of the Verdict, because the Jury is brib'd already. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Benito *meeting* Frederick, Aſcanio, Lucretia, *and* Hippolita.

Ben. Knowing my own merits, as I do, 'tis not impoſſible but ſome of theſe Harlotry Nuns may love me: Oh, here's my Maſter! now if I could but put this into civil terms, ſo as to aſk his leave, and not diſpleaſe him———

Aſca. I hear one talking, Sir, juſt by us.

Ben. I am ſtolu from my poſt, Sir, but for one minute only, to demand permiſſion of you, ſince it is not in our Articles, that if any of theſe Nuns ſhould caſt an Eye or ſo———

Fred. 'Sliſe, we are betray'd; but I'll make this Raſcal ſure.
[*Draws and runs at him.*

Ben. Help, Murder, Murder. [*Runs off.*

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo; Laura *and* Violetta *after them.*

Aur. That was *Benito's* voice: we are ruin'd.

Cam. Oh, here they are; we muſt make our way.

Aur. *and the* Prince *make a Paſs or two confuſedly, and fight off the Stage. The Women Schreek.*

Aſca. Never fear, Ladies. Come on, Sir; I am your Man!

Cam. ſtepping back. This is the Prince's Page, I know his voice, *Aſcanio?*

Aſca. Signior *Camillo!*

Cam. If the Prince be here, 'tis *Aurelian* is engaged with him. Let us run in quickly, and prevent the miſchief.

All go off. A little Claſhing within. After which they all Re-enter.

Fred. to Aur. I hope you are not wounded.

Aur. No, Sir; but infinitely griev'd that———

Fred. No more; 'twas a miſtake: but which way can we eſcape, the Abbeſs is coming, I ſee the Lights.

Luc. You cannot go by the Gate then. Ah me, unfortunate!

Cam. But over the Wall you may: we have a Ladder ready. Adieu, Ladies. Curſe on this ill luck, where we had juſt perſwaded 'em to go with us!

Fred. Farewell, ſweet *Lucretia.*

Lau. Good night, *Aurelian.*

Aur. I, it might have prov'd a good one: Faith, ſhall I ſtay, yet, and make it one, in ſpite of the Abbeſs, and all her Works?

Lau. The Abbeſs is juſt here; you will be caught
In the Spiritual Trap, if you ſhould tarry.

Aur. That will be time enough when we two Marry.
Exeunt ſeverally.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sophronia, Lucretia, Laura, Violetta.

Soph. BY this, then, it appears you all are guilty;
Only your ignorance of each others crimes
Caus'd firſt that tumult, and this diſcovery.
Good Heavens, that I ſhould live to ſee this day!
Methinks theſe Holy Walls, the Cells, the Cloyſters,
Should all have ſtrook a ſecret horror on you:

And when, with unchaſt thoughts,
You trod theſe lonely walks, you ſhould have look'd
The venerable Ghoſt of our firſt Foundreſs
Should with ſpread arms have met you in her Shroud,
And frighted you from Sin.

Luc. Alaſs, you need not aggravate our crimes,
We know them to be great beyond excuſe,
And have no hope, but only from your mercy.

Lau. Love is, indeed, no plea within theſe Walls;
But, ſince we brought it hither, and were forc'd,
Not led by our own choice, to this ſtrict life——

Vio. Too hard for our ſoft youth, and bands of love,
Which we before had knit.

Lau. ——————Pity your blood,
Which runs within our Veins, and ſince Heaven puts it
In your ſole power to ruine or to ſave,
Protect us from the ſordid avarice
Of our domeſtick Tyrant, who deſerves not
That we ſhould call him Uncle, or you Brother.

Soph. If, as I might, with juſtice I ſhould puniſh,
No penance could be rigorous enough;
But I am willing to be more indulgent.
None of you are Profeſs'd: and ſince I ſee
You are not fit for higher happineſs,
You may have what you think the world can give you.

Luc. Let us adore you, Madam.

Soph. ——————You, *Lucretia*,
I ſhall adviſe within.

Vio. ————————But for us, Madam?

Soph. For you, dear Nieces, I have long conſider'd
The injuries you ſuffer from my Brother,
And I rejoyce it is in me to help you:
I will endeavour, from this very hour,
To put you both into your Lovers hands,
Who, by your own confeſſion, have deſerv'd you;
But ſo as (though 'tis done by my connivance)
It ſhall not ſeem to be with my conſent.

Lau. You do an act of noble charity,
And may juſt Heaven reward it.

Enter Hippolita *and whiſpers* Lucretia.

Soph. Oh, you're a faithful Portreſs of a Cloyſter.
What is't you whiſper to *Lucretia*?
On your Obedience tell me.

Luc. ————Since you muſt know, Madam,
I have receiv'd a Courtſhip from the Prince
Of *Mantona*. The reſt *Hippolita* may ſpeak.

Hip. His Page *Aſcanio* is at the Grate,

To know, from him, how you had ſcap'd this danger;
And brings with him, thoſe Habits.——

Sopb. I find that here has been a long commerce.
What Habits?

Luc. I bluſh to tell you, Madam. They were Masking Habits, in which we went abroad.

Sopb. O ſtrange Impiety! Well, I conclude
You are no longer for Religious cloathing;
You would infect our Order.

Luc. kneeling. Madam, you promis'd us forgiveneſs.

Sopb. I have done; for 'tis indeed too late to chide.

Hip. With *Aſcanio*, there are two Gentlemen; *Aurelian* and *Camillo*, I think they call themſelves, who came to me, recommended from the Prince, and deſir'd to ſpeak with *Laura* and *Violetta*.——

Sopb. I think they are your Lovers, Nieces.

Vio. Madam, they are.

Hip. But, for fear of diſcovery from your Uncle *Mario*, whoſe Houſe you know, joyns to the Monaſtery, are both in Maſquerade.

Sopb. to *Laura* } This opportunity muſt not be loſt,
and *Violetta.* } You two ſhall take the Masking habits inſtantly,
And, in them, ſcape your jealous Uncle's Eyes.
When you are happy, make me ſo, by hearing your ſucceſs.

Kiſſes them. *Exeunt* Laura *and* Violetta.

Luc. A ſudden thought is ſprung within my mind,
Which, by the ſame indulgence you have ſhewn,
May make me happy too. I have not time
To tell you now, for fear I loſe this opportunity.——
When I return from ſpeaking with *Aſcanio*,
I ſhall declare the ſecrets of my Love,
And crave your farther help.

Sopb. In all that virtue will permit you ſhall not fail to find it.

Exit Lucretia.

Hip. Madam the fooliſh Fellow whom we took grows troubleſome;
What ſhall we do with him?

Sopb. Send for the Magiſtrate; he muſt be puniſh'd.——
Yet hold; that would betray the other ſecret.
Let him be ſtrait turn'd out, on this Condition,
That he preſume not ever to diſcloſe
He was within theſe walls. I'll ſpeak with him:
Come, and attend me to him. *Exit* Sophronia.

Hip. You fit to be an Abbeſs? We that live out of the World ſhould at leaſt have the common ſence of thoſe that live far from Town; if a Pedler comes by 'em once a year, they will not let him go without providing themſelves with what they want.

Exit after Sophronia.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Street.

Aurelian, Camillo, Laura, Violetta: *all in Masking Habits.*

Cam. This generoſity of the Abbeſs is never to be forgot; and it is the more to be eſteem'd becauſe it was the leſs to be expected.

Via. At length, my *Camillo*, I ſee my ſelf ſafe within your Arms; and yet, methinks, I can never be enough ſecure of you: for, now I have nothing elſe to fear, I am afraid of you; I fear your conſtancy: they ſay poſſeſſion is ſo dangerous to Lovers, that more of them die of Surfeits, than of Faſting.

Lau. You'll be rambling too, *Aurelian*, I do not doubt it, if I would let you; but I'll take care to be as little a Wife, and as much a Miſtreſs to you, as is poſſible: I'll be ſure to be always pleaſant, and never ſuffer you to be cloy'd.

Aur. You are certainly in the right: pleaſantneſs of Humour makes a Wife laſt in the ſweet Meat, when it will no longer in the Fruit. But pray let's make haſte to the next honeſt Prieſt, that can ſay Grace to us, and take our Appetites while they are coming.

Cam. That way leads to the *Auſtin-Fryers*, there lives a Father of my acquaintance.

Lau. I have heard of him; he has a mighty ſtroke at Matrimonies, and mumbles 'em over as faſt, as if he were teaching us to forget 'em all the while.

Enter Benito, *and over-hears the laſt ſpeech.*

Ben. Cappari; that's the Voice of Madam *Laura*. Now, *Penito*, is the time to repair the loſt honour of thy Wit, and to blot out the laſt adventure of the *Nunnery*.

Vio. That way I hear Company; let's go about by this other Street, and ſhun 'em.

Ben. That Voice I know too; 'tis the younger Siſter, *Violetta's*. Now have theſe two moſt treacherouſly convey'd themſelves out of the Nunnery, for my Maſter aud *Camillo*, and given up their Perſons to thoſe lewd Raſcals in Maſquerade; but I'll prevent 'em. Help there, Thieves and Raviſhers, villanous Maskers, ſtop Robbers, ſtop Raviſhers.

Cam. We are purſu'd that way, let's take this Street.

L. u. Save your ſelves and leave us.

Cam. We'll rather die than leave you.

Enter at ſeveral doors Duke *of* Mantoua *and Guards, and Don* Mario *and Servants, with Torches.*

Aur. So, now the way is ſhut up on both ſides. We'll die merrily however:————have at the faireſt.

Aurelian *and* Camillo *fall upon the Dukes Guards, and are ſeiz'd behind by* Mario's *Servants. At the drawing of Swords,* Benito *runs off.*

Duke. Are theſe inſolencies uſually committed in *Rome* by Night? it has the fame of a well-govern'd City; and methinks, Don *Mario*, it does ſomewhat reflect on you to ſuffer theſe Diſorders.

Mar. They are not to be hinder'd in the *Carnival*: you ſee, Sir, they have aſſum'd the Priviledge of Maskers.

Lau. to Au. If my Uncle know us, we are ruin'd; therefore be ſure you do not ſpeak.

Duke. How then can we be ſatisfi'd this was not a device of Masking, rather than a deſign of Raviſhing?

Mar. Their accuſer is fled, I ſaw him run at the beginning of the ſcuffle; but I'll examine the Ladies.

Vio. Now we are loſt.

Duke coming near Laura, *takes notice of her Habit.*

Duke aſide. 'Tis the ſame, 'tis the ſame, I know *Lucretia* by her Habit: I'm ſure I am not miſtaken. Now, Sir, you may ceaſe your examination, I know the Ladies.

Aur. to Cam. How the Devil does he know 'em?

Cam. 'Tis alike to us; they are loſt both ways.

Duke taking Laura aſide. Madam, you may confeſs your ſelf to me. Whatever your deſign was in leaving the Nunnery, your Reputation ſhall be ſafe. I'll not diſcover you, provided you grant me the happineſs I laſt requeſted.

Lau. I know not, Sir, how you could poſſibly come to know me, or of my deſign in quitting the Nunnery; but this I know, that my Siſter and my ſelf are both unfortunate, except your Highneſs be pleas'd to protect us from our Uncle; at leaſt, not to diſcover us.

Duke. His Holineſs, your Uncle, ſhall never be acquainted with your flight, on Condition you will wholly renounce my Son, and give your ſelf to me.

Lau. Alas, Sir, For whom do you miſtake me?

Duke. I miſtake you not, Madam: I know you for *Lucretia*. You forget that your Diſguiſe betrays you.

Lau. Then, Sir, I perceive I muſt diſabuſe you: if you pleaſe to withdraw a little, that I may not be ſeen by others, I will pull off my Mask, and diſcover to you that *Lucretia* and I have no reſemblance, but only in our misfortunes.

Duke. 'Tis in vain, Madam, this diſſembling: I proteſt if you pull off your Mask, I will hide my Face, and not look upon you to convince you, that I know you.

Enter Benito.

Ben. So, now the fray is over, a Man may appear again with ſafety. Oh, the Rogues are caught I ſee, and the Damſels deliver'd. This was the effect of my Valour at the ſecond hand.

Aur. Look, look *Camillo*, it was my perpetual Fool that caus'd all this, and now he ſtands yonder, laughing at his miſchief, as the Devil is pictur'd, grinning behind the Witch upon the Gallows.

Ben. to Mario. I ſee, Sir, you have got your Women, and I am glad on't: I took 'em juſt flying from the Nunnery.

Duke to Lau. You ſee that Fellow knows you too.

Mar. Were theſe Women flying from a Nunnery?

Ben. Theſe Women? Hey day! then, it ſeems, you do not know they are your Nieces.

Duke. His Nieces, ſay you? Take heed, Fellow, you ſhall be puniſh'd ſeverely if you miſtake.

Cam. Speak to *Benito* in time, *Aurelian.*

Aur. The Devil's in him, he's running down-hill full ſpeed, and there is no ſtopping him.

Mar. My Nieces?

Ben. Your Nieces? Why, Do you doubt it? I praiſe Heaven I never met but with two half-wits in my Life, and my Maſter's one of 'em; I will not name the other at this time.

Duke. I ſay they are not they.

Ben. I am ſure they are *Laura* and *Violetta*, and that thoſe Two Rogues were running away with 'em, and that, I believe, with their conſent.

Vio. Siſter, 'Tis in vain to deny your ſelves; you ſee our ill fortune purſues us unavoidably. [*Turning up her Maſque.*
Yes, Sir, we are *Laura* and *Violetta*, whom you have made unhappy by your Tyranny.

Lau. turning up her Maſque. And theſe Two Gentlemen are no Raviſhers, but———

Ben. How, no Raviſhers? yes, to my knowledge, they are———
[*As he ſpeaks*, Aurelian *pulls off his Mask.*
no Raviſhers, as Madam *Laura* was ſaying; but Two as honeſt Gentlemen as e'er broke Bread: My own dear Maſter, and ſo forth!
[*Runs to* Aurelian, *who thruſts him back.*

Enter Valerio, *and whiſpers the Duke, giving him a Paper, which he reads, and ſeems pleas'd.*

Mar. Aurelian and *Camillo*! I'll ſee you in ſafe Cuſtody, and, for theſe Fugitives, go, carry 'em to my Siſter, and deſire her to have a better care of her Kinſwomen.

Vio. We ſhall live yet to make you refund our Portions. Farewel *Camillo*: comfort your ſelf; remember there's but a Wall betwixt us.

Lau. And I'll cut through that Wall with Vinegar, but I'll come to you, *Aurelian.*

Aur. I'll cut through the Grates with *Aqua fortis*, but I'll meet you. Think of theſe things, and deſpair and die, old Gentleman.

Aurelian *and* Camillo *are carry'd off on one ſide, and* Laura *and* Violetta *on the other.*

Ben. All things go croſs to Men of Sence: would I had been Born with the Brains of a Shop-keeper, that I might have thriven without knowing why I did ſo. Now muſt I follow my Maſter to the Priſon, and, like an ignorant Cuſtomer that comes to buy, muſt offer him my back ſide, tell him I truſt to his honeſty, and deſire him to pleaſe himſelf, and ſo be ſatisfi'd. [*Exit.*

Duke to Valerio. I am overjoy'd, I'll ſee her immediately: now my buſineſs with Don *Mario* is at an end, I need not deſire his Company to introduce me to the Abbeſs, this Aſſignation from *Lucretia* ſhows me a neater way. Noble Don *Mario*, it was my buſineſs when this accident happen'd in the Street, to have made you a Viſit; but now I am prevented, by an occaſion that calls me another way.

Mar. I receive the intention of that Honour as the greateſt happineſs that cou'd befal me: in the mean time, if my attendance———

Duke. By no means, Sir, I muſt of neceſſity go in private, and therefore, if you pleaſe, you ſhall omit the Ceremony.

Mar. A happy Even to your Highneſs. Now will I go to my Siſter the Abbeſs, before I ſleep, and deſire her to take more care of her Flock, or, for all our Relation, I ſhall make complaint, and indeavour to eaſe her of her Charge. [*Exit.*

Duke. So, now we are alone, What ſaid *Lucretia?*

Val. When firſt I preſs'd her to this Aſſignation,
She ſpoke like one in doubt what ſhe ſhould do;
She demur'd much upon the decency of it,
And ſomewhat too ſhe ſeem'd to urge, of her
Engagement to the Prince: in ſhort, Sir,
I perceiv'd her wavering; and cloſ'd with the opportunity.

Duke. O, when Women are once irreſolute, betwixt the former love and the new one, they are ſure to come over to the latter: the Wind, their neareſt likeneſs, ſeldom chops about to return into the old corner.

Val. In concluſion, ſhe conſented to the interview, and for the reſt, I urg'd it not, for I ſuppoſe ſhe will hear reaſon ſooner from your Mouth than mine.

Duke. Her Letter is of the ſame tenor with her Diſcourſe; full of doubts and doublings, like a hunted Hare when ſhe's near tyr'd. The Garden, you ſay, is the place appointed?

Val. It is, Sir; and the next half hour the time: but, Sir, I fear the Prince your Son will never bear the loſs of her with patience.

Duke. 'Tis no matter; let the young Gallant ſtorm to night, to Morrow he departs from *Rome.*

Val. That, Sir, will be ſevere.

Duke. He has already receiv'd my commands to Travel into *Germany:*

many: I know it ſtung him to the quick; but he's too dangerous a Rival; the Soldiers love him too; when he's abſent they will reſpect me more. [*Exeunt Guards.*

But I defer my happineſs too long; diſmiſs my Guards there.
The pleaſures of old age brook no delay;
Seldom they come, and ſoon they fly away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *III.*

Prince *and* Aſcanio.

Fred. 'Tis true, he is my Father; but when Nature
Is dead in him, Why ſhould it live in me?
What have I done that I am baniſh'd *Rome*,
The world's delight, and my Souls joy *Lucretia*,
And ſent to reel with midnight Beaſts in *Almain*?
I cannot, will not bear it.

Aſc. I'm ſure you need not, Sir: the Army is all yours; they wiſh a youthful Monarch, and will reſent your injuries.

Fred. Heaven forbid it. And yet I cannot loſe *Lucretia*:
There's ſomething I would do, and yet would ſhun
The ill that muſt attend it.

Aſca. You muſt reſolve, for the time preſſes. She told me this hour ſhe had ſent for your Father: what ſhe means I know not, for ſhe ſeem'd doubtful, and would not tell me her intention.

Fred. If ſhe be falſe;——yet, Why ſhould I ſuſpect her? yet Why ſhould I not? ſhe's a Woman; that includes Ambition, and Inconſtancy: then, ſhe's tempted high: 'twere unreaſonable to expect ſhe ſhould be faithful: well, ſomething I have reſolv'd, and will about it inſtantly: and if my Friends prove faithful I ſhall prevent the worſt.

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo *guarded.*

Aurelian and Camillo? How came you thus attended?

Cam. You may gueſs at the occaſion, Sir; purſuing the adventure which brought us to meet you in the Garden, we were taken by Don *Mario*.

Aur. And, as the Devil would have it, when both we and our Miſtriſſes were in expectation of a more pleaſant Lodging.

Fred. Faith that's very hard, when a Man has Charg'd and Prim'd, and taken Aim, to be hinder'd of his Shoot——Soldiers, releaſe theſe Gentlemen; I'll anſwer it.

Cap. Sir, we dare not diſobey our Orders.

Fred. I'll ſtand betwixt you and danger. In the mean time take this, as an acknowledgment of the kindneſs you do me.

Cap. Ay, marry, there's Rhetorique in Gold: Who can deny theſe arguments? Sir, you may diſpoſe of our priſoners as you pleaſe; we'll uſe your name if we are call'd in queſtion.

Fred. Do ſo. Good night good Soldiers. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Now, Gentlemen, no thanks, you'll find occaſion inſtantly to reimburſe me of my kindneſs.

Cam. Nothing but want of liberty could have hinder'd us from ſerving you.

Fred. Meet me, within this half hour, at our Monaſtry; and if, in the mean time, you can pick up a dozen of good fellows, who dare venture their Lives bravely, bring them with you.

Aur. I hope the Cauſe is bad too, otherwiſe we ſhall not deſerve your Thanks: may it be for demoliſhing that curſed Monaſtry.

Fred. Come, *Aſcanio*, follow me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV.

The Nunnery-Garden.

Duke, Lucretia.

Luc. In making this appointment,
I go too far, for one of my profeſſion;
But I have a Divining Soul within me,
Which tells me, Truſt repos'd in Noble Natures
Obliges them the more.

Duke. I come to be Commanded, not to Govern,
Thoſe few ſoft words you ſent me, have quite alter'd
My rugged Nature; if it ſtill be violent,
'Tis only fierce and eager to obey you,
Like ſome impetuous flood, which Maſter'd once,
With double force bends backward.
The place of Treaty ſhows you ſtrongeſt here;
For ſtill the vanquiſh'd ſues for Peace abroad,
While the proud Victor makes his terms at home.

Luc. That Peace, I ſee, will not be hard to make
When either ſide ſhows confidence of noble dealing
From the other.

Duke. And this, ſure, is our caſe, ſince both are met alone.

Luc. 'Tis mine, Sir, more than yours.
To meet you ſingle, ſhows I truſt you Virtue;
But you appear diſtruſtful of my Love.

Duke, You wrong me much, I am not.

Luc. Excuſe me, Sir, you keep a curb upon me:
You awe me with a Letter, which you hold
As Hoſtage of my Love; and Hoſtages

Are ne'r requir'd but from ſuſpected Faith.

Duke. We are not yet in terms of perfect peace;
When e're you pleaſe to ſeal the Articles,
Your pledge ſhall be reſtor'd.

Luc. That were the way to keep us ſtill at diſtance;
For what we fear, we cannot truly love.

Duke. But how can I be then ſecure, that when
Your Fear is o're, your Love will ſtill continue?

Luc. Make tryal of my Gratiude; you'll find
can acknowledge kindneſs.

Duke. But that were to forego the faſter hold
To take a looſe, and weaker.
Would you not judge him mad who held a Lion
In chains of Steel, and chang'd 'em for a Twine?

Luc. But Love is ſoft,
Not of the Lion' Nature, but the Dove's:
An Iron chain would hang too heavy on a tender neck.

Duke. Since on one ſide there muſt be confidence,
Why may not I expect, as well as you,
To have it plac'd in me? Repoſe your Truſt
Upon my Royal word.

Luc. As 'tis the priviledge of Woman-kind
That Men ſhould court our Love,
And make the firſt advances; ſo it follows
That you ſhould firſt oblige; for 'tis our weakneſs
Gives us more cauſe of fear, and therefore you,
Who are the ſtronger Sex, ſhould firſt ſecure it.

Duke, But, Madam, as you talk of fear from me,
I may as well ſuſpect deſign from you.

Luc. Deſign! of giving you my Love more freely,
Of making you a Title to my Heart,
Where you by force would reign.

Duke. O that I could believe you! but your words
Are not enough diſorder'd for true Love;
They are not plain, and hearty, as are mine;
But full of *Art*, and cloſe inſinuation:
You promiſe all, but give me not one proof
Of Love before; not the leaſt earneſt of it.

Luc. *And*, What is then this midnight converſation?
Theſe ſilent hours divided from my ſleep?
Nay, more; ſtoln from my Prayers with Sacriledge,
And here transferr'd to you? This guilty hand,
VVhich ſhould be us'd in dropping Holy Beads,
But now, bequeath'd to yours? This heaving Heart,
Which only ſhould be throbing for my ſins,
But which now beats uneven time for you?
Theſe are my *Arts*! and theſe are my Deſigns!

Duke. I love you more, *Lucretia,* than my Soul;
Nay, than yours too, for I would venture both
That I might now enjoy you; and if what
You ask me did not make me fear to loſe you,
Though it were even my life, you ſhould not be deny'd it.

Luc. Then I will ask no more.
Keep my Letter, to upbraid me with it;
To Say, when I am ſully'd with your Luſt,
And fit to be forſaken, Go, *Lucretia,*
To your firſt love; for this, for this, I leave you.

Duke. Oh, Madam, never think that day can come.

Luc. It muſt, it will, I read it in your looks;
You will betray me when I'm once engag'd.

Duke. If not my Faith, your Beauty will ſecure you.

Luc. My Beauty is a Flower upon the ſtalk,
Goodly to ſee; but, gather'd for the ſcent,
And once with eargerneſs preſs'd to your noſtrils,
The ſweet's drawn out, 'tis thrown with ſcorn away.
But I am glad I find you out ſo ſoon:
I ſimply lov'd, and meant (with ſhame I own it)
To truſt my Virgin-honour in your hands;
I ask'd not wealth, for hire; and, but by chance,
(I wonder that I thought on't) beg'd one tryal,
And, but for form, to have pretence to yield,
And that you have deny'd me. Farewell: I could
Have lov'd you, and yet, perhaps, I——

Duke. O ſpeak, ſpeak out, and do not drown that word,
It ſeem'd as if it would have been a kind one,
And yours are much too precious to be loſt.

Luc. Perhaps——I cannot yet leave loving you.
There 'twas. But I recall'd it in my mind,
And made it falſe before I gave it Ayr.
Once more, farewell—— I wonnot;
Now I can ſay I wonnot, wonnot love you. [*Going.*

Duke. You ſhall; and this ſhall be the Seal of my affection.
[*Gives the Letter.*
There, take it, my *Lucretia*; I give it with more joy,
Than I with grief receiv'd it.

Luc. Good Night; I'll thank you for't ſome other time.

Duke. You'll not abuſe my love?

Luc. No; but ſecure my Honour.

Duke. I'll force it from your hands. [Lucretia *runs.*

Luc. Help, help, or I am raviſh'd; help, for Heavens ſake.

Hippolita, Laura, *and* Violetta *within, in ſeveral places.*

Within. Help, help *Lucretia*; they bear away *Lucretia* by force.

Duke. I think there is a Devil in every corner.

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sir, the deſign was laid on purpoſe for you, and all the Women plac'd to cry. Make haſte away, avoid the ſhame for heavens ſake.

Duke going. O, I could fire this Monaſtry!

Enter Frederick *and* Aſcanio.

(Frederick *entring ſpeaks as to ſome behind him*)

Fred. Pain of your lives, let none of you preſume to enter but my ſelf.

Duke. My Son! O, I could burſt with ſpite, and die with ſhame, to be thus apprehended! this is the baſeneſs and cowardiſe of guilt: an Army now were not ſo dreadful to me as that Son, o're whom the right of Nature gives me power.

Fred. Sir, I am come——

Duke. To laugh at firſt, and then to blaze abroad
The weakneſs, and the follies of your Father.

Val. Sir, he has Men in Arms attending him.

Duke. I know my doom then. You have taken a popular occaſion; I am now a raviſher of chaſtity, fit to be made priſoner firſt, and then depos'd.

Fred. You will not hear me, Sir.

Duke. No, I confeſs I have deſerv'd my fate;
For, What had theſe gray hairs to do with Love?
Or, if th' unſeemly folly would poſſeſs me,
Why ſhould I chooſe to make my Son my Rival?

Fred. Sir, you may add you baniſh'd me from *Rome*;
And from the light of it, *Lucretia*'s Eyes.

Duke. Nay, if thou aggravat'ſt my crimes, thou giv'ſt
Me right to juſtify 'em: thou doubly art my ſlave,
Both Son and Subject. I can do thee no wrong,
Nor haſt thou right t'arraign or puniſh me:
But thou inquir'ſt into thy Fathers years;
Thy ſwift ambition could not ſtay my death,
But muſt ride poſt to Empire. Lead me now:
Thy crimes have made me guiltleſs to my ſelf,
And given me face to bear the publick ſcorn.
You have a guard without?

Fred. I have ſome friends.

Duke. Speak plainly your intent,
I love not a ſophiſticated truth,
With an allay of lie in't.

Fred. kneeling. This is not, Sir, the poſture of a Rebel,
But of a ſuppliant, if the Name of Son
Be too much honour to me.
What firſt I purpos'd, I ſcarce know my ſelf.
Love, Anger, and Revenge then row'd within me;
And yet, even then, I was not hurr'd farther
Than to preſerve my own.

Duke. ——— ——— Your own! What mean you?

Fred. My Love, and my *Lucretia*; which I thought
In my then boiling paſſion, you purſu'd
With ſome injuſtice, and much violence;
This led me to repell that force by force.
'Twas eaſie to ſurprize you, when I knew
Of your intended viſit.

Duke. ——— ——— Thank my folly!

Fred. But reaſon now has reaſſum'd its place;
And makes me ſee how black a crime it is
To uſe a force upon my Prince and Father.

Duke. You give me hope you will reſign *Lucretia.*

Fred. Ah no: I never can reſign her to you;
But, Sir, I can my life: which, on my knees,
I tender, as th'attoning Sacrifice.
Or if your hand (becauſe you are a Father)
Be loath to take away that life you gave,
I will redeem your crime, by making it
My own: So you ſhall ſtill be innocent, and I
Dye bleſs'd, and unindebted for my being.

Duke embracing him. O *Frederick*, you are too much a Son,
And I too little am a Father: You,
And you alone, have merited *Lucretia.*
'Tis now my only grief,
I can do nothing to requite this virtue;
For to reſtore her to you
Is not an act of generoſity,
But a ſcant, niggard Juſtice; yet I love her
So much, that even this little which I do
Is like the bounty of an Uſurer;
High to be priz'd from me,
Becauſe 'tis drawn from ſuch a wretched mind.

Fred. kiſſing his hands. You give me now a ſecond, better life;
But, that the gift may be more eaſie to you,
Conſider, Sir, *Lucretia* did not Love you;
I fear to ſay ne'r would.

Duke. You do well, to help me to o'recome that difficulty:
I'll weigh that, too, hereafter. For a love,
So violent as mine, will ask long time,
And much of reaſon, to effect the cure.
My preſent care ſhall be to make you happy;
For that will make my wiſh impoſſible,
And then the remedies will be more eaſie.

Enter Sophronia, Lucretia, Violetta, Laura, Hippolita.

Soph. I have, with joy o're-heard this happy change,
And come with bleſſings, to applaud your conqueſt,
Over the greateſt of Mankind, your ſelf.

Duke. I hope 'twill be a full, and laſting one.

Luc. kneeling. Thus, let me kneel, and pay my thanks and duty

Both to my Prince, and Father?

Duke. Riſe, riſe, too charming Maid; for yet I cannot

Call you Daughter: that ſweet name, *Lucretia*,

Hangs on my lips, and would be ſtill pronounc'd.

Look not too kindly on me; one ſweet glance,

Perhaps, would ruine both: therefore, I'll go,

And try to get new ſtrength to bear your Eyes.

Till then, Farewel. Be ſure you love my *Frederick*,

And do not hate his Father. *Exeunt* Duke *and* Valerio.

Fred. at the door. Now, friends, you may appear.

Enter Aurelian, Camillo, Benito.

Your pardon, Madam, that we thus intrude

On holy ground: your ſelf beſt know it could not

Be avoided, and it ſhall be my care it be excus'd.

Soph. Though Soveraign Princes bear a Priviledge,

Of entring when they pleaſe within our Walls,

In others, 'tis a crime paſt diſpenſation:

And therefore, to avoid a publick ſcandal,

Be pleas'd, Sir, to retire, and quit this Garden.

Aur. We ſhall obey you, Madam: But, that we may do it with leſs regret, we hope you will give theſe Ladies leave to accompany us.

Soph. They ſhall.

And Nieces, for my ſelf, I only ask you

To juſtifie my conduct to the World,

That none may think I have betray'd a Truſt,

But freed you from a Tyranny.

Lau. Our duty binds us to acknowledge it.

Cam. And our gratitude, to witneſs it.

Vio. With a holy and laſting remembrance of your favour.

Fred. And it ſhall be my care, either by reaſon to bend your Uncle's Will, or, by my Father's Intereſt, to force your Dowry from his hands.

Ben. to Aur. Pray, Sir, let us make haſte over theſe Walls again, theſe Gardens are unlucky to me: I have loſt my reputation of Muſick in one of 'em, and of Wit in the other.

Aur. to Lau. Now, *Laura*, you may take your choice betwixt the two *Benito*'s, and conſider whether you had rather he ſhould Serenade you in the Garden, or I in Bed to Night.

Lau. You may be ſure I ſhall give Sentence for *Benito*; for, the effect of your Serenading would be to make me pay the Muſick nine Months hence.

Hip. to Aſca. You ſee, Brother, here's a general Jayl-delivery: there has been a great deal of buſtle and diſturbance in the Cloyſter to night; enough to diſtract a Soul which is given up, like me, to contemplation: and therefore, if you think fit, I could e'en be content to retire with you, into the World again, by way of Penance, to marry you; which, as Husbands and Wives go now, is a greater Mortification than a *Nunnery.*

Aſca. No, Siſter, if you love me, keep to your Monaſtry: I'll come now and then to the Grate, and beg you a Recreation. But I know my ſelf ſo well, that, if I had ſpent one Twelve-Month in the World, I ſhould run my ſelf into a Cloyſter, to be rid of you.

Soph. Nieces, once more farewel: Adieu, *Lucretia.*
My wiſhes and my prayers attend you all.

Luc. to Fred. I am ſo fearful,
That, though I gladly run to your embraces,
Yet, vent'ring in the World a ſecond time,
Methinks I put to Sea in a rough Storm,
With Shipwracks round about me.

Fred. My Dear, be kinder to your ſelf and me,
And let not fear fright back our coming Joys;
For, we, at length, ſtand reconcil'd to Fate:
And now to fear, when to ſuch bliſs we move,
Were not to doubt our Fortune, but our Love.

EPILOGUE

Some have expected from our Bills to day
To find a Satyr in our Poet's *Play,*
The Zealous Rout *from* Coleman-ſtreet *did run,*
To ſee the Story of the Fryar *and* Nun;
Or Tales yet more ridiculous to hear,
Vouch'd by their Vicar of Ten Pounds a Year;
Of Nuns, who did againſt Temptation Pray,
And Diſcipline laid on the pleaſant way:
Or that to pleaſe the Malice of the Town,
Our Poet *ſhould in ſome cloſe Cell have ſhown*
Some Siſter, Playing at Content alone:
This they did hope; the other ſide did fear,
And both you ſee alike are Cozen'd here.
Some thought the Title of our Play to blame,
They lik'd the thing, but abhor'd the Name:
Like Modeſt Punks, *who all you ask afford,*
But, for the World, *they would not name that word.*
Yet, if you'll credit what I heard him ſay,
Our Poet *means no Scandal in his Play;*
His Nuns are good, which on the Stage are ſhown,
And, ſure, behind our Scenes *you'll look for none.*

F I N I S.

AMBOYNA:

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted
By Their MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

By Mr *DRYDEN.*

——*Manet altâ mente repôſtum.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be ſold by
Richard Bentley, at the Poſt-Houſe in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*,
Covent-Garden, 1691.

TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
LORD Clifford
OF
CHUDLEIGH.

My **LORD**,

AFter ſo many *Favours*, and thoſe ſo great, conferr'd on me, by your Lordſhip, theſe many Years; which, I may call, more properly, one Continued Act of Your *Generoſity* and *Goodneſs*; I know not whether I ſhould appear either more Ungrateful in my Silence, or more extravagantly Vain in my Endeavours to acknowledge them. For, ſince all Acknowledgments bear a Face of Payment, it may be thought, That I have flatter'd my ſelf into an Opinion of being able to return ſome part of my Obligements to You; the juſt deſpair of which Attempt, and the due Veneration I have for his Perſon, to whom I muſt Addreſs, have almoſt driven me, to Receive only, with a profound Submiſſion, the Effects of that Vertue, which is never to be comprehended but by Admiration: And the greateſt note of Admiration is Silence. 'Tis that Noble Paſſion, to which *Poets* raiſe their Audience in higheſt Subjects, and they have then gain'd over them the greateſt Victory, when they are Raviſh'd into a Pleaſure, which is not to be expreſs'd by Words. To this Pitch, *My Lord*, the Sence of my Gratitude had almoſt rais'd me: to receive your *Favours*, as the *Jews* of old receiv'd their *Law*, with a mute Wonder, to think, that the Loudneſs of Acclamation, was only the Praiſe of Men to Men, and that the ſecret Homage of the Soul was a greater Mark of Reverence, than an outward ceremonious Joy, which might be counterfeit, and muſt be irreverent in its Tumult. Neither, *My Lord*, have I a particular Right to pay you my Acknowledgments: You have been a Good ſo Univerſal, that almoſt every Man in three Nations may think me injurious to his Propriety, that I invade your Praiſes, in undertaking to celebrate them alone. And, that have aſſum'd to my ſelf a Patron, who was no more to be circumſcribed than the Sun and Elements, which are of Publick Benefit to Humane kind.

As it was in much your Power to oblige all who could pretend to Merit from the Publick, ſo it was more in your Nature and Inclination. If any went ill-ſatisfied from the Treaſury, while, it was in your Lordſhip's Management, it proclaim'd the want of Deſert, and not of Friends: You diſtributed your Maſter's Favour with ſo equal hands, that *Juſtice* her ſelf could not have held the Scales more even: but, with that natural Propenſity to do good, that had that Treaſure been your own, your Inclination to Bounty muſt have ruin'd you: No Man attended to be deny'd: no Man brib'd for Expedition: Want, and Deſert were Pleas ſufficient. By your own Integrity and your prudent Choice of thoſe whom you employ'd, the King gave all that He intended, and Gratuities to his Officers made not vain His Bounty. This, *My Lord*, you were in your Publick Capacity of High-Treaſurer, to which you aſcended by ſuch degrees, that your Royal Maſter ſaw your Vertues ſtill growing to His Favours, faſter than they could riſe to you. Both at home, and abroad, with your Sword, and with your Counſel, you have ſerv'd him with unbyaſs'd Honour, and with unſhaken Reſolution: making His Greatneſs, and the true Intereſt of your Country, the Standard and Meaſure of your Actions. Fortune may deſert the wiſe and brave; but, true Vertue never will forſake it ſelf. 'Tis the Intereſt of the World, that Vertuous Men ſhould attain to Greatneſs, becauſe it gives them the Power of doing good. But, when by the Iniquity of the Times, they are brought to that Extremity, that they muſt either quit their Vertue or their Fortune, they owe themſelves ſo much, as to retire to the private Exerciſe of their Honour; to be great within, and by the Conſtancy of their Reſolutions, to teach the inferiour World, how they ought to judge of ſuch Principles, which are aſſerted with ſo generous and ſo unconſtrain'd a Tryal.

But, this voluntary neglect of Honours, has been of rare Example in the World: few Men have frown'd firſt upon Fortune, and precipitated themſelves from the Top of her Wheel, before they felt leaſt at the Declination of it. We read not of many Emperours like *Diocleſian*, and *Charles* the Fifth, who have preferr'd a Garden, and a Cloyſter, before a Crowd of Followers, and the troubleſome Glory of an Active Life, which robs the Poſſeſſor of his Reſt and Quiet, to ſecure the Safety and Happineſs of others. *Seneca*, with the help of his *Philoſophy*, could never attain to that Pitch of Vertue. He only endeavour'd to prevent his Fall, by deſcending firſt; and, offer'd to reſign that Wealth, which he knew he could no longer hold. He would only have made a Preſent to his Maſter of what he foreſaw would become his Prey: He ſtrove to avoid the Jealouſie of a Tyrant; You diſmiſs'd your ſelf from the Attendance and Privacy of a Gracious King. Our Age has afforded us many Examples of a contrary Nature: but your Lordſhip is the onely one of this. 'Tis eaſie to diſcover in all Governments; thoſe who wait ſo cloſe on Fortune, that they are never to be ſhaken off at any turn: Such who ſeem to have taken up a Reſolution of being Great, to continue their Stations on the Theatre of Buſineſs: to change with the Scene, and ſhift the Vizard for another Part. Theſe Men condemn, in their Diſcourſes, that Vertue which they dare not practiſe. But the ſober Part of this preſent Age, and impartial Poſterity will do right, both to your Lordſhip, and to them. And when they read on what Accounts, and with how much Magnanimity you quitted thoſe Honours, to which the higheſt Ambition of an *Engliſh* Subject could aſpire, will apply to you with much more Reaſon, what the Hiſtorian ſaid of a *Roman* Emperour; *Multi diutius Imperium tenuerunt; Nemo fortius reliquit.*

To this Retirement of your Lordſhip, I wiſh I could bring a better Entertainment, than this *Play*; which, though it ſucceeded on the Stage, will ſcarcely bear a ſerious Peruſal, it being contriv'd and written in a Month, the Subject barren, the Perſons low, and the Writing not heightened with many labour'd Scenes. The Conſideration of theſe Defects ought, to have preſcrib'd more Modeſty to the Authour, than to have preſented it to that Perſon in the World, for whom he has the greateſt Honour, and of whoſe Patronage, the beſt of his Endeavours had been unworthy. But, I had not ſatisfied my ſelf in ſtaying longer, and could never have paid the Debt with a much better Play. As it is, the Meanneſs of it will ſhew at leaſt, that I pretend not by it to make any manner of Return for your Favours; and, that I only give you a new Occaſion of Exerciſing your Goodneſs to me, in pardoning the Failings and Imperfections of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, moſt Humble

moſt Obliged, and

moſt Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

PROLOGUE to *AMBOYNA.*

AS needy Gallants, in the Scriv'ners hands,
Court the rich Knave that gripes their Mortgag'd Lands,
The firſt fat Buck of all the Seaſon's ſent,
And Keeper takes no Fee in Complement:
The Dotage of ſome Engliſhmen *is ſuch,*
To fawn on thoſe who ruine them, the Dutch.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a War
With thoſe, who of the ſame Religion are.
The Streights, *the* Guiney *Trade, the Herrings too,*
Nay, to keep Friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you.
Some are reſolv'd not to find out the Cheat,
But, Cuckold-like, loves him who does the Feat:
What Injuries ſoe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame Religion anſwers all:
Religion wheedled you to Civil War,
Drew Engliſh *Blood, and* Dutchmens *now would ſpare:*
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more Religion, faith------ than you;
Intereſt's the God they worſhip in their State,
And you, I take it have not much of that.
Well Monarchies may own Religion's Name,
But States are Atheiſts in their very Frame.
They ſhare a Sin, and ſuch Proportions fall,
That like a Stink, 'tis nothing to 'em all.
How they love England, *you ſhall ſee this day;*
No Map ſhews Holland *truer than our Play:*
Their Pictures and Inſcriptions well we know;
We may be bold one Medal ſure to ſhow.
View then their Falſhoods, Rapine, Cruelty;
And think what once they were, they ſtill would be:
But hope not either Language, Plot, or Art,
'Twas writ in haſte, but with an Engliſh *Heart:*
And leſt Hope, Wit, in Dutchmen *that would be*
As much improper as would Honeſty.

Perſons Repreſented.

Captain *Gabriel Towerſon*,	Mr. *Hart*.
Mr. *Beamont*, *Engliſh* Merchants, his Friends,	Mr. *Mohun*,
Mr. *Collins*,	Mr. *Lydal*.
Captain *Middleton*, An *Engliſh* Sea Capt.	Mr. *Watſon*.
Perez, A *Spaniſh* Captain,	Mr. *Burt*.
Harman Senior, Governour of *Amboyna*,	Mr. *Cartwright*.
The *Fiſcal*,	Mr. *Winterſhal*.
Harman Junior, Son to the Governour,	Mr. *Kynaſton*.
Van Herring, A *Dutch* Merchant,	Mr. *Beeſton*.

WOMEN.

Iſabinda, Betroth'd to *Towerſon*, An *Indian* Lady,	Mrs. *Marſhall*.
Julia, Wife to *Perez*,	Mrs. *James*.
An *Engliſh* Woman,	Mrs. *Cory*.

Page to *Towerſon*,
A Skipper,
Two *Dutch* Merchants,

SCENE *AMBOYNA*.

AMBOY-

AMBOYNA:
OR, THE
CRUELTIES
OF THE
DUTCH
TO THE
ENGLISH MERCHANTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Caſtle on the Sea.

Enter Harman *Senior, the Governour, the* Fiſcal, *and* Van Herring, *Guards.*

Fiſc. A Happy day to our noble Governour.

Harm. Morrow, *Fiſcal.*

Van Her. Did the laſt Ships, which came from *Holland*, to theſe Parts, bring us no News of Moment?

Fiſc. Yes, the beſt that ever came into *Amboyna*, ſince we ſet footing here, I mean as to our Intereſt.

Harm. I wonder much my Letters then, gave me ſo ſhort Accounts; they only ſaid the *Orange* Party was grown ſtrong again, ſince *Barnevelt* had ſuffer'd.

Van Her. Mine inform me farther, The Price of Pepper, and of other Spices was rais'd of late in *Europe.*

Harm. I wiſh that News may hold, but much ſuſpect it, while the *Engliſh* maintain their Factories among us in *Amboyna*, or in the neighbouring Plantations of *Seran.*

Fiſc. Still I have News that tickles me within, ha, ha, ha. I'faith, it does, and will do you, and all our Countrymen.

Harm. Prithee do not torture us, but tell it.

Van Her. Whence comes this News?

Fiſc. From *England*.

Harm. Is their *Eaſt-India* Fleet bound outward for theſe Parts? or caſt away, or met at Sea by Pyrats?

Fiſc. Better, much better yet, ha, ha, ha.

Harm. Now am I famiſh'd for my part of the Laughter.

Fiſc. Then, my brave Governour, if you're a true *Dutchman*, I'll make your fat ſides heave with the Conceit on't, till you're blown like a Pair of large Smith's Bellows; here, look upon this Paper.

Harman *reading. You may remember, we did endamage the* Engliſh Eaſt-India *Company the Value of Five hundred thouſand Pounds, all in one Year; a Treaty is now clos'd, in which the buſineſs is ta'en up for Fourſcore thouſand.* This is News indeed; wou'd I were upon the Caſtle Wall, that I might throw my Cap into the Sea, and my Gold Chain after it, this is golden News, Boys.

Van Her. This is News would kindle a Thouſand Bonefires, and make us piſs 'em out again in Rheniſh Wine.

Harm. Send preſently to all our Factories, acquaint them with theſe bleſſed Tydings: if we can 'ſcape ſo cheap, 'twill be no matter what Villanies henceforth we put in practice.

Fiſc. Hum, why, this now gives encouragement to a certain Plot, which I have long been brewing, againſt theſe *Skellum Engliſh*. I almoſt have it here *in Pericranio*, and 'tis a ſound one faith, no leſs, than to cut all their Throats, and ſeize all their Effects within this Iſland. I warrant you we may compound again.

Van Her. Seizing their Factories, I like well enough, it has ſome Savour in't; but for this Whorſon cutting of Throats, it goes a little againſt the Grain, becauſe 'tis ſo notoriouſly known in Chriſtendom, that they have preſerv'd ours from being cut by the *Spaniards*.

Harm. Hang 'em, baſe *Engliſh* Stotes, let them e'en take their Part of their own Old Proverb, *Save a Thief from the Gallows*; they would needs protect us Rebels, and ſee what comes to themſelves.

Fiſc. You're i'th' right on't, Noble *Harman*; their Aſſiſtance, which was a Mercy, and a Providence to us, ſhall be a Judgment upon them.

Van Her. A little Favour wou'd do well, though, not that I wou'd ſtop the Current of your Wit, or any other Plot, to do them Miſchief, but they were firſt Diſcoverers of this Iſle, firſt Traded hither, and ſhow'd us the way.

Fiſc. I grant you that; nay more, that by compoſition, made after many long and tedious Quarrels, they were to have a third Part of the Traffick, we to build Forts, and they to contribute to the Charge.

Harm. Which we have ſo increas'd each Year upon 'em, we being in Power, and therefore Judges of the Coſt, that we exact what e'er we pleaſe, ſtill more than half the Charge, and on pretence of their Non-payment, or the leaſt delay, do often ſtop their Ships, detain their Goods, and drag 'em into Priſons, while our Commodities go on before, and ſtill foreſtall their Markets.

Fiſc. Theſe, I confeſs, are pretty Tricks, but will not do our Buſineſs, we muſt our ſelves be ruin'd at long Run, if they have any Trade here; I know our Charge at length will eat us out; I would not let theſe *Engliſh* from this Iſle, have Cloves enough to ſtick an Orange with; not one to throw into their Bottle-Ale.

Harm. But to bring this about now, there's the Cunning.

Fiſc. Let me alone awhile, I have it, as I told you here; mean time we muſt put on a ſeeming Kindneſs; call 'em our Benefactors, and dear Brethren; pipe 'em within the danger of our Net, and then we'll draw it o'er 'em: when they're in, no Mercy, that's my Maxime.

Van Her. Nay, Brother, I am not too obſtinate for ſaving *Engliſh-men*; 'twas but a Qualm of Conſcience, which Profit will diſpel: I have as true a *Dutch* Antipathy to *England*, as the proudeſt He in *Amſterdam*, that's a bold Word now.

Harm. We are ſecure of our Superiours there; well, they may give the King of *Great Britain* a Verbal Satisfaction, and with ſubmiſſive, fawning Promiſes, make ſhow to puniſh us; but Intereſt is their God as well as ours: to that Almighty, they will ſacrifice a thouſand *Engliſh* Lives, and break a hundred thouſand Oaths, ere they will puniſh thoſe that make 'em rich, and pull their Rivals down. [*Guns go off within.*

Van Her. Heard you thoſe Guns?

Harm. Moſt plainly.

Fiſc. The Sound comes from the Port; ſome Ship arriv'd ſalutes the Caſtle, and, I hope, brings more good News from *Holland.* [*Guns again.*

Harm. Now they anſwer 'em from the Fortreſs.

Enter Beamont *and* Collins.

Van Her. *Beamont* and *Collins*, *Engliſh* Merchants both, perhaps they'll certifie us.

Beam. Captain *Harman Van Spelt*, good day to you.

Harm. Dear, kind Mr. *Beamont*, a thouſand and a thouſand good days to you, and all our Friends, the *Engliſh*.

Fiſc. Came you from the Port, Gentlemen?

Coll. We did, and ſaw arrive, our honeſt, and our gallant Country-man, brave Captain *Gabriel Towerſon*.

Beam. Sent to theſe Parts from our Employers of the *Eaſt-India* Company in *England*, as General of the Voyage.

Fiſc. Is the brave *Towerſon* return'd?

Coll. The ſame, Sir.

Harm. He ſhall be nobly welcome. He has already ſpent twelve Years upon, or near theſe rich *Molucca* Iſles, and home return'd with Honour, and great Wealth.

Fiſc. The Devil give him Joy of both, or I will for him. [*Aſide.*

Beam. He's my particular Friend, I liv'd with him, both at *Ternate*, *Tydore*, and at *Seram*.

Van Her. Did he not leave a Miſtreſs in theſe Parts, a Native of this Iſland of *Amboyna*?

Coll. He did, I think they call her *Yſabinda*; who receiv'd Baptiſm for his ſake, before he hence departed.

Harm. 'Tis much againſt the Will of all her Friends; ſhe loves your Countryman, but they are not Diſpoſers of her Perſon; ſhe's beauteous, rich and young, and *Towerſon* well deſerves her.

Beam. I think, without flattery to my Friend, he does. Were I to chuſe, of all Mankind, a Man, on whom I would rely for Faith and Counſel, or more, whoſe Perſonal Aid I would invite, in any worthy Cauſe to ſecond me, it ſhou'd be only *Gabriel Towerſon*; daring he is, and thereto fortunate: yet ſoft, and apt to pity the diſtreſs'd, and liberal to relieve 'em: I have ſeen him [illegible] alone to pardon Foes, but by his Bounty win 'em to his Love: if he has any Fault, 'tis only that, to which great Minds can only ſubject be, he thinks all honeſt, 'cauſe himſelf is ſo, and therefore none ſuſpects.

Fiſc. I like him well for that; this Fault of his great Mind, as *Beaumont* calls it, may give him cauſe to wiſh he was more wary, when it ſhall be too late. [*Aſide.*

Harm. I was in ſome ſmall hope, this Ship had been of our own Country, and brought back my Son. For much about this Seaſon I expect him; good morrow, Gentlemen, I go to fill a Brendice to my Noble Captain's Health, pray tell him ſo; the Youth of our *Amboyna*, I'll ſend before to welcome him.

Coll. We'll ſtay, and meet him here.

[*Exeunt* Harman, Fiſcal, *and* Van Herring.

Beam. I do not like theſe fleering *Dutch-men*, they over act their Kindneſs.

Coll. I know not what to think of 'em, that old fat Governour, *Harman van Spelt*, I have known long; they ſay, he was a Cooper in his Country, and took the meaſure of his Hoops for Tuns, by his own Belly: I love him not, he makes a Jeſt of Men in Miſery; the firſt fat merry Fool, I ever knew that was ill-natur'd.

Beam. He's abſolutely govern'd by this *Fiſcal*, who was, as I have heard, an ignorant Advocate in *Rotterdam*, ſuch as in *England* we call a Pettyfogging Rogue; one that knows nothing, but the worſt part of the Law, its Tricks, and Snares: I fear he hates us *Engliſh* mortally. Pray Heaven we feel not the Effects on't.

Coll. Neither he, nor *Harman*, will dare to ſhew their Malice to us, now *Towerſon* is come. For though, 'tis true, we have no Caſtle here, he has an Awe upon 'em in his Worth, which they both fear, and reverence.

Beam. I wiſh it ſo may prove, my Mind is a bad Prophet to me, and what it does fore-bode of Ill, it ſeldom fails to pay me. Here he comes.

Coll. And in his Company young *Harman*, Son to our *Dutch* Governor, I wonder how they met.

Enter Towerſon, Harman *Junior*, *and a* Skipper.

Towerſ. entering to the Skipper. Theſe Letters ſee convey'd with ſpeed to our Plantations. This to *Cambello*, and to *Hitto* this, this other to *Labo*. Tell 'em their Friends in *England* greet 'em well; and when I left 'em were in perfect health. [*Ex.* Skipper.

Skip. Sir, you ſhall be obey'd.

Beam. I heartily rejoice, that our Employers have choſe you for this Place, a better choice they never could have made, or for themſelves, or me.

Coll. This I am ſure of, that our *Engliſh* Factories, in all theſe Parts, have wiſht you long the Man, and none cou'd be ſo welcome to their Hearts.

Harm. Jun. And let me ſpeak for my Country-men, the *Dutch*, I have heard my Father ſay, he's your ſworn Brother: And this late Accident at Sea, when you reliev'd me from the Pyrates, and brought my Ship in Safety off, I hope will well ſecure you of our Gratitude.

Towerſ. You over-rate a little Courteſie: In your Deliverance I did no more, than what I had my ſelf from you expected: The common Ties of our Religion, and thoſe yet more particular of Peace, and ſtrict Commerce, betwixt us and your Nation, exacted all I did, or could have done. [*To* Beamont.] For you, my Friend, let me ne'er breathe our *Engliſh* Air again; but I more joy to ſee you, than my ſelf, to have eſcap'd the Storm, that toſs'd me long, doubling the *Cape*, and all the ſoultry Heats, in paſſing twice the Line: For now I have you here, methinks this Happineſs ſhou'd not be bought at a leſs Price.

Harm. I'll leave you with your Friends, my Duty binds me to haſten to receive a Father's Bleſſing. [*Exit* Harman *Junior*.

Beam. Y'are ſo much a Friend, that I muſt tax you for being a ſlack Lover. You have not yet enquir'd of *Yſabinda*.

Towerſ. No, I durſt not, Friend, I durſt not; I love too well, and fear to know my Doom; there's hope, in doubt, but yet I fix'd my Eyes on yours, I look'd with Earneſtneſs, and ask'd with them: If ought of Ill had happen'd, ſure I had met it there; and ſince, methinks, I did not, I have now recover'd Courage, and reſolve to urge it from you.

Beam. Your *Yſabinda* then——

Towerſ. You have ſaid all in that, my *Yſabinda*, if ſhe ſtill be ſo.

Beam. Enjoys as much of Health, as Fear for you, and Sorrow for your Abſence would permit. [*Muſick within.*

Coll. Hark, Muſick I think approaching.

Beam. 'Tis from our Factory; ſome ſudden Entertainment, I believe, deſign'd for your Return.

Enter Amboyners, *Men and Women with Timbrels before them. A Dance.*

After the Dance.

Enter Harman *Senior*, Harman *Junior*, Fiſcal, *and* Van Herring.

Harm. Sen. *embracing Towerſon.*] Oh my ſworn Brother, my dear Captain *Towerſon*; the Man whom I love better than a ſtiff Gale, when I am becalm'd at Sea; to whom, I have receiv'd the Sacrament, never to be falſe-hearted.

Towerſ. You ne'er ſhall have occaſion on my Part: the like I promiſe for our Factories, while I continue here: This Iſle yields Spice enough for both; and *Europe*, Ports, and Chapmen, were to vend them.

Harm. Sen. It does, it does; we have enough, if we can be contented.

Towerſ. And, Sir, why ſhou'd we not? What mean theſe endleſs Jars of Trading Nations? 'tis true, the World was never large enough for Avarice or Ambition; but thoſe who can be pleas'd with moderate Gain, may have the ends of Nature, not to want: nay, even its Luxuries may be ſupply'd from her o'erflowing Bounties in theſe Parts: from whence ſhe yearly ſends Spices, and Gumms, the Food of Heaven in Sacrifice. And beſides theſe, her Gemms of richeſt Value, for Ornament, more than Neceſſity.

Har. Sen. You are i'th' right, we muſt be very Friends, i'faith, we muſt, I have an old *Dutch* Heart, as true and truſty as your *Engliſh* Oak.

Fiſc. We never can forget the Patronage of your *Elizabeth*, of Famous Memory; when from the Yoke of *Spain*, and *Alva*'s Pride, her potent Succours, and her well tim'd Bounty, freed us, and gave us Credit in the World.

Towerſ. For this we only ask a fair Commerce and Friendlineſs of Converſation here: and what our ſeveral Treaties bind us to, you ſhall, while *Towerſon* lives, ſee ſo perform'd, as fits a Subject to an *Engliſh* King.

Harm. Sen. Now, by my Faith, you ask too little, Friend, we muſt have more than bare Commerce betwixt us: receive me to your Boſom, by this Beard I will never deceive you.

Beam. I do not like his Oath, there's Treachery in that *Judas* colour'd Beard. [*Aſide.*

Fiſc. Pray uſe me as your Servant.

Van Her. And me too, Captain.

Towerſ. I receive you both as Jewels, which I'll wear in either Ear, and never part with you.

Harm. Sen. I cannot do enough for him to whom I owe my Son.

Harm. Jun. Nor I, till Fortune ſend me ſuch another brave Occaſion of fighting ſo for you.

Harm. Sen. Captain, very ſhortly, we muſt uſe your Head in a certain Buſineſs; ha, ha, ha, my dear Captain.

Fiſc. We muſt uſe your Head indeed, Sir.

Towerſ. Sir, command me, and take it as a Debt I owe your Love.

Harm. Sen. Talk not of Debt, for I muſt have your Heart.

Van Her. Your Heart indeed, good Captain.

Harm. Sen. You are weary now, I know, Sea-beat, and weary, 'tis time we reſpite further Ceremony; beſides, I ſee one coming, whom, I know, you long to embrace, and I ſhou'd be unkind to keep you from her Arms.

Enter Yſabinda *and* Julia.

Yſabin. Do I hold my Love, do I embrace him, after a tedious Abſence of three Years? are ye indeed return'd? Are ye the ſame? Do you ſtill love your *Yſabinda*? Speak, before I ask you twenty Queſtions more: for I have ſo much Love, and ſo much Joy; that if you do not love as well as I, I ſhall appear diſtracted.

Towerſ. We meet then both out of our ſelves, for I am nothing elſe, but Love and Joy; and to take care of my Diſcretion now, wou'd make me much unworthy of that Paſſion, to which you ſet no Bounds.

Yſabin. How cou'd you be ſo long away?

Towerſ. How can you think I was? I ſtill was here, ſtill with you, never abſent in my Mind.

Harm. Jun. She's a moſt charming Creature; I wiſh I had not ſeen her. [*Aſide.*

Yſab. Now I ſhall love your God, becauſe I ſee, that he takes care of Lovers: but, my dear *Engliſhman*, I prithee let it be our laſt of Abſence, I cannot bear another Parting from thee, nor promiſe thee to live three other Years, if thou again goeſt hence.

Towerſ. I never will without you.

Harm. Sen. I ſaid before, we ſhou'd but trouble ye.

Towerſ. You make me bluſh, but if you ever were a Lover, Sir, you will forgive a Folly, which is ſweet, though, I confeſs, 'tis much extravagant.

Harm. Jun. A has but too much Cauſe for this Exceſs of Joy, oh happy, happy *Engliſhman*, but I unfortunate. [*Aſide.*

Towerſ. Now, when you pleaſe, lead on.

Harm. Sen. This day you ſhall be feaſted at the Caſtle, where our Great Guns ſhall loudly ſpeak your Welcome.

All Signs of Joy ſhall through the Iſle be ſhown,
Whilſt in full Rummers we our Friendſhip crown. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Yſabinda, Harman *Junior.*

Yſab. This to me from you, againſt your Friend.

Harm. Have I not Eyes, are you not fair? Why does it ſeem ſo ſtrange?

Yſab. Come, 'tis a Plot betwixt you: my *Engliſh-man* is jealous, and has ſet you to try my Faith, he might have ſpar'd the Experiment, after a three Years Abſence: that was a Proof ſufficient of my Conſtancy.

Harm. I heard him ſay, he never had return'd, but that his Maſters of the *Eaſt-India* Company, proffer'd him large Conditions.

Yſab. You do belie him baſely.

Harm. As much as I do you, in ſaying you are fair; or as I do my ſelf, when I declare I die for you.

Yſab. If this be earneſt, you've done a moſt unmanly, and ungrateful Part, to Court the intended Wife of him, to whom you are moſt oblig'd.

Harm. Leave me to anſwer that: aſſure your ſelf I love you violently, and if you are wiſe, you'll make ſome difference 'twixt *Towerſon* and me.

Yſab. Yes, I ſhall make a difference, but not to your Advantage.

Harm. You muſt, or falſifie your Knowledge; an *Engliſh-man*, part Captain, and part Merchant; his Nation of declining Intereſt here: conſider this, and weigh againſt that Fellow, not me, but any, the leaſt and meaneſt *Dutchman* in this Iſle.

Yſab. I do not weigh by Bulk: I know your Country-men have the Advantage there.

Harm. Hold back your hand, from firming of your Faith; you'll thank me, in a little time, for ſtaying you ſo kindly from embarking in his Ruine.

Yſab. His Fortune is not ſo contemptible as you'd make it ſeem.

Harm. Wait but one Month for the Event.

Yſab. I will not wait one day, though I were ſure to ſink with him the next: ſo well I love my *Towerſon*, I will not loſe another Sun, for fear he ſhou'd not riſe to morrow. For your ſelf, pray reſt aſſur'd, of all Mankind, you ſhou'd not be my Choice, after an Act of ſuch Ingratitude.

Harm. You may repent your Scorn at leiſure.

Yſab. Never, unleſs I married you.

Enter Towerſon.

Towerſ. Now, my dear *Yſabinda*, I dare pronounce my ſelf moſt happy: ſince I have gain'd your Kindred, all Difficulties ceaſe.

Yſab. I wiſh we find it ſo.

Towerſ. Why, is ought happen'd ſince I ſaw you laſt? Methinks a Sadneſs dwells upon your Brow, like that I ſaw before my laſt long Abſence. You do not ſpeak: my Friend, dumb too? Nay, then I fear ſome more than ordinary Cauſe produces this.

Harm. You have no Reaſon, *Towerſon*, to be ſad, you are the happy Man.

Towerſ. If I have any, you muſt needs have ſome.

Harm. No, you are lov'd, and I am bid deſpair.

Towerſ. Time, and your Services, will perhaps make you as happy as I am in my *Yſabinda*'s Love.

Harm. I thought I ſpoke ſo plain, I might be underſtood; but ſince I did not, I muſt tell you, *Towerſon*, I wear the Title of your Friend no longer, becauſe I am your Rival.

Towerſ. Is this true, *Yſabinda*?

Yſab. I ſhou'd not, I confeſs, have told you firſt, becauſe I wou'd not give you that Diſquiet; but ſince he has, it is too ſad a Truth.

Towerſ. Leave us, my Dear, a little to our ſelves.

Yſab. I fear you'll quarrel, for he ſeem'd incens'd, and threatned you with Ruine. [*To him aſide.*

Towerſ. 'Tis to prevent an Ill, which may be fatal to us both, that I wou'd ſpeak with him.

Yſab. Swear to me, by your Love, you will not fight.

Towerſon. Fear not, my *Yſabinda*; things are not grown to that extremity.

Yſab. I leave you, but I doubt the conſequence. [*Exit* Yſabind.

Towerſ. I want a name to call you by; Friend, you declare you are not; and to Rival, I am not yet enough accuſtom'd.

Harm. Now I conſider on't, it ſhall be yet in your free Choice, to call me one or other; for, *Towerſon*, I do not decline your Friendſhip, but then yield *Yſabinda* to me.

Towerſ. Yield *Yſabinda* to you?

Harm. Yes, and preſerve the Bleſſing of my Friendſhip; I'll make my Father yours; your Factories ſhall be no more oppreſt, but thrive in all Advantages with ours; your Gain ſhall be beyond what you cou'd hope for from the Treaty: In all the Traffick of theſe Eaſtern Parts, ye ſhall——

Towerſ. Hold, you miſtake me, *Harman*: I never gave you juſt occaſion, to think I wou'd make Merchandice of Love; *Yſabinda*, you know, is mine, contracted to me ere I went for *England*, and muſt be ſo till Death.

Harm. She muſt not, *Towerſon*; you know you are not ſtrongeſt in theſe Parts, and 'twill be ill conteſting with your Maſters.

Towerſ. Our Maſters? *Harman*, you durſt not once have nam'd that Word in any part of *Europe*.

Harm. Here I both dare, and will; you ha' no Caſtles in *Amboyna*.

Towerſ. Though we have not, we yet have *Engliſh* Hearts, and Courages, not to endure Affronts.

Harm. They may be try'd.

Towerſ. Your Father, ſure, will not maintain you in this Inſolence; I know he is too honeſt.

Harm. Aſſure your ſelf, he will eſpouſe my Quarrel.

Towerſ. We wou'd complain to *England*.

Harm. Your Countrymen have try'd that courſe ſo often, methinks they ſhou'd grow wiſer, and deſiſt: but now there is no need of troubling any others but our ſelves; the ſumm of all is this; You either muſt reſign me *Yſabinda*, or inſtantly reſolve, to clear your Title to her by your Sword.

Towerſ. I will do neither now.

Harm. Then I'll believe you dare not fight me fairly.

Towerſ. You know I durſt have fought, though I am not vain enough to boaſt it, nor wou'd upbraid you with Remembrance of it.

Harm. You deſtroy your Benefit with Rehearſal of it; but that was in a Ship, back'd by your Men; ſingle Duel is a fairer Tryal of your Courage.

Towerſ. I'm not to be provok'd out of my Temper: here I am a Publick Perſon, intruſted by my King and my Employers, and ſhou'd I kill you, *Harman* ———

Harm. Oh never think you can, Sir.

Towerſ. I ſhou'd betray my Countrymen, to ſuffer not only worſe Indignities, than thoſe they have already born, but for ought I know, might give 'em up to general Impriſonment, perhaps betray them to a Maſſacre.

Harm. Theſe are but pitiful and weak Excuſes: I'll force you to confeſs you dare not fight; you ſhall ha' Provocations.

Towerſ. I will not ſtay to take 'em: Only this before I go; If you are truly Gallant, inſult not where you have Power, but keep your Quarrel ſecret; we may have time and place out of this Iſland: mean while, I go to marry *Yſabinda*, that you ſhall ſee I dare: No more, follow me not an Inch beyond this Place, no not an Inch. Adieu. [*Exit* Towerſon.

Harm. Thou goeſt to thy Grave, or I to mine. [*Is going after him.*

Enter Fiſcal.

Fiſc. Whither ſo faſt, *Min Heer?*

Harm. After that *Engliſh* Dog, whom, I believe, you ſaw.

Fiſc. Whom, *Towerſon?*

Harm. Yes, let me go, I'll have his Blood.

Fiſc. Let me adviſe you firſt; you Young Men are ſo violently hot.

Harm. I ſay, I'll have his Blood.

Fiſc. To have his Blood is not amiſs, ſo far I go with you, but take me with you further for the means: firſt, what's the Injury?

Harm. Not to detain you with a tedious Story, I love his Miſtreſs, Courted her, was ſlighted; into the heat of this, he came; I offer'd him the beſt Advantages, he cou'd or to himſelf propoſe, or to his Nation, would he quit her Love.

Fiſc. So far you are prudent, for ſhe's exceeding rich.

Harm. He refus'd all, then I threatned him with my Father's Power.

Fiſc. That was unwiſely done; your Father, underhand, may do a Miſchief, but 'tis too groſs above-board.

Harm. At laſt, nought elſe prevailing, I defy'd him to ſingle Duel, this he refus'd, and I believe 'twas Fear.

Fiſc. No, no; miſtake him not; 'tis a ſtout Whorſon: you did ill to preſs him; 'twill not ſound well in *Europe*, He being here a publick Miniſter, having no means of 'ſcaping ſhou'd he kill you, beſides expoſing all his Country-men to a Revenge.

Harm. That's all one; I'm reſolv'd I will purſue my Courſe, and fight him.

Fiſc. Purſue your End, that's to enjoy the Woman, and her Wealth; I wou'd, like you, have *Towerſon* diſpatch'd; for, as I am a true *Dutchman*, I do hate him, but I wou'd convey him ſmoothly out of the World, and without noiſe; they'll ſay we are ingrateful elſe, in *England*, and barbarouſly cruel; now I could ſwallow down the thing Ingratitude, and the thing Murder, but the Names are odious.

Har. What wou'd you have me do then?

Fiſc. Let him enjoy his Love a little while, 'twill break no ſquares in the long Run of a Man's Life; you ſhall have enough of her, and in convenient time.

Harm. I cannot bear he ſhou'd enjoy her firſt; no, 'tis determin'd; I will kill him bravely.

Fiſc. I, a right Young Man's Bravery, that's Folly: Let me alone, ſomething I'll put in practice, to rid you of this Rival ere he marries, without your once appearing in it.

Harm. If I durſt truſt you now?

Fiſc. If you believe that I have Wit, or love you.

Harm. Well, Sir, you have prevail'd; be ſpeedy; for once I will rely on you: Farewel. [*Exit* Harman.

Fiſc. This hopeful Buſineſs will be quickly ſpoil'd, if I do not take exceeding Care of it.

Stay——*Towerſon* to be kill'd, and privately, that muſt be laid down as the Ground-work, for ſtronger Reaſons than a Young Man's Paſſion, but who ſhall do't? No *Engliſhman* will, and much I fear no *Dutchman* dares attempt it.

Enter Perez.

Well ſaid, i'faith, old Devil; let thee alone, when once a Man is plotting Villany, to find him a fit Inſtrument.

This *Spaniſh* Captain, who commands our Slaves, is bold enough, and is beſide in want, and proud enough to think he merits Wealth.

Perez. This *Fiſcal* loves my Wife, I'm jealous of him, and yet muſt ſpeak him fair to get my Pay; Oh, there's the Devil, for a *Caſtilian* to ſtoop to one of his own Maſter's Rebels, who has, or who deſigns to Cuckold him. [*Aſide.*

[*To Fiſcal.*] I come to kiſs your hand again, Sir; ſix Months I am in Arrear, I muſt not ſtarve, and *Spaniards* cannot beg.

Fiſc. I've been a better Friend to you, than perhaps you think, Captain.

Perez. I fear you have indeed. [*Aſide.*

Fiſc. And faithfully ſollicited your Buſineſs; ſend but your Wife to morrow Morning early, the Money ſhall be ready.

Perez. What if I come my ſelf?

Fiſc. Why, ye may have it if you come your ſelf, Captain; but in caſe your Occaſions ſhou'd call you any other way, you dare truſt her to receive it.

Perez. She has no Skill in Money.

Fiſc. It ſhall be told into her hand, or given her, upon Honour, in a Lump; but, Captain, you were ſaying you did want, now, I ſhou'd think, Three hundred Dobloons wou'd do you no great harm, they'll ſerve to make you merry on the Watch.

Perez. Muſt they be told into my Wife's hand too?

Fiſc. No; thoſe you may receive your ſelf, if you dare merit 'em.

Perez. I am a *Spaniard*, Sir, that implies Honour: I dare all that is poſſible.

Fiſc. Then you dare kill a Man.

Perez. So it be fairly.

Fiſc. But what if he will not be ſo civil to be kill'd that way? He's a ſturdy Fellow; I know you ſtout, and do not queſtion your Valour; but I wou'd make ſure work, and not endanger you, who are my Friend.

Perez. I fear the Governour will execute me.

Fiſc. The Governour will thank you: 'tis he ſhall be your Pay-Maſter; you ſhall have your Pardon drawn up before-hand; and remember, no tranſitory Summ, Three hundred Quadruples, in your own Country Gold.

Perez. Well, name your Man.

Enter Julia.

Fiſc. Your Wife comes, take it in Whiſper. [*They whiſper.*

Julia. Yonder's my Maſter, and my *Dutch* Servant; how lovingly they talk in private! if I did not know my *Don*'s Temper to be monſtrouſly jealous, I ſhould think they were driving a ſecret Bargain for my Body; but *Cuerno* is not to be digeſted by my *Caſtilian.* *Mi Moher*, my Wife and my Miſtreſs; he lays the Emphaſis on me, as if to Cuckold him were a worſe Sin, than breaking the Commandment. If my *Engliſh* Lover, *Beamont*, my *Dutch* Love, the *Fiſcall*; and my *Spaniſh* Husband, were Painted in a Piece, with me amongſt 'em, they would make a pretty Emblem of the two Nations, that Cuckold his Catholick Majeſty in his *Indies*.

Fiſc. You'll undertake it then?

Perez. I have ſerved under *Towerſon* as his Lieutenant, ſerv'd him well, and, though I ſay't, bravely; yet ne'er have been rewarded, though he promis'd largely: 'tis reſolv'd, I'll do't.

Fiſc. And ſwear Secreſie.

Perez. By this Beard.

Fiſc. Go wait upon the Governour from me, confer with him about it in my Name, this Seal will give you Credit. [*Gives him his Seal.*

Perez. I go.

[*Goes a ſtep or two, while the other approacheth his Wife.*

What ſhall I be, before I come again? [*Exit.*

Fiſc. Now, my fair Miſtreſs, we ſhall have the Opportunity which I have long deſir'd. [*To* Julia.

Perez. The Governour is now a-ſleeping; this is his hour of Afternoons Repoſe, I'll go when he's awake. [*Returning.*

Fiſc. He ſlept early this Afternoon, I left him newly wak'd.

Perez. Well, I go then, but with an aking Heart. [*Exit.*

Fiſc. So, at length he's gone.

Jul. But you may find he was jealous by his delay.

Fiſc. If I were as you, I wou'd give evident Proofs, ſhou'd cure him of that Diſeaſe for ever after.

Enter Perez *again.*

Perez. I have conſider'd on't; and if you wou'd go along with me to the Governour, it wou'd do much better.

Fiſc. No, no; that wou'd make the Matter more ſuſpicious.
The Devil take thee, for an impertinent Cuckold. [*Aſide.*

Perez. Well, I muſt go then. [*Exit* Perez.

Jul. Nay, there was never the like of him; but it ſha'n't ſerve his turn; we'll Cuckold him moſt furiouſly.

Enter Perez *again.*

Per. I had forgot one thing; dear Sweet-heart, go home quickly, and over-ſee our Buſineſs: it wo'n't go forward without one of us.

Fiſc. I warrant you; take no care of your Buſineſs; leave it to me; I'll put it forward in your Abſence; go, go; you'll loſe your Opportunity; I'll be at home before you, and ſup with you to night.

Per. You ſhall be welcome; but———

Fiſc. Three hundred Quadruples.

Per. That's true; but———

Fiſc. But Three hundred Quadruples.

Per. The Devil take the Quadruples.

Enter Beamont.

Beam. There's my Cuckold that muſt be, and my Fellow ſwager the *Dutchman,* with my Miſtreſs; my Noſe is wip'd to day; I muſt retire, for the *Spaniard* is jealous of me.

Per. Oh Mr. *Beamont,* I'm to ask a Favour of you.

Beam. This is unuſual; pray command it, Senior.

Per. I'm going upon urgent Buſineſs, pray ſup with me to night, and, in the mean time, bear my worthy Friend here company.

Beam. With all my Heart.

Per. So, now I am ſecure; though I dare not truſt her with one of 'em, I may with both; they'll hinder one another, and preſerve my Honour in to the Bargain. Now for my Dobloons. [*Exit.*

Beam. Now, Mr. *Fiſcall,* you are the happy Man with the Ladies, and have got the Precedence of Traffick here too; you've the *Indies* in your Arms, yet I hope a poor *Engliſhman* may come in for a third part of the Merchandice.

Fiſc. Oh, Sir, in theſe Commodities, here's enough for both; here's Mace for you, and Nutmeg for me in the ſame Fruit; and yet the Owner has to ſpare for other Friends too.

Julia. My Husband's Plantation's like to thrive well betwixt you.

Beam. Horn him, he deſerves not ſo much Happineſs as he enjoys in you; he's jealous.

Julia. 'Tis no wonder if a *Spaniard* looks yellow.

Beam. Betwixt you and me; 'tis a little kind of Venture, that we make in doing this *Don*'s Drudgery for him; for the whole Nation of 'em is generally ſo Pocky, that 'tis no longer a Diſeaſe, but a ſecond Nature in 'em.

Fiſc. I have heard indeed, that 'tis incorporated among 'em, as deeply as the *Moors* and *Jews* are, there's ſcarce a Family, but 'tis crept into their Blood, like the new Chriſtians.

Jul. Come, I'll have no Whiſpering betwixt you, I know you were talking of my Husband, becauſe my Noſe itches.

Beam. Faith, Madam, I was ſpeaking in favour of your Nation: what pleaſant Lives I have known *Spaniards* to live in *England.*

Jul. If you love me, let me hear a little.

Beam. We obſerv'd 'em to have much of the Nature of our Flies, they buzz'd abroad a Month or two i'th' Summer; wou'd venture, about Dog-days, to take the Air in the Park, but all the Winter ſlept like Dormice; and if ever they appear'd, in publick, after *Michaelmas*, their Faces ſhew'd the Difference betwixt their Country and ours, for they look in *Spain* as if they were roaſted, and in *England* as if they were ſodden.

Jul. I'll not believe your Deſcription.

Fiſc. Yet our Obſervations of 'em in *Holland*, are not much unlike it; I've known a great *Don* at the *Hague*, with the Gentleman of his Horſe, his *Major domo*, and two Secretaries, all Dine at four ſeveral Tables, on the Quarters of a ſingle Pullet: the Victuals of the under Servants were weigh'd out in Ounces, by the *Don* himſelf; with ſo much Garlike in the other Scale: a thin Slice of Bacon went through the Family a Week together: for it was daily put into the Pot for Pottage; was ſerv'd in the midſt of the Diſh at Dinners, and taken out and weigh'd by the Steward, at the End of every Meal, to ſee how much it loſt; till at length, looking at it againſt the Sun, it appear'd tranſparent, and then he wou'd have whipp'd it up, as his own Fees, at a Morſel; but that his Lord barr'd the Dice, and reckon'd it to him for a part of his Board Wages.

Beam. In few Words, Madam, the general Notion we had of 'em, was, that they were very frugal of their *Spaniſh* Coin, and very liberal of their *Neapolitans.*

Jul. I ſee, Gentlemen, you are in the way of Rallying; therefore let me be no hind'rance to your Sport; do as much for one another, as you have done for our Nation.

Pray, Min Heer *Fiſcal*, what think you of the *Engliſh?*

Fiſc. Oh, I have an Honour for the Country.

Beam. I beſeech you, leave your Ceremony; we can hear of our Faults without Choler, therefore ſpeak of us with a true *Amſterdam* Spirit, and do not ſpare us.

Fiſc. Since you command me, Sir, 'tis ſaid of you, I know not how truly, that for your Fiſhery at home, you're like Dogs in the Manger, you will neither manage it your ſelves, nor permit your Neighbours; ſo that for your Sovereignty of the Narrow Seas, if the Inhabitants of 'em, the Herrings, were capable of being Judges, they would certainly award it to the *Engliſh*, becauſe they were then ſure to live undiſturb'd, and quiet under you.

Beam. Very good: proceed, Sir.

Fiſc. 'Tis true, you gave us Aid in our time of Need, but you paid your ſelves with our Cautionary Towns; and that you have ſince deliver'd them up, we can never give ſufficient Commendation, either to your Honeſty, or to your Wit; for both which Qualities, you have purchas'd ſuch an Immortal Fame, that all Nations are inſtructed, how to deal with you another time.

Beam. A moſt grateful Acknowledgment: ſweet Sir, go on.

Fiſc. For your Trade abroad, if you ſhou'd obtain it, you are ſo horribly expenſive, that you wou'd undo your ſelves, and all Chriſtendom: for you wou'd ſink under your very Profit, and the Gains of the Univerſal World would beggar you: you devour a Voyage to the *Indies*, by the Multitude of Mouths with which you Man your Veſſels: Providence has contriv'd it well, that the *Indies* are manag'd by us, an induſtrious, and frugal People, who diſtribute its Merchandice to the reſt of *Europe*, and ſuffer it not to be conſum'd in *England*, that the other Members might be ſtarv'd, while you of *Great Britain*, as you call it, like a Rickety Head, would only ſwell and grow bigger by it.

Jul. I have heard enough of *England*: have you nothing to return upon the *Netherlands?*

Beam. Faith, very little to any purpoſe; he has been before-hand with us, as his Countrymen are in their Trade, and taken up ſo many Vices, for the uſe of *England*, that he has left almoſt none for the *Low Countries.*

Jul. Come, a word however.

Beam. In the firſt place, you ſhew'd your Ambition, when you began to be a State: for, not being Gentlemen, you have ſtollen the Arms of the beſt Families of *Europe*; and wanting a Name, you made bold with the firſt of the Divine Attributes; and call'd your ſelves the *HIGH* and *MIGHTY*: though, let me tell you, that, beſides the Blaſphemy, the Title is ridiculous; for *HIGH* is no more proper for the *Netherlands*, than *MIGHTY* is for ſeven little raſcally Provinces, no bigger in all than a Shire in *England*. For my main Theme, your Ingratitude, you have, in part, acknowledg'd it, by your laughing at our eaſie Delivery of your Cautionary Towns: the beſt is, we are us'd by you, as well as your own Princes of the Houſe of *Orange*. We and they have ſet you up, and you undermine their Power and circumvent our Trade.

Fiſc. And good reaſon, if our Intereſt requires it.

Beam. That leads me to your Religion, which is only made up of Intereſt: at home, ye tolerate all Worſhips, in them who can pay for it; and abroad, ye were lately ſo civil to the Emperour of *Pegu*, as to do open Sacrifice to his Idols.

Fiſc. Yes, and by the ſame Token, you *Engliſh* were ſuch preciſe Fools as to refuſe it.

Beam. For Frugality in Trading, we confeſs we cannot compare with you; for our Merchants live like Noblemen: your Gentlemen, if you have any, live like *Boors*; you traffick for all the Rarities of the World, and dare uſe none of 'em your ſelves; ſo that, in effect, you are the Mill-Horſes of Mankind, that labour only for the wretched Provender you eat: a Pot of Butter, and a pickl'd Herring is all your Riches; and, in ſhort, you have a good Title to cheat all *Europe*, becauſe, in the firſt place, you cozen your own Backs and Bellies.

Fiſc. We may enjoy more when-e'er we pleaſe.

Beam. Your Liberty is a groſſer Cheat than any of the reſt; for you are ten times more tax'd, than any People in Chriſtendom: you never keep any League with Foreign Princes: you flatter our Kings, and ruine their Subjects: you never deny'd us ſatisfaction at home for Injuries, nor ever gave it us abroad.

Fiſc. You muſt make your ſelves more fear'd when you expect it.

Beam. And I propheſie that time will come, when ſome generous Monarch of our Iſland, will undertake our Quarrel, re-aſſume the Fiſhery of our Seas, and make them as conſiderable to the *Engliſh*, as the *Indies* are to you.

Fiſc. before that comes to paſs, you may repent your over laviſh Tongue.

Beam. I was no more in earneſt than you were.

Jul. Pray let this go no further; my Husband has invited both to Supper.

Beam. If you pleaſe, I'll fall to before he comes, or at leaſt, while he is conferring in private with the *Fiſcal*. [*Aſide to her.*

Jul. Their private Buſ'neſſes let them agree;
The *Dutch* for him, the *Engliſh-man* for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Perez.

Perez. True, the propos'd reward is great enough, I want it too, beſides this *Engliſh-man* has never paid me, ſince, as his Lieutenant, I ſerv'd him once againſt the *Turk* at Sea; yet he confeſs'd I did my Duty well, when twice I clear'd our Decks; he has long promis'd me, but what are Promiſes to ſtarving Men? This is his Houſe, he may walk out this Morning.

Enter a Page *and another* Servant, *walking by, not ſeeing him.*

Theſe belong to him; I'll hide till they are paſt.

Serv. He ſleeps ſoundly for a Man who is to be marry'd when he wakes.

Page. He does well to take his time, for he does not know when he's marry'd, whether he ſhall ever have a ſound Sleep again.

Serv. He bid we ſhou'd not wake him; but ſome of us in good manners, ſhou'd have ſtay'd, and not have left him quite alone.

Page. In good manners, I ſhou'd indeed; but I'll venture a Maſter's Anger at any time for a Miſtreſs, and that's my Caſe at preſent.

Serv. I'll 'tempt as great a Danger as that comes to, for good old *Engliſh* Fellowſhip; I am invited to a Morning's Draught.

Page. Good morrow, Brother, good morrow; by that time you have fill'd your Belly, and I have emptied mine, it will be time to meet at home again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Perez. So, this makes well for my Deſign; He's left alone, unguarded and aſleep: *Satan*, thou art a bounteous Friend, and liberal of Occaſions to do miſchief; my Pardon I have ready if I am taken, my Money half before-hand; up, *Perez*, rouze thy *Spaniſh* Courage up; if he ſhou'd wake, I think I dare attempt him, then my Revenge is Nobler, and Revenge, to injur'd Men is full as ſweet as Profit. [*Exit.*

[*The* Scene *drawn, diſcovers* Towerſon *aſleep on a Couch in his Night-Gown. A Table by him, Pen, Ink, and Paper on it.*

Re-enter Perez, *with a Dagger.*

Perez. Aſleep as I imagin'd, and as faſt, as all the Plummets of eternal Night were hung upon his Temples: Oh that ſome courteous *Dæmon*, in the other World, wou'd let him know, 'twas *Perez* ſent him thither! a Paper by him too; he little thinks it is his Teſtament, the laſt he e'er ſhall make: I'll read it firſt. [*Takes it up.*

Oh, by the Inſcription it is a Memorial, of what he means to do this day; what's here, my Name in the firſt Line? I'll read it. [*Reads.*

Memorandum, *That my firſt Action this Morning, ſhall be to find out my true and valiant Lieutenant, Captain* Perez, *and, as a Teſtimony of my Gratitude for his Honourable Service to beſtow on him, Five hundred* Engliſh *Pounds, making my juſt Excuſe, I had it not before, within my Power to reward him.* [Lays down the Paper.

And was it then for this I ſought his Life? Oh baſe, degenerate *Spaniard!* hadſt thou done it, thou hadſt been worſe than damn'd; Heav'n took more Care of me, than I of him, to expoſe this Paper to my timely View. Sleep on, thou Honourable *Engliſhman*, I'll ſooner now pierce my own Breaſt than thine; ſee, he ſmiles too in his ſlumber, as if his Guardian-Angel in a Dream, told him he was ſecure; I'll give him warning, though to prevent danger from another hand.

[*Writes on* Towerſon'*s Paper, then ſticks his Dagger in it.*

Stick there, that when he wakens he may know,
To his own Vertue he his Life does owe. [*Exit* Perez.

Towerſ. [*awakens.*] I have o'erſlept my hour this Morning, if to enjoy a pleaſing Dream, can be to ſleep too long: methought my dear *Yſabinda* and my ſelf, were lying in an Arbour, wreath'd about with Myrtle and with Cypreſs; my Rival *Harman* reconcil'd again to his Friendſhip, ſtrew'd us with Flowers, and put on each a Crimſon-colour'd Garment; in which we ſtraightway mounted to the Skies, and with us many of my *Engliſh*

Friends, all clad in the ſame Robes: if Dreams have any meaning, ſure this portends ſome good ——— What's that I ſee, a Dagger ſtuck into the Paper of my Memorials? and writ below, *Thy Virtue ſav'd thy Life*; it ſeems ſome one has been within my Chamber whilſt I ſlept; ſomething of Conſequence hangs upon this Accident: what, ho! who waits without —— None anſwer me! are ye all dead? —— What, ho! ———

Enter Beamont.

Beam. How is it Friend? I thought, entring your Houſe, I heard you call.

Towerſ. I did; but, as it ſeems, without effect; none of my Servants are within reach of my voice.

Beam. You ſeem amaz'd at ſomewhat!

Towerſ. A little diſcompos'd —— read that, and ſee if I have no occaſion, that Dagger was ſtuck there, by him who writ it.

Beam. I muſt confeſs, you have too juſt a Cauſe: I am my ſelf ſurpriz'd at an Event ſo ſtrange.

Towerſ. I know not who can be my Enemy within this Iſland, except my Rival *Harman*, and for him, I truly did relate, what paſs'd betwixt us yeſterday.

Beam. You bore your ſelf in that as it became you; as one who was a Witneſs to himſelf of his own Courage; and while, by neceſſary care of others, you were forc'd to decline fighting, ſhew'd how much you did deſpiſe the Man who ſought the Quarrel: 'twas baſe in him, ſo back'd as he is here, to offer it, much more to preſs you to it.

Towerſ. I may find a foot of Ground in *Europe*, to tell the inſulting Youth, he better had provok'd ſome other Man; but ſure, I cannot think 'twas he, who left that Dagger there.

Beam. No; for it ſeems too great a Nobleneſs of Spirit, for one like him to practiſe: 'twas certainly an Enemy, who came to take your ſleeping Life; but thus to leave unfiniſh'd the Deſign, proclaims the Act, No *Dutchman*.

Towerſ. That, time will beſt diſcover; I'll think no further of it.

Beam. I confeſs, you have more pleaſing Thoughts to employ your Mind at preſent; I left your Bride juſt ready for the Temple, and came to call you to her.

Towerſ. I'll ſtraight attend you thither.

Enter Harman *Senior*, Fiſcal, *and* Van Herring.

Fiſc. Remember, Sir, what I adviſ'd you; you muſt ſeemingly make up the Buſineſs. [*To* Harman.

Harm. I warrant you. What, my brave, bonny Bride-groom, not yet dreſt! you are a lazy Lover; I muſt chide you. [*To* Towerſ.

Towerſ. I was juſt preparing.

Harm. I muſt prevent part of the Ceremony: you thought to go to her, ſhe is, by this time, at the Caſtle, where ſhe is invited with our common Friends; for you ſhall give me leave, if you ſo pleaſe, to entertain you both.

Towerſ. I have ſome Reaſons, why I muſt refuſe the Honour you intend me.

Harm. You muſt have none: what, my old Friend, ſteal a Wedding from me? In truth, you wrong our Friendſhip.

Beam. to him aſide.] Sir, go not to the Caſtle; you cannot, in Honour, accept an Invitation from the Father after an Affront from the Son.

Towerſ. Once more I beg your Pardon, Sir.

Harm. Come, come, I know your Reaſon of Refuſal, but it muſt not prevail: my Son has been to blame; I'll not maintain him in the leaſt Neglect, which he ſhou'd ſhew to any *Engliſhman*; much leſs to you, the beſt, and moſt eſteem'd of all my Friends.

Towerſ. I ſhou'd be willing, Sir, to think it was a Young Man's Raſhneſs, or perhaps the Rage of a ſucceſsleſs Rival, yet he might have ſpar'd ſome Words.

Harm. Friend, he ſhall ask your Pardon, or I'll no longer own him; what, ungrateful to a Man whoſe Valour has preſerv'd him? He ſhall do't, he ſhall indeed; I'll make you Friends upon your own Conditions; he's at the Door, pray let him be admitted: this is a Day of general *Jubilee*.

Towerſ. You command here, you know, Sir.

Fiſc. I'll call him in; I'm ſure he will be proud at any rate to redeem your kind Opinion of him. [*Ex.* Fiſc. *and re-enters with* Harman *Jun.*

Harm. Jun. Sir, my Father, I hope, has in part ſatisfy'd you, that what I ſpoke, was only an Effect of ſudden Paſſion, of which I am now aſham'd, and deſire it may be no longer lodg'd in your Remembrance, than it is now in my Intention to do you any Injury.

Towerſ. Your Father may command me to more difficult Employments, than to receive the Friendſhip of a Man, of whom I did not willingly embrace an ill Opinion.

Harm. Jun. Nothing, henceforward, ſhall have Power to take from me that Happineſs, in which you are ſo generouſly pleas'd to re-inſtate me.

Harm. Sen. Why, this is as it ſhou'd be; truſt me, I weep for Joy.

Beam. *Towerſon* is eaſie, and too credulous. I fear 'tis all diſſembled on their parts. [*Aſide.*

Harm. Sen. Now ſet we forward to the Caſtle; the Bride is there before us.

Towerſ. Sir, I wait you.

[*Exeunt* Harman *Sen.* Towerſon, Beamont, *and* Van Herring.

Enter Captain Perez.

Fiſc. Now, Captain, when perform you what you promis'd concerning *Towerſon*'s Death?

Perez. Never—— There, *Judas*, take your Hire of Blood again. [*Throws him a Purſe.*

Harm. Jun. Your Reaſon for this ſudden Change.

Perez. I cannot own the Name of Man, and do't.

Harm. Jun. Your Head ſhall anſwer the Neglect of what you were commanded.

Perez. If it muſt, I cannot ſhun my Deſtiny.

Fiſc. *Harman*, you are too raſh; pray hear his Reaſons firſt.

Per. I have 'em to my ſelf; I'll give you none.

Fiſc. None, that's hard; well, you can be ſecret, Captain, for your own ſake, I hope.

Per. What I have ſworn already; my Oath binds me.

Fiſc. That's enough: we have now chang'd our Minds, and do not wiſh his Death; at leaſt as you ſhall know. [*Aſide.*

Per. I am glad on't; for he's a brave and worthy Gentleman: I would not, for the Wealth of both the *Indies*, have had his Blood upon my Soul to anſwer.

Fiſc. aſide, to Harm.] I ſhall find a time to take back our ſecret from him, at the Price of his Life, when he leaſt dreams of it; mean time 'tis fit we ſpeak him fair.

To Perez.] Captain, a Reward attends you greater than you cou'd hope, we only meant to try your Honeſty. I am more than ſatisfy'd of your Reaſons.

Perez. I ſtill ſhall labour to deſerve your Kindneſs in any Honourable Way. [*Ex.* Perez.

Harm. I told you that this *Spaniard* had not Courage enough for ſuch an Enterprize.

Fiſc. He rather had too much of Honeſty.

Harm. Oh, you have ruin'd me! you promis'd me, this day, the Death of *Towerſon*, and now, inſtead of that, I ſee him happy; I'll go and fight him yet; I ſwear he never ſhall enjoy her.

Fiſc. He ſha' nt, that I ſwear with you; but you're too raſh; the Buſineſs never can be done your way.

Harm. I'll truſt no other Arm but my own in it.

Fiſc. Yes, mine you ſhall; I'll help you this Evening as he goes from the Caſtle, we'll find ſome way to meet him in the dark, and then make ſure of him for getting Maidenheads to Night: to morrow I'll beſtow a Pill upon my *Spaniſh* Don, leſt he diſcover what he knows.

Harm. Give me your Hand, you'll help me.

Fiſc. By all my hopes, I will: in the mean time, with a feign'd Mirth, 'tis fit we gild our Faces; the troth is, that we may ſmile in earneſt, when we look upon the *Engliſhman*, and think how we will uſe him.

Harm. Agreed, come to the Caſtle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Harman *Senior*, Towerſon, *and* Yſabinda, Beamont, Collins, Van Herring: *They ſeat themſelves.*

Epithalamium.

THE Day is come, I ſee it riſe,
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes;
That Golden Day, they wiſh'd ſo long,
Love pick'd it out amidſt the Throng;

He deſtin'd to himſelf this Sun,
And took the Reins, and drove him on;
In his own Beams he dreſt him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better Night.

The Day you wiſh'd arriv'd at laſt,
You wiſh as much that it were paſt,
One Minute more and Night will hide,
The Bridegroom and the bluſhing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed does go:
Take care, Oh Youth, ſhe riſe not ſo;
She pants and trembles at her doom,
And fears and wiſhes thou wou'dſt come.

The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She ſhrinks away, he cloſe purſues,
And Prayers and Threats at once does uſe:
She, ſoftly ſighing, begs delay,
And with her Hand puts his away;
Now out aloud for help ſhe cries,
And now deſpairing ſhuts her Eyes.

Harm. Sen. I like this Song, 'twas ſprightly; it wou'd reſtore me twenty Years of Youth, had I but ſuch a Bride.

A DANCE.

After the Dance, Enter Harman *Junior, and Fiſcal.*

Beam. Come, let me have the Sea-Fight; I like that better, than a thouſand of your wanton *Epithalamiums.*

Harman Junior. He means that Fight in which he freed me from the Pyrats.

Towerſ. Prithee, Friend, oblige me, and call not for that Song; 'twill breed ill Blood. [*To* Beamont.

Beam. Prithee be not ſcrupulous; ye fought it bravely. Young *Harman* is ungrateful if he do's not acknowledge it. I ſay, ſing me the Sea-Fight.

The SEA-FIGHT.

WHO ever ſaw a Noble Sight,
That never view'd a brave Sea-fight?
Hang up your bloody Colours in the Air,
Up with your Fights, and your Nettings prepare;

Your merry Mates chear, with a luſty bold Spright,
Now each Man his Brindice, and then to the Fight.
St. George, *St.* George, *we cry,*
The ſhouting Turks *reply.*
Oh, now it begins, and the Gun-Room grows hot,
Plie it with Culverin, and with ſmall Shot:
Heark, does it not Thunder, no, 'tis the Guns roar,
The neighbouring Billows are turn'd into Gore;
Now each Man muſt reſolve to die,
For here the Coward cannot flie.
Drums and Trumpets toll the Knell,
And Culverins the Paſſing Bell.
Now, now they Grapple, and now board a main,
Blow up the Hatches, they're off all again:
Give 'em a Broad-ſide, the Dice run at all,
Down comes the Maſt and Yard, and Tacklings fall,
She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's Wheel,
She ſinks there, ſhe ſinks, ſhe turns up her Keel.
Who ever beheld ſo Noble a Sight,
As this ſo brave, ſo bloody Sea-Fight.

Harm. Jun. See the Inſolence of theſe *Engliſh*; they cannot do a brave Action in an Age, but preſently they muſt put it into Metre, to upbraid us with their Benefits.

Fiſc. Let 'em laugh that win at laſt.

Enter Captain Middleton, *and a Woman with him, all pale and weakly, and in tatter'd Garments.*

Towerſ. Captain *Middleton*, you are arriv'd in a good hour, to be Partaker of my Happineſs, which is as great this day, as Love and Expectation can make it. [*Riſing up to ſalute* Middleton.

Middl. And may it long continue ſo.

Towerſ. But how happens it, that ſetting out with us from *England*, you came not ſooner hither?

Middl. It ſeems the Winds favour'd you with a quicker Paſſage: you know I loſt you in a Storm, on t'other ſide the *Cape*; with which diſ-abl'd, I was forc'd to put into St. *Hellen's Iſle*; there 'twas my Fortune to preſerve the Life of this our Country-woman, the reſt let her relate.

Yſab. Alas, ſhe ſeems half ſtarv'd, unfit to make Relations.

Van Her. How the Devil came ſhe off? I know her, but too well, and fear ſhe knows me too. [*Aſide.*

Towerſ. Pray, Country-woman, ſpeak.

Eng. Wom. Then thus in brief: In my dear Husband's Company, I parted from our ſweet Native Iſle: we to *Lantore* were bound, with Letters from the States of *Holland*, gain'd for Reparation of great Damages, ſuſtain'd by us; when, by the inſulting *Dutch*, our Countrymen, againſt all ſhow of Right, were diſpoſſeſs'd, and naked ſent away from that rich Iſland, and from *Poleroon*.

Harm. Sen. Woman, you ſpeak with too much ſpleen; I muſt not hear my Countrymen affronted.

Woman. I wiſh they did not merit much worſe of me, than I can ſay of them: well, we ſail'd forward with a merry Gale, till near St. *Hellen*'s Iſle we were o'ertaken, or rather way-lay'd by a *Holland* Veſſel, the Captain of which Ship, whom here I ſee, the Man who quitted us, of all we had in thoſe rich Parts before, now fearing to reſtore his ill-got Goods, firſt hail'd, and then invited us on Board, keeping himſelf conceal'd; his baſe Lieutenant ply'd all our *Engliſh* Mariners with Wine, and when in dead of night they lay ſecure in ſilent ſleep, moſt barbarouſly commanded, they ſhou'd be thrown o'er Board.

Fiſc. Sir, do not hear it out.

Harm. Sen. This is all falſe and ſcandalous.

Towerſ. Pray, Sir, attend the Story.

Eng. Wom. The Veſſel rifled, and the rich Hould rummag'd, they ſink it down to rights: but firſt I ſhou'd have told you, (Grief alas has ſpoil'd my Memory) that my dear Husband, 'waken'd at the Noiſe, before they reach'd the Cabin where we lay, took me, all trembling with the ſudden Fright, and lept into the Boat; we cut the Cordage, and ſo put out to Sea, driving at Mercy of the Waves and Wind; ſo 'ſcap'd we in the dark. To ſum up all, we got to Shore, and in the Mountains hid us, untill the barbarous *Hollanders* were gone.

Towerſ. Where is your Husband, Country-woman.

Woman. Dead with Grief; with theſe two hands I ſcratch'd him out a Grave; on which I plac'd a Croſs, and every day wept o'er the Ground where all my Joys lay buried. The manner of my Life who can expreſs! the Fountain Water was my only Drink; the crabbed Juice and Rind of half ripe Limons, almoſt my only Food, except ſome Roots; my Houſe the widow'd Cave of ſome wild Beaſt. In this ſad State, I ſtood upon the Shore, when this brave Captain with his Ship approach'd; whence holding up and waving both my hands, I ſtood, and by my Actions begg'd their Mercy; yet when they nearer came, I would have fled, had I been able, leſt they ſhould have prov'd thoſe murderous *Dutch*, I more than Hunger fear'd.

Harm. Sen. What ſay you to this Accuſation, *Van Herring?*

Van Her. 'Tis as you ſaid, Sir, falſe and ſcandalous.

Harm. Sen. I told you ſo? all falſe and ſcandalous.

Yſab. On my Soul it is not: her Heart ſpeaks in her Tongue, and were ſhe ſilent, her Habit and her Face ſpeak for her.

Beam. Sir, you have heard the Proofs.

Fiſc. Meer Allegations and no Proofs: ſeem not to believe it, Sir.

Harm. Sen. Well, well; we'll hear it another time.

Midd. You ſeem not to believe her Teſtimony, but my whole Crew can witneſs it.

Van Her. Ay, they are all *Engliſh* Men.

Towerſ. That's a Nation too gen'rous to do bad Actions, and too ſincere to juſtifie 'em done; I wiſh their Neighbours were of the ſame Temper.

Harm. Sen. Nay, now you kindle, Captain, this muſt not be; we are your Friends and Servants.

Middl. 'Tis well you are by Land, at Sea you wou'd be Maſters; there I my ſelf have met with ſome Affronts, which though I wanted Power then to return, I hail'd the Captain of the *Holland* Ship, and told him, he ſhould dearly anſwer it, if e'er I met him in the *Narrow Seas*: his Anſwer was, (mark but the Inſolence) If I ſhou'd hang thee, *Middleton*, up at thy Main Yard, and ſink thy Ship; here's that about my Neck, (pointing to his Gold Chain) wou'd anſwer it, when I came into *Holland*.

Harm. Jun. Yes, this is like the other.

Towerſ. I find we muſt complain at home, there's no Redreſs to be had here.

Yſab. Come, Country-woman, I muſt call you ſo; ſince he who owns my Heart is *Engliſh* born; Be not dejected at your wretched Fortune; my Houſe is yours, my Cloaths ſhall habit you, even theſe I wear, rather than ſee you thus.

Harm. Sen. Come, come, no more Complaints, let us go in: I have Ten Rummers ready to the Bride; as many times ſhall all our Guns diſcharge, to ſpeak the general Gladneſs of this Day. I'll lead you, Lady.

[*Takes the Bride by the hand.*

Towerſ. A heavy Omen to my Nuptials!
My Country-men oppreſt by Sea and Land,
And I not able to redreſs the Wrong;
So weak are we, our Enemies ſo ſtrong. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

Enter Harman *Junior*, *and the* Fiſcal, *with Swords, and diſguis'd with Vizards.*

Harm. We are diſguis'd enough; the Evening now grows dusk, I wou'd the Deed were done.

Enter Perez *with a* Soldier, *and over-hears them.*

Fiſc. 'Twill now be ſuddenly if we have Courage; in this wild woody Walk, ſhot with the Feaſt and plenteous Bowls, the Bridal Company are walking to enjoy the cooling Breeze: I ſpoke to *Towerſon*, as I ſaid I would, and on ſome private Buſineſs of great Moment, deſir'd, that he wou'd leave the Company, and meet me ſingle here.

Harm. Where if he comes, he never ſhall return; but *Towerſon* ſtays too long for my Revenge; I am in haſte to kill him.

Fiſc. He promis'd me to have been here ere now; if you think fitting, I'll go back and bring him.

Harm. Do ſo; I'll wait you in this place. [*Exit* Fiſcal.

Per. Was ever Villainy like this, of theſe unknown Aſſaſſinates? *Towerſon*, in vain I ſav'd thy ſleeping Life; if now I let thee loſe it, when thou wak'ſt: thou lately haſt been bountiful to me, and this way I'll acknowledge it. Yet to diſcloſe their Crimes were dangerous. What muſt I do? This gen'rous *Engliſhman* will ſtrait be here, and conſultation then perhaps will be too late; I am reſolv'd. Lieutenant, you have heard as well as I, the bloody Purpoſe of theſe Men.

Sold. I have; and tremble at the mention of it.

Perez. Dare you adventure on an Action as brave as theirs is baſe?

Sold. Command my Life.

Perez. No more; help me diſpatch that Murderer, ere his Accomplice come; the Men I know not; but their Deſign is treacherous and bloody.

Sold. And he they mean to kill, is brave himſelf, and of a Nation I much love.

Perez. Come on then. [*Both draw.*

[*To Harm.*] Villain, thou dy'ſt; thy Conſcience tells thee why; I need not urge the Crime. [*They aſſault him.*

Harm. Murder! I ſhall be baſely murder'd; help!

Enter Towerſon.

Towerſ. Hold, Villains! what unmanly Odds is this? Courage, who e'er thou art, I'll ſuccour thee.

[Towerſon *fights with* Perez, *and* Harman *with the Lieutenant, and drive them off the Stage.*

Harm. Though, (brave unknown;) Night takes thee from my Knowledge, and I want time to thank thee now; take this, and wear it for my ſake; [*Gives him a Ring.*

Hereafter I'll acknowledge it more largely. [*Exit.*

Towerſ. That voice I've heard, but cannot call to mind, except it be young *Harman*'s —— Yet who ſhou'd put his Life in danger thus? This Ring I wou'd not take as Salary, but as a Gage of his free Heart who left it: and when I know him, I'll reſtore the pledge; ſure 'twas not far from hence I made th'Appointment: I know not what this *Dutchman*'s Buſineſs is, yet I believe 'twas ſomewhat from my Rival; it ſhall go hard but I will find him out, and then rejoin the Company. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Harman *Junior*, *and* Fiſcal.

Fiſc. The Accident was wond'rous ſtrange: Did you neither know your Aſſaſſinates, nor your Deliverer?

Harm. 'Twas all a Hurry; yet, upon better recollecting of my ſelf, the Man who freed me muſt be *Towerſon*.

Fiſc. Hark, I hear the Company walking this way, will you withdraw?

Harm. Withdraw, and *Yſabinda* coming!

Fiſc. The Wood is full of Murderers; every Tree, methinks, hides one behind it.

Harm. You have two Qualities, my Friend, that ſort but ill together; as miſchievous as Hell could wiſh you, but fearful in the Execution.

Fiſc. There is a thing within me call'd a Conſcience, which is not quite o'ercome; now and then it rebels a little, eſpecially when I am alone, or in the dark.

Harm. The Moon begins to riſe, and glitters through the Trees.

Yſabinda *within.*

Yſab. Pray let us walk this way, that farther Lawn, between the Groves, is the moſt green and pleaſant of any in this Iſle.

Harm. I hear my Syren's Voice, I cannot ſtir from hence. Dear Friend, if thou wilt e'er oblige me, divert the Company a little, and give me Opportunity a while to talk alone with her.

Fiſc. You'll get nothing of her, except it be by force.

Harman. You know not with what Eloquence Love may inſpire my Tongue: the guiltieſt Wretch, when ready for his Sentence, has ſomething ſtill to ſay.

Fiſc. Well, they come; I'll put you in a way, and wiſh you good Succeſs; but do ye hear? remember you are a Man, and ſhe is a Woman: a little Force it may be, wou'd do well.

Enter Yſabinda, Beamont, Middleton, Collins, Harman *Senior, and* Julia.

Yſab. Who ſaw the Bridegroom laſt?

Harm. Sen. He refus'd to pledge the laſt Rummer; ſo I am out of Charity with him.

Beam. Come, ſhall we backward to the Caſtle? I'll take care of you, Lady.

Julia. Oh, you have drunk ſo much, you are paſt all Care.

Coll. But where can be this jolly Bridegroom? anſwer me that; I will have the Bride ſatisfied.

Fiſc. He walk'd alone this way; we met him lately.

Yſab. I beſeech you, Sir, conduct us.

Harm. Jun. I'll bring you to him, Madam.

Fiſc. to Harm. Jun.] Remember, now's your time; if you o'erſlip this Minute, Fortune perhaps will never ſend another.

Harm. Jun. I am reſolv'd.

Fiſc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll tell you ſuch a pleaſant Accident, you'll think the Evening ſhort.

Jul. I love a Story, and a Walk by Moon-ſhine.

Fiſc. Lend me your hand then, Madam. [*Takes her by the one hand.*

Beam. But one, I beſeech you then;
I muſt not quit her ſo. [*Takes her by the other.*
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Harman *Junior, and* Yſabinda.

Yſab. Come, Sir, which is the way? I long to ſee my Love.

Harm. Jun. You may have your Wiſh, and without ſtirring hence.

Yſab. My Love ſo near? Sure you delight to mock me.

Harm. Jun. 'Tis you delight to torture me; behold the Man, who loves you more than his own Eyes; more than the Joys of Earth, or Hopes of Heaven.

Yſab. When you renew'd your Friendſhip with my *Towerſon*, I thought theſe vain Deſires were dead within you.

Harm. Jun. Smother'd they were, not dead; your Eyes can kindle no ſuch petty Fires, as only blaze awhile, and ſtraight go out.

Yſab. You know, when I had far leſs Ties upon me, I wou'd not hear you; therefore wonder not if I withdraw, and find the Company.

Harm. Jun. That wou'd be too much Cruelty, to make me wretched, and then leave me ſo.

Yſab. Am I in fault if you are miſerable? ſo you may call the Rich Man's Wealth, the Cauſe and Object of the Robbers Guilt: Pray, do not perſecute me farther: you know I have a Husband now, and wou'd be loth t'afflict his Knowledge with your ſecond Folly.

Harm. Jun. What wond'rous Care you take to make him happy! yet I approve your Method. Ignorance, Oh, 'tis a Jewel to a Husband, that 'tis Peace in him, 'tis Vertue in his Wife, 'tis Honour in the World; he has all this, while he is ignorant.

Yſab. You pervert my Meaning: I wou'd not keep my Actions from his Knowledge; your bold Attempts I would: but yet henceforth conceal your impious Flames; I ſhall not ever be thus indulgent to your Shame, to keep it from his Notice.

Harm. Jun. You are a Woman; have enough of Love for him and me; I know the plenteous Harveſt all is his: he has ſo much of Love, that he muſt labour under it. In Charity you may allow ſome Gleanings to a Friend.

Yſab. Now you grow rude: I'll hear no more.

Harm. Jun. You muſt.

Yſab. Leave me.

Harm. Jun. I cannot.

Yſab. I find I muſt be troubled with this idle Talk ſome Minutes more, but 'tis your laſt.

Harm. Jun. And therefore I'll improve it: pray reſolve to make me happy by your free Conſent; I do not love theſe half Enjoyments, t'enervate my Delights with uſing Force; and neither give my ſelf nor you that full Content, which two can never have, but where both join with equal Eagerneſs to bleſs each other.

Yſab. Bleſs me, ye kind Inhabitants of Heaven, from hearing words like theſe!

Harm. Jun. You muſt do more than hear 'em: you know you were now going to your Bridal Bed. Call your own Thoughts but to a ſtrict Account, they'll tell you, all this day your Fancy ran on nothing elſe; 'tis but the ſame Scene ſtill you were to act; only the Perſon chang'd, it may be for the better.

Yſab. You dare not, ſure, attempt this Villany!

Harm. Jun. Call not the Act of Love by that groſs Name; You'll give it a much better when 'tis done, and wooe me to a ſecond.

Yſab. Doſt thou not fear a Heaven?

Harm. Jun. No, I hope one in you. Do it, and do it heartily; time is precious: it will prepare you better for your Husband —— Come.

[*Lays hold on her.*

Yſab. Oh Mercy, Mercy! Oh pity your own Soul, and pity mine! think how you'll wiſh undone this horrid Act, when your hot Luſt is ſlack'd! think what will follow when my Husband knows it, if Shame will let me live to tell it him! and tremble at a Power above, who ſees, and ſurely will revenge it!

Harm. I have thought!

Yſab. Then I am ſure you're penitent.

Harm. No, I only gave you Scope to let you ſee, all you have urg'd I knew: you find 'tis to no purpoſe either to talk or ſtrive.

Yſab. running. Some Succour! help! Oh help! [*She breaks from him.*

Harman running after her. That too is vain, you cannot 'ſcape me.

[*Exit.*

Harm. within.] Now you are mine; yield, or by force I'll take it.

Yſab. within.] Oh kill me firſt.

Harm. within.] I'll bear you where your Cries ſhall not be heard.

Yſab. as farther off.] Succour, ſweet Heaven, Oh ſuccour me.

Enter Harman *Senior*, Fiſcal, Van Herring, Beamont, Collins, Julia.

Beam. You have led us here a Fairie's Round in the Moonſhine, to ſeek a Bridegroom in a Wood, till we have loſt the Bride.

Coll. I wonder what's become of her!

Harman Sen. Got together, got together, I warrant you, before this time. You *Engliſhmen* are ſo hot, you cannot ſtay for Ceremonies; a good honeſt *Dutchman* wou'd have been plying the Glaſs all this while, and drunk to the hopes of *Hans in Kelder* till 'twas Bed-time.

Beam. Yes, and then have rowl'd into the Sheets, and turn'd o'th' t'other ſide to ſnore, without ſo much as a parting Blow; till about Midnight he wou'd have waken'd in a Maze, and found firſt he was Married, by putting forth a Foot and feeling a Woman by him; and it may be then inſtead of Kiſſing, deſir'd, yough Fro to hold his Head.

Coll. And by that Night's work have given her a Proof what ſhe might expect for ever after.

Beam. In my Conſcience, you *Hollanders* never get your Children, but in the Spirit of Brandy; you are exalted then a little above your Natural Phlegm, and only that which can make you fight and deſtroy Men, makes you get 'em.

Fiſcall. You may live to know, that we can kill Men when we are ſober.

Beamont. Then they muſt be drunk, and not able to defend themſelves.

Julia. Pray leave this Talk, and let us try if we can ſurpriſe the Lovers under ſome convenient Tree: ſhall we ſeparate, and look them.

Beam. Let you and I go together then; and if we cannot find them, we ſhall do as good, for we ſhall find one another.

Fiſc. Pray take that Path, or that; I will purſue this.

[*Exeunt all but the* Fiſcal.

Fiſc. So, now I have diverted them from *Harman*; I'll look for him my ſelf, and ſee how he ſpeeds in his Adventure.

Enter Harman *Junior.*

Harm. Jun. Who goes there?

Fiſc. A Friend: I was juſt in queſt of you, ſo are all the Company: Where have you left the Bride?

Harm. Jun. Ty'd to a Tree, and Gagg'd, and———

Fiſc. And what? Why do you ſtare and tremble? Anſwer me like a Man.

Harm. Jun. Oh, I have nothing left of Manhood in me! I am turn'd Beaſt or Devil! Have I not Horns, and Tail, and Leathern Wings? Methinks I ſhou'd have by my Actions——— Oh, I have done a Deed ſo ill, I cannot name it.

Fiſc. Not name it, and yet do it! that's a Fool's Modeſty: Come, I'll name it for you; You have enjoy'd your Miſtreſs?

Harm. Jun. How eaſily ſo great a Villany comes from thy mouth! I have done worſe, I have raviſh'd her.

Fiſc. That's no harm, ſo you have kill'd her afterwards.

Harm. Jun. Kill'd her! Why thou art a worſe Fiend than I.

Fiſc. Thoſe Fits of Conſcience in another might be excuſable; but, in you, a *Dutchman*, who are of a Race that are born Rebels, and live every where on Rapine; Wou'd you degenerate and have remorſe? Pray what makes any thing a ſin but Law? and what Law is there here againſt it? Is not your Father Chief? Will he condemn you for a petty Rape? The Woman an *Amboyner*, and what's leſs, now Married to an *Engliſhman*: Come if there be a Hell, 'tis but for thoſe that ſin in *Europe*, not for us in *Aſia*; Heathens have no Hell. Tell me, How was't? Prithee, the Hiſtory.

Harm. Jun. I forc'd her——— What reſiſtance She cou'd make ſhe did, but 'twas in vain: I bound her, as I told you, to a Tree.

Fiſc. And ſhe exclaim'd, I warrant———

Harm. Jun. Yes, and call'd Heav'n and Earth to witneſs.

Fiſc. Not after it was done.

Harm. Jun. More than before——— Deſir'd me to have kill'd her. Even when I had not left her power to ſpeak, ſhe curs'd me with her Eyes.

Fiſc. Nay, then you did not pleaſe her; if you had, ſhe ne'er had curſt you heartily; but we loſe time. Since you have done this Action, 'tis neceſſary you proceed; we muſt have no Tales told.

Harm. What do you mean?

Fiſc. To diſpatch her immediately: Cou'd you be ſo ſenceleſs to raviſh her, and let her live? What if her Husband ſhould have found her? What if any other *Engliſh?* Come, there's no dallying; It muſt be done: my other Plot is ripe, which ſhall deſtroy 'em all to morrow.

Harm. I love her ſtill to Madneſs, and never can conſent to have her kill'd; we'll thence remove her, if you pleaſe, and keep her ſafe till your intended Plot ſhall take Effect; And, when her Husband's gone, I'll win her Love by every Circumſtance of Kindneſs.

Fiſc. You may do ſo; but, t'other is the ſafer way: but I'll not ſtand with you for one Life. I cou'd have wiſh'd that *Towerſon* had been kill'd before I had proceeded to my Plot; but ſince it cannot be, we muſt go on; Conduct me where you left her.

Harm. Oh that I cou'd forget both Act and Place! [*Exeunt.*

Scene drawn diſcovers Yſabinda *bound.*

Enter Towerſon.

Towerſ. Sure I miſtook the place; I'll wait no longer, ſomething within me does forebode ſome Ill; I ſtumbled when I enter'd firſt this Wood: My Noſtrils bled three Drops: then ſtopp'd the Blood, and not one more wou'd follow. What's that which ſeems to bear a Mortal [*Sees* Yſabinda. Shape, yet neither ſtirs nor ſpeaks! or, Is it ſome Illuſion of the Night? Some Spectre, ſuch as in theſe *Aſian* Parts more frequently appear; whate'er it be, I'll venture to approach it. My *Yſabinda* bound and gagg'd! Ye Powers, I tremble while I free her, [*Goes near.* and ſcarce dare reſtore her Liberty of Speech for Fear of knowing more. [*Unbinds her and ungaggs her.*

Yſab. No longer Bridegroom thou, nor I a Bride; thoſe Names are vaniſh'd; Love is now no more; Look on me as thou wou'dſt on ſome foul Leper, and do not touch me: I am all polluted, all Shame, all o'er Diſhonour. Fly my ſight, and, for my Sake, fly this deteſted Iſle, where horrid Ills ſo black and fatal dwell, as *Indians* cou'd not gueſs, till *Europe* taught.

Towerſ. Speak plainer, I am recollected now: I know I am a Man, the Sport of Fate; yet, Oh my better half! had Heaven ſo pleas'd, I had been more content, to ſuffer in my ſelf than thee.

Yſab. What ſhall I ſay! That Monſter of a Man, *Harman*; now I have nam'd him, think the reſt. Alone, and ſingled, like a tim'rous Hind, from the full Herd, by Flattery drew me firſt, then forc'd me to an Act, ſo baſe and brutal, Heaven knows my Innocence! but, Why do I call that to witneſs! Heaven ſaw, ſtood ſilent; Not one Flaſh of Lightning ſhot from the conſcious Firmament to ſhew its Juſtice! Oh, had it ſtruck us both, it had ſav'd me!

Towerſ. Heaven ſuffer'd more in that than you or I. Wherefore have I been faithful to my Truſt, true to my Love, and tender to th'oppreſt? Am I condemn'd to be the ſecond Man, who e'er complain'd, the Vertue ſerv'd in vain? But dry your Tears, theſe Sufferings all are mine. Your Breaſt is white, and cold as falling Snow. You ſtill as fragrant as your Eaſtern Groves; and your whole Frame as innocent and holy, as if your Being were all Soul and Spirit, without the groſs Allay of Fleſh and Blood. Come to my Arms again.

Yſab. Oh never, never; I am not worthy now. My Soul indeed is free from ſin, but the foul ſpeckled Stains are from my Body ne'er to be waſh'd out, but in my Death. Kill me, my Love, or I muſt kill my ſelf; elſe you may think I was a black Adultereſs in my Mind; and ſome of me conſented.

Towerſ. Your Wiſh to die ſhews you deſerve to live. I have proclaim'd you guiltleſs to my ſelf. Self-homicide, which was in Heathens Honour, in us is only Sin.

Yſab. I thought th' Eternal Mind had made us Maſters of theſe Mortal Frames; you told me he had given us Wills to chuſe, and Reaſon to direct us in our Choice; if ſo, why ſhou'd he tye us up from dying, when Death's the greater Good?

Towerſ. Can Death, which is our greateſt Enemy, be good? Death is the Diſſolution of our Nature; and Nature therefore does abhor it moſt, whoſe greateſt Law is to preſerve our Beings.

Yſab. I grant, it is its great and general Law: But as Kings, who are, or ſhould be above Laws, diſpenſe with 'em, when levell'd at themſelves; Even ſo may Man, without Offence to Heaven, diſpenſe with what concerns himſelf alone: Nor is Death, in it ſelf, an Ill; then Holy Martyrs ſinn'd, who ran uncall'd to ſnatch their Martyrdom: And bleſſed Virgins, whom you celebrate for voluntary Death, to free themſelves from that which I have ſuffer'd.

Towerſ. They did it to prevent what might enſue; your Shame's already paſt.

Yſab. It may return, if I am yet ſo mean to live a little longer.

Towerſ. You know not, Heaven may give you Succour yet; you ſee it ſends me to you.

Yſab. 'Tis too late; you ſhou'd have come before.

Towerſ. Yet you may live to ſee your ſelf reveng'd. Come, you ſhall ſtay for that, then I'll dye with you. You have convinc'd my Reaſon, nor am I aſham'd to learn from you. To Heaven's Tribunal my Appeal I make; if as a Governour he ſets me here, to guard this weak-built Citadel of Life, when 'tis no longer to be held, I may with Honour quit the Fort. But firſt I'll both revenge my ſelf and you.

Yſab. Alas, you cannot take revenge; your Countrymen are few, and thoſe unarm'd.

Towerſ. Though not on all the Nation, as I wou'd; yet I at leaſt can take it on the Man.

Yſab. Leave me to Heaven's Revenge; for thither I will go, and plead my ſelf my own juſt Cauſe. There's not an injur'd Saint of all my Sex, but kindly will conduct me to my Judge, and help me tell my Story.

Towerſ. I'll ſend th'offender firſt, though to that place he never can arrive: Ten thouſand Devils damn'd for leſs Crimes than he, and *Tarquin* in their head, way-lay his Soul to pull him down in Triumph, and to ſhew him in pomp among his Countrymen; for ſure Hell hath its *Netherlands*, and its loweſt Country muſt be their Lot.

Enter Harman *Junior*, *and* Fiſcal.

Harm. 'Twas hereabout I left her ty'd. The Rage of Love renews again within me.

Fiſc. She'll like th'effects on't better now. By this time it has ſunk into her Imagination, and given her a more pleaſing Idea of the Man, who offer'd her ſo ſweet a violence.

Yſab. Save me, ſweet Heaven, the Monſter comes again!

Harm. Oh here ſhe is: My own fair Bride, for ſo you are, not *Towerſon's*: Let me unbind you; I expect that you ſhou'd bind your ſelf about me now, and tye me in your Arms.

Towerſ. [*drawing.*] No, Villain, no; hot Satyr of the Woods! Expect another Entertainment now. Behold Revenge for injur'd Chaſtity, this Sword Heaven draws againſt thee, and here has plac'd me like a fiery Cherub, to guard this Paradiſe from any ſecond Violation.

Fiſc. We muſt diſpatch him, Sir, we have the odds; and when he is kill'd, leave me to invent the Excuſe.

Harm. Hold a little: As you ſhunn'd fighting formerly with me, ſo wou'd I now with you. The Miſchiefs I have done are paſt recal. Yield then your uſeleſs Right in her I love, ſince the poſſeſſion is no longer yours; ſo is your Honour ſafe, and ſo is hers, the Husband only alter'd.

Towerſ. Ye Trifle, there's no room for Treaty here: The Shame's too open, and the Wrong too great. Now all the Saints in Heaven look down to ſee the Juſtice I ſhall do, for 'tis their Cauſe; and all the Fiends below prepare thy Tortures.

Yſab. If *Towerſon* wou'd, think'ſt thou my Soul ſo poor to own thy Sin, and make the baſe Act mine, by chuſing him who did it? Know, bad Man, I'll dye with him, but never live with thee.

Towerſ. Prepare, I ſhall ſuſpect you ſtay for further Help, and think not this enough.

Fiſc. We are ready for you.

Harm. Stand back, I'll fight with him alone.

Fiſc. Thank you for that; ſo if he kills you, I ſhall have him ſingle upon me. [*All three fight.*

Yſab. Heaven aſſiſt my Love.

Harm. There, *Engliſhman*, 'twas meant well to thy Heart.

[Towerſon *wounded.*

Fiſc. Oh, you can bleed, I ſee, for all your Cauſe.

Towerſ. Wounds but awaken *Engliſh* Courages.

Harm. Yet yield me *Yſabinda*, and be ſafe.

Towerſ. I'll fight my ſelf all Scarlet o'er firſt; were there no Love, or no Revenge, I cou'd not now deſiſt in Point of Honour.

Harm. Reſolve me firſt, one Queſtion; Did you not draw your Sword this Night before, to reſcue one oppreſt with Odds?

Towerſ. Yes, in this very Wood: I bear a Ring, the Badge of Gratitude from him I ſav'd.

Harm. That Ring was mine; I ſhou'd be loth to kill the frank Redeemer of my Life.

Towerſ. I quit that Obligation. But we loſe time. Come, Raviſher.

[*They fight again;* Towerſon *cloſes with* Harman, *and gets him down; as he is going to kill him, the* Fiſcal *gets over him.*

Fiſc. Hold, and let him riſe; for if you kill him, at the ſame inſtant you die too.

Towerſ. Dog, do thy worſt, for I would ſo be kill'd; I'll carry his Soul Captive with me into the other World. [*Stabs* Harman.

Harm. Oh Mercy, Mercy, Heaven. [*Dies.*

Fiſc. Take this then in Return.

[*As he's going to ſtab him,* Yſabinda *takes hold of his Hand.*

Yſab. Hold, hold; the weak may give ſome help.

Towerſ. [*riſing.*] Now, Sir, I am for you.

Fiſc. [*retiring.*] Hold, Sir, there is no more Reſiſtance made; I beg you, by the Honour of your Nation, do not purſue my Life, I tender you my Sword. [*Holds his Sword by the point to him.*

Towerſ. Baſe beyond Example of any Country, but thy own.

Yſab. Kill him, ſweet Love, or we ſhall both repent it.

Fiſc. [*kneeling to her.*] Divineſt Beauty! Abſtract of all that's excellent in Woman, can you be Friend to Murder?

Yſab. 'Tis none to kill a Villain, and a *Dutchman.*

Fiſc. [*kneeling to* Towerſ.] Noble *Engliſhman*, give me my Life, unworthy of your taking. By all that's good and holy here I ſwear, before the Governour to plead your Cauſe; and to declare his Son's deteſted Crime, ſo to ſecure your Lives.

Towerſ. Riſe, take thy Life, though I can ſcarce believe thee; if for a Coward it be poſſible, become an honeſt Man.

Enter Harman *Senior*, Van Herring, Beamont, Collins,
Julia, *the Governours Guard.*

Fiſc. to Harm. Oh, Sir, you come in time to reſcue me; the greateſt Villain, who this day draws breath, ſtands here before your Eyes; behold your Son, that worthy, ſweet, unfortunate young Man, lies there, the laſt cold breath yet hovering betwixt his trembling Lips.

Towerſ. Oh Monſter of Ingratitude!

Harm. Oh my unfortunate Old Age, whoſe Prop and only Staff is gone; dead ere I dye; theſe ſhou'd have been his Tears, and I have been that Body to be mourn'd.

Beam. I am ſo much amaz'd, I ſcarce believe my Sences.

Fiſc. And will you let him live, who did this Act? Shall Murder, and of your own Son, and ſuch a Son, go free? He lives too long, by this one Minute which he ſtays behind him.

Yſab. Oh Sir, remember, in that place you hold, you are a common Father to us all; we beg but juſtice of you; hearken firſt to my lamented ſtory.

Fiſc. Firſt hear me, Sir.

Towerſ. Thee Slave! thou liv'ſt but by the Breath I gave thee. Didſt thou but now plead on thy Knees for Life; and offer'dſt to make known my Innocence in *Harman*'s Injuries?

Fiſc. I offer'd to have clear'd thy Innocence, who baſely murder'd him? But words are needleſs: Sir, you ſee Evidence before your Eyes, and I the witneſs, on my Oath to Heaven, how clear your Son, how criminal this Man.

Coll. *Towerſon* cou'd do nothing but what was Noble.

Beam. We know his Native worth.

Fiſc. His Worth! behold it on the Murderer's hand; a Robber firſt, he took degrees in Miſchief, and grew to what he is. Know you that Diamond, and whoſe it was? See if he dares deny't?

Towerſ. Sir, 'twas your Sons, that freely I acknowledge; but how I came by it———

Harm. No, 'tis too much; I'll hear no more.

Fiſc. The Devil of Jealouſie, and that of Avarice, both I believe poſſeſt him; or your Son was innocently talking with his Wife, and he perhaps had found 'em; this I gueſs, but ſaw it not, becauſe I came too late; I only view'd the ſweet Youth, juſt expiring, and *Towerſon* ſtooping down to take the Ring: ſhe kneeling by to help him; when he ſaw me, he wou'd, you may be ſure, have ſent me after, becauſe I was a witneſs of the Fact: this on my Soul is true.

Towerſ. Falſe as that Soul, each Word, each Syllable! the Ring he put upon my hand this Night, when in this Wood unknown, and near this place, without my timely Help he had been ſlain.

Fiſc. See this unlikely Story! what Enemies had he? who ſhou'd aſſault him? or is it probable that very Man, who actually did kill him afterwards, ſhou'd ſave his Life ſo little time before?

Yſab. Baſe Man, thou know'ſt the Reaſon of his Death! He had committed on my Perſon, Sir, an impious Rape; firſt ty'd me to that Tree, and there my Husband found me; whoſe Revenge was ſuch, as Heaven and Earth will juſtifie.

Harm. I know not what Heaven will, but Earth ſhall not.

Beam. Her Story carries ſuch a Face of Truth, ye cannot but believe it.

Coll. The other a malicious, ill-patch'd Lie.

Fiſc. Yes, you are proper Judges of his Crime, who, with the reſt of your Accomplices, your Countrymen, and *Towerſon* the Chief, whom we too kindly us'd; wou'd have ſurpriz'd the Fort, and made us Slaves; that ſhall be prov'd, more ſoon than you imagine; I found it out this Evening.

Towerſ. Sure the Devil has lent thee all his Stock of Falſhood, and muſt be forc'd hereafter to tell truth.

Beam. Sir, 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd believe it.

Harm. Seize 'em all.

Coll. You cannot be ſo baſe.

Harm. I'll be ſo juſt, till I can hear your Plea againſt this Plot; which if not prov'd, and fully, you are quit; mean time, Reſiſtance is but vain.

Tower. Provided that we may have equal hearing, I am content to yield, though, I declare, you have no Power to judge us. [*Gives his Sword.*

Beam. Barb'rous, ungrateful *Dutch!*

Harm. See 'em convey'd apart to ſeveral Priſons, leſt they combine to forge ſome ſpecious Lie in their Excuſe; Let *Towerſon* and that Woman too be parted.

Yſab. Was ever ſuch a ſad Divorce made on a Bridal Night! but we before were parted ne'er to meet! Farewel, farewel, my laſt and only Love!

Towerſ. Curſe on my fond Credulity, to think there cou'd be Faith or Honour in the *Dutch:* Farewel, my *Yſabinda!* and farewel, my much wrong'd Countrymen! Remember yet that no unmanly Weakneſs in your Sufferings diſgrace the Native Honour of our Iſle.

For you I mourn, Grief for my ſelf were vain;
I have loſt all, and now wou'd loſe my Pain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Table ſet out.*

Enter Harman, Fiſcal, Van Herring, *and two Dutchmen: they ſit. Boy, Waiters, and Guards.*

Harm. MY Sorrow cannot be ſo ſoon digeſted, for loſing of a Son I lov'd ſo well; but, I conſider, great Advantages muſt with ſome Loſs be bought. As this rich Trade which I this day have purchas'd with his Death; yet let me be reveng'd, and I ſhall ſtill live on, and eat, and drink down all my Griefs. Now to the Matter, *Fiſcal.*

Fiſc. Since we may freely ſpeak among our ſelves; All I have ſaid of *Towerſon* was moſt falſe. You were conſenting, Sir, as well as I, that *Perez* ſhou'd be hir'd to murder him; which he refuſing, when he was engag'd, 'tis dangerous to let him longer live.

Van Her. Diſpatch him! he will be a ſhrewd Witneſs againſt us, if he return to *Europe.*

Fiſc. I have thought better, if you pleaſe, to kill him, by Form of Law, as Acceſſary to the *Engliſh* Plot, which I have long been forging.

Harm. Send one to ſeize him ſtraight. [*Exit a Meſſenger.*
But what you ſaid, that *Towerſon* was guiltleſs of my Son's Death, I eaſily believe; and ne'er thought otherwiſe, though I diſſembled.

Van Her. Nor I; but 'twas well done to feign that Story.

1 *Dutch.* The true one was too foul.

2 *Dutch.* And afterwards to draw the *Engliſh* off from his Concernment, to their own, I think 'twas rarely manag'd that.

Herman. So far, 'twas well; now to proceed, for I would gladly know whether the Grounds are plauſible enough, of this pretended Plot.

Fiſc. With Favour of this honourable Court, give me but leave to ſmooth the way before you. Some two or three Nights ſince, (it matters not;) a *Japon* Soldier, under Captain *Perez*, came to a Centinel upon the Guard, and, in familiar Talk, did queſtion him about this Caſtle, of its Strength; and how he thought it might be taken; this Diſcourſe the other told me early the next Morning: I thereupon did iſſue private Order, to rack the *Japonneſe*, my ſelf being preſent.

Harm. But what's this to the *Engliſh*?

Fiſc. You ſhall hear: I ask'd him, when his Pains were ſtrongeſt on him, if *Towerſon*, or the *Engliſh* Factory, had never hir'd him to betray the Fort; he anſwer'd, (as 'twas true) they never had: nor was his meaning more in that Diſcourſe, than, as a Soldier, to inform himſelf, and ſo to paſs the time.

Van Her. Did he confeſs no more?

Fiſc. You interrupt me; I told him I was certainly inform'd the *Engliſh* had Deſigns upon the Caſtle, and if he frankly wou'd confeſs their Plot, he ſhou'd not only be releas'd from Torment, but bounteouſly rewarded: preſent Pain, and future Hopes, *in fine*, ſo wrought upon him, he yielded to ſubſcribe whate'er I pleas'd; and ſo he ſtands committed.

Harm. Well contriv'd; a fair Way made upon this Accuſation, to put them all to Torture.

2 *Dutch.* By his Confeſſion, all of 'em ſhall dye, ev'n to their General *Towerſon*.

Harm. He ſtands convicted of another Crime, for which he is to ſuffer.

Fiſc. This does well, to help it though:
For *Towerſon* is here a Perſon publickly employ'd from *England*; and if he ſhou'd appeal, as ſure he will, you have no power to Judge him in *Amboyna*.

Van Her. But in regard of the late League and Union, betwixt the Nations, how can this be anſwer'd.

1 *Dutch.* To torture Subjects to ſo great a King], a Pain ne'er heard of in their happy Land, will ſound but ill in *Europe*.

Fiſc. Their *Engliſh* Laws, in *England* have their Force; and we have ours, different from theirs, at home; it is enough: they either ſhall confeſs, or we will falſifie their Hands to make 'em: then for th' Apology let me alone; I have it writ already to a Tittle, of what they ſhall ſuſcribe; this I will publiſh, and make our moſt unheard of Cruelties, to ſeem moſt juſt and legal.

Harm. Then in the Name of him, who put it firſt into thy Head to form this damn'd falſe Plot; proceed we to the Execution of it; and to begin; firſt ſeize we their Effects, rifle their Cheſts, their Boxes, Writings, Books, and take of 'em a ſeeming Inventory; but all to our own uſe: I ſhall grow young with Thought of this, and loſe my Son's Remembrance.

Fiſc. Will you not pleaſe to call the Priſoners in? At leaſt inquire, what Torments have extorted.

Harm. Go thou and bring us word. [*Exit* Fiſcal.
Boy, give me ſome Tobacco, and a Stope of Wine, Boy.

Boy. I ſhall, Sir.

Harm. And a Tub to leak in, Boy; When was this Table without a Leaking-Veſſel?

Van Her. That's an Omiſſion.

1 *Dutch.* A great Omiſſion.
'Tis a Member of the Table, I take it ſo.

Harm. Never any thing of Moment was done at our Counſel-Table, without a Leaking-Tub; at leaſt, in my time: Great Affairs require great Conſultations; great Conſultations require great Drinking; and great Drinking a great Leaking-Veſſel.

Van. Her. I am e'en drunk with Joy already, to ſee our godly Buſineſs in this Forwardneſs.

Enter Fiſcal.

Harm. Where are the Priſoners?

Fiſc. At the Door.

Harm. Bring 'em in; I'll try if we can face 'em down by Impudence, and make 'em to confeſs.

Enter Beamont *and* Collins *Guarded.*

You are not ignorant of our Buſineſs with you; the Cries of your Accomplices already have reach'd your Ears; and your own Conſciences, above a thouſand Summons, thouſand Tortures inſtruct you what to do. No farther Jugglings; nothing but plain Sincerity and Truth to be delivered now; a free Confeſſion will firſt atone for all your Sins above, and may do much below to gain your Pardons. Let me exhort you therefore; be you merciful, firſt to your ſelves, and make Acknowledgment of your Conſpiracy.

Beam. What Conſpiracy?

Fiſc. Why la you, that the Devil ſhou'd go mask'd, with ſuch a ſeeming honeſt Face! I warrant, you know of no ſuch thing?

Harm. Were not you, Mr. *Beamont*, and you, *Collins*, both Acceſſary to the horrid Plot, for the Surprizal of this Fort and Iſland?

Beam. As I ſhall reconcile my Sins to Heaven, in my laſt Article of Life, I'm innocent.

Coll. And ſo am I.

Harm. So, you are firſt upon the Negative.

Beam. And will be ſo till Death.

Coll. What Plot is this you ſpeak of?

Fiſc. Here are Impudent Rogues! now after Confeſſion of two *Japonneſes*, theſe Engliſh Starts dare ask what Plot it is.

Harm. Not to enform your Knowledge, but that Law may have its Courſe in every Circumſtance; *Fiſcal*, ſumm up their Accuſation to 'em.

Fiſc. You ſtand Accus'd, That, *New-years-day* late paſt, there met at Captain *Towerſon*'s Houſe, you preſent, and many others of your Factory: there, againſt Law and Juſtice, and all Tyes of Friendſhip, and of Partnerſhip betwixt us, you did conſpire to ſeize upon the Fort, to murther this our worthy Governour; and by the Help of your Plantations near, of *Jacatra*, and *Banda*, and *Lobo*, to keep it for your ſelves.

Beam. What Proofs have you of this?

Fiſc. The Confeſſion of two *Japonneſes*, hir'd by you to attempt it.

Beam. I hear they have been forc'd by Torture to it.

Harm. It matters not which way the Truth come out; take heed, for their Example is before you.

Beam. Ye have no right, ye dare not Torture us, we owe you no Subjection.

Fiſc. That, Sir, muſt be diſputed at the *Hague*; in the mean time we are in poſſeſſion here.

2 *Dutch.* And we can make our ſelves to be obey'd.

Van Her. In few Words, Gentlemen, confeſs. There is a Beverage ready for you elſe, which you'll not like to ſwallow.

Collins. How's this?

Harm. You ſhall be muffled up like Ladies, with an Oyl'd Cloth put underneath your Chins, then Water pour'd above; which either you muſt drink, or muſt not breathe.

1 *Dutch.* That's one way, we have others.

Harm. Yes, we have two Elements at your Service; Fire as well as Water; certain things call'd Matches, to be ty'd to your Fingers Ends, which are as ſoveraign as Nutmegs, to quicken your ſhort Memories.

Beam. You are inhumane to make your Cruelty your Paſtime; Nature made me a Man, and not a Whale, to ſwallow down a Flood.

Harm. You'll grow a Corpulent Gentleman like me; I ſhall love you the better for't; now you are but a Spare-Rib.

Fiſc. Theſe things are only offer'd to your Choice; you may avoid your Tortures, and confeſs.

Coll. Kill us firſt, for that we know is your Deſign at laſt; and 'tis more Mercy now.

Beam. Be kind, and execute us while we bear the Shapes of Men, ere Fire and Water have deſtroy'd our Figures; let me go whole out of the World, I care not; and find my Body when I riſe again ſo, as I need not be aſham'd on't.

Harm. 'Tis well you're Merry: will you yet confeſs?

Beam. Never.

Harm. Bear 'em away to Torture.

Van Her. We'll try your Conſtancy.

Beam. We'll ſhame your Cruelty; if we deſerve our Tortures, 'tis, firſt, for freeing ſuch an infamous Nation, that ought to have been Slaves, and, then, for truſting them as Partners, who had caſt off the Yoke of their lawful Soveraign.

Harm. Away, I'll hear no more now; Who comes the next?

[*Exeunt the English, with a Guard.*

Fiſc. *Towerſon*'s Page, a Ship-Boy, and a Woman.

Harm. Call 'em in. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Van Her. We ſhall have eaſie work with them.

Fiſc. Not ſo eaſie as you imagine, they have indur'd the Beverage already; all Maſters of their Pain, no one confeſſing.

Harm. The Devil's in theſe *Engliſh*! Thoſe brave Boys wou'd prove ſtout Topers if they liv'd.

Enter two Boys *and a* Woman, *led as from Torture.*

Come hither, ye perverſe Imps; they ſay you have indur'd the Water-Torment; we'll try what Fire will do with you. You, Sirrah, confeſs; were not you knowing of *Towerſon*'s Plot, againſt this Fort and Iſland?

Page. I have told your Hangman, No, twelve times within this Hour; when I was at the laſt Gaſp, and that's a time, I think, when a Man ſhou'd not diſſemble.

Harm. A Man, mark you that now: you *Engliſh* Boys have learn'd a Trick of late, of growing Men betimes, and doing Mens Work too, before you come to Twenty.

Van Her. Sirrah, I'll try if you are a Salamander, and can live i'th' Fire.

Page. Sure you think my Father got me of ſome *Dutch* Woman, and that I am but of a half-ſtrain Courage; but you ſhall find that I am all o'er *Engliſh*, as well in Fire as Water.

2 *Boy.* Well, of all Religions, I do not like your *Dutch.*

Fiſc. No! and why, young Stripling?

2 *Boy.* Becauſe your Pennance comes before Confeſſion.

Harm. Do you mock us, Sirrah? to the Fire with him.

2 *Boy.* Do ſo; all you ſhall get by it, is this; before I anſwered no, now I'll be ſullen and will talk no more.

Harm. Beſt cutting off theſe little Rogues betime; if they grow Men, they'll have the Spirit of Revenge in 'em.

Page. Yes, as your Children have that of Rebellion; Oh, that I cou'd but live to be Governour here, to make your fat Guts pledge me in that Beverage I drunk; you, Sir *John Falſtaff* of *Amſterdam*,

2 *Boy.* I have a little Brother in *England*, that I intend to appear to, when you have kill'd me; and if he does not promiſe me the Death of Ten *Dutchmen*, in the next War, I'll haunt him inſtead of you.

Harm. What ſay you, Woman? Have compaſſion of your ſelf, and confeſs; you are of a ſofter Sex.

Woman. But of a Courage full as Manly; there is no Sex in Souls; wou'd you have *Engliſh* Wives ſhew leſs of Bravery than their Children do? To lie by an *Engliſh* Man's Side, is enough to give a Woman Reſolution.

Fiſc. Here's a Hen of the Game too; but we ſhall tame you in the Fire.

Wom. My Innocence ſhall there be try'd like Gold, till it come out the purer. When you have burnt me all into one Wound, cram Gunpowder into't, and blow me up. I'll not confeſs one word to ſhame my Country.

Harm. I think we have got here the Mother of the *Maccabees*: away with them all three. [*Exeunt the* Engliſh *Guarded.*
I'll take the Pains my ſelf to ſee theſe Tortur'd.

[*Exeunt* Harman, Van Herring, *and the two* Dutchmen *with the* Engliſh. *Manet* Fiſcal.

Enter Julia *to the* Fiſcal.

Jul. Oh, you have ruin'd me, you have undone me in the Perſon of my Husband!

Fiſc. If he will needs forfeit his Life to the Laws, by joining with the *Engliſh* in a Plot, 'tis not in me to ſave him; but, deareſt *Julia*, be ſatisfied, you ſhall not want a Husband.

Jul. Do you think I'll ever come into a Bed with him, who robb'd me of my dear ſweet Man?

Fiſc. Dry up your Tears; I'm in earneſt; I will marry you, i'faith, I will; it is your Deſtiny.

Jul. Nay if it be my Deſtiny: but I vow I'll ne'er be yours but upon one Condition.

Fiſc. Name your Deſire, and take it.

Jul. Then ſave poor *Beamont*'s Life.

Fiſc. This is the moſt unkind Requeſt you cou'd have made; it ſhews you Love him better: therefore, in Prudence, I ſhou'd haſte his Death.

Jul. Come, I'll not be deny'd; you ſhall give me his Life; or I'll not love you; by this Kiſs you ſhall, Child.

Fiſc. Pray aſk ſome other thing.

Jul. I have your word for this, and if you break it, how ſhall I truſt you for your marrying me.

Fiſc. Well, I will do't to oblige you.
[*Aſide*] But, to prevent her new Deſigns with him, I'll ſee him ſhipt away for *England* ſtraight.

Jul. I may build upon your Promiſe then?

Fiſc. Moſt firmly: I hear Company.

Enter Harman, Van Herring, *and the two* Dutchmen, *with* Towerſon *Priſoner.*

Harm. Now, Captain *Towerſon*, you have had the Priviledge to be examin'd laſt: this on the ſcore of my Old Friendſhip with you, though you have ill deſerv'd it. But here you ſtand accus'd of no leſs Crimes than Robbery firſt, then Murder, and laſt Treaſon: what can you ſay to clear your ſelf?

Towerſ. You're intereſted in all, and therefore partial; I have conſider'd on't, and will not plead, becauſe I know you have no Right to judge me: for the laſt Treaty, 'twixt our King and you, expreſly ſaid, That Cauſes Criminal were firſt to be Examin'd, and then judg'd, not here, but by the Councel of Defence; to whom I make Appeal.

Fiſc. This Court conceives that it has Power to judge you; deriv'd from the moſt High and Mighty States, who in this Iſland are Supream, and that as well in Criminal, as Civil Cauſes.

1 *Dutchm.* You are not to queſtion the Authority of the Court which is to judge you.

Towerſ. Sir, by your Favour, I both muſt, and will: I'll not ſo far betray my Nation's Right: we are not here your Subjects, but your Partners, and that Supremacy of Power you claim, extends but to the Natives, not to us. Dare you, who in the Britiſh Seas ſtrike Sayl; nay more, whoſe Lives and Freedom are our Alms, preſume to ſit and judge your Benefactors? Your baſe new up-ſtart Commonwealth ſhou'd bluſh, to doom the Subjects of an *Engliſh* King; the meaneſt of whoſe Merchants wou'd diſdain the narrow Life, and the Domeſtick Baſeneſs of one of thoſe you call your Mighty States.

Fiſc. You ſpend your Breath in Railing; Speak to the Purpoſe.

Harm. Hold yet: becauſe you ſhall not call us cruel, or plead I wou'd be Judge in my own Cauſe; I ſhall accept of that Appeal you make, concerning my Son's Death; provided firſt you clear your ſelf from what concerns the Publick; for that relating to our general Safety, the Judgment of it cannot be deferr'd, but with our common Danger.

Towerſ. Let me firſt be bold to queſtion you: What Circumſtance can make this your pretended Plot ſeem likely? The Natives firſt you tortur'd; their Confeſſion, Extorted ſo, can prove no Crime in us. Conſider next the Strength of this your Caſtle; it's Garriſon above Two hundred Men, beſides as many of your City Burghers; all ready, on the leaſt Alarm, or Summons, to Re-inforce the others; for Ten *Engliſh*, and Merchants they, not Soldiers, with the Aid of Ten *Japonners*; all of 'em unarm'd, except Five Swords, and not ſo many Muſquets; th'Attempt had only been for Fools or Madmen.

Fiſc. We cannot help your want of Wit; Proceed.

Towerſ. Grant then we had been deſperate enough to hazard this; we muſt at leaſt forecaſt how to ſecure Poſſeſſion when we had it. We had no Ship nor Pinnace in the Harbour; nor cou'd have Aid from any Factory: the neareſt to us Forty Leagues from hence, and they but few in Number: You, beſides this Fort, have yet Three Caſtles in this Iſle amply provided for, and Eight Tall Ships riding at Anchor near; conſider this, and think what all the World will judge of it.

Harm. Nothing but Falſhood is to be expected from ſuch a Tongue, whoſe Heart is foul'd with Treaſon. Give him the Beverage.

Fiſc. 'Tis ready, Sir.

Harm. Hold; I have ſome Reluctance to proceed to that Extremity: he was my Friend, and I wou'd have him frankly to confeſs: Puſh one that Priſon Door, and ſet before him the Image of his Pains in other Men.

[*The Scene opens, and diſcovers the* English *Tortur'd, and the* Dutch *tormenting them.*

Fiſt. Now, Sir, how does the Object like you?

Towerſ. Are you Men or Devils? *D'Alva*, whom you condemn for Cruelty, did ne'er the like! he knew Original Villainy was in your Blood: your Fathers all are damn'd for their Rebellion; when they Rebell'd, they were well us'd to this: theſe Tortures ne'er were hatch'd in Humane Breaſts; but as your Country lies confin'd on Hell, juſt on its Marches, your black Neighbours taught ye; and juſt ſuch Pains as you invent on Earth, Hell has reſerv'd for you.

Harm. Are you yet mov'd?

Towerſ. But not as you wou'd have me. I cou'd Weep Tears of Blood to view this Uſage; but you, as if not made of the ſame Mould, ſee with dry Eyes the Miſeries of Men, as they were Creatures of another Kind, not Chriſtians, nor Allies, nor Partners with you, but as if Beaſts, transfix'd on Theatres, to make you cruel Sport.

Harm. Theſe are but Vulgar Objects: bring his Friend; let him behold his Tortures. Shut that Door. [*The Scene cloſ'd.*

Enter Beamont *led, with Matches ty'd to his Hands.*

Towerſ. [*embracing him.*] Oh, my dear Friend! now I am truly wretched! Even in that Part which is moſt ſenſible, my Friendſhip! How have we liv'd to ſee the *Engliſh* Name, the Scorn of theſe, the vileſt of Mankind.

Beam. Courage, my Friend; and rather praiſe we Heaven, that it has choſe two ſuch as you and me, who will not ſhame our Country with our Pains, but ſtand like Marble-Statues in their Fires, ſcorch'd and defac'd perhaps, not melted down. So let 'em burn this Tenement of Earth; they can but burn me naked to my Soul, that's of a Nobler Frame, and will ſtand Firm, Upright, and Unconſum'd.

Fiſc. Confeſs; if you have Kindneſs, ſave your Friend.

Towerſ. Yes, by my Death I wou'd, not by my Confeſſion; he is ſo brave, he wou'd not ſo be ſav'd; but wou'd renounce a Friendſhip built on Shame.

Harm. Bring more Candles, and burn him from the Wriſts up to the Elbows.

Beam. Do; I'll enjoy the Flames like *Scævola*; and when one's roaſted, give the other Hand.

Towerſ. Let me embrace you while you are a Man; now you muſt loſe that Form; be parch'd and rivell'd like a dry'd Mummy, or dead Malefactor, expos'd in Chains, and blown about by Winds.

Beam. Yet this I can endure; Go on, and weary out two Elements; Vex Fire and Water with th' Experiments of Pains, far worſe than Death.

Towerſ. Oh let me take my turn; you will have double Pleaſure; I'm aſham'd to be the only *Engliſhman* untortur'd.

Van Her. You ſoon ſhou'd have your Wiſh; but that we know in him you ſuffer more.

Harm. Fill me a brim-full Glaſs: now, Captain, here's to all your Countrymen; I wiſh your whole *Eaſt-India* Company were in this Room, that we might uſe them thus.

Fiſc. They ſhou'd have Fires of Cloves and Cinnamon, we wou'd cut down whole Groves to Honour 'em, and be at Coſt to burn 'em Nobly.

Beam. Barb'rous Villains! now you ſhow your ſelves.

Harm. Boy, take that Candle thence, and bring it hither; I am exalted, and wou'd light my Pipe juſt where the Wyck is fed with *Engliſh* Fat.

Van Her. So wou'd I; Oh, the Tobacco taſtes Divinely after it.

Towerſ. We have Friends in *England*, who wou'd weep to ſee this acted on a Theatre, which here you make your Paſtime.

Beam. Oh that this Fleſh were turn'd a Cake of Ice, that I might in an inſtant melt away, and become nothing, to eſcape this Torment; there is not cold enough in all the *North*, to quench my burning Blood.

[Fiſcal *whiſpers* Harm.

Harm. Do with *Beamont* as you pleaſe, ſo *Towerſon* die.

Fiſc. You'll not confeſs yet, Captain?

Towerſ. Hangman, no. I wou'd have don't before, if e'er I wou'd: to do it when my Friend has ſuffer'd this, were to be leſs than he.

Fiſc. Free him. [*To* Beamont *aſide.*

[*They free* Beamont.

Beamont, I have not ſworn you ſhou'd not ſuffer, but that you ſhou'd not die; thank *Julia* for't: but on your Life do not delay this hour to poſt from hence; ſo to your next Plantation: I cannot ſuffer a lov'd Rival near me.

Beam. I almoſt queſtion if I will receive my Life from thee: 'tis like a Cure from Witches; 'twill leave a Sin behind it.

Fiſc. Nay, I'm not laviſh of my Courteſie; I can on eaſie Terms reſume my Gift.

Harm. Captain, you're a dead Man; I'll ſpare your Torture for your Quality; prepare for Execution inſtantly.

Towerſ. I am prepar'd.

Fiſc. You die in Charity, I hope.

Towerſ. I can forgive even thee: my Innocence I need not name, you know it. One farewel Kiſs of my dear *Yſabinda*, and all my Buſineſs here on Earth is done.

Harm. Call her, ſhe's at the Door. [*Exit* Fiſcall

Towerſ. *to* Beam. [*embracing.*] A long and laſt Farewel! I take my Death with the more Chearfulneſs, becauſe thou liv'ſt behind me: tell my Friends I dy'd ſo as became a Chriſtian and a Man; give to my brave Employers of the *Eaſt-India* Company, the laſt Remembrance of my faithful Service; tell 'em I ſeal that Service with my Blood; and, dying, wiſh to all their Factories, and all the famous Merchants of our Iſle, that Wealth their gen'rous Induſtry deſerves; but dare not hope it with *Dutch* Partnerſhip. Laſt, There's my Heart, I give it in this Kiſs. [*Kiſſes him.* Do not anſwer me; Friendſhip's a tender thing, and it would ill become me now to weep ———

Beam. Adieu, if I wou'd ſpeak, I cannot ——— [*Exit.*

Enter Yſabinda.

Yſab. Is it permitted me to ſee your Eyes once more, before Eternal Night ſhall cloſe 'em.

Towerſ. I ſummon'd all I had of Man to ſee you; 'twas well the time allow'd for it was ſhort; I cou'd not bear it long: 'tis dangerous, and would divide my Love 'twixt Heaven and you. I therefore part in haſte; think I am going a ſudden Journey, and have not the leiſure to take a Ceremonious long farewel.

Yſab. Do you ſtill love me?

Towerſ. Do not ſuppoſe I do, 'tis for your Eaſe, ſince you muſt ſtay behind me; to think I was unkind, you'll grieve the leſs!

Harm. Though I ſuſpect you join'd in my Son's Murder, yet ſince it is not prov'd, you have your Life.

Yſab. I thank you for't; I'll make the Nobleſt uſe of your ſad Gift; that is to die unforc'd; I'll make a Preſent of my Life to *Towerſon*; to let you ſee, though worthleſs of his Love, I would not live without him.

Towerſ. I charge you love my Memory, but live.

Harm. She ſhall be ſtrictly guarded from that Violence, ſhe means againſt her ſelf.

Yſab. Vain Men! there are ſo many Paths to Death, you cannot ſtop 'em all! o'er the green Turfe, where my Love's laid, there will I mourning ſit, and draw no Air but from the Damps that riſe out of that hallow'd Earth; and for my Dyet, I mean my Eyes alone ſhall feed my Mouth. Thus will I live, till he in Pity riſe, and the pale Shrowd take me in his cold Arms, and lay me kindly by him in his Grave.

Enter Collins, *and then* Perez, Julia *following him.*

Harm. No more; your Time's now come; you muſt away.

Coll. Now, Devils, you have done your worſt with Tortures: Death's a Privation of Pain, but they were a continual Dying.

Jul. Farewel, my Deareſt! I may have many Husbands, but never one like thee.

Per. As you love my Soul, take hence that Woman. My *Engliſh* Friends, I'm not aſham'd of Death, while I have you for Partners; I know you innocent, and ſo am I, of this pretended Plot; but I am guilty of a greater Crime; For, being married in another Country, the Governour's Perſwaſions, and my Love to that ill Woman, made me leave the firſt, and make this Fatal Choice. I'm juſtly puniſh'd; for her ſake I die: the *Fiſcal*, to enjoy her, has accus'd me. There is another Cauſe —— By his Procurement I ſhou'd have kill'd ———

Fiſc. Away with him, and ſtop his Mouth. [*He is led off.*

Towerſ. I leave thee, Life, with no Regret at parting; full of whatever thou cou'dſt give, I riſe from thy neglected Feaſt, and go to ſleep: yet on this Brink of Death, my Eyes are open'd, and Heaven has bid me Propheſie to you th' unjuſt Contrivers of this Tragick Scene;

An Age is coming, when an English *Monarch, with Blood, ſhall pay that Blood which you have ſhed. To ſave your Cities from Victorious Arms, you ſhall invite the Waves to hide your Earth, and trembling to the Tops of Houſes fly; while Deluges invade your lower Rooms: Then, as with Waters you have ſwell'd our Bodies, with Damps of Waters ſhall your Heads be ſwoln;*

Till at the laſt your ſapp'd Foundations fall,
And Univerſal Ruine ſwallows all.

[*He is led out with the* English; *the* Dutch *remain.*

Van Her. Ay, Ay; we'll venture both our ſelves, and Children for ſuch another pull.

1 *Dutchm.* Let him propheſie when his Head's off.

2 *Dutchm.* There's ne'er a *Noſtradamus* of 'em all ſhall fright us from our Gain.

Fiſc. Now for a ſmooth Apology, and then a fawning Letter to the King of *England*; and our Work's done.

Harm. 'Tis done as I wou'd wiſh it. Now, Brethren, at my proper Coſt and Charges, three days you are my Gueſts; in which good time we will divide their greateſt Wealth by Lots, while wantonly we riſle for the reſt:

Then, in full Rummers, and with joyful Hearts,
We'll drink Confuſion to all English *Starts.* [Exeunt.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

A *Poet once the* Spartans *led to fight,*
And made 'em Conquer in the Muſes Right:
So wou'd our Poet lead you on this day:
Shewing your tortur'd Fathers in his Play.
To one well-born, th'Affront is worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a Bore:
With an ill Grace the Dutch *their Miſchiefs do;*
They've both ill Nature, and ill Manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient Nation,
For they were bred ere Manners were in Faſhion:
And their New Commonwealth has ſet 'em free,
Only from Honour and Civility.
Venetians *do not more uncouthly ride,*
Than did their Lubber-State Mankind beſtride.
Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Mien,
As their own Paunches ſwell above their Chin:
Yet is their Empire no true Growth but Humour,
And only two Kings Touch can Cure the Tumour.
As Cato *did his* Africk *Fruits diſplay:*
So we before your Eyes their Indies *lay.*
All Loyal Engliſh *will like him conclude;*
Let Cæſar *Live, and* Carthage *be ſubdu'd.*

FINIS.

A Catalogue of ſome Plays Printed for R. Bently.

1. T*artuff*, or the *French* Puritan.
2. Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.
3. *Engliſh Monſieur.*
4. All miſtaken, or the mad Couple.
5. Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.
6. The Plain-Dealer.
7. *Sertorius*, a Tragedy.
8. *Nero*, a Tragedy.
9. *Sophonisba*, or *Hanibal's* Overthrow.
10. *Gloriana*, or the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar.*
11. *Alexander* the Great.
12. *Mythridates* King of *Pontus.*
13. *Oedipus* King of *Thebes.*
14. *Cæſar Borgia.*
15. *Theodoſius*, or the Force of Love.
16. Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty Falſe One.
17. The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Siſters.
18. Eſquire *Old-Sap*, or the Night-Adventures.
19. Fool turn'd Critick.
20. Vertuous Wife, or Good Luck at Laſt.
21. The Fatal Wager.
22. *Andromache.*
23. *Caliſto*, or the Chaſt Nymph.
24. Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, in two Parts.
25. Ambitious Stateſman, or the Loyal Favourite.
26. Miſery of Civil War.
27. The Murder of the Duke of *Gloceſter.*
28. *Thyeſtes*, a Tragedy.
29. *Hamlet* Pr. of *Denmark*, a Tragedy.
30. The Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.
31. The Souldiers Fortune.
32. *Tamerlain* the Great.
33. M^{r} *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.
34. Miſtaken Husband.
35. Notes on th'Emperor of *Morocco*, by the Wits.
36. *Eſſex* and *Elizabeth*, or the Unhappy Favourite.
37. Vertue Betray'd, or *Anna Bullen.*
38. King *Lear.*
39. *Abdellazor*, or the *Moor*'s Revenge.
40. Town Fop, or Sir *Tim. Tawdry.*
41. *Rare-en-tout*, a *French* Comedy.
42. *Moor* of *Venice.*
43. Countrey Wife.
44. City Politicks.
45. Duke of *Guiſe.*
46. *Philaſter*, or Love lies a Bleeding.
48. Grateful Servant.
49. Atheiſt, or the ſecond Part of the Souldiers Fortune.
50. *Conſtantine.*
51. *Julius Cæſar.*
52. Amorous Prince.
53. *Dutch* Lovers.
54. Woman Bully.
55. Reformation.
56. *Hero* and *Leander.*
57. Fatal Jealouſie.
58. Iſland Queen, or *Mary* Queen of *Scotland.*
59. Empreſs of *Morocco.*
60. Common-wealth of Women.
61. The Noble Stranger.
62. Amends for Ladies.
63. Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen.
64. The Tragedy of *Albertus.*
65. Royal King.
66. Humerous Courtier.
67. The *Hollander.*
68. Merchant of *Venice.*
69. Falſe Count.
70. Rover, Second Part.
71. Counterfeits.
72. *Troylus* and *Creſſida.*
73. *Amboyna.*
74. *Lucius Junius Brutus.*
75. *Brutus* of *Alba.*
76. Evening's Love.
77. *Byron*'s Conſpiracy, Part I.
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THE
State of Innocence,
AND
Fall of MAN:
AN
OPERA.

Written in Heroick VERSE; and
Dedicated to Her Royal HIGHNESS
THE
DUTCHESS.

By Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

——*Utinam modo dicere poſſem*
Carmina digna Deâ: Certe eſt Dea Carmine digna. Ovid. Metam.

LONDON:
Printed for *Hen. Herringman*, and are to be Sold by *J. Tonſon*,
F. Saunders, and *T. Bennet*. 1695.

To Mr. DRYDEN, *on his* POEM *of*
PARADISE.

FOrgive me, awful Poet, if a Muſe,
Whom Artleſs Nature did for plainneſs chuſe,
In looſe Attire preſents her humble Thought
Of this beſt *Poem*, that you ever wrought,
This faireſt Labour of your teeming Brain;
I wou'd embrace, but not with Flatt'ry ſtain;
Something I wou'd to your vaſt Virtue raiſe,
But ſcorn to dawb it with a fulſome Praiſe;
That wou'd but blot the Work I wou'd commend,
And ſhew a Court-Admirer, not a Friend.
To the dead Bard your Fame a little owes,
For *Milton* did the wealthy Mine diſcloſe,
And rudely caſt what you could well diſpoſe:
He roughly drew on an old-faſhion'd Ground,
A Chaos; for no perfect World was found,
Till through the Heap your mighty Genius ſhin'd;
His was the Golden Ore, which you refin'd.
He firſt beheld the Beauteous ruſtick Maid,
And to a Place of Strength the Prize convey'd;
You took her thence, to Court this Virgin brought,
Dreſt her with Gems, new weav'd her hard-ſpun Thought,
And ſofteſt Language, ſweeteſt Manners taught.
Till from a Comet ſhe a Star did riſe,
Not to affright, but pleaſe our wond'ring Eyes.
Betwixt ye both is fram'd a Nobler Piece,
Than e'er was drawn in *Italy* or *Greece*.
Thou from his Source of Thoughts ev'n Souls doſt bring,
As ſmiling Gods from ſullen *Saturn* ſpring.
When Night's dull Mask the Face of Heav'n does wear,
'Tis doubtful Light, but here and there a Star,

Which ſerves the dreadful Shadows to diſplay,
That vaniſh at the riſing of the Day;
But then Bright Robes the Meadows all adorn,
And the World looks as it were newly born.
So when yonr Senſe his Myſtick Reaſon clear'd,
The Melancholly Scene all Gay appear'd;
New Light leapt up, and a new Glory ſmil'd,
And all throughout was mighty, all was mild.
Before this Palace which thy Wit did build,
Which various Fancy did ſo gawdy gild,
And Judgment has with ſolid Riches fill'd,
My humbler Muſe begs ſhe may Gentry ſtand,
Amongſt the reſt that guard this *Eden* Land.
But there's no need, for ev'n thy Foes conſpire
Thy Praiſe; and hating thee, thy Work admire.
On then, O mighty'ſt of th' inſpired Men,
Monarch of Verſe, new Themes employ thy Pen;
The Troubles of Majeſtick *CHARLES* ſet down,
Not *David* vanquiſh'd more to reach a Crown.
Praiſe Him, as *Cowley* did that *Hebrew* King,
Thy Theme's as great, do thou as greatly ſing.
Then thou may'ſt boldly to his Favour riſe,
Look down, and the baſe Serpent's Hiſs deſpiſe;
From thund'ring Envy ſafe in Lawrel ſit,
While clam'rous Criticks their Vile Heads ſubmit,
Condemn'd for Treaſon at the Bar of Wit.

Nath. Lee.

TO
Her Royal Highneſs
THE
DUTCHESS.

MADAM,

AMBITION is ſo far from being a Vice in Poets, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for them to ſucceed without it. Imagination muſt be rais'd by a deſire of Fame, to a deſire of Pleaſing: And they whom in all Ages Poets have endeavour'd moſt to pleaſe, have been the Beautiful and the Great. Beauty is their Deity to which they ſacrifice, and Greatneſs is their Guardian-Angel which protects them. Both theſe are ſo eminently joyn'd in the Perſon of Your Royal Highneſs, that it were not eaſie for any but a Poet, to determine which of them out-ſhines the other. But, I confeſs, Madam, I am already byaſs'd in my Choice: I can eaſily reſign to others the Praiſe of Your Illuſtrious Family, and that Glory which you derive from a long-continued Race of Princes, famous for their Actions both in Peace and War: I can give up to the Hiſtorians of Your Country, the Names of ſo many Generals and Heroes which croud their Annals; and to our own, the Hopes of thoſe which You are to produce for the *Britiſh* Chronicle. I can yield, without envy, to the Nation of Poets, the Family of *Eſte*, to which *Arioſto* and *Taſſo* have own'd their Patronage; and to which the World has ow'd their Poems. But I could not, without extream reluctance, reſign the Theme of Your Beauty to another Hand. Give me leave, Madam, to acquaint the World that I am jealous of this Subject; and let it be no Diſhonour to You, that after having rais'd the Admiration of Mankind, You have inſpir'd one Man to give it voice. But with whatſoever Vanity this new Honour of being Your Poet has fill'd my Mind, I confeſs my ſelf too weak for the Inſpiration; the Prieſt was always unequal to the Oracle: The God within him was too mighty for his Breaſt. He labour'd with the Sacred Revelation, and there was more of the Myſtery left behind, than Divinity it ſelf could enable him to expreſs.

I can but diſcover a part of Your Excellencies to the World; and that too according to the meaſure of my own Weakneſs. Like thoſe who have ſurvey'd the Moon by Glaſſes, I can only tell of a new and ſhining World above us, but not relate the Riches and Glories of the Place. 'Tis therefore that I have already wav'd the Subject of Your Greatneſs, to reſign my ſelf to the Contemplation of what is more peculiarly Yours. Greatneſs is indeed communicated to ſome few of both Sexes; but Beauty is confin'd to a more narrow compaſs: 'Tis only in Your Sex; 'tis not ſhar'd by many; and its Supreme Perfection is in You alone. And here, Madam, I am proud that I cannot flatter. You have reconcil'd the differing Judgments of Mankind; for all Men are equal in their Judgment of what is eminently beſt. The Prize of Beauty was diſputed only till You were ſeen; but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims: There is no Competition but for the Second Place. Even the faireſt of our Iſland (which is fam'd for Beauties) not daring to commit their Cauſe againſt You, to the Suffrage of thoſe who moſt partially adore them. Fortune has, indeed, but render'd Juſtice to ſo much Excellence, in ſetting it ſo high to publick View; or rather Providence has done Juſtice to it ſelf, in placing the moſt perfect Workmanſhip of Heaven, where it may be admir'd by all Beholders. Had the Sun and Stars been ſeated lower, their Glory had not been communicated to all at once; and the Creator had wanted ſo much of his Praiſe, as he had made Your Condition more obſcure. But he has plac'd You ſo near a Crown, that You add a Luſtre to it by Your Beauty. You are joyn'd to a Prince who only could deſerve You; whoſe Conduct, Courage, and Succeſs in War, whoſe Fidelity to His Royal Brother, whoſe Love for His Country, whoſe Conſtancy to His Freinds, whoſe Bounty to His Servants, whoſe Juſtice to Merit, whoſe Inviolable Truth, and whoſe Magnanimity in all his Actions, ſeem to have been rewarded by Heaven, by the Gift of You. You are never ſeen, but You are bleſt; and I am ſure You bleſs all thoſe who ſee You. We think not the Day is long enough when we behold You: And You are ſo much the Buſineſs of our Souls, that while You are in ſight, we can neither look nor think on any elſe. There are no Eyes for other Beauties: You only are preſent, and the reſt of Your Sex are but the unregarded Parts that fill your Triumph. Our Sight is ſo intent on the Object of its Admiration, that our Tongues have not leiſure even to praiſe You; for Language ſeems too low a thing to expreſs Your Excellence; and our Souls are ſpeaking ſo much within, that they deſpiſe all foreign Converſation. Every Man, even the dulleſt, is thinking more than the moſt Eloquent can teach him how to utter. Thus, Madam, in the midſt of Crowds, You reign in Solitude; and are ador'd with the deepeſt Veneration, that of Silence. 'Tis true, You are above all mortal Wiſhes; no Man deſires Impoſſibilities, becauſe they are beyond the reach of Nature. To hope to be a God, is Folly exalted into Madneſs; but by the Laws of our Creation, we are oblig'd to adore Him; and are permitted to love Him too, at humane diſtance. 'Tis the Nature of Perfection to be attractive; but the Excellency of the Object refines the Nature of the Love. It ſtrikes an Impreſſion of awful Reverence; 'tis indeed that Love which is more properly a Zeal than Paſſion: 'Tis the Rapture which Anchorites find in Prayer, when a Beam of the Divinity ſhines upon them; that which makes them deſpiſe all worldly Objects; and yet 'tis all but Contemplation. They are ſeldom viſited from above; but a ſingle Viſion ſo tranſports them, that it makes up the Happineſs of their Lives. Mortality cannot bear it often; It finds them in the eagerneſs and heighth of their Devotion; they are ſpeechleſs for the time that it continues, and proſtrate and dead when it departs. The Ecſtaſie had needs be ſtrong, which, without any end, but that of Admiration, has power enough to deſtroy all other Paſſions. You render Mankind Inſenſible to other Beauties; and have deſtroy'd the Empire of Love, in a Court which was the ſeat of his Dominion. You have ſubverted (may I dare to accuſe You of it) even our Fundamental Laws, and reign abſolute over the Hearts of a ſtubborn and free-born People, tenacious almoſt to Madneſs of their Liberty. The brighteſt and moſt victorious of our Ladies make daily Complaints of revolted Subjects; if they may be ſaid to be revolted whoſe Servitude is not accepted; for Your Royal Highneſs is too great and too Juſt a Monarch, either to want or to receive the Homage of Rebellious Fugitives. Yet if ſome few among the Multitude continue ſtedfaſt to the firſt Pretenſions, 'tis an Obedience ſo lukewarm and languiſhing, that it merits not the Name of Paſſion: Their Addreſſes are ſo faint, and their Vows ſo hollow to their Sovereigns, that they ſeem only to maintain their Faith out of a Senſe of Honour: They are aſham'd to deſiſt, and yet grow careleſs to obtain: Like deſpairing Combatants they ſtrive againſt You, as if they had beheld unveil'd the Magical Shield of your *Arioſto*, which dazled the Beholders with too much Brightneſs; they can no longer hold up their Arms, they have read their Deſtiny in Your Eyes.

Splende lo Sendo, a guiſa di Piropo;
E Luce altra non é tanto lucente:
Cader in terra a lo ſplendor fu d' vopo,
Con gli occhi abbacinati, e ſeza mente.

And yet, Madam, if I could find in my ſelf the Power to leave this Argument of Your Incomparable Beauty, I might turn to one which would equally oppreſs me with its Greatneſs. For Your conjugal Virtues have deſerv'd to be ſet as an Example to a leſs degenerate, leſs tainted Age. They approach ſo near to Singularity in ours, that I can ſcarcely make a Panegyrick to Your Royal Highneſs, without a Satyr on many others: But Your Perſon is a Paradiſe, and Your Soul a Cherubin within to guard it. If the Excellency of the out-ſide invite the Beholders, the Majeſty of Your Mind deters them from too bold Approaches, and turns their Admiration into Religion. Moral Perfections are rais'd higher by You in the Softer Sex; as if Men were of too courſe a Mould for Heaven to work on, and that the Image of Divinity could not be caſt to likeneſs in ſo harſh a Metal. Your Perſon is ſo admirable, that it can ſcarce receive Addition when it ſhall be glorify'd; and your Soul, which ſhines through it, finds it of a Subſtance ſo near her own, that ſhe will be pleas'd to paſs an Age within it, and to be confin'd to ſuch a Palace.

I know not how I am hurried back to my former Theme: I ought and purpos'd to have celebrated thoſe Endowments and Qualities of Your Mind, which were ſufficient, even without the Graces of the Perſon, to render You, as You are, the Ornament of the Court, and the Object of Wonder to three Kingdoms. But all my Praiſes are but as a Bull-ruſh caſt upon a Stream; if they ſink not, 'tis becauſe they are born up by the ſtrength of the Current, which ſupports their lightneſs; but they are carried round again, and return on the Eddy where they firſt began. I can proceed no farther than Your Beauty; and even on that too, I have ſaid ſo little, conſidering the Greatneſs of the Subject, that, like him who would lodge a Bowl upon a Precipice, either my Praiſe falls back, by the Weakneſs of the Delivery, or ſtays not on the Top, but rowls over, and is loſt on the other ſide. I intended this a Dedication; but how can I conſider what belongs to my ſelf, when I have been ſo long contemplating on You! Be pleas'd then, Madam, to receive this *POEM*, without intituling ſo much Excellency as Yours, to the Faults and Imperfections of ſo mean a Writer; and inſtead of being favourable to the Piece, which merits nothing, forgive the Preſumption of the Author; who is, with all poſſible Veneration,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's,

Moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble,

Moſt devoted Servant,

John Dryden.

The Author's Apology for Heroick Poetry, and Poetick Licence.

T*O ſatisfie the Curioſity of thoſe who will give themſelves the trouble of reading the enſuing* POEM, *I think my ſelf obliged to render them a Reaſon, why I publiſh an* OPERA *which was never acted. In the firſt place, I ſhall not be aſham'd to own, That my chiefeſt Motive, was the Ambition which I acknowledg'd in the Epiſtle. I was deſirous to lay at the Feet of ſo Beautiful and Excellent a Princeſs, a Work, which, I confeſs, was unworthy Her; but which I hope She will have the Goodneſs to forgive. I was alſo induc'd to it in my own defence, many hundred Copies of it being diſpers'd abroad, without my Knowledge or Conſent; ſo that every one gathering new Faults, it became at length a Libel againſt me; and I ſaw, with ſome diſdain, more Nonſenſe than either I, or as bad a Poet could have cram'd into it, at a Month's warning; in which time, 'twas wholly written, and not ſince reviſ'd. After this, I cannot, without Injury to the deceas'd Author of* Paradiſe Loſt, *but acknowledge that this* POEM *has receiv'd its entire Foundation, part of the Deſign, and many of the Ornaments from him. What I have borrow'd, will be ſo eaſily diſcern'd from my mean Productions, that I ſhall not need to point the* Reader *to the Places: And, truly, I ſhould be ſorry, for my own ſake, that any one ſhould take the pains to compare them together, the Original being undoubtedly one of the greateſt, moſt noble, and moſt ſublime* POEMS, *which either this Age or Nation has produc'd. And tho' I could not refuſe the Partiality of my Friend, who is pleas'd to commend me in his Verſes, I hope they will rather be eſteem'd the effect of his Love to me, than of his deliberate and ſober Judgment. His Genius is able to make beautiful what he pleaſes: Yet, as he has been too favourable to me, I doubt not but he will hear of his Kindneſs from many of our Contemporaries: For we are fallen into an Age of Illiterate, Cenſorious, and Detracting People; who thus qualify'd, ſet up for Criticks.*

In the firſt place, I muſt take leave to tell them, that they wholly miſtake the nature of Criticiſm, who think its Buſineſs is principally to find fault. Criticiſm, as 'twas firſt inſtituted by Ariſtotle, *was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefeſt part of which, is to obſerve thoſe Excellencies which ſhould delight a reaſonable* Reader. *If the Deſign, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expreſſions of a* Poem, *be generally ſuch as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry. The Critick ought to paſs his Judgment in favour of the Author. 'Tis malicious and unmanly to ſnarle*

at

as the little lapſes of a Pen, from which Virgil *himſelf ſtands not exempted.* Horace *acknowledges that honeſt* Homer *nods ſometimes: He is not equally awake in every Line: But he leaves it alſo as a ſtanding Meaſure for our Judgments.*

—Non, Ubi plura nitent in Carmine, paucis
Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.——

And Longinus, *who was undoubtedly, after* Ariſtotle, *the greateſt Critick among the* Greeks, *in his twenty ſeventh Chapter* περὶ ὕψους, *has judiciouſly preferr'd the ſublime Genius that ſometimes errs, to the midling or indifferent one which makes few Faults, but ſeldom or never riſes to any Excellence. He compares the firſt to a Man of large Poſſeſſions, who has not leiſure to conſider of every ſlight Expence, will not debaſe himſelf to the management of every Trifle: Particular Sums are not laid out or ſpar'd to the greateſt Advantage in his Oeconomy; but are ſometimes ſuffer'd to run to waſte, while he is only careful of the Main. On the other ſide, he likens the Mediocrity of Wit, to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extream frugality, or rather parſimony; but who, with fear of running into profuſeneſs, never arrives to the magnificence of living. This kind of Genius writes, indeed, correctly: A wary Man he is in Grammar; very nice as to Solœciſm or Barbariſm, judges to a hair of little Decencies, knows better than any Man what is not to be written, and never hazards himſelf ſo far as to fall; but plods on deliberately, and, as a grave Man ought, is ſure to put his Staff before him: In ſhort, he ſets his Heart upon it, and with wonderful care makes his Buſineſs ſure; that is, in plain* Engliſh, *neither to be blam'd, nor prais'd — I could, ſaith my Author, find out ſome Blemiſhes in* Homer; *and am, perhaps, as naturally inclin'd to be diſguſted at a Fault as another Man. But, after all, to ſpeak impartially, his Failings are ſuch, as are only Marks of humane Frailty; they are little Miſtakes, or rather Negligences, which have eſcap'd his Pen in the fervour of his writing; the ſublimity of his Spirit carries it with me, againſt his careleſsneſs: And though* Apollonius *his* Argonautes, *and* Theocritus *his* Eidullia, *are more free from Errors, there is not any Man of ſo falſe a Judgment, who would chuſe rather to have been* Apollonius *or* Theocritus, *than* Homer.

'Tis worth our conſideration, a little to examine how much theſe Hypercriticks *of* Engliſh *Poetry, differ from the Opinion of the* Greek *and* Latin *Judges of Antiquity, from the* Italians *and* French *who have ſucceeded them; and, indeed, from the general Taſte and Approbation of all Ages. Heroick Poetry, which they contemn, has ever been eſteem'd, and ever will be, the greateſt Work of Humane Nature; in that rank has* Ariſtotle *plac'd it, and* Longinus *is ſo full of the like Expreſſions, that he abundantly confirms the others Teſtimony.* Horace *as plainly delivers his Opinion, and particularly praiſes* Homer *in theſe Verſes:*

Trojani Belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneſte relegi;
Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

And in another place, modeſtly excluding himſelf from the number of Poets, becauſe he only writ Odes and Satyrs, he tells you a Poet is ſuch an one,

——Cui mens Divinor atque os,
magna ſoniturum.

Quotations are ſuperfluous in an eſtabliſh'd Truth, otherwiſe I could reckon up amongſt the Moderns, all the Italian *Commentators on* Ariſtotle's *Book of Poetry; amongſt the* French, *the greateſt in this Age,* Boilean *and* Rapin; *the latter of which is alone ſufficient, were all other Criticks loſt, to teach anew the Rules of Writing. Any Man who will ſeriouſly conſider the Nature of an Epick Poem, how it agrees with that of Poetry in general, which is to inſtruct and to delight; what Actions it deſcribes, and what Perſons they are chiefly whom it informs, will find it a Work which indeed is full of difficulty in the attempt, but admirable when 'tis well perform'd. I write not this with the leaſt intention to undervalue the other parts of Poetry; for Comedy is both excellently inſtructive, and extreamly pleaſant: Satyr laſhes Vice into Reformation, and Humour repreſents Folly ſo as to render it ridiculous. Many of our preſent Writers are eminent in both theſe kinds; and particularly the Author of the* Plain-Dealer, *whom I am proud to call my Friend, has oblig'd all honeſt and virtuous Men, by one of the moſt bold, moſt general, and moſt uſeful Satyrs which has ever been preſented on the Engliſh Theatre. I do not diſpute the preference of Tragedy; let every Man enjoy his taſte; but 'tis unjuſt that they who have not the leaſt notion of Heroick writing, ſhould therefore condemn the pleaſure which others receive from it, becauſe they cannot comprehend it. Let them pleaſe their Appitites in eating what they like; but let them not force their Diſh on all the Table. They who would combat general Authority with particular Opinion, muſt firſt eſtabliſh themſelves a Reputation of underſtanding better than other Men. Are all the Flights of Heroick Poetry to be concluded bombaſt, unnatural, and meer madneſs, becauſe they are not affected with their Excellencies? 'Tis juſt as reaſonable as to conclude there is no Day, becauſe a blind Man cannot diſtinguiſh of Light and Colours; ought they not rather in modeſty, to doubt of their own Judgments, when they think this or that Expreſſion in* Homer, Virgil, Taſſo, *or* Milton's Paradiſe, *to be too far ſtrain'd, than poſitively to conclude, that 'tis all Fuſtian and meer Nonſenſe? 'Tis true, there are limits to be ſet betwixt the boldneſs and raſhneſs of a Poet; but he muſt underſtand thoſe limits who pretends to judge, as well as he who undertakes to write; and he who has no liking to the whole, ought in reaſon to be excluded from cenſuring of the Parts. He muſt be a Lawyer, before he mounts the Tribunal; and the Judicature of one Court* *wo, does not qualifie a Man to preſide in another. He may be an excellent Pleader in the* Chancery, *who is not fit to rule the* Common Pleas. *But I will preſume for once to tell them, that the boldeſt ſtrokes of Poetry, when they are manag'd Artfully, are thoſe which moſt delight the* Reader.

Virgil *and* Horace, *the ſevereſt Writers of the ſevereſt Age, have made frequent uſe of the hardeſt Metaphors, and of the ſtrongeſt Hyperboles: And in this caſe the beſt Authority is the beſt Argument. For generally to have pleas'd, through all Ages, muſt bear the force of Univerſal Tradition. And if you would appeal from thence to* Right *Reaſon, you will gain no more by it in effect, than firſt, to ſet up your Reaſon againſt thoſe Authors; and ſecondly, againſt all thoſe who have admir'd them. You muſt prove why that ought not to have pleas'd, which has pleas'd the moſt Learned, and the moſt Judicious: And to be thought knowing, you muſt firſt put the Fool upon all Mankind. If you can enter more deeply than they have done, into the Cauſes and Reſorts of that which moves Pleaſure in a Reader, the Field is open, you may be heard: But thoſe Springs of Humane Nature, are not ſo eaſily diſcover'd by every ſuperficial Judge: It requires Philoſophy as well as Poetry, to ſound the depth of all the Paſſions; what they are in themſelves, and how they are to be provok'd; and in this Science the beſt Poets have excell'd.* Ariſtotle *rais'd the Fabrick of his Poetry, from obſervations of thoſe things, in which* Euripides, Sophocles, *and* Æſchylus *pleas'd: He conſidered how they rais'd the Paſſions, and thence has drawn Rules for our Imitation. From hence have ſprung the Tropes and Figures, for which they wanted a Name, who firſt practis'd them, and ſucceeded in them: Thus I grant you, that the knowledge of Nature was the Original Rule, and that all Poets ought to ſtudy her, as well as* Ariſtotle *and* Horace *her Interpreters. But then this alſo undeniably follows, That thoſe things which delight all Ages, muſt have been an Imitation of Nature; which is all I contend. Therefore is Rhetorick made an Art; therefore the Names of ſo many Tropes and Figures were invented; becauſe it was obſerv'd they had ſuch and ſuch an Effect upon the Audience. Therefore* Catachreſes *and* Hyperboles *have found their place amongſt them; not that they are to be avoided, but to be us'd judiciouſly, and plac'd in Poetry, as heightnings and ſhadows are in Painting, to make the Figure bolder, and cauſe it to ſtand off to ſight.*

——Nec retia Cervis
Ulla, dolum meditantur, *ſays* Virgil *in his* Eclogues. *And ſpeaking of* Leander *in his* Georgicks,

Cæca nocte natat ſerus freta, quem ſuper, ingens
Porta tonat Cœli; & ſcopulis illiſa reclamant
Æquora:——

In both of theſe you ſee he fears not to give Voice and Thought to things inanimate.

Will you arraign your Maſter Horace, *for his hardneſs of Expreſſion, when he deſcribes the Death of* Cleopatra? *and ſays ſhe did* Aſperos tractare ſerpentes, ut atrum corpore combiberet venenum? *becauſe the Body in that Action performs what is proper to the Mouth.*

As for Hyperboles, *I will neither quote* Lucan, *nor* Statius, *Men of an unbounded Imagination, but who often wanted the Poize of Judgment. The Divine* Virgil *was not liable to that exception; and yet he deſcribes* Polyphemus *thus:*

—— ——— Graditurque per æquor
Jam medium; nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

In imitation of this place, our admirable Cowley *thus paints* Goliah.

The Valley, now, this Monſter ſeem'd to fill;
And we, methought, look'd up to him from our Hill.

Where the two Words Seem'd *and* Methought, *have mollified the Figure; and yet if they had not been there, the fright of the* Iſraelites *might have excuſed their belief of the Giant's Stature.*

In the eighth of the Æneids, Virgil *paints the Swiftneſs of* Camilla *thus:*

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas;
Vel Mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

You are not oblig'd, as in Hiſtory, to a literal Belief of what the Poet ſays: but you are pleas'd with the Image, without being couzen'd by the Fiction.

Yet even in Hiſtory, Longinus *quotes* Herodotus *on this occaſion of* Hyperboles. *The* Lacedemonians, *ſays he, at the Straits of* Thermopylæ, *defended themſelves to the laſt* Extremity; *and when their Arms fail'd them, fought it out with their Nails and Teeth; till at length (the* Perſians *ſhooting continually upon them) they lay buried under the Arrows of their Enemies. It is not reaſonable, (continues the* Critick) *to believe that Men could defend themſelves with their Nails and Teeth from an armed multitude; nor that they lay buried under a Pile of Darts and Arrows: and yet there wants not probability for the Figure; becauſe the* Hyperbole *ſeems not to have been made for the ſake of the Deſcription, but rather to have been produc'd from the occaſion.*

'Tis true, the boldneſs of the Figures are to be hidden ſometimes by the addreſs of the Poet, that they may work their Effect upon the Mind, without diſcovering the Art which cauſ'd it. And therefore they are principally to be us'd in Paſſion; when we ſpeak more warmly, and with more precipitation than at other times: For then, Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt primum ipſi tibi, *the Poet muſt put on the Paſſion he endeavours to repreſent. A Man in ſuch an occaſion is not cool enough, either to reaſon rightly, or to talk calmly. Aggravations are then in their proper Places; Interrogations, Exclamations, Hyperbata, or a diſorder'd connexion of Diſcourſe, are graceful there, becauſe they are Natural. The ſum of all depends on what before I hinted, that this boldneſs of Expreſſion is not to be blam'd; if it be manag'd by the Coolneſs and Diſcretion which is neceſſary to a Poet.*

Yet before I leave this Subject, I cannot but take notice how diſingenuous our Adverſaries appear: All that is dull, inſipid, languiſhing, and without Sinews in a Poem, they call an Imitation of Nature: They only offend our moſt equitable Judges, who think beyond them; and lively Images and Elocution are never to be forgiven.

What Fuſtian, as they call it, have I heard theſe Gentlemen find out in Mr. Cowley*'s Odes? I acknowledge my ſelf unworthy to defend ſo excellent an Author: Neither have I room to do it here; only in general I will ſay, That nothing can appear more beautiful to me, than the Strength of thoſe Images which they condemn.*

Imaging is, in it ſelf, the very heighth and life of Poetry. 'Tis, as Longinus *deſcribes it, a Diſcourſe, which by a kind of Enthuaſiaſm, or extraordinary emotion of the Soul, makes it ſeem to us that we behold thoſe things which the Poet paints, ſo as to be pleas'd with them, and to admire 'em.*

If Poetry be Imitation, that part of it muſt needs be beſt, which deſcribes moſt lively our Actions and Paſſions, our Virtues and our Vices, our Follies and our Humours; for neither is Comedy without its part of Imaging; and they who do it beſt, are certainly the moſt excellent in their kind. This is too plainly prov'd to be denied. But how are Poetical Fictions, how are Hippocentaurs and Chimæra's, or how are Angels and Immaterial Subſtances to be imagied; which, ſome of them, are things quit out of Nature; others, ſuch whereof we can have no notion? This is the laſt refuge of our Adverſaries, and more than any of them have yet had the wit to object againſt us. The Anſwer is eaſie to the firſt part of it. The Fiction of ſome beings which are not in Nature, (ſecond Notions as the Logicians call them) has been founded on the conjunction of two Natures, which have a real ſeparate Being. So Hippocentaurs *were imag'd by joyning the Natures of a Man and Horſe together; as* Lucretius *tells us, who has uſed this word of Image oftner than any of the Poets.*

Nam certe ex vivo, Centauri non fit Imago,
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animai:
Verum ubi equi atque hominis, cauſa, convenit Imago,
Hæreſcit facile extemplo, *&c.*

The ſame reaſon may alſo be alledged for Chimæra*'s and the reſt. And Poets may be allow'd the like Liberty, for deſcribing things which really exiſt not, if they are founded on popular Belief, Of this Nature are Faires, Pigmies, and the extraordinary Effects of Magick: For 'tis ſtill an Imitation, tho' of other Men's Fancies; and thus are* Shakeſpear*'s* Tempeſt, *his* Midſummer Nights Dream, *and* Ben. Johnſon*'s* Mask of Witches, *to be defended. For Immaterial Subſtances we are authoris'd by Scripture in their deſcription; and herein the Text accommodates it ſelf to vulgar Apprehenſion, in giving Angels the likeneſs of beautiful young Men. Thus, after the Pagan Divinity, has* Homer *drawn his Gods with humane Faces: And thus we have Notions of things above us, by deſcribing them like other Beings more within our Knowledge.*

I wiſh I could produce any one Example of excellent Imaging in all this Poem: Perhaps I cannot; but that which comes neareſt it, is in theſe four Lines, which have been ſufficiently canvas'd by my well-natur'd Cenſors.

Seraph and Cherub, careleſs of their Charge,
And wanton, in full eaſe now live at large:
Unguarded leave the Paſſes of the Sky;
And all diſſolv'd in Hallelujah's lie.

I have heard (ſays one of them) of Anchoves diſſolv'd in Sauce, but never of an Angel in Hallelujah's. A mighty Witticiſm! (if you will pardon a new Word) but there is ſome difference between a Laugher and a Critick. He might have burleſqu'd Virgil too, from whom I took the Image: Invadunt Urbem, ſomno vinoq; ſepultam. A City's being buried, is juſt as proper on occaſion, as an Angel's being diſſolv'd in Eaſe, and Songs of Triumph. Mr. Cowley lies as open too in many places:

Where their vaſt Courts the Mother-Waters keep, &c. For if the Maſs of Waters be the Mothers, then their Daughters the little Streams, are bound in all good manners, to make Curt'ſie to them, and ask them Bleſſing. How eaſie 'tis to turn into ridicule the beſt Deſcriptions, when once a Man is in the humour of laughing, till he wheezes at his own dull Jeſt! But an Image which is ſtrongly and beautifully ſet before the Eyes of the Reader, will ſtill be Poetry when the merry Fit is over; and laſt when the other is forgotten.

I promis'd to ſay ſomewhat of Poetick Licence, but have in part anticipated my Diſcourſe already. Poetick Licence, I take to be the Liberty which Poets have aſſum'd to themſelves in all Ages, of ſpeaking things in Verſe, which are beyond the ſeverity of Proſe. 'Tis that particular character, which diſtinguiſhes and ſets the bounds betwixt Oratio ſoluta and Poetry. This, as to what regards the Thought, or Imagination of a Poet, conſiſts in Fiction; but then thoſe Thoughts muſt be expreſs'd; and here ariſe two other branches of it: For if this Licence be included in a ſingle word, it admits of Tropes; if in a Sentence or Propoſition, of Figures: Both which, are of a much larger extent, and more forcibly to be us'd in Verſe than Proſe. This is that Birth-right which is deriv'd to us from our great Fore-fathers, even from Homer down to Ben. And they who would deny it to us, have, in plain terms, the Foxes Quarrel to the Grapes; they cannot reach it.

How far theſe Liberties are to be extended, I will not preſume to determine here, ſince Horace does not. But it is certain, that they are to be varied according to the Language and Age in which an Author writes. That which would be allow'd to a Grecian Poet, Martial tells you, would not be ſuffer'd in a Roman. And 'tis evident, that the English does more nearly follow the ſtrictneſs of the latter, than the freedoms of the former. Connection of Epithetes, or the conjunction of two Words in one, are frequent and elegant in the Greek, which yet Sir Philip Sydney, an Tranſlator of Du Bartas, have unluckily attempted in the Eng this, I confeſs, is not ſo proper an Inſtance of Poetick Licenc variety of Idiom in Languages.

Horace *a little explains himſelf on this Subject of* Licentia Poetica, *in Verſes:*

———————Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas:
Sed non, ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes Avibus geminentur, Tygribus Hœdi.

He would have a Poem of a Piece; not to begin one thing, and end with another: He reſtrains it ſo far, that thoughts of an unlike Nature, ought not to be joyn'd together. That were indeed to make a Chaos. He tax'd not Homer, *nor the Divine* Virgil, *for intereſting their Gods in the Wars of* Troy *and* Italy: *Neither, had he now liv'd, would he have tax'd* Milton, *as our falſe Criticks have preſum'd to do, for his Choice of a ſupernatural Argument; but he would have blam'd my Author, who was a Chriſtian, had he introduc'd into his Poems Heathen Deities, as* Taſſo *is condemn'd by* Rapin *on the like occaſion: And at* Camoëns, *the Author of the* Luſiads *ought to be cenſur'd by all his Readers, when he brings in* Bacchus *and* Chriſt *into the ſame Adventure of his Fable. From that which has been ſaid, it may be collected, that the Definition of Wit (which has been ſo often attempted, and ever unſucceſsfully, by many Poets) is only this, That it is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words; or in other Terms, Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject. If our Criticks will joyn iſſue on this Definition, that we may* convenire in aliquo tertio; *if they will take it as a granted Principle, 'twill be eaſie to put an end to the Diſpute. No Man will diſagree from another's Judgment, concerning this Dignity of Style, in Heroick Poetry; but all reaſonable Men will conclude it neceſſary, that ſublimeſt Subjects ought to be adorn'd with the ſublimeſt, and (conſequently often) with the moſt figurative Expreſſions. In the mean time, I will not run into their fault of impoſing my Opinions on other Men, any more than I would my Writings on their Taſte: I have only laid down, and that ſuperficially enough, my preſent Thoughts; and ſhall be glad to be taught better, by thoſe who pretend to reform our Poetry.*

THE
State of INNOCENCE, AND FALL *of* MAN.
AN OPERA.

The first Scene repreſents a Chaos, *or a confuſ'd Maſs of Matter; the Stage is almoſt wholly dark. A Symphony of Warlike muſick is heard for ſome time; then from the Heav'ns, (which are open'd) fall the rebellious Angels, wheeling in the Air, and ſeeming tranſfix'd with Thunderbolts. The bottom of the Stairs being open'd, receives the Angels, who fall out of ſight. Tunes of Victory are play'd, and an Hymn ſung, Angels diſcovered above, brandiſhing their Swords. The Muſick ceaſing, and the Heav'ns being cloſ'd, the Scene ſhifts, and on a ſudden repreſents Hell. Part of the Scene is a Lake of Brimſtone, or rowling Fire; the Earth of a burnt Colour. The fallen Angels appear on the Lake, lying proſtrate; a Tune of Horrour and Lamentation is heard.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lucifer *raiſing himſelf on the Lake.*

Lucifer. IS this the Seat our Conquerour has given?
And this the Climate we muſt change for Heaven?
Theſe Regions and this Realm my Wars have got;
This mournful Empire is the loſer's Lot:
In liquid Burnings, or on dry to dwell,
Is all the ſad variety of Hell.

But ſee the Victor has recall'd from far,
Th' Avenging ſtorms, his Miniſters of War;
His ſhafts are ſpent, and his tir'd Thunders ſleep,
Nor longer bellow through the boundleſs deep.
Beſt take th' occaſion, and theſe Waves forſake,
While time is given. Ho, *Aſmoday*, awake,
If thou art he: But, ah! how chang'd from him,
Companion of my Arms! how wan! how dim!
How faded all thy Glories are! I ſee
My ſelf too well, and mine own Change in thee.
Aſmoday. Prince of the Thrones, who in the fields of Light,
Led'ſt forth the imbattel'd Seraphims to fight,
Who ſhook th' Power of Heav'ns eternal State,
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate;
But now thoſe hopes are fled; Thus low we lie,
Shut from this day, and that contented Skie;
And loſt, as far as heav'nly Forms can die;
Yet not all periſh'd, we defie him ſtill,
And yet wage War with our unconquer'd Will.
Lucif. Strength may return.
Aſm. Already of thy Virtue I partake,
Erected by thy voice.
Lucif. ——————— See on the Lake
Our Troops, like ſcatter'd leaves in Autumn, lie;
Firſt let us raiſe our ſelves, and ſeek the dry,
Perhaps more eaſie dwelling.
Aſm. ——————— From the Beach,
Thy well-known voice, the ſleeping Gods we'll reach,
And wake th' Immortal Senſe, which Thunder's Noiſe
Had quell'd, and lightning deep, had driven within 'em.
Lucif. With Wings expanded wide, our ſelves we'll rear,
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air:
Hell, thy new Lord receive,
Heav'n cannot envy me an Empire here.

[*Both fly to dry Land.*

Aſm. Thus far we have prevail'd; if that be gain
Which is but change of place not change of pain.
Now ſummon we the reſt.
Lucif. Dominions, Pow'rs, ye Chiefs of Heav'n's bright Hoſt,
(O Heaven's, once yours; but now, in battle loſt)
Wake from your ſlumbers: Are your Beds of downe;
Sleep you ſo eaſie there? or fear the frown
Of him who threw you thence, and joys to ſee
Your abject State confeſs his Victory?
Riſe, riſe, e'er from his battlements he view
Your proſtrate poſtures, and his bolts renew,

To ſtrike you deeper down.
Aſm. ——————————They wake, they hear,
Shake off their ſlumber firſt, and next their fear;
And only for th' appointed Signal ſtay.
Lucif. Riſe from the Flood, and higher wing your way.
Mol. From the Lake. Thine to Command, our part 'tis to obey.
[*The reſt of the Devils riſe up, and fly to the Land.*

Lucif. So now we are our ſelves again, an Hoſt
Fit to tempt Fate, once more, for what we loſt.
T' o'erleap the Etherial Fence; or if ſo high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Skie,
And blow him up, who juſtly rules us now,
Becauſe more ſtrong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis juſt to win
The higheſt place; t' attempt, and fail, is ſin.
Mol. Chang'd as we are, we'er yet from Homage free;
We have, by Hell, at leaſt gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our fall; thus low tho' we are driven,
Better to rule in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven.
Lucif. There ſpoke the better half of *Lucifer*!
Aſm. 'Tis fit in frequent ſenate we conferr,
And then determine how to Steer our courſe;
To wage new War by Frand, or open Force:
The Doom's now paſt; Submiſſion were in vain.
Mol. And, were it not, ſuch baſeneſs I diſdain.
I would not ſtoop to purchaſe all above;
And ſhould contemn a Pow'r whom Pray'r could move,
As one unworthy to have conquer'd me.
Beelzebub. Moloch, in that, all are reſolv'd like thee,
The means are unpropos'd; but 'tis not fit
Our dark *Divan* in publick view ſhould ſit,
Or what we plot againſt the Thunderer,
Th' ignoble Crowd of Vulgar Devils hear.
Lucif. A golden Palace let be rais'd on high;
To imitate? No, to out-ſhine the Sky!
All Mines are ours, and Gold above the reſt;
Let this be done, and quick as 'twas expreſt.
[*A Palace riſes, where ſit, as in Council,* Lucifer, Aſmoday, Moloch, Belial, Beelzebub, *and* Sathan.

Moſt high and mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heav'n to riſe States-General of Hell;
Nor yet repent tho' ruin'd and undone,
Our upper Provinces already won,
Such pride there is in Souls created free,
Such hate of Univerſal Monarchy;

Speak, (for we therefore meet)————
If peace you chuſe, your Suffrages declare;
Or means propound, to carry on the War.
Mol. My ſentence is for War; that open too:
Unskill'd in Stratagems, plain force I know:
Treaties are vain to Loſers: Nor would we,
Should Heav'n grant Peace ſubmit to Sov'raignty.
We can no caution give, we will adore;
And he above is warn'd to truſt no more.
What then remains but battel?
Sathan. I agree,
With this brave Vote; and if in Hell there be
Ten more ſuch Spirits, Heav'n's our own again:
We venture nothing, and may all obtain.
Yet who can hope but well, ſince e'en Succeſs
Makes Foes ſecure, and makes our danger leſs.
Seraph and *Cherub* careleſs of their Charge,
And wanton, in full eaſe, now live at large,
Ungarded leave the Paſſes of the Sky,
And all diſſolv'd in *Hallelujahs* lie.
Mol. Grant that our hazardous Attempt prov'd vain;
We feel the worſt, ſecur'd from greater pain:
Perhaps we may provoke the conqu'ring Foe
To make us nothing; yet ev'n then we know
That not to be, is not to be in woe.
Belial. That knowledge which as Spirits we obtain,
Is to be valu'd in the mid'ſt of Pain:
Annihilation were to loſe Heav'n more:
We are not quite exil'd, where Thought can ſoar.
Then ceaſe from Arms;
Tempt him not farther to purſue his blow;
And be content to bear thoſe Pains we know.
If what we had we could not keep, much leſs
Can we regain what thoſe above poſſeſs.
Beelzeb. Heav'n ſleeps not; from one wink a Breach would be
In the full Circle of Eternity.
Long Pains, with uſe of bearing are half eas'd;
Heav'n unprovok'd, at length may be appeas'd.
By War we can't eſcape our wretched Lot;
And may, Perhaps, not warring be forgot.
Aſm. Could we repent, or did not Heav'n well know
Rebellion once forgiv'n, would greater grow.
I ſhould, with *Belial*, chuſe ignoble eaſe,
But neither would the Conquerour give Peace,
Nor yet ſo loſt in this low State we are,
As to deſpair of a well manag'd War.

Nor need we tempt thoſe heights which Angels keep,
Who fear no force, or ambuſh from the deep.
What if we find ſome eaſier enterprize?
There is a Place, if ancient Prophecies
And Fame of Heav'n not err, the bleſt abode
Of ſome new Race, call'd Man, a Demi-God,
Whom, near this time, th' Almighty muſt create;
He ſwore it, ſhook the Heav'ns, and made it Fate.
Lucif. I heard it; through all Heav'n the rumour ran,
And much they talk of this intended *Man*:
Of Form Divine; but leſs in Excellence
Than we, endu'd with Reaſon lodg'd in Senſe:
The Soul pure Fire, like ours of equal force;
But, pent in Fleſh, muſt iſſue by Diſcourſe:
We ſee what is; to Man truth muſt be brought
By ſenſe, and drawn by a long Chain of Thought:
By that faint Light to will and underſtand;
For made leſs knowing, he's at more command.
Aſm. Tho Heav'n be ſhut, that World if it be made,
As neareſt Heav'n, lies open to invade:
Man therefore muſt be known, his Strength his State,
And by what Tenure he holds all of Fate.
Him let us then ſeduce, or overthrow:
The firſt is eaſieſt; and makes Heav'n his Foe.
Adviſe, if this attempt be worth our care.
Belial. Great is th' Advantage, great the hazards are.
Some one (but who that task dares undertake?)
Of this new Creature muſt diſcov'ry make.
Hell's Brazen Gates he firſt muſt break, then far
Muſt wander through old night, and through the War
Of antique Chaos; and when theſe are paſt,
Meet Heav'n's out-guards, who ſcout upon the waſt:
At every Station muſt be bid to ſtand,
And forc'd to anſwer every ſtrict demand.
Mol. This glorious Enterprize——— [*Riſing up*
Lucif. ——————————Raſh Angel, ſtay;
[*Riſing and laying his Scepter on* Moloch's *head.*
That Palm is mine, which none ſhall take away.
Hot Braves like thee, may fight; but know not well
To manage this, the laſt great Stake of Hell.
Why am I rank'd in State above the reſt,
If, while I ſtand of Sovereign Power poſſeſt,
Another dares in danger farther go?
Kings are not made for eaſe, and Pageant ſhow.
Who would be Conquerour muſt venture all:
He merits not to riſe who dares not fall.

Aſm. The Praiſe and danger then be all your own.
Lucif. On this Foundation I erect my Throne:
Through Brazen Gates, vaſt Chaos, and old night,
I'll force my way; and upwards ſteer my flight:
Diſcover this new World, and newer Man;
Make him my Foot-ſtep to mount Heav'n again:
Then, in the Clemency of upward Air,
We'll ſcour our ſpots, and the dire Thunders ſcar,
With all the Remnants of th' unlucky War,
And once again grow bright, and once again grow fair.
Aſm. Mean time the Youth of Hell ſtrict guard may keep,
And ſet their Centries to the utmoſt deep.
That no Etherial Paraſite may come
To ſpie our Ills, and tell glad Tales at home.
Lucif. Before yon' Brimſtone-Lake thrice ebb and flow,
(Alas, that we muſt meaſure time by Woe!)
I ſhall return; (my mind preſages well)
And outward lead the Colonies of Hell.
Your care I much approve; what time remains,
With ſports and Muſick, in the Vales and Fields,
And whate'er Joy ſo ſad a Climate yields,
Seek to forget at leaſt divert your pains.

Betwixt the firſt Act, and the ſecond, while the Chiefs ſit in the Palace, may be expreſſed the Sports of the Devils; as Flights and Dancing in Croteſque Figures; and a Song expreſſing the Change of their Condition; what they enjoy'd before; and how they fell bravely in Battel, having deſerved Victory by their valour; and what they would have done, if they had conquer'd.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

A Champain Country.

Adam, *as newly created, laid on a Bed of Moſs and Flowers, by a Rock.*

[*Riſing.*

Adam WHat am I? Or from whence? for that I am,
I know, becauſe I think; but whence I came,
Or how this frame of mine began to be,
What other being can diſcloſe to me?

I move, I ſee, I ſpeak, diſcourſe and know;
Tho' now I am, *I* was not always ſo.
Then that from which I was muſt be before,
Whom as my ſpring of being I adore.
How full of Ornament is all I view,
In all its Parts! and ſeems as beautiful as new:
O goodly order'd Work! O Pow'r Divine,
Of thee I am; and what I am is thine!

[Raphael *deſcends to* Adam *in a Cloud.*

Raphael. Firſt of Mankind, made o'er the World to reign,
Whoſe fruitful Loins an unborn kind contain,
Well haſt thou reaſon'd; of himſelf is none
But that Eternal Infinite, and One,
Who never did begin who ne'er can end;
On him all beings, as their ſource, depend.
We firſt, who of his Image moſt partake,
Whom he all Spirits Immortal pure did make.
Man next; whoſe Race exalted, muſt ſupply
The Place of thoſe, who, falling, loſt the Sky.

Adam. Bright Miniſter of Heav'n, ſent here below
To me, who but begin to think and know;
If ſuch could fall from bliſs, who knew and ſaw,
By near Admiſſion, their Creator's Law;
What hopes have I, from Heav'n remote ſo far,
To keep thoſe Laws unknowing when I err.

Raphael. Right Reaſon's Laws to every human heart
Th' Eternal, as his Image, will impart:
This teaches to adore Heav'ns Majeſty:
In Pray'r and Praiſe does all Devotion lie:
So doing, thou and all thy Race are bleſt.

Adam. Of every creeping thing, of Bird and Beaſt,
I ſee the Kinds; in Pairs diſtinct they go:
The Males their Loves, their Lovers Females know.
Thou nam'dſt a Race which muſt proceed from me,
Yet my whole ſpecies in my ſelf I ſee:
A barren Sex, and ſingle of no uſe;
But full of Forms, which I can ne'er produce.

Raphael. Think not the Pow'r who made thee thus can find
No way like their's to propagate thy Kind.
Mean time, live happy in thy ſelf alone;
Like him, who, ſingle fills th' Etherial Throne.
To ſtudy Nature will thy time employ:
Knowledge and Innocence are perfect joy.

Adam. If Solitude were beſt, th' All-wiſe above
Had made no Creature for himſelf to love.
I add not to the Pow'r he had before;
Yet to make me, extends his Goodneſs more;

He would not be alone who all things can;
But peopled Heav'n with Angels, Earth with Man.
Raphael. As Man and Angels to the Deity,
So all Inferiour Creatures are to thee.
Heav'n's greatneſs no Society can bear;
Servants he made, and thoſe thou want'ſt not here.
Adam. Why did he Reaſon in my Soul implant,
And Speech th' effect of Reaſon? To the Mute
My Speech is loſt; my Reaſon to the brute.
Love and Society more Bleſſing's bring
To them, the Slaves, than Power to me their King.
Raphael. Thus far to try thee; but, to Heaven, 'twas known,
It was not beſt for Man to be alone;
An equal, yet thy Subject, is deſign'd
For thy ſoft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind.
Thy ſtronger Soul ſhall her weak Reaſon ſway;
And thou, through Love, her beauty ſhalt obey:
Thou ſhalt ſecure her helpleſs Sex from harms;
And ſhe thy Cares ſhall ſweeten with her Charms.
Adam. What more can Heav'n beſtow, or Man require?
Raphael. Yes; he can give beyond thy own deſire.
A manſion is provided thee more fair
Than this and worthy Heavens peculiar Care:
Not fram'd of common Earth, nor Fruits, nor Flowers
Of Vulgar Growth; but like Celeſtial Bowers:
The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit Divine.
Where golden Apples on green Branches ſhine,
And Purple Grapes diſſolve into immortal Wine.
For Noon-day's heat are cloſer Arbours made;
And for freſh Ev'ning Air, the op'ner glade.
Aſcend: and, as we go,
More wonders thou ſhalt know.
Adam. And, as we go, let Earth and Heav'n above
Sound our great Maker's Pow'r, and greater Love.
[*They aſcend to ſoft Muſick, and a ſong is ſung.*

The Scene changes; and repreſents above, a Sun Gloriouſly riſing, and moving orbicularly: At a diſtance, below, is the Moon; the part next the Sun enlightned, the other dark. A black Cloud comes whirling from the adverſe part of the Heavens, bearing Lucifer *in it; at his nearer approach, the Body of the Sun is dark'ned.*

Lucifer. Am I become ſo monſtrous? So disfigur'd,
That Nature cannot ſuffer my Approach,
Or look me in the Face? But ſtands agaſt;
And that fair Light which glides this new-made Orb,

Shorn of his Beams, ſhrinks in, accurſt Ambition!
And thou, black Empire of the nether World,
How dearly have I bought you! but 'tis paſt:
I have already gone too far to ſtop,
And muſt puſh on my dire revenge, in ruine
Of this gay Frame, and Man my up-ſtart Rival;
In ſcorn of me created. Down my Pride,
And all my ſwelling thoughts; I muſt forget,
A while, I am a Devil, and put on
A ſmooth, ſubmiſſive Face; elſe I, in vain
Have paſt through Night and Chaos, to diſcover
Thoſe envy'd Skies again, which I have loſt.
But ſtay; far off, I ſee a Chariot driv'n,
Flaming with Beams, and in it *Vriel*,
One of the Seven; (I know his hated Face)
Who ſtands in preſence of th' Eternal Throne,
And ſeems the Regent of that glorious Light.

From that part of the Heavens, where the Sun appears, a Chariot is diſcovered, drawn with White Horſes; and in it Uriel, *the Regent of the Sun. The Chariot moves ſwiftly towards* Lucifer; *and at* Uriel's *approach, the Sun recovers his Light.*

Vriel. Spirit, who art thou? and from whence arriv'd?
(For I remember not thy Face in Heav'n)
Or by Command, or hither led by Choice?
Or wander'ſt thou within this lucid Orb,
And ſtray'd from thoſe fair Fields of Light above,
Amidſt this new Creation want'ſt a Guide,
To reconduct thy Steps?
Lucif. ——————— Bright *Vriel*,
Chief of the Seven, thou flaming Miniſter,
Who guard'ſt this new-created Orb of Light,
(The World's Eye that, and thou the Eye of it)
Thy Favour, and high Office, make thee known:
An humble Cherub I, and of leſs Note,
Yet, bold, by thy Permiſſion, hither come,
On high Diſcoveries bent.
Vriel. ——————— Speak thy deſign.
Lucif. Urg'd by Renown of what I heard above,
Divulg'd by Angels neareſt Heav'n's high King,
Concerning this new World, I came to view
(If worthy ſuch a Favour) and admire
This laſt effect of our great Maker's Pow'r:
Thence, to my wond'ring Fellows ſhall I turn,
Full fraught with joyful Tydings of theſe Works,

New matter of his Praiſe, and of our Songs.
Uriel. Thy buſineſs is not what deſerves my blame,
Nor thou, thy ſelf, unwelcome; ſee, fair Spirit,
Below yon' Sphere, (of matter not unlike it,)
There hangs the Ball of Earth and Water mixt,
Self-center'd, and unmov'd.
Lucif. ——————————But where dwells Man?
Uriel. On yonder mount; thou ſeeſt it fenc'd with Rocks,
And round th' Aſcent a Theatre of Trees,
A Sylvane Scene, which riſing by degrees,
Lifts up the Eye below, nor gluts the Sight,
With one full proſpect but invites by many,
To view at laſt the whole: There his abode,
Thither direct thy Flight.
Lucif. ——————————O bleſt be thou,
Who, to my low Converſe, haſt lent thy Ear,
And favour'd my requeſt: Hail, and farewel.
[*Flies downwards out of ſight.*
Uriel. Not unobſerv'd thou go'ſt, whoe'er thou art;
Whether ſome Spirit, on holy Purpoſe bent,
Or ſome fall'n Angel, from below broke looſe,
Who com'ſt with envious Eyes, and curſt Intent,
To view this World, and its created Lord:
Here will I watch, and while my Orb rouls on,
Purſue from hence thy much-ſuſpected Flight;
And, if diſguis'd, pierce through the Beams of Light.
[*The Chariot drives forward out of ſight.*

The Scene *Paradiſe.*

Trees cut out on each ſide, with ſeveral Fruits upon them: A Fountain in the midſt: At the far end, the Proſpect terminates in Walks.

Adam. If this be dreaming, let me never wake;
But ſtill the Joys of that ſweet ſleep partake,
Methought—but why do *I* my bliſs delay
By thinking what I thought? Fair Viſion, ſtay;
My better half, thou ſofter part of me
To whom I yield my boaſted Sov'raignty,
I ſeek my ſelf, and find not, wanting thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and thou fair Sun,
Who ſhin'ſt above, what am I? Whence begun?

Like my ſelf, I ſee nothing: From each Tree
The feather'd Kind peep down, to look on me.
And Beaſts, with up-caſt Eyes, forſake their ſhade,
And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
Sure I am ſomewhat which they wiſh to be,
And cannot: I my ſelf am proud of me.
What's here? another Firmament below, [*Looks into a Fountain.*
Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow?
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With ſmiling Looks, as pleas'd to ſee me here.
As I advance, ſo that advances too,
And ſeems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to ſpeak, the Lips it moves;
Streams down the Voice, as it would ſay it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not ſtay: [*Steps down to embrace.*
Loſt, e'er tis held; when neareſt, far away.
Ah! Fair, yet falſe; Ah! Being form'd to cheat,
By ſeeming kindneſs, mixt with deep Deceit.

Enter Adam.

Adam. O Virgin! Heav'n begot and born of Man,
Thou faireſt of thy great Creator's Works;
Thee, Goddeſs, thee th' Eternal did ordain
His ſofter ſubſtitute on Earth to Reign:
And whereſoe'er thy happy Foot-ſteps tread,
Nature in Triumph after thee is led:
Angels with pleaſure view thy matchleſs Grace,
And love their Maker's Image in thy Face.
Eve. O! only like my ſelf, (for nothing here
So graceful ſo majeſtick does appear:)
Art thou the Form my longing Eyes did ſee,
Loos'd from thy Fountain, and come out to me!
Yet, ſure thou art not; nor thy Face the ſame;
Nor thy Limbs moulded in ſo ſoft a frame:
Thou look'ſt more ſternly, doſt more ſtrongly move;
And more of Awe thou bear'ſt, and leſs of Love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee, and above the reſt,
I, next my ſelf admire, and love thee beſt.
Adam. Made to command, thus freely I obey,
And at thy Feet the whole Creation lay.
Pity that Love thy beauty does beget:
What more I ſhall deſire, I know not yet.
Firſt let us lock'd in thoſe Embraces be;
Thence I, perhaps, may teach my ſelf and thee.

Eve. Somewhat forbids me, which I cannot name;
For ignorant of Guilt, I fear not Shame:
But ſome reſtraining Thought, I know not why,
Tells me you long ſhould beg, I long deny.
Adam. In vain! my Right to thee is ſeal'd above;
Look round, and ſee where thou canſt place thy Love.
All Creatures elſe are much unworthy Thee;
They match'd, and thou alone are left for Me.
If not to Love, we both were made in vain:
I my new Empire would reſign again;
And change, with my dumb Slaves, my nobler Mind,
Who, void of Reaſon, more of Pleaſure find.
Methinks, for me they beg; each ſilently
Demands thy Grace, and ſeems to watch thine Eye.
Eve. I well foreſee, whene'er thy Suit I grant,
That I my much-lov'd Sovereignty ſhall want:
Or like my ſelf ſome other may be made,
And Her new Beauty may thy Heart invade.
Adam. Could Heav'n ſome greater Maſter-piece deviſe,
Set out with all the Glories of the Skies,
That Beauty yet in vain he ſhould decree,
Unleſs he made another Heart for me.
Eve. With how much eaſe I, whom I love believe!
Giving my ſelf, my want of Worth I grieve.
Here, my inviolable Faith I plight,
So, Thou be my Defence, I thy Delight. [*Exeunt, he leading her.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Paradiſe.*

Lucifer. FAir Place! yet what is this to Heav'n, where I
Sate next, ſo almoſt equall'd the Moſt High;
I doubted, meaſuring both, who was more ſtrong:
Then, willing to forget time ſince ſo long,
Scarce thought I was created; vain deſire
Of Empire, in my Thoughts ſtill ſhot me higher,
To mount above his ſacred Head; ah why,
When he ſo kind, was ſo ungrateful I?
He bounteouſly beſtow'd unenvy'd Good
On me; in Arbitrary Grace I ſtood:

T'acknowledge this, was all he did exact;
Small Tribute, where the Will to pay was Act.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As He, who knows my Hatred to relent,
Jealous of Pow'r once queſtion'd: Hope, farewel;
And with Hope, Fear; no Depth below my Hell
Can be prepar'd: Then, Ill, be thou my Good;
And vaſt Deſtruction, be my Envy's Food.
Thus I, with Heav'n, divided Empire gain;
Seducing Man, I make his Project vain,
And in one Hour, deſtroy his Six Days Pain.
They come again; I muſt retire.

Enter Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. Thus ſhall we live in perfect Bliſs, and ſee,
Deathleſs our Selves, our num'rous Progeny.
Thou young and beauteous, my Deſires to bleſs;
I, ſtill deſiring, what I ſtill poſſeſs.
Eve. Heav'n, from whence Love (our greateſt Bleſſing came)
Can give no more, but ſtill to be the ſame.
Thou more of Pleaſure mayſt with me partake;
I, more of Pride, becauſe thy Bliſs I make.
Adam. When to my Arms thou brought'ſt thy Virgin-Love
Fair Angels ſung our Bridal Hymn above:
Th'Eternal nodding ſhook the Firmament,
And conſcious Nature gave her glad Conſent.
Roſes unbud, and ev'ry fragrant Flower,
Flew from their Stalks, to ſtrow thy Nuptial Bower:
The furr'd and feather'd Kind, the Triumph did purſue,
And Fiſhes leapt above the Streams, the paſſing Pomp to view.
Eve. When your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces join,
A doubtful trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er;
Then, Wiſhes; and a Warmth, unknown before:
What follow'd, was all Ecſtaſie and Trance;
Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance,
And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumult toſt,
I thought my Breath, and my new Being loſt.
Lucif. O Death to hear! and a worſe Hell on Earth: [*Aſide.*
What mad Profuſion on this Clod-born Birth!
Abyſs of Joys, as if Heav'n meant to ſhew
What, in baſe Matters, ſuch a Hand could do:
Or was his Virtue ſpent, and he no more
With Angels could ſupply th'exhauſted Store,
Of which I ſwept the Sky?———

And wanting Subjects to his haughty Will,
On this mean Work employ'd his trifling Skill.
Eve. Bleſt in our ſelves, all Pleaſures elſe abound;
Without our Care, behold th'unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit, above our ſhady Bowers
The creeping *Jeſ'min* thruſts her fragrant Flowers,
The *Myrtle*, *Orange*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*
With bending Heaps ſo nigh their Blooms diſcloſe,
Each ſeems to ſmell the Flavour which the other blows:
By theſe the *Peach*, the *Guava*, and the *Pine*,
And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mant'ling *Vine*,
Does round their Trunks her purple Cluſters twine.
Adam. All theſe are ours, all Natures Excellence,
Whoſe taſte and ſmell can bleſs the feaſted Senſe:
One only Fruit, in the mid-Garden plac'd,
(The Tree of Knowledge is deny'd our Taſte;
(Our Proof of Duty to our Maker's Will:)
Of Diſobedience, Death's the threatned Ill.
Eve. Death is ſome harm, which tho' we know not, yet,
Since threatned, we muſt needs imagine great:
And ſure he merits it, who diſobeys
That one Command, and one of ſo much eaſe.
Lucif. Muſt they then die, if they attempt to know,
He ſees they would rebel, and keeps them low.
On this Foundation I their Ruine lay;
Hope, to know more, ſhall tempt to diſobey.
I fell by this, and ſince their Strength is leſs,
Why ſhould not equal Means give like Succeſs?
Adam. Come, my fair Love, our Morning Task we loſe;
Some Labour, e'en the eaſieſt Life would chuſe:
Ours is not great; the dangling Boughs to crop,
Whoſe too luxuriant Growth our Alleys ſtop,
And choke the Paths: This our Delight requires,
And Heav'n no more of daily Work deſires.
Eve. With thee to live is Paradiſe alone;
Without the Pleaſure of thy Sight is none.
I fear ſmall progreſs will be made this day,
So much our Kiſſes will our Task delay. [*Exeunt.*
Lucif. Why have not I, like theſe, a Body too
Form'd for the ſame Delights which they purſue?
I could (ſo variouſly my Paſſions move)
Enjoy, and blaſt her in the Act of Love.
Unwillingly I hate ſuch Excellence;
She wrong'd me not; but I revenge th'Offence,
Through her, on Heav'n, whoſe Thunder took away
My Birthright Skies! Live happy whilſt you may,
Bleſt Pair, y'are not allow'd another day! [*Exit.*

Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *deſcend, carried on bright Clouds; and flying croſs each other, then light on the Ground.*

Gabriel. *Ithuriel*, ſince we two commiſſion'd are
From Heav'n the Guardians of the new-made Pair,
Each Mind his Charge; for, ſee, the Night draws on,
And riſing Miſts purſue the ſetting Sun.
Ithuriel. Bleſt is our Lot to ſerve; our Task we know:
To watch, leſt any from th'Abyſs below
Broke looſe, diſturb their Sleep with Dreams; or worſe,
Aſſault their Beings with ſuperior Force.
[Uriel *flies down from the Sun.*
Uriel. *Gabriel*, if now the Watch be ſet, prepare,
With ſtricteſt Guard, to ſhow thy utmoſt Care.
This Morning came a Spirit, fair he ſeem'd,
Whom, by his Face, I ſome young *Cherub* deem'd;
Of Man he much enquir'd, and where his Place,
With ſhews of Zeal to praiſe his Maker's Grace;
But I, with watchful Eyes obſerv'd his Flight,
And ſaw him on yon' ſteepy Mount alight;
There, as he thought, unſeen, he laid aſide
His borrow'd Mask, and re-aſſum'd his Pride:
I mark'd his Looks, averſe to Heav'n and Good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving ſtood
On ſome deep, dark Deſign; thence ſhot with haſte.
And o'er the Mounts of Paradiſe he paſt:
By his proud Port he ſeem'd the Prince of Hell;
And here he lurks in Shades till Night: Search well
Each Grove and Thicket, pry in every Shape,
Leſt, hid in ſome, th'Arch-Hypocrite eſcape.
Gabriel. If any Spirit come t'invade or ſcout
From Hell, what Earthy Fence can keep him out?
But reſt ſecure of this, he ſhall be found,
And taken, or proſcrib'd this happy Ground.
Ithuriel. Thou to the Eaſt, I Weſtward walk the round,
And meet me in the midſt. (*Uriel.*) Heav'n your Deſign
Succeed; Your Charge requires you, and me mine.
[Uriel *flies forward out of ſight.*
The two Angels Exeunt *ſeverally.*

A Night-Piece of a pleaſant Bower: Adam *and* Eve *aſleep in it.*
Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. So, now they lie, ſecure in Love, and ſteep
Their ſated Senſes in full Draughts of ſleep.

By what ſure means can I their Bliſs invade?
By Violence? No, for they're immortal made.
Their Reaſon ſleeps, but Mimic Fancy wakes;
Supplies her parts, and wild Idea's takes
From Words and Things ill-ſorted and mis-joyn'd;
The Anarchy of Thought and Chaos of the Mind:
Hence Dreams confus'd and various may ariſe;
Theſe will I ſet before the Woman's Eyes;
The weaker ſhe, and made my eaſier Prey;
Vain Shows and Pomp the ſofter Sex betray.
[Lucifer *ſits down by* Eve, *and ſeems to whiſper in her Ear.*

A Viſion, where a Tree riſes loaden with Fruit; four Spirits riſe with it, and draw a Canopy out of the Tree; other Spirits dance about the Tree in deform'd ſhapes; after the Dance, an Angel enters with a Woman, habited like Eve.

Angels ſinging:
Look up, look up, and ſee
What Heav'n prepares for thee;
Look up, and this fair Fruit behold,
Ruddy it ſmiles, and rich with ſtreaks of Gold.
The loaden Branches downward bend,
Willing they ſtoop, and thy fair Hand attend.
Fair Mother of Mankind, make haſte,
And bleſs, and bleſs thy Senſes with the taſte.
Woman. No; 'tis forbidden, I
In taſting it ſhall die.
Angel. Say, who enjoyn'd this harſh Command?
Woman. 'Twas Heav'n, and who can Heav'n withſtand?
Angel. Why was it made ſo Fair? why plac'd in ſight?
Heav'n is too good to envy Man's Delight.
See, we before thy Face will try,
What thou ſo fear'ſt, and will not die.

[*The Angel takes the Fruit, and gives to the Spirits who danc'd; they immediately put off their deform'd ſhapes, and appear Angels.*

Angels ſinging. Behold what a Change on a ſudden is here!
How glorious in Beauty, how bright they appear!
From Spirits deform'd they are Deities made,
Their Pinions at Pleaſure the Clouds can invade.
[*The Angel gives to the Woman, who Eats.*
'Till equal in Honour they riſe
With Him who commands in the Skies:
Then taſte without Fear, and be happy and wiſe.

Woman. Ah! now I believe; ſuch a Pleaſure I find,
As enlightens my Eyes, and enlivens my Mind.
[*The Spirits who are turn'd Angels, fly up when they have taſted.*
I only repent
I deferr'd my Content.
Angel. Now wiſer Experience has taught you to prove,
What a Folly it is,
Out of Fear to ſhun Bliſs.
To the Joy that's forbidden we eagerly move;
It enhances the Price, and encreaſes the Love.
Chorus of Both. To the Joy, *&c.*

Two Angels deſcend; they take the Woman each by the Hand, and fly up with her out of ſight. The Angel who ſung, and the Spirits who held the Canopy, at the ſame inſtant ſink down with the Tree.

Enter Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *to* Lucifer, *who remains.*

Gabriel. What art thou? ſpeak, thy Name, and thy Intent.
Why here alone? and on what Errand ſent?
Not from above? No, thy wan Looks betray
Diminiſh'd Light, and Eyes unus'd to day.
Lucifer. Not to know me, argues thy ſelf unknown:
Time was, when ſhining next th' Imperial Throne,
I ſate in awful State, while ſuch as thou
Did, in the ignoble Crowd, at diſtance bow.
Gabriel. Think'ſt thou, vain Spirit, thy Glories are the ſame?
And ſeeſt not Sin obſcures thy Godlike Frame?
I know thee now by thy ungrateful Pride;
That ſhows me what thy faded Looks did hide.
Traytor to Him who made, and ſet thee high;
And Fool, that Pow'r which form'd thee to defie.
Lucifer. Go, Slaves, return, and fawn in Heav'n again;
Seek thanks from Him, whoſe Quarrel you maintain.
Vile Wretches! of your Servitude to boaſt:
You baſely keep the Place I bravely loſt.
Ithuriel. Freedom is choice of what we will and do:
Then blame not Servants who are freely ſo.
'Tis baſe not to acknowledge what we owe.
Lucifer. Thanks, howe'er due, proclaim Subjection yet:
I ſought for Power to quit th' upbraided Debt.
Whoe'er expects our Thanks, himſelf repays;
And ſeems but little, who can want our Praiſe.
Gabriel. What in us Duty, ſhows not Want in Him:
Bleſt in Himſelf alone.————————
To whom no Praiſe we, by good Deeds, can add;
Nor can his Glory ſuffer from our bad.

Made for His Uſe; yet He has form'd us ſo,
We, unconſtrain'd, what he commands us, do.
So praiſe we Him, and ſerve Him freely beſt:
Thus thou, by choice, art fallen, and we are bleſt.
Ithuriel. This, leſt thou think thy Plea, unanſwer'd, good,
Our Queſtion thou evad'ſt: How didſt thou dare
To break Hell Bounds, and near this Humane Pair
In nightly ambuſh lie?
Lucifer. Lives there who would not ſeek to force his way
From Pain to Eaſe, from Darkneſs to the Day?
Should I, who found the means t'eſcape not dare
To change my ſulph'rous Smoke, for upper Air?
When I in fight ſuſtain'd your Thunderer,
And Heav'n on me alone ſpent half his War,
Think'ſt thou thoſe Wounds were light? Should I not ſeek
The Clemency of ſome more temp'rate Clime
To purge my Gloom; and by the Sun refin'd,
Bask in his Beams, and bleach me in the Wind?
Gabriel. If Pain to ſhun be all thy Bus'neſs here,
Methinks thy Fellows the ſame courſe ſhould ſteer.
Is their Pain leſs, who yet behind thee ſtay;
Or thou leſs hardy to endure than they?
Lucifer. Nor one, not t'other; but as Leaders ought,
I ventur'd firſt alone; firſt Danger ſought:
And firſt explor'd this new-created Frame,
Which fill'd our dusky Regions with its Fame:
In hopes my fainting Troops to ſettle here,
And to defend againſt your Thunderer,
This ſpot of Earth, or nearer Heav'n repair,
And forrage to his Gates from middle Air.
Ithuriel. Fool! To believe thou any part canſt gain
From Him, who couldſt not thy firſt Ground maintain.
Gabriel. But whether that Deſign, or one as vain,
T'attempt the Lives of theſe, firſt drew thee here;
Avoid the Place, and never more appear
Upon this Hallow'd Earth, elſe prove our Might.
Lucifer. Not that *I* fear, do I decline the Fight:
You I diſdain; let me with him contend,
On whom your limitary Powers depend.
More Honour from the Sender than the Sent;
Till then, I have accompliſh'd my Intent;
And leave this Place, which but augments my Pain,
Gazing to wiſh, yet hopeleſs to obtain. [*Exit.*
[*They following him.*

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paradiſe.*

Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. Strange was your Dream, and full of ſad Portent;
Avert it Heav'n, (if it from Heav'n were ſent:)
Let on thy Foes the dire Preſages fall;
To us be good and eaſie when we call.
Eve. Behold from from far a breaking Cloud appears,
Which, in it, many winged Warriors bears,
Their Glory ſhoots upon my aking Senſe;
Thou ſtronger may'ſt endure the Flood of Light;
And while in Shades I chear my fainting Sight,
Encounter the deſcending Excellence. [*Exit.*

The Cloud deſcends with ſix Angels in it; and when 'tis near the Ground, breaks; and on each ſide, diſcovers ſix more: They deſcend out of the Cloud. Raphael *and* Gabriel *diſcourſe with* Adam, *the reſt ſtand at diſtance.*

Raph. Firſt of Mankind, that we from Heav'n are ſent,
Is from Heav'n's Care thy ruine to prevent.
Th'Apoſtate Angel has, by Night, been here,
And whiſper'd through thy ſleeping Conſort's Ear
Deluſive Dreams; thus warn'd by us, beware;
And guide her Frailty by thy timely Care.
Gabriel. Theſe, as thy Guards from outward Harms, are ſent:
Ills from within, thy Reaſon muſt prevent.
Adam. Natives of Heav'n, who in Compaſſion deign
To want that Place where Joys immortal reign,
In care of me; what Praiſes can I pay,
Defended in Obedience, taught t'obey?
Raph. Praiſe him alone, who, God-like, form'd thee free,
With Will unbounded, as a Deity;
Who gave thee Reaſon, as thy Aid to chuſe
Apparent Good, and Evil to refuſe.
Obedience is that Good: This Heav'n exacts;
And Heav'n, all Juſt, from Man requires, not acts
Which Man wants Pow'r to do: Pow'r then is giv'n
Of doing good; but not compell'd by Heav'n.
Gabriel. Made good; that thou doſt to thy Maker owe:
But to thy ſelf if thou continu'ſt ſo.

Adam. Freedom of Will, of all good things is beſt;
But can it be by finite Man poſſeſt?
I know not how Heav'n can communicate
What equals Man to his Creator's State.

Raphael Heav'n cannot give his boundleſs Pow'r away;
But boundleſs Liberty of Choice he may.
So Orbs, from the firſt Mover, Motion take;
Yet each their proper Revolutions make.

Adam. Grant Heav'n could once have giv'n us liberty;
Are we not bounded, now, by firm Decree,
Since whatſo'er is pre-ordain'd, muſt be?
Elſe Heav'n, for Man, Events might pre-ordain,
And Man's Free-will might make thoſe Orders vain.

Gabriel. Th'Eternal, when he did the World create,
All other Agents did neceſſitate:
So, what he order'd, they, by Nature, do;
Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go.
Man only boaſts an arbitrary State.

Adam. Yet Cauſes their Effects neceſſitate
In willing Agents: Where is Freedom then?
Or who can break the Chain which limits Men
To act what is unchangeably forecaſt,
Since the firſt Cauſe gives motion to the laſt?

Raphael. Heav'n by fore-knowing what will ſurely be,
Does only, firſt, Effects in Cauſes ſee;
And finds, but does not make Neceſſity.
Creation is of Pow'r, and Will th'Effect,
Fore-knowledge only of his Intellect;
His Preſcience makes not, but ſuppoſes things;
Inſers Neceſſity to be; not brings.
Thus thou art not conſtrain'd to Good or Ill:
Cauſes which work th' Effect, force not the Will.

Adam. The Force unſeen, and diſtant, I confeſs;
But the long Chain makes not the Bondage leſs.
Ev'n Man himſelf may to himſelf ſeem free,
And think that Choice which is Neceſſity.

Gabriel. And who but Man ſhould judge of Man's free State?

Adam. I find that I can chuſe to love, or hate;
Obey, or diſobey; do good, or ill;
Yet ſuch a Choice is but Conſent, not Will.
I can but chuſe what he has firſt deſign'd,
For he, before that Choice, my Will confin'd.

Gabriel. Such impious Fancies, where they entrance gain,
Made Heav'n, all pure, thy Crimes to pre-ordain.

Adam. Far, far from me be baniſh'd ſuch a Thought;
I argue only to be better taught.

Can there be Freedom, when what now ſeems free
Was founded on ſome firſt Neceſſity?
For whate'er Cauſe can move the Will t'elect,
Muſt be ſufficient to produce th'Effect:
And what's ſufficient, muſt effectual be:
Then how is Man, thus forc'd by Cauſes, free?
Raph. Sufficient Cauſes only work th'Effect,
When neceſſary Agents they reſpect.
Such is not Man, who tho' the Cauſe ſuffice,
Yet often he his free Aſſent denies.
Adam. What cauſes not, is not ſufficient ſtill.
Gabriel. Sufficient in it ſelf; not in thy Will.
Raph. When we ſee Cauſes join'd t'Effects at laſt,
The Chain but ſhews Neceſſity that's paſt.
That what's done, is; (ridiculous Proof of Fate!)
Tell me which part it does neceſſitate;
I'll chuſe the other; there I'll link th'Effect.
O Chain, which Fools, to catch themſelves, project!
Adam. Tho' no conſtraint from Heav'n, or Cauſes be,
Heav'n may prevent that Ill He does foreſee:
And, not preventing, tho' he does not cauſe,
He ſeems to will that Man ſhould break his Laws.
Gabriel. Heav'n may permit, but not to Ill conſent:
For hind'ring Ill, he would all Choice prevent.
'Twere to unmake, to take away the Will,
Adam. Better conſtrain'd to Good, than free to Ill.
Raph. But what Reward or Puniſhment could be,
If Man to neither Good nor Ill were free?
Th'Eternal Juſtice could decree no Pain
To him whoſe Sins it ſelf did firſt ordain;
And Good compell'd, could no Reward exact:
His Pow'r would ſhine in Goodneſs, not thy Act.
Our Task is done, obey, and in that Choice,
Thou ſhalt be bleſt, and Angels ſhall rejoyce.
[Raphael *and* Gabriel *fly up in the Cloud; the other Angels go off.*

Adam. Hard ſtate of Life! Since Heav'n fore-knows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?
Why am I truſted with my ſelf at large,
When he's more able to ſuſtain the Charge?
Since Angels fell, whoſe Strength was more than mine,
'Twould ſhow more Grace my Frailty to confine.
Fore-knowing the Succeſs, to leave me free,
Excuſes him, and yet ſupports not me. [*To him,* Eve
Eve. Behold, my Heart's dear Lord, how high the Sun
Is mounted, yet our Labour not begun,

The Ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask;
But Work is Pleaſure when we chuſe our Task.
Nature, not bounteous now, but laviſh grows,
Our Paths with Flow'rs ſhe prodigally ſtrows;
With Pain we lift up our intangled Feet,
While croſs our Walks the ſhooting Branches meet.
Adam. Well has thy care adviſ'd; 'tis fit we haſte;
Nature's too kind, and follows us too faſt;
Leaves us no room her Treaſures to poſſeſs,
But mocks our Induſtry with her Exceſs;
And wildly wanton wears by Night away
The ſign of all our Labours done by Day.
Eve. Since then the Work's ſo great, the Hands ſo few,
This Day let each a ſev'ral Task purſue.
By thee, my Hands to labour will not move,
But round thy Neck employ themſelves in Love.
When thou wouldſt work, one tender touch, one ſmile
(How can I hold?) will all thy Task beguile.
Adam. So hard we are not to our Labour ty'd,
That Smiles and ſoft Endearments are deny'd.
Smiles, not allow'd to Beaſts, from Reaſon move,
And are the Priviledge of Humane Love:
And if, ſometimes, each others Eyes we meet,
Thoſe little Vacancies from Toil are ſweet.
But you, by abſence, would refreſh your Joys,
Becauſe, perhaps, my Converſation cloys.
Yet this, would Prudence grant, I could permit.
Eve. What Reaſon makes my ſmall Requeſt unfit?
Adam. The fall'n Archangel, envious of our ſtate,
Purſues our Beings with Immortal Hate.
And hopeleſs to prevail by open Force,
Seeks hid Advantage, to betray us worſe:
Which when aſſunder, will not prove ſo hard;
For both together are each others Guard.
Eve. Since he, by Force, is hopeleſs to prevail,
He can by Fraud alone our Minds aſſail:
And to believe his Wiles my Truth can move,
Is to miſdoubt my Reaſon or my Love.
Adam. Call it my Care, and not miſtruſt of thee;
Yet thou art weak, and full of Art is he;
Elſe how could he that Hoſt ſeduce to Sin,
Whoſe Fall has left the Heavenly Nation thin?
Eve. I grant him arm'd with Subtilty and Hate;
But why ſhould we ſuſpect our happy ſtate?
Is our Perfection of ſo frail a make,
As ev'ry Plot can undermine and ſhake?

Think better both of Heav'n, thy ſelf and me,
Who always fears, at eaſe can never be.
Poor ſtate of Bliſs, where ſo much Care is ſhown,
As not to dare to truſt our ſelves alone!

Adam. Such is our ſtate, as not exempt from fall;
Yet firm, if Reaſon to our Aid we call:
And that, in both, is ſtronger than in one;
I would not; why wouldſt thou, then, be alone?

Eve. Becauſe thus warn'd, I know my ſelf ſecure,
And long my little Trial to endure,
T'approve my Faith, thy needleſs Fears remove;
Gain thy Eſteem, and ſo deſerve thy Love.
If all this ſhake not thy obdurate Will,
Know that ev'n preſent, I am abſent ſtill:
And then what Pleaſure hop'ſt thou in my ſtay,
When I'm conſtrain'd, and wiſh my ſelf away.

Adam. Conſtraint does ill with Love and Beauty ſute;
I would perſwade, but not be abſolute.
Better be much remiſs than too ſevere,
If pleas'd in abſence, thou wilt ſtill be here:
Go, in thy Native Innocence proceed,
And ſummon all thy Reaſon at thy Need.

Eve. My Soul, my Eyes Delight; in this I find
Thou lov'ſt, becauſe to love is to be kind. [*Embracing him.*
Seeking my Trial, I am ſtill on guard:
Trials leſs ſought, would find us leſs prepar'd.
Our Foe's too proud the weaker to aſſail,
Or doubles his Diſhonour if he fail.

Adam. In Love, what uſe of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more powerful She.
Blame me not, Heav'n, if thou Love's Pow'r has try'd,
What could be ſo unjuſt to be deny'd?
One Look of hers my Reſolution breaks;
Reaſon it ſelf turns Folly when ſhe ſpeaks:
And aw'd by her, whom it was made to ſway,
Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray.

The Middle Part of the Garden is repreſented, where four Rivers meet: on the right ſide of the Scene, is plac'd the Tree of Life; on the left, the Tree of Knowledge.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. Methinks the Beauties of this Place ſhould mourn;
Th'immortal Fruits and Flow'rs at my return
Should hang their wither'd Heads; for ſure my Breath
Is now more poys'nous, and has gather'd Death

Enough to blaſt the whole Creation's Frame:
Swoln with Deſpite, with Sorrow, and with Shame,
Thrice have I beat the Wing, and rid with Night
About the World, behind the Globe of Light,
To ſhun the Watch of Heav'n; ſuch Care I uſe:
(What Pains would Malice, rais'd like mine, refuſe?
Not the moſt abject Form of Brutes to take.)
Hid in the ſpiry Volumes of the Snake,
I lurk'd within the Covert of a Brake;
Not yet deſcry'd. But, ſee, the Woman here
Alone! Beyond my Hopes! no Guardian near;
Good Omen that: I muſt retire unſeen,
And with my borrow'd Shape, the Work begin. [*Retires.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Thus far, at leaſt, with leave; nor can it be
A Sin to look on this Cœleſtial Tree:
I would not more; to touch, a Crime may prove:
Touching is a remoter Taſte in Love.
Death may be there, or Poyſon in the Smell,
(If Death in any thing ſo fair can dwell;)
But Heav'n forbids: I could be ſatisfy'd,
Were every Tree but this, but this deny'd.

A Serpent enters on the Stage, and makes directly to the Tree of Knowledge; on which winding himſelf, he plucks an Apple; then deſcends, and carries it away.

Strange Sight! Did then our great Creator grant
That Privilege, which we their Maſters want,
To theſe Inferior Beings? Or was it Chance?
And was he bleſt with bolder Ignorance?
I ſaw his curling Creſt the Trunk infold:
The ruddy Fruit diſtinguiſh'd o'er with Gold,
And ſmiling in its Native Wealth, was torn
From the rich Bough, and then in Triumph born:
The vent'rous Victor march'd unpuniſh'd hence,
And ſeem'd to boaſt his fortunate Offence.

To her Lucifer *in a Humane Shape.*

Lucifer. Hail, Sovereign of this Orb! form'd to poſſeſs
The World, and, with one Look, all Nature bleſs.
Nature is thine; Thou, Empreſs, doſt beſtow
On Fruits, to bloſſom; and on Flowers to blow.
They happy, yet inſenſible to boaſt
Their Bliſs: More happy they who know the moſt.

Then happieſt I, to Humane Reaſon rais'd,
And Voice, with whoſe firſt Accents thou art prais'd.
Eve. What art thou? Or from whence? For on this Ground,
Beſide my Lord's, ne'er heard I Humane Sound.
Art thou ſome other *Adam* form'd from Earth,
And com'ſt to claim an equal Share, by Birth,
In this fair Field? Or ſprung of Heavenly Race?
Lucifer. An humble Native of this happy Place,
Thy Vaſſal born, and late of loweſt Kind,
Whom Heaven neglecting made, and ſcarce deſign'd,
But threw me in, for number, to the reſt,
Below the mounting Bird, and grazing Beaſt;
By Chance, not Prudence, now Superior grown.
Eve. To make thee ſuch, what Miracle was ſhown?
Lucifer. Who would not tell what thou vouchſaf'ſt to hear?
Saw'ſt thou not late a ſpeckled Serpent rear
His gilded Spires to climb on yon' fair Tree?
Before this happy minute I was he.
Eve. Thou ſpeak'ſt of Wonders: Make thy Story plain.
Lucifer. Not wiſhing then, and thoughtleſs to obtain
So great a Bliſs; but led by ſenſe of Good,
In-born to all, I ſought my needful Food:
Then, on that Heav'nly Tree my Sight I caſt;
The Colour urg'd my Eye, the Scent my Taſte.
Not to detain thee long, I took, did eat:
Scarce had my Palate touch'd th' Immortal Meat,
But on a ſudden turn'd to what I am,
God-like, and next to thee, I fair became:
Thought, ſpake, and reaſon'd; and, by Reaſon found
Thee, Nature's Queen, with all her Graces crown'd.
Eve. Happy thy Lot; but far unlike is mine:
Forbid to eat, not daring to repine.
'Twas Heav'n's Command, and ſhould we diſobey,
What rais'd thy Beings, ours muſt take away.
Lucifer. Sure you miſtake the Precept, or the Tree:
Heav'n cannot envious of his Bleſſings be.
Some chance-born Plant he might forbid your Uſe,
As wild, or guilty of a deadly Juice:
Not this, whoſe Colour, Scent Divine and Taſte,
Proclaim the thoughtful Maker not in haſte.
Eve. By all theſe ſigns too well I know the Fruit,
And dread a Power ſevere and abſolute.
Lucifer. Severe indeed, ev'n to Injuſtice hard,
If Death, for knowing more, be your Reward:
Knowledge of Good, is good; and therefore fit;
And to know Ill, is good, for ſhunning it;

Eve. What, but our Good, could he deſign in this,
Who gave us all, and plac'd in perfect Bliſs?
Lucifer. Excuſe my Zeal, fair Sov'reign in your Cauſe,
Which dares to tax his arbitrary Laws:
'Tis all his aim to keep you blindly low,
That ſervile Fear from Ignorance may flow:
We ſcorn to worſhip whom too well we know.
He knows that eating, you ſhall God-like be;
As wiſe, as fit to be ador'd as he.
For his own Int'reſt he this Law has given;
Such Beauty may riſe Factions in his Heaven.
By awing you, he does Poſſeſſion keep,
And is too wiſe to hazard Partnerſhip.
Eve. Alas, who dares diſpute with him that Right?
The Power which form'd us muſt be infinite.
Lucifer. Who told you how your Form was firſt deſign'd?
The Sun and Earth produce of ev'ry kind;
Graſs, Flowers, and Fruits; nay, living Creatures too
Their Mould was baſe; 'twas more refin'd in you;
Where Vital Heat in purer Organs wrought,
Produc'd a nobler Kind, rais'd up to Thought;
And that, perhaps, might his Beginning be:
Something was firſt, I queſtion if 'twere He.
But grant him firſt, yet ſtill ſuppoſe him good,
Not envying thoſe he made, immortal Food.
Eve. But Death our Diſobedience muſt purſue.
Lucifer. Behold in me, what ſhall arrive to you.
I taſted, yet I live; nay, more, have got
A ſtate more perfect than my Native Lot.
Nor fear this petty Fault his Wrath ſhould raiſe;
Heaven rather will your dauntleſs Virtue praiſe,
That ſought, through threatned Death, immortal Good:
Gods are immortal only by their Food.
Taſte, and remove.
What difference does 'twixt them and you remain:
As I gain'd Reaſon, you ſhall Godhead gain.
Eve *aſide*] He eats and lives, in Knowledge greater grown;
Was Death invented then for us alone?
Is Intellectual Food to Man deny'd,
Which Brutes have, with ſo much advantage, try'd;
Nor only try'd themſelves, but, frankly, more
To me have offer'd their unenvy'd ſtore.
Lucifer. Be bold, and all your needleſs Doubts remove;
View well this Tree, (the Queen of all the Grove)
How vaſt her Bole, how wide her Arms are ſpread!
How high above the reſt ſhe ſhoots her Head,

Plac'd in the midſt! Would Heaven his Works diſgrace,
By planting Poyſon in the happieſt Place?
Haſte; you loſe time and Godhead by delay. [*Plucking the Fruit.*
Eve *looking about her.*] 'Tis done; I'll venture all, and diſobey;
Perhaps, far hid in Heaven, he does not ſpy;
And none of all his Hymning Guards are nigh.
To my dear Lord the Lovely Fruit I'll bear;
He, to partake my Bliſs, my Crime ſhall ſhare. [*Exit haſtily.*
Lucifer. She flew, and thank'd me not, for haſte; 'twas hard
With no return ſuch Counſel to reward.
My Work is done, or much the greater part;
She's now the Tempter to enſnare his Heart.
He, whoſe firm Faith no Reaſon could remove,
Will melt before that ſoft Seducer, Love. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Paradiſe.*

Eve, *with a Bough in her Hand.*

Eve. Methinks I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet from unhurt Flowers rebound:
I walk in Air, and ſcorn this Earthly Seat;
Heaven is my Palace, this my baſe Retreat.
Take me not, Heav'n, too ſoon, 'twill be unkind
To leave the Partner of my Bed behind.
I love the Wretch: But ſtay, ſhall I afford
Him part? already he's too much my Lord.
'Tis in my Pow'r to be a Sov'reign now,
And, knowing more, to make his Manhood bow.
Empire is ſweet; but how if Heav'n has ſpy'd?
If I ſhould die, and he above provide
Some other *Eve*, and place her in my ſtead,
Shall ſhe poſſeſs his Love, when I am dead?
No; he ſhall eat and die with me, or live:
Our equal Crimes ſhall equal Fortune give.

Enter Adam.

Adam. What Joy, without your Sight, hath Earth in ſtore?
While you were abſent, *Eden* was no more.

Winds murmur'd through the Leaves, your long delay;
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your ſtay.
But with your Preſence cheer'd, they ceaſe to mourn,
And Walks wear freſher Green, at your Return.
Eve. Henceforth you never ſhall have cauſe to chide,
No future Abſence ſhall our Joys divide:
'Twas a ſtrange Death, my Love ne'er try'd before.
And therefore ſtrange; but yet the Cauſe was more.
Adam. My trembling Heart forbodes ſome Ill: I fear
To ask that Cauſe which I deſire to hear.
What means that lovely Fruit? what means (alas!)
That Blood, which fluſhes guilty in your Face?
Speak——do not——yet, at laſt I muſt be told.
Eve. Have Courage then; 'tis Manly to be bold.
This Fruit —— why ſhouldſt thou ſhake, no Death is nigh;
'Tis what I taſted firſt, yet do not die.
Adam. Is it?——(I dare not ask it all at firſt;
Doubt is ſome eaſe to thoſe who fear the worſt:)
Say, 'Tis not.
Eve. ——'Tis not what thou needſt to fear;
What danger does in this fair Fruit appear?
We have been cozen'd, and had ſtill been ſo,
Had I not ventur'd boldly firſt to know.
Yet not I firſt, I almoſt bluſh to ſay,
The Serpent eating taught me firſt the way.
The Serpent taſted, and the God-like Fruit,
Gave the Dumb Voice, gave Reaſon to the Brute.
Adam. O faireſt of all Creatures, laſt and beſt,
Of what Heaven made, how art thou diſpoſſeſt
Of all thy Native Glories! fall'n! decay'd!
(Pity ſo rare a Frame ſo frail was made!)
Now cauſe of thine own Ruine! and with thine,
(Ah! who can live without thee!) cauſe of mine;
Eve: Reſerve thy Pity till I want it more:
I know my ſelf much happier than before;
More wiſe, more perfect, all I wiſh to be,
Were I but ſure, alas! of pleaſing thee.
Adam. Y'have ſhown how much you my Content deſign:
Yet, ah! would Heav'n's Diſpleaſure paſs like mine.
Muſt I without you, then, in wild Woods dwell?
Think, and but think of what I lov'd ſo well:
Condemn'd to live with Subjects ever mute;
A ſalvage Prince, unpleas'd, tho' abſolute.
Eve. Pleaſe then your ſelf with me, and freely taſte,
Leſt I, without you, ſhould to Godhead haſte;
Leſt diff'ring in degree you claim too late
Unequal Love, when 'tis deny'd by Fate.

Adam. Cheat not your ſelf with Dreams of Deity;
Too well, but yet too late, your Crime I ſee:
Nor think the Fruit your Knowledge does improve;
But you have Beauty ſtill, and I have Love.
Not cozen'd, I with choice my Life reſign:
Imprudence was your Fault, but Love was mine.
[*Takes the Fruit, and eats it.*

Eve *embracing him.*] O wond'rous pow'r of matchleſs Love expreſt!
Why was this Trial thine of loving beſt?
I envy thee that Lot; and, could it be,
Would venture ſomething more than Death for thee,
Not that I fear that Death th'Event can prove;
W'are both Immortal, while ſo well we love.
Adam. Whate'er ſhall be th'Event, the Lot is caſt:
Where Appetites are giv'n, what Sin to taſte?
Or if a Sin, 'tis but by Precept ſuch:
Th'Offence ſo ſmall, the Puniſhment's too much,
To ſeek ſo ſoon his new made World's decay:
Nor we, nor that, were faſhion'd for a Day.
Eve. Give to the Winds thy fear of Death, or Ill;
And think us made but for each other's Will.
Adam. I will, at leaſt defer that anxious Thought,
And Death, by Fear, ſhall not be nigher brought:
If He will come, let Us to Joys make haſte;
Then let him ſeize Us when our Pleaſure's paſt.
We'll take up all before; and Death ſhall find
We have drein'd Life, and left a Void behind.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. 'Tis done,
Sick Nature, at that inſtant, trembled round;
And Mother-Earth ſigh'd as ſhe felt the Wound.
Of how ſhort durance was this new-made ſtate!
How far more mighty than Heav'n's Love, Hell's Hate!
His Project ruin'd, and his King of Clay:
He form'd an Empire for his Foe to ſway.
Heav'n let him rule, which by his Arms he got;
I'm pleas'd to have obtain'd the ſecond Lot.
This Earth is mine; whoſe Lord I made my Thrall;
Annexing to my Crown his conquer'd Ball.
Loos'd from the Lakes my Legions I will lead,
And, o'er the dark'ned Air black Banners ſpread:
Contagious Damps, from hence, ſhall mount above,
And force him to his inmoſt Heav'n's remove.

[*A Clap of Thunder is heard.*
He hears already, and I boaſt too ſoon;
I dread that Engine which ſecur'd his Throne.
I'll dive below his Wrath, into the Deep. [*Sinks down.*
And waſte that Empire which I cannot keep.

Raphael *and* Gabriel *deſcend.*

Raphael. As much of Grief as Happineſs admits,
In Heav'n, on each Cœleſtial Forehead ſits:
Kindneſs for Man, and Pity for his Fate,
May mix with Bliſs, and yet not violate.
Their Heavenly Harps a lower Strain began,
And in ſoft Muſick mourn'd the Fall of Man.
Gabriel. I ſaw th' Angelic Guards from Earth aſcend,
(Griev'd they muſt now no longer Man attend:)
The Beams about their Temples dimly ſhone,
One would have thought the Crime had been their own.
The Etherial People flock'd for News in haſte,
Whom they, with down-caſt Looks, and ſcarce ſaluting paſt:
While each did, in his penſive Breaſt, prepare
A ſad Account of their ſucceſleſs Care.
Raphael. Th'Eternal yet, in Majeſty ſevere,
And ſtricteſt Juſtice, did mild Pity bear:
Their Death's deferr'd, and Baniſhment (their Doom)
In Penitence foreſeen, leaves Mercy room.
Gabriel. That Meſſage is thy Charge; mine leads me hence,
Plac'd at the Garden's Gate for its Defence,
Leſt Man returning, the beſt Place pollute,
And 'ſcape from Death, by Life's immortal Fruit.
Another Clap of Thunder. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *affrighted.*

Adam. In what dark Cavern ſhall I hide my Head?
Where ſeek retreat, now Innocence is fled:
Safe in that Guard, I durſt ev'n Hell defie;
Without it, tremble now, when Heav'ns is nigh.
Eve. What ſhall we do, or where direct our flight?
Eaſtward as far as I could caſt my Sight,
From op'ning Heavens, *I* ſaw deſcending Light:
Its glittering through the Trees I ſtill behold;
The Cedar-tops ſeem all to burn with Gold.
Adam. Some Shape Divine, whoſe Beams I cannot bear!
Would I were hid where Light could not appear,
Deep into ſome thick Covert would I run,
Impenetrable to the Stars, or Sun:

And fenc'd from Day, by Night's Eternal Skreen;
Unknown to Heav'n, and to my ſelf unſeen.
Eve. In vain; what hope to ſhun his piercing Sight,
Who, from dark Chaos, ſtruke the Sparks of Light?
Adam. Theſe ſhould have been your thoughts when parting hence;
You truſted to your guideleſs Innocence.
See now th'Effects of your own wilful Mind:
Guilt walks before us, Death purſues behind.
So fatal 'twas to ſeek Temptations out:
Moſt Confidence has ſtill moſt cauſe to doubt.
Eve. Such might have been thy Hap, alone aſſail'd;
And ſo, together, might we both have fail'd.
Curs'd Vaſſalage of all my future Kind:
Firſt idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fire be o'er,
Then Slaves to thoſe who courted us before.
Adam. I counſel'd you to ſtay; your Pride refus'd:
By your own lawleſs Will you ſtand accus'd.
Eve. Have you that Privilege of only Wiſe,
And would you yield to her you ſo deſpiſe?
You ſhould have ſhown th' Authority you boaſt,
And, Sov'reign-like my headlong Will have croſt.
Counſel was not enough to ſway my Heart;
An abſolute Reſtraint had been your part.
Adam. Ev'n ſuch Returns do they deſerve to find,
When force is lawful, who are fondly kind.
Unlike my Love: for when thy Guilt I knew,
I ſhar'd the Curſe which did that Crime purſue.
Hard Fate of Love! which Rigour did forbear,
And now 'tis tax'd, becauſe 'twas not ſevere.
Eve. You have, your ſelf, your Kindneſs over-paid;
He ceaſes to oblige, who can upbraid.
Adam. On Woman's Virtue, who too much rely,
To boundleſs Will give boundleſs Liberty.
Reſtraint you will not brook; but think it hard
Your Prudence is not truſted as your Guard:
And to your ſelves ſo left, if Ill enſues,
You firſt our weak Indulgence will accuſe.
Curſt be that Hour——————
When ſated with my ſingle Happineſs,
I choſe a Partner to controul my Bliſs;
Who wants that Reaſon which her Will ſhould ſway,
And knows but juſt enough to diſobey.
Eve. Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone;
Of Reaſon void, accountable for none:
Th'unhappieſt of Creation is a Wife,
Made loweſt, in the higheſt Rank of Life:

Her Fellow's Slave; to know, and not to chuſe:
Curſt with that Reaſon ſhe muſt never uſe.
Adam. Add, that She's proud, fantaſtick, apt to change;
Uſeleſs at home, and ever prone to range:
With Shows delighted, and ſo vain is She,
She'll meet the Devil, rather than not ſee.
Our wiſe Creator, for this Choires Divine,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all Maſculine.
Ah! why muſt Man from Woman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect, this helpleſs Aid, call'd Wife;
The bending Crutch of a decrepit Life.
Poſterity no Pairs from you ſhall find,
But ſuch as by miſtake of Love are joyn'd:
The worthieſt Men their Wiſhes ne'er ſhall gain;
But ſee the Slaves they ſcorn, their Loves obtain.
Blind Appetite ſhall your Wild Fancies Rule;
Falſe to deſert, and faithful to a Fool.

[*Turns in anger from her,*
and is going off.

Eve *kneeling.*] Unkind! wilt thou forſake me in diſtreſs,
For that which now is paſt me to redreſs?
I have miſdone; and I endure the ſmart:
Loth to acknowledge, but more loth to part.
The blame be mine; you warn'd, and I refus'd:
What would you more? I have my ſelf accus'd.
Was plighted Faith ſo weakly ſeal'd above,
That, for one Error, I muſt loſe your Love?
Had you ſo err'd, I ſhould have been more kind,
Than to add pain to an afflicted Mind.
Adam. Y'are grown much humbler than you were before:
I pardon you; but ſee my Face no more.
Eve. Vain Pardon, which includes a greater Ill:
Be ſtill diſpleas'd; but let me ſee you ſtill.
Without your much-lov'd Sight, I cannot live:
You more than kill me, if you ſo forgive.
The Beaſts, ſince we are fall'n, their Lord's deſpiſe;
And, paſſing, look at me with glaring Eyes;
Muſt I than wander helpleſs and alone?
You'll pity me too late when I am gone.
Adam. Your Penitence does my Compaſſion move;
As you deſerve it, I may give my Love.
Eve. On me alone let Heav'n's Diſpleaſure fall;
You merit none, and I deſerve it all.
Adam. You all Heav'n's Wrath! how could you bear a part,
Who bore not mine, but with a bleeding Heart?

I was too ſtubborn, thus to make you ſue :
Forgive me, I am more in fault than you.
Return to me, and to my Love return ;
And, both offending, for each other mourn.

Enter Raphael.

Raphael. Of Sin to warn thee, I before was ſent ;
For Sin, I now pronounce thy P[illegible]
Yet that much lighter than thy Crimes [illegible]ire ;
Th'All-Good does not his Creatures Death deſire :
Juſtice muſt puniſh the Rebellious Deed :
Yet puniſh ſo, as Pity ſhall exceed.

Adam. I neither can diſpute his Will, nor dare ;
Death will diſmiſs me from my future Care,
And lay me ſoftly in my Native Duſt,
To pay the forfeit of ill-manag'd Truſt.

Eve. Why ſeek you Death ? Conſider e'er you ſpeak ;
The Laws were hard, the Pow'r to keep 'em, weak.
Did we ſollicite Heav'n to mould our Clay,
From Darkneſs, to produce us to the Day ?
Did we concur to Life, or chuſe to be ?
Was it our Will which form'd, or was it He ?
Since 'twas His Choice, not ours, which plac'd us here,
The Laws we did not chuſe, why ſhould we bear ?

Adam. Seek not in vain our Maker to accuſe :
Terms were propos'd ; Power left us to refuſe.
The Good we have enjoy'd from Heav'n's Free-will,
And ſhall we murmur to endure the Ill ?
Should we a Rebel-Son's Excuſe receive,
Becauſe he was begot without his leave ?
Heav'n's Right in us is more ; firſt, form'd to ſerve ;
The Good we merit not, the Ill deſerve.

Raphael. Death is deferr'd, and Penitence has room
To mitigate, if not reverſe the Doom :
But, for your Crime, th'Eternal does ordain
In *Eden* you no longer ſhall remain.
Hence to the lower World you are exil'd :
This Place, with Crimes, ſhall be no more defil'd.

Eve. Muſt we this bliſsful Paradiſe forego ?

Raphael. Your Lot muſt be where Thorns and Thiſtles grow
Unbid, as Balm and Spices did at firſt ;
For Man, the Earth, of which he was, is curſt :

To Adam. By thy own Toil procur'd, thou Food ſhalt eat,
And know not Plenty, but from painful Sweat.
She, by a Curſe, of future Wives abhorr'd,
Shall pay Obedience to her lawful Lord :

And HE ſhall Rule, and ſhe in Thraldom live;
Deſiring more of Love than Man can give.
Adam. Heav'n is all Mercy; Labour I would chuſe,
And could ſuſtain this Paradiſe to loſe
The Bliſs; but not the Place; here could I ſay,
Heav'ns winged Meſſenger did paſs the Day;
Under this Pine the glorious Angel ſtaid:
Then ſhow my wond'ring Progeny the Shade.
In Woods and Lawns where-e'er thou didſt appear,
Each Place ſome Monument of thee ſhould bear.
I, with green Turfs, would grateful Altars raiſe,
And Heav'n, with Gums and offer'd Incenſe praiſe.
Raphael. Where-e'er thou art, He is; th'Eternal Mind
Acts through all Places, is to none confin'd;
Fills Ocean, Earth, and Air, and all above,
And through the Univerſal Maſs does move.
Thou canſt be no where diſtant: Yet this place
Had been thy Kingly Seat; and here thy Race,
From all the Ends of Peopled Earth had come
To rev'rence Thee, and ſee their Native Home.
Immortal then; now Sickneſs, Care, and Age,
And War, and Luxury's more direful Rage,
Thy Crimes have brought, to ſhorten Mortal Breath,
With all the num'rous Family of Death.
Eve. My Spirits faint, while I theſe Ills fore-know,
And find my ſelf the ſad Occaſion too.
But what is Death?
Raphael. In Viſion thou ſhalt ſee his grieſly Face,
The King of Terrors raging in thy Race:
That whilſt in future Fate thou ſhar'ſt thy Part,
A kind Remorſe, for Sin, may ſeize thy Heart.

The Scene ſhifts and diſcovers Death of ſeveral ſorts: A Battel at Land, and a Naval Fight.

Adam. O wretched Off-ſpring! O unhappy State
Of all Mankind, by me betray'd to Fate!
Born, through my Crime, to be Offenders firſt;
And, for thoſe Sins they could not ſhun, accurſt.
Eve. Why is Life forc'd? No Man, who, might he chuſe,
Would not accept what he with Pain muſt loſe?
Unknowing, he receives it, and, when known,
He thinks it his, and values it, 'tis gone.
Raphael. Behold of ev'ry Age; ripe Manhood ſee,
Decrepit Years, and helpleſs Infancy:
Thoſe who by lingring Sickneſs loſe their Breath,
And thoſe who by Deſpair ſuborn their Death:

See you, mad Fools, who for ſome trivial Right,
For Love, or for miſtaken Honour, fight:
See thoſe, more mad, who throw their Lives away
In needleſs Wars; the Stakes which Monarchs lay,
When for each others Provinces they play.
Then, as if Earth too narrow were for Fate,
On open Seas, their Quarrels they debate;
In hollow Wood, they floating Armies bear;
And force impriſon'd Winds to bring 'em near.
Eve. Who would the Miſeries of Man foreknow?
Not knowing, we but ſhare our Part of Woe:
Now, we the Fate of future Ages bear;
And e'er their Birth, behold our Dead appear.
Adam. The Deaths thou ſhow'ſt are forc'd, and full of Strife;
Caſt headlong from the Precipice of Life.
Is there no ſmooth deſcent, no painleſs way
Of kindly mixing with our Native Clay?
Raphael. There is; but rarely ſhall that Path be trod,
Which, without Horror, leads to Death's abode.
Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow,
To diſtant Fate, by eaſie Journeys, go:
Gently they lay 'em down, as Ev'ning Sheep,
On their own woolly Fleeces ſoftly ſleep.
Adam. So noiſeleſs would I live, ſuch Death to find,
Like timely Fruit, not ſhaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs Bough,
And dying, nothing to my ſelf would owe.
Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller taſte
Of leſſening Joys, I, by degrees, would waſte:
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd decay,
And ſteal my ſelf from Life, and melt away.
Raphael. Death you have ſeen:
How happy they in deathleſs Pleaſures live,
Far more than I can ſhow, or you can ſee,
Shall crown the bleſt with Immortality.

Here a Heaven deſcends, full of Angels and bleſſed Spirits, with ſoft Muſick; a Song and Chorus.

Adam. O Goodneſs infinite! whoſe Heav'nly Will
Can ſo much Good produce, from ſo much Ill!
Happy their ſtate!
Pure, and unchang'd, and needing no defence
From Sins, as did my frailer Innocence.
Their Joy ſincere, and with no ſorrow mixt,
Eternity ſtands permanent, and fixt,

And Wheels no longer on the Poles of Time;
Secure from Fate, and more ſecure from Crime.
Eve. Raviſh'd with Joy, I can but half repent
The Sin, which Heav'n makes happy in th'Event.
Raphael. Thus arm'd, meet firmly your approaching Ill:
For, ſee the Guards from yon' far Eaſtern Hill
Already move, nor longer ſtay afford;
High in the Air they wave their flaming Sword,
Your Signal to depart: Now down amain
They drive, and glide like Meteors through the Plain.
Adam. Then farewel all; I will indulgent be
To mine own eaſe, and not look back to ſee.
When what we love we ne'er muſt meet again;
To loſe the Thought, is to remove the Pain.
Eve. Farewel, you happy Shades!
Where Angels firſt ſhould practiſe Hymns, and ſtring
Their tuneful Harps, when they to Heav'n wou'd ſing.
Farewel, you Flow'rs, whoſe Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the cheerful Sun did rear:
Who now ſhall bind your Stems, or when you fall
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?
A long farewel to thee, my Nuptial Bow'r,
Adorn'd with every fair and fragrant Flow'r.
And laſt, farewel, farewel my place of Birth;
I go to wander in the low'r Earth,
As diſtant as I can; for diſpoſſeſt,
Fartheſt from what I once enjoy'd, is beſt.
Raphael. The riſing Winds urge the tempeſtuous Air;
And on their Wings deformed Winter bear:
The Beaſts already feel the Change; and hence
They fly, to deeper Coverts for defence;
The feebler Herd before the ſtronger run;
For now the War of Nature is begun:
But, part you hence in Peace, and having mourn'd your Sin,
For outward *Eden* loſt, find *Paradiſe* within.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

AURENG-ZEBE,

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

ROYAL THEATRE.

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN,

Servant to His MAJESTY.

——Sed cum fregit ſubſellia verſu,
Eſurit, intactam Paridi *niſi vendat Agaven.* Juv.

Licenſed, ROGER L'ESTARANGE.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*; and Sold by *R. Bentley*,
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To the Right Honourable
JOHN Earl of *MULGRAVE*.
Gentleman of his Majeſties Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

'T*IS a ſevere Reflexion which* Montaign *has made on Princes, that we ought not, in reaſon, to have any expectations of Favour from them; and that 'tis kindneſs enough, if they leave us in poſſeſſion of our own. The boldneſs of the Cenſure ſhews the free Spirit of the Author: And the Subjects of* England *may juſtly congratulate to themſelves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, ſecure us from any ſuch complaint. I, in particular, who ſubſiſt wholly by his Bounty, am oblig'd to give Poſterity a far other account of my Royal Maſter, than what* Montaign *has left of his. Thoſe Accuſations had been more reaſonable, if they had been plac'd on inferior Perſons. For in all Courts, there are too many who make it their buſineſs to ruin Wit: And* Montaign, *in other places, tells us, what effects he found of their good Natures. He deſcribes them ſuch, whoſe Ambition, Luſt, or private Intereſt, ſeem to be the only end of their Creation. If Good accrue to any from them, 'tis only in order to own their deſigns: conferr'd moſt commonly on the baſe and infamous; and never given, but only hapning ſometimes on well deſervers. Dulneſs has brought them to what they are; and Malice ſecures them in their Fortunes. But ſomewhat of ſpecious they muſt have, to recommend themſelves to Princes, (for Folly will not eaſily go down in its own natural Form with diſcerning Judges,) And diligence in waiting is their gilding of the Pill; for that looks like Love, though 'tis only Intereſt. 'Tis that which gains 'em their advantage over witty Men; whoſe love of Liberty and Eaſe, makes them willing too often to diſcharge their burden of Attendance on theſe officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the nauſeouſneſs of ſuch company is enough to diſguſt a reaſonable Man; When he ſees he can hardly approach Greatneſs, but as a Moated Caſtle, he muſt firſt paſs through the Mud and Filth with which* *it is encompaſs'd. Theſe are they, who, wanting Wit, affect Gravity, and go by the name of Solid Men: and a Solid Man is, in plain Engliſh, a Solid, Solemn Fool. Another Diſguiſe they have, (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other Names, and paſs by an* Alias) *and that is the Title of honeſt Fellows. But this honeſty of theirs ought to have many Grains for its allowance; for certainly they are no farther honeſt than they are ſilly: They are naturally miſchievous to their power; and if they ſpeak not maliciouſly, or ſharply, of witty Men, 'tis only becauſe God has not beſtow'd on them the Gift of Utterance. They fawn and crouch to Men of parts, whom they cannot ruine: quote their Wit when they are preſent, and when they are abſent ſteal their Jeſt: But to thoſe who are under 'em, and whom they can cruſh with eaſe, they ſhew themſelves in their natural Antipathy; there they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more Quarter, than a* Dutch-man *would to an* Engliſh *Veſſel in the* Indies; *they ſtrike Sail where they know they ſhall be maſter'd, and Murder where they can with ſafety.*

Thus, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyr to other Men, muſt be a Panegyrick to your Lordſhip, who are a Maſter of it. If the leaſt of theſe Reflexions could have reach'd your Perſon, no neceſſity of mine could have made me to have ſought ſo earneſtly, and ſo long to have cultivated your kindneſs. As a Poet, I cannot but have made ſome Obſervations on Mankind: The lowneſs of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice; and 'tis my Duty to give Teſtimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordſhip is not of that Nature, which either ſeeks a Commendation, or want it. Your Mind has always been above the wretched affectation of Popularity. A popular Man is, in Truth, no better than a Proſtitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down to every one he meets, for the hire of Praiſe; and his Humility is only a diſguis'd Ambition. Even Cicero *himſelf, whoſe Eloquence deſerv'd the admiration of Mankind; yet by his inſatiable thirſt of Fame, he has leſſen'd his Character with ſucceeding Ages: His Action againſt* Catiline *may be ſaid to have ruin'd the Conſul, when it ſav'd the City: for it ſo ſwell'd his Soul, which was not truly Great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-ſet with vanity. And this made his Virtue ſo ſuſpected by his Friends, that* Brutus, *whom of all Men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conſpiracy.*

racy. A Modern Wit has made this Obſervation on him, That coveting to recommend himſelf to Poſterity, he begg'd it, as an Alms of all his Friends, the Hiſtorians, to remember his Conſulſhip: And obſerve, if you pleaſe, the oddneſs of the event; all their Hiſtories are loſt, and the vanity of his Requeſt ſtands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordſhip, is your contempt of popular applauſe, and your retir'd Virtue, which ſhines only to a few; with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the tenderneſs of Friendſhip; and that you only retire your ſelf from thoſe, who are not capable of returning it. Your kindneſs, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my Happineſs in your Love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an Argument, on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell: I mean, your Judgment in your choice of Friends; becauſe I have the honour to be one. After which, I am ſure you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent, in the care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have reſcu'd, not only from the power of others, but from my worſt of Enemies, my own Modeſty and Lazineſs. Which Favour, had it been employ'd on a more deſerving Subject, had been an effect of Juſtice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferr'd on ſuch a Man, as prefers your kindneſs it ſelf, before any of its Conſequences; and who values, as the greateſt of your Favours, thoſe of your Love, and of your Converſation. From this conſtancy to your Friends, I might reaſonably aſſume, that your Reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting, if they were not reſtrain'd by a nobler Principle of good Nature and Generoſity. For certainly 'tis the ſame compoſition of Mind, the ſame Reſolution and Courage, which makes the greateſt Friendſhips, and the greateſt Enmities And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himſelf to the World for a Chriſtian, but I ſhould hardly truſt him for a Friend. The Italians *have a Proverb to that purpoſe,* To forgive the firſt time, ſhews me a good Catholick, the Second time a Fool. *To this firmneſs in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the Intereſt your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is conſtant to himſelf, and ſteady in all his undertakings; one with whom that Character of* Horace *will agree.*

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Such an one cannot but place an eſteem, and repoſe a confidence on him, whom no Adverſity, no change of Courts, no Bribery of Intereſts, or Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the ſolid foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro.

How well your Lordſhip will deſerve that praiſe, I need no inſpiration to foretell. You have already left no room for Propheſie: your early undertakings have been ſuch, in the ſervice of your King and Country, when you offer'd your ſelf to the moſt dangerous employment, that of the Sea; when you choſe to abandon thoſe Delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worſe, the company of common Seamen, that you have made it evident, you will refuſe no opportunity of rendring your ſelf uſeful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct ſhall be Requir'd. The ſame Zeal and Faithfulneſs continues in your Bloud, which animated one of your Noble Anceſtors to Sacrifice his Life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign: though, I hope both for your ſake and for the publick Tranquility the ſame occaſion will never be offer'd to your Lordſhip, and that a better Deſtiny will attend you. But I make haſte to conſider you as abſtracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to uſe a term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a propriety of Happineſs. The Academicks, I confeſs, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philoſophers did ever leave a room for Greatneſs. Neither am I form'd to praiſe a Court, who admire and covet nothing, but the eaſineſs and quiet of retirement. I naturally withdraw my Sight from a Precipice; and admit the Proſpect be never ſo large and goodly, can take no Pleaſure, even in looking on the downfal, though I am ſecure from the danger. Methinks there's ſomething of a malignant Joy in that excellent Deſcription of Lucretius.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quenquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuave eſt

I am ſure his Maſter Epicurus, *and my better Maſter* Cowley, *preferr'd the ſolitude of a Garden, and the converſation of a Friend to any conſideration, ſo much as a regard, of thoſe unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the Great. True Greatneſs, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue; remov'd from the Notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a contemplation of it ſelf, and centring on it ſelf:*

Omnis enim per ſe Divum natura, neceſſe eſt
Immortali ævo ſummâ cum pace fruatur;
——Curâ ſemota, metuque
Ipſa ſuis pollens opibus——

If this be not the Life of a Deity, becauſe it cannot conſiſt with Providence; 'tis at leaſt a God-like Life: I can be contented, (and I am ſure I have your Lordſhip of my Opinion) with an humbler ſtation in the Temple of Virtue, than to be ſet on the pinacle of it.

Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.

The Truth is, the conſideration of ſo vain a Creature as Man, is not worth our pains, I have fool enough at home without looking for it abroad: and am a ſufficient Theatre to my ſelf of ridiculous Actions, without expecting company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-houſe, 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the deformities of Life, and Lazars of the People, where every Figure of imperfection more reſembles me than it can do others. If I muſt be condemn'd to Rhime, I ſhould find ſome eaſe in my change of puniſhment. I deſire to be no longer the Siſyphus *of the Stage; to rowl up a Stone with endleſs labour (which to follow the Proverb,* Gathers no Moſs *) and which is perpetually falling down again, I never thought my ſelf very fit for an Imployment, where many of my Predeceſſors have excell'd me in all kinds; and ſome of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in* Comedy. *Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and thoſe too, conſidering my Abilities, may be vain, that I may make the World ſome part of amends, for many ill Plays, by an Heroique Poem. Your Lordſhip has been long acquainted with my Deſign; the ſubject of which you know is great, the Story* Engliſh, *and neither too far diſtant from the preſent Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is my Opinion, that I could not have wiſh'd a nobler* *occaſion to do honour by it to my King, and Country, and my Friends; moſt of our antient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And your Lordſhip has one particular Reaſon to promote this undertaking, becauſe you were the firſt who gave me the opportunity of diſcourſing it to His Majeſty, and his Royal Highneſs: They were then pleas'd, both to commend the Deſign, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the unſetledneſs of my condition has hitherto put a ſtop to my Thoughts concerning it. As I am no ſucceſſor to* Homer *in his Wit, ſo neither do I deſire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapſodies, nor go a begging at the* Græcian *doors, while I ſing the praiſes of their Anceſtors. The times of* Virgil *pleaſe me better, becauſe he had an* Auguſtus *for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am ſure I ſhall not want a* Mecænas *with him. 'Tis for your Lordſhip to ſtir up that remembrance in His Majeſty, which his many avocations of buſineſs have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aſide. And, (as himſelf and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to repreſent to them the Images of their Warlike Predeceſſors; as* Achilles *is ſaid to be rous'd to Glory, with the ſight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am ſatisfy'd to have offer'd the Deſign; and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.*

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the confidence to preſent you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the neareſt to thoſe of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas Dedicated to you in my Heart, before 'twas preſented on the Stage. Some things in it have paſs'd your approbation, and many your amendment. You were likewiſe pleas'd to recommend it to the King's peruſal, before the laſt hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the Favour from him, to have the moſt conſiderable event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleaſure. It may be ſome vanity in me to add his Teſtimony then, and which he graciouſly confirm'd afterwards, that it was the beſt of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick my private Opinion of it; at leaſt, he has given it a value by his commendation, which it had not by my Writing.

That which was not pleaſing to ſome of the fair Ladies in the laſt Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, ſo neither can I wholly condemn, till I find more reaſon for their Cenſures. The procedure of Indamora *and* Meleſinda, *ſeems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them fail not* *more, the World will never blame their Conduct: And I ſhall be glad for the honour of my Country, to find better Images of Virtue drawn to the Life in their behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confeſs, I have only repreſented a practicable Virtue, mix'd with the frailties and imperfections of Human Life. I have made my* Heroine *fearful of death, which neither* Caſſandra *nor* Cleopatra *would have been; and they themſelves, I doubt it not, would have out-done Romance in that particular. Yet their* Mandana *(and the* Cyrus *was written by a Lady) was not altogether ſo hard hearted: for ſhe ſate down on the cold ground by the King of* Aſſyria, *and not only pity'd him, who dy'd in her defence; but allow'd him ſome favours, ſuch, perhaps, as they would think, ſhould only be permitted to her* Cyrus. *I have made my* Meleſinda, *in oppoſition to* Nourmahal, *a Woman paſſionately loving of her Husband, patient of injuries and contempt, and conſtant in her kindneſs to the laſt, and in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, becauſe it is not a Virtue much in uſe. Thoſe* Indian *Wives are loving Fools, and may do well to keep themſelvees in their own Country, or, at leaſt, to keep company with the* Arria's *and* Portia's *of old* Rome: *Some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings: yet I have labour'd as much as any Man, to diveſt my ſelf of the ſelf-opinion of an Author; and am too well ſatisfy'd of my own weakneſs, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written; But on the other ſide, my reaſon tells me, that, in probability, what I have ſeriouſly and long conſider'd, may be as likely to be juſt and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any ſuch amongſt thoſe Ladies) will think fit, in a tranſient Preſentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The moſt judicious Writer is ſometimes miſtaken, after all his care: but the haſty Critick who judges on a view, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him firſt conſider all the Arguments, which the Author had, to write this, or to deſign the other, before he arraigns him of a fault: and then, perhaps, on ſecond thoughts, he will find his Reaſon oblige him to revoke his Cenſure. yet, after all, I will not be too poſitive.* Homo ſum, humani à me nihil alienum puto. *As I am a Man, I muſt be changeable: and ſometimes the graveſt of us all are ſo, even upon ridiculous accidents. Our Minds are perpetually wrought on by the temperament of our Bodies: which makes me ſuſpect, they are nearer Ally'd, than either our Philoſophers or School Divines will allow*

them

them to be. I have obſerv'd, ſays Montaigh, *that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is ſeldom at his eaſe. An ill Dream, or a Cloudy Day, has power to change this wretched Creature, who is ſo proud of a reaſonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not yeſterday. And* Homer *was of this Opinion, as* Cicero *is pleas'd to Tranſlate him for us:*

> Tales ſunt hominum mentes quali pater ipſe
> Jupiter, auctiferâ luſtravit lampade terras.

Or as the ſame Author in his Thuſculine Queſtions, ſpeaks with more Modeſty than uſual of himſelf: Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos noſtros probabilitate percuſſit, id dicimus. *'Tis not therefore impoſſible, but that I may alter the concluſion of my Play, to reſtore my ſelf into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordſhip, who is ſo well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my promiſe of amendment. The impotent Lover in* Petronius, *though his was a very unpardonable crime, yet was receiv'd to Mercy on the terms I offer.* Summa excuſationis meæ hæc eſt: placebo tibi, ſi culpam emendare permiſeris.

But I am conſcious to my ſelf of offering at a greater boldneſs in preſenting to your view what my meanneſs can produce, than in any other error of my Play. And therefore make haſte to break off this tedious Addreſs, which has, I know not how, already run it ſelf into ſo much of Pedantry, with an excuſe of Tully's, *which he ſent with his Books* De Finibus, *to his Friend* Brutus, De ipſis rebus autem, ſæpenumero Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te ſcribam, qui tum in Poeſi. (*I change it from* Philoſophiâ) tum in optimo genere Poeſeos tantum proceſſeris. Quod ſi facerem quaſi te erudiens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimùm abſum: nec, ut ea cognoſcas quæ tibi notiſſima ſunt ad te mitto: ſed quià facillimè in nomine tuo acquieſco, & quia te habeo æquiſſimum eorum ſtudiorum, quæ mihi communia tecum ſunt, æſtimatorem & judicem. *Which you may pleaſe, my Lord, to apply to your ſelf, from him, who is,*

Your Lordſhips moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author by experience finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to pleaſe himſelf, than you:
And out of no feign'd Modeſty, this day,
Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play:
Not that its worſe than what before he writ,
But he has now another taſte of Wit;
And to confeſs a Truth, (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-lov'd Miſtriſs, Rhyme.
Paſſion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.
What Verſe can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he preſumes the moſt correct of his.
But ſpite of all his Pride a ſecret Shame,
Invades his Breaſt at *Shakeſpear*'s Sacred Name:
Aw'd when he hears his God-like *Romans* Rage.
He, in a juſt deſpair, would quit the Stage.
And to an Age leſs poliſh'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with diſdain the foremoſt Honours yield,
As with the greater Dead he dares not ſtrive,
He would not match his Verſe with thoſe who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two Ages caſt,
The Firſt of this, and hindmoſt of the Laſt.
A loſing Gameſter, let him ſneak away;
He bears no ready Money from the Play.
The Fate which Governs Poets, thought it fit,
He ſhould not raiſe his Fortunes by his Wit.
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;
Dull Heroes fatten with the ſpoils of War;
All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are here;
But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,
'Tis a ſhrewd ſign 'twas never of your growth:
And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
Except, like *Orange-trees*, 'tis hous'd from Snow.
There needs no care to put a Play-houſe down,
'Tis the moſt deſart place of all the Town.
We and our Neighbors, to ſpeak proudly, are
Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expenſive War.
While, like wiſe *Engliſh*, unconcern'd, you ſit,
And ſee us play the Tragedy of Wit.

Perſons Repreſented	By
THE Old Emperor.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Aurenge-Zebe his Son.	Mr. *Hart.*
Morat, his younger Son.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Arimant, Governor of *Agra.*	Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Dianet.	*Indian* Lords, or *Omrahs* of ſeveral Factions.
Solyman.	
Mir Baba.	
Abas.	
Aſaph Chan.	
Fazel Chan.	
Nourmahal, the Empreſs.	Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Indamora, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Cox.*
Meleſinda, Wife to *Morat.*	Mrs. *Corbet.*
Zayda, Favorite Slave to the Empreſs.	Mrs. *Uphil.*

SCENE *Agra*, in the Year 1660.

AURENG-ZEBE, A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Arimant, Aſaph Chan, Fazel Chan.

Arim. Heav'n ſeems the Empire of the Eaſt to lay
On the ſucceſs of this important Day:
Their Arms are to the laſt deciſion bent,
And Fortune labours with the vaſt event:
She now has in her hand the greateſt ſtake,
Which for contending Monarchs ſhe can make.
Whate'r can urge ambitious Youth to Fight,
She pompouſly diſplays before their ſight:
Laws, Empire, all permitted to the Sword,
And Fate could ne'r an ample Scene afford.
Aſaph. Four ſeveral Armies to the Field are led,
Which, high in equal Hopes, four Princes Head:
Indus and *Ganges*, our wide Empires Bounds,
Swell'd their dy'd Currents with their Natives wounds:
Each purple River winding, as he runs,
His bloody Arms about his ſlaughter'd Sons.
Fazel. I well remember you foretold the Storm,
When firſt the Brothers did their Factions form:
When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, ſtrove
To draw th'indulgent King to partial Love.
Arim. What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent.
To cure their mad Ambition, they were ſent
To Rule a diſtant Province each alone.
What could a careful Father more have done?
He made proviſion againſt all, but Fate;
While, by his Health, we held our Peace of State,
The weight of Seventy Winters preſt him down,
He bent beneath the burthen of a Crown:

Sickneſs, at laſt, did his ſpent Body ſeize,
And Life almoſt ſunk under the Diſeaſe:
Mortal 'twas thought, at leaſt by them deſir'd,
Who, impiouſly, into his years enquir'd:
As at a Signal, ſtraight the Sons prepare
For open Force, and ruſh to ſudden War:
Meeting, like Winds broke looſe upon the Main,
To prove, by Arms, whoſe Fate it was to Reign.
Aſaph. Rebels and Parricides!
Arim. Brand not their Actions with ſo foul a name:
Pity, at leaſt, what we are forc'd to blame,
When Death's cold hand has clos'd the Father's Eye
You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.
Leſs Ills are choſen greater to avoid,
And Nature's Laws are by the States deſtroy'd.
What Courage tamely could to Death conſent,
And not, by ſtriking firſt, the blow prevent?
Who falls in Fight, cannot himſelf accuſe,
And he dies greatly, who a Crown purſues.
To them, Solyman Agah.
Solym. A new Expreſs all *Agra* does affright:
Darah and *Aurenge-Zebe* are joyn'd in Fight,
The preſs of People thickens to the Court;
Th'impatient crowd devouring the report.
Arim. T'each changing news they chang'd affections bring,
And ſervilely from Fate expect a King.
Solym. The Miniſters of State, who gave us Law,
In corners, with ſelected Friends, withdraw:
There, in deaf murmurs, ſolemnly are wiſe;
Whiſp'ring like Winds, ere Hurricanes ariſe.
The moſt corrupt are moſt obſequious grown,
And thoſe they ſcorn'd, officiouſly they own.
Aſaph. In change of Government,
The Rabble rule their great Oppreſſors Fate:
Do Sovereign Juſtice, and revenge the State.
Solym. The little Courtiers, who ne'r come to know
The depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,
Where Int'reſts meet and croſs ſo oft, that they
With too much care are wilder'd in their way.
Arim. What of the Emperor?
Solym. Unmov'd, and brave, he like himſelf appears,
And, meriting no ill, no danger fears:
Yet mourns his former vigour loſt ſo far,
To make him now ſpectator of a War:
Repining that he muſt preſerve his Crown
By any help or courage but his own:

Wiſhes each minute, he could unbeget
Thoſe Rebel-Sons, who dare t' uſurp his Seat:
To ſway his Empire with unequal skill,
And mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.

Arim. Oh! had he ſtill that Character maintain'd,
Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd!
He promis'd in his Eaſt a Glorious Race;
Now ſunk from his Meridian, ſets apace.
But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,
And with abated heat, leſs fiercely ſhines,
*S*eems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleaſing himſelf with the remains of Day:
So he who, in his Youth, for Glory ſtrove,
Would recompence his Age with Eaſe and Love.

Aſaph. The name of Father hateful to him grows,
Which, for one Son, produces him three Foes.

Fazel. Darah, the Eldeſt bears a generous Mind;
But to implacable Revenge inclin'd.
Too openly does Love and Hatred ſhow:
A bounteous Maſter, but a deadly Foe.

Solym. From *Sujah*'s Valour I ſhould much expect;
But he's a *Bigot* of the *Perſian* Sect:
And, by a Foreign Int'reſt ſeeks to Reign,
Hopeleſs by Love the Scepter to obtain.

Aſaph. Morat's too inſolent, too much a Brave,
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave.
What he attempts, if his endeavours fail
T'affect, he is reſolv'd no other ſhall.

Arim. But *Aureng-Zebe*, by no ſtrong paſſion ſway'd,
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd:
This *Atlas* muſt our ſinking State uphold;
In Council cool, but in performance bold:
He ſums their Virtues in himſelf alone,
And adds the greateſt, of a Loyal Son:
His Father's Cauſe upon his Sword he wears,
And with his Arms, we hope, his Fortune bears.

Solym. Two vaſt Rewards may well his Courage move,
A Parent's Bleſſing, and a Miſtreſs Love.
If he ſucceed, his recompence, we hear,
Muſt be the Captive Queen of *Caſſimere.*

To them, Abas.

Abas. Miſchiefs on miſchiefs, greater ſtill, and more:
The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er:
The Vale an Iron Harveſt ſeems to yield
Of thick ſprung Lances in a waving Field.
The poliſht Steel gleams terribly from far,
And every moment nearer ſhews the War.

The Horſes Neighing by the Wind is blown,
And Caſtl'd Elephants o'r-look the Town.
Arim. If, as I fear, *Morat* theſe pow'rs commands,
Our Empire on the brink of Ruine ſtands:
Th' ambitious Empreſs with her Son is joyn'd,
And, in his Brother's abſence, has deſign'd
The unprovided Town, to take with eaſe,
And then, the Perſon of the King to ſeize.
Solym. To all his former Iſſue ſhe has ſhown
Long Hate, and labour'd to advance her own.
Abas. Theſe Troops are his.
Surat he took; and thence, preventing Fame,
By quick and painful Marches hither came.
Since his approach, he to his Mother ſent,
And two long hours in cloſe debate were ſpent.
Arim. I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel, repair,
And ſhew my Duty by my timely Care.

To them the Emperor *with a Letter in his hand: after him,*
an Ambaſſador, *with a Train following.*

Aſaph. But ſee, the Emperor! a fiery Red,
His Brows and glowing Temples does o'r-ſpread.
Morat has ſome diſpleaſing Meſſage ſent.
Amb. Do not, Great Sir, miſconſtrue his intent:
Not call Rebellion what was prudent Care,
To guard himſelf by neceſſary War:
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd:
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy ſway'd:
But, when he thought you gone,
T'augment the number of the Bleſs'd above,
He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal Love:
Nor arm'd his Brothers Portions to invade,
But to defend the Preſent you had made.
Emp. By frequent Meſſages, and ſtrict Commands,
He knew my pleaſure to diſcharge his Bands:
Proof of my Life my Royal Signet made,
Yet ſtill he arm'd, came on, and diſobey'd.
Amb. He thought the *Mandat* forg'd, your death conceal'd:
And but delay'd, till Truth ſhould be reveal'd.
Emp. News of my death from Rumor he receiv'd,
And what he wiſh'd, he eaſily believ'd:
But long demurr'd, though from my hand he knew
I liv'd, ſo loth he was to think it true.
Since he pleads Ignorance to that Command,
Now let him ſhew his Duty, and diſband.
Amb. His Honour, Sir, will ſuffer in the Cauſe,
He yields his Arms unjuſt if he withdraws:

And begs his Loyalty may be Declar'd,
By owning thoſe he leads to be your Guard.
Emp. I, in my ſelf, have all the Guard I need;
Bid the preſumptuous Boy draw off with ſpeed:
If his audacious Troops one hour remain,
My Cannon from the Fort ſhall ſcour the Plain.
Amb. Since you deny him entrance, he demands
His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in bands:
Her, if unjuſtly you from him detain,
He juſtly will by force of Arms regain.
Emp. O'r him, and his, a right from Heaven I have;
Subject, and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.
But whatſoe'r his own demerits are,
Tell him, I ſhall not make on Women, War.
And yet I'll do her Innocence the Grace,
To keep her here, as in the ſafer place.
But, thou, who dar'ſt this bold defiance bring,
May'ſt feel the rage of an offended King.
Hence from my Sight, without the leaſt reply:
One word, nay, one look more, and thou ſhalt dye.
[*Exit Ambaſſador.*

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. May Heav'n, great Monarch, ſtill augment your bliſs
With length of days, and every day like this.
For, from the Banks of *Gemna* news is brought,
Your Army has a bloudy Battel fought:
Darah from Loyal *Aureng-Zebe* is fled;
And Forty thouſand of his Men lie dead.
To *Sujah* next your conqu'ring Army drew;
Him they ſurpriz'd, and eaſily o'rthrew.
Emp. 'Tis well.
Arim. But well! What more could at your wiſh be done,
Than two ſuch Conqueſts gain'd by ſuch a Son?
Your Pardon, Mighty Sir;
You ſeem not high enough your Joys to Rate;
You ſtand indebted a vaſt Sum to Fate:
And ſhould large Thanks for the great Bleſſing pay.
Emp. My Fortune owes me greater every day.
And, ſhould my Joy more high for this appear,
It would have argu'd me before of fear.
How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,
And Fortune only pays me with my own?
Arim. Great *Aureng Zebe* did duteous Care expreſs;
And durſt not puſh too far his good ſucceſs.
But leſt *Morat* the City ſhould attack,
Commanded his victorious Army back:

Which

Which, left to march as ſwiftly as they may,
Himſelf comes firſt, and will be here this day,
Before a cloſe form'd Siege ſhut up his way.
Emp. Prevent his purpoſe, hence, hence with all thy ſpeed:
Stop him; his entrance to the Town forbid.
Arim. How, Sir, your Loyal, your Victorious Son?
Emp. Him would I, more than all the Rebels, ſhun.
Arim. Whom with your pow'r and fortune, Sir, you truſt;
Now to ſuſpect is vain, as 'tis unjuſt.
He comes not with a Train to move your fear,
But truſts himſelf to be a Pris'ner here.
You knew him brave, you know him faithful now:
He aims at Fame, but Fame from ſerving you.
'Tis ſaid, Ambition in his Breaſt does rage:
Who would not be the *Hero* of an Age?
All grant him prudent: Prudence Intereſt weighs,
And Intereſt bids him ſeek your Love and Praiſe.
I know you grateful; when he march'd from hence,
You bad him hope an ample recompence:
He conquer'd in that Hope; and from your hands,
His Love, the precious pledge he left, demands.
Emp. No more; you ſearch too deep my wounded Mind:
And ſhew me what I fear, and would not find.
My Son has all the Debts of Duty paid:
Our Prophet ſends him to my preſent aid.
Such Virtue to diſtruſt were baſe and low:
I'm not ungrateful—— or I was not ſo!
Inquire no farther, ſtop his coming on:
I will not, cannot, dare not ſee my Son.
Arim. 'Tis now too late his entrance to prevent:
Nor muſt I to your Ruine give conſent.
At once your Peoples Heart and Son's you loſe:
And give him all, when you juſt things refuſe.
Emp. Thou lov'ſt me ſure; thy Faith has oft been try'd,
In ten pitch'd Fields, not ſhrinking from my ſide,
Yet giv'ſt me no advice to bring me eaſe.
Arim. Can you be cur'd, and tell not your Diſeaſe?
I ask'd you, Sir.
Emp. ——Thou ſhould'ſt have ask'd again:
There hangs a ſecret ſhame on guilty Men.
Thou ſhould'ſt have pull'd the Secret from my Breaſt,
Torn out the bearded Steel to give me Reſt:
At leaſt, thou ſhou'dſt have gueſs'd——
Yet thou art honeſt, thou could'ſt ne'r have gueſs'd.
Haſt thou been never baſe? Did Love ne'r bend
Thy frailer Virtue, to betray thy Friend?

C

Flatter me, make thy Court, and ſay, It did:
Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.
We would be kept in Countenance, ſav'd from ſhame:
And own'd by others who commit the ſame.
Nay, now I have confeſs'd. ——
Thou ſeeſt me naked, and without diſguiſe:
I look on *Aureng-Zebe* with Rivals Eyes.
He has abroad my Enemies o'recome,
And I have ſought to ruin him at home.
Arim. This free Confeſſion ſhews you long did ſtrive:
And Virtue, tho' oppreſt, is ſtill alive.
But what ſucceſs did your injuſtice find?
Emp. What it deſerv'd, and not what I deſign'd.
Unmov'd ſhe ſtood, and deaf to all my Prayers,
As Seas and Winds to ſinking Mariners.
But Seas grow calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:
Her Tyrant Beauty never grows more mild.
Prayers, Promiſes, and Threats were all in vain.
Arim. Then cure your ſelf by generous Diſdain.
Emp. Virtue, Diſdain, Deſpair, I oft have try'd,
And foil'd, have with new Arms my Foe defi'd,
This made me with ſo little joy to hear
The Victory, when I the Victor fear.
Arim. Something you ſwiftly muſt reſolve to do,
Leſt *Aureng-Zebe* your ſecret Love ſhould know.
Morat without does for your Ruin wait;
And would you loſe the Buckler of your State?
A jealous Empreſs lies within your Arms,
Too haughty to endure neglected Charms,
Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail;
And juſt Revenge o'r Virtue may prevail.
Emp. Go then to *Indamora*, ſay from me,
Two Lives depend upon her Secreſie.
Bid her conceal my Paſſion from my Son.
Though *Aureng-Zebe* return a Conqueror,
Both he and ſhe are ſtill within my power.
Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too:
Much to my Son, more to my Self I owe.
When ſhe receives him, to her words give Law:
And even the kindneſs of her Glances awe.
See, he appears!

[*After a ſhort Whiſper*, Arimant *departs*.

Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants*, Aureng Zebe *kneels to his Father, and kiſſes his Hand.*

Aur My Vows have been ſucceſsful as my Sword:
My Prayers are heard, you have your Health reſtor'd.

One

Once more 'tis given me to behold your Face;
The beſt of Kings and Fathers to embrace.
Pardon my Tears; 'tis Joy which bids 'em flow,
A Joy which never was ſincere till now.
That which my Conqueſt gave, I could not prize;
Or twas imperfect till I ſaw your Eyes.
Emp. Turn the Diſcourſe; I have a reaſon why
I would not have you ſpeak ſo tenderly.
Knew you what ſhame your kind Expreſſions bring,
You would in pity ſpare a wretched King.
Aur. A King! you rob me, Sir, of halfe my due;
You have a dearer Name, a Father too.
Emp. I had that Name.
Aur ——— What have I ſaid or done,
That I no longer muſt be call'd your Son?
'Tis in that Name, Heaven knows, I Glory more,
Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.
Emp. Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to ſee
You're not ſo perfect, but can fail, like me.
I have no God to deal with.
Aur. ——— Now I find
Some ſlie Court-Devil has ſeduc'd your Mind:
Fill'd it with black ſuſpitions, not your own:
And all my Actions through falſe Opticks ſhown.
I ne'r did Crowns ambitiouſly regard:
Honour I ſought, the generous Mind's reward.
Long may you live! while you the Scepter ſway
I ſhall be ſtill moſt happy to obey.
Emp. Oh, *Aureng Zebe*! thy Virtues ſhine too bright
They flaſh too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,
Shut my dull Eyes, and ſicken at the ſight.
Thou haſt deſerv'd more Love than I can ſhow:
But 'tis thy Fate to give, and mine to owe.
Thou ſeeſt me much diſtemper'd in my Mind:
Pull'd back, and then puſh'd forward to be kind.
Virtue, and —— fain I wou'd my ſilence break:
But have not yet the confidence to ſpeak;
Leave me, and to thy needful Reſt repair.
Aur. Reſt is not ſuiting with a Lover's Care,
I have not yet my *Indamora* ſeen. [*Is going.*
Emp. Somewhat I had forgot; come back again;
So weary of a Father's company!
Aur. Sir, you were pleas'd your ſelf to Licenſe me.
Emp. You made me no relation of the Fight,
Beſides, a Rebels Army is in ſight.

Adviſe me firſt: yet go——
He goes to *Indamora*; I ſhould take [*Aſide.*
A kind of envious Joy to keep him back.
Yet to detain him, makes my Love appear:
I hate his Preſence, and his Abſence fear. [*Exit.*

Aur. To ſome new Clime, or to thy Native Sky,
O friendleſs and forſaken Virtue fly.
Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown:
Deceit and canker'd Malice rule thy Throne.
Why did my Arms in Battel proſp'rous prove,
To gain the barren praiſe of Filial Love?
The beſt of Kings by Women is miſ-led,
Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a ſecond Bed.
Againſt my ſelf I Victories have won,
And by my fatal abſence am undone.

To him Indamora, *with* Arimant.

But here ſhe comes!
In the calm Harbor of whoſe gentle Breaſt,
My Tempeſt-beaten Soul may ſafely Reſt.
Oh, my Heart's Joy! what-e'r my Sorrows be,
They ceaſe and vaniſh in beholding thee:
Care ſhuns thy Walks; as at the cheerful Light,
The groaning Ghoſts, and Birds obſcene take flight.
By this one view, all my paſt pains are paid:
And all I have to come more eaſie made.

Ind. Such ſullen Planets at my Birth did ſhine,
They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.
Flie the purſuit of my diſaſtrous Love,
And from unhappy Neighborhood remove.

Aur. Bid the laborious Hind,
Whoſe harden'd Hands did long in Tillage toil,
Neglect the promis'd Harveſt of the Soil.
Should *I*, who cultivated Love with Blood,
Refuſe poſſeſſion of approaching good?

Ind. Love is an airy good Opinion makes:
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.
Seen by a ſtrong Imagination's Beam;
That tricks and dreſſes up the gaudy Dream,
Preſented ſo, with Rapture 'tis enjoy'd:
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low deſtroy'd.

Aur. If Love be Viſion, mine has all the Fire
Which, in firſt Dreams, young Prophets does inſpire:
I Dream, in you, our promis'd Paradiſe:
An Ages tumult of continu'd Bliſs.
But you have ſtill your Happineſs in doubt:
Or elſe 'tis paſt, and you have dreamt it out.

Ind. Perhaps not ſo.
Aur. ——Can *Indamora* prove
So alter'd? Is it but, Perhaps you Love?
Then farewel all, I thought in you to find
A Balm, to cure my much diſtemper'd Mind.
I came to grieve a Father's Heart eſtrang'd;
But little thought to find a Miſtreſs chang'd.
Nature her ſelf is chang'd to puniſh me:
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconſtancy.
Ind. You heard me not Inconſtancy confeſs:
'Twas but a Friends Advice to love me leſs.
Who knows what adverſe Fortune may befal?
Arm well your Mind; hope little, and fear all.
Hope, with a goodly proſpect, feeds your Eye:
Shows, from a riſing Ground, poſſeſſion nigh
Shortens the diſtance, or o'r-looks it quite:
So eaſie 'tis to travel with the ſight.
Aur. Then to deſpair you would my Love betray,
By taking Hope, its laſt kind Friend, away.
You hold the Glaſs, but turn the Perſpective;
And farther off the leſſen'd Object drive,
You bid me fear: in that your change I know:
You would prepare me for the coming blow.
But, to prevent you, take my laſt Adieu;
I'll ſadly tell my ſelf, you are untrue,
Rather than ſtay to hear it told by you. *Going.*
Ind. Stay, *Aurenge-Zebe*, I muſt not let you go
And yet believe your ſelf your own worſt Foe,
Think I am true, and ſeek no more to know.
Let in my Breaſt the fatal Secret lye,
'Tis a ſad Riddle, which, if known, we die. [*Seeming to pauſe.*
Aur. Fair Hypocrite, you ſeek to cheat in vain;
Your ſilence argues you ask time to feign.
Once more, farewel: the ſnare in ſight is laid,
'Tis my own fault if I am now betraid. [*Going again.*
Ind. Yet once more ſtay; you ſhall believe me true,
Though in one Fate I wrap my ſelf and you.
Your abſence ——
Arim. —— Hold; you know the hard Command
I muſt obey: you only can withſtand
Your own miſhap, I beg you on my Knee,
Be not unhappy by your own Decree.
Aur. Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)
Your Love, I'm pleas'd we ſhould be ruin'd both.
Both is a ſound of Joy.
In Death's dark Bow'rs our Bridals we will keep:

7

And his cold Hand
Shall draw the Curtain when we go to ſleep.
Ind. Know then, that Man whom both of us did truſt,
Has been to you unkind, to be unjuſt.
The Guardian of my Faith ſo falſe did prove,
As to ſolicite me with Lawleſs Love:
Pray'd, Promis'd, Threaten'd, all that Man could do,
Baſe as he's great; and need I tell you who?
Aur. Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:
Speak quickly, and my impious Thoughts prevent.
Ind. Yo've ſaid; wiſh I could ſome other name!
Arim. My Duty muſt excuſe me, Sir, from blame.
A Guard there.

Enter Guards.

Aur. ——— Slave, for me?
Arim. ——— My Orders are
To ſeize this Princeſs, whom the Laws of War
Long ſince made Priſoner.
Aur. ——— Villain.
Arim. ——— Sir, I know
Your Birth, nor durſt another call me ſo.
Aur. I have redeem'd her; and as mine ſhe's free.
Arim. You may have right to give her liberty:
But with your Father, Sir, that right diſpute;
For his Commands to me were abſolute;
If ſhe diſclos'd his Love, to uſe the right
Of War, and to ſecure her from your ſight.
Aur. I'll reſcue her, or die. [*Draws.*
And you, my Friends, tho' few, are yet too brave
To ſee your Gen'rals Miſtreſs made a Slave. [*All Draw.*
Ind. Hold, my dear Love! if ſo much pow'r there lies,
As once you own'd, in *Indamora*'s Eyes,
Loſe not the Honour you have early won,
But ſtand the blameleſs pattern of a Son.
My Love your claim inviolate ſecures:
'Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.
My ſufferings for you make your Heart my due:
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.
I've thought, and bleſs'd be you who gave me time:
(Aur. *putting up his Sword.*)
My Virtue was ſurpriz'd into a Crime.
Strong Virtue, like ſtrong Nature, ſtruggles ſtill:
Exerts it ſelf, and then throws off the ill.
I to a Son's and Lover's praiſe aſpire:
And muſt fulfil the parts which both require.

How dear the cure of Jealouſie has coſt!
With too much care and tenderneſs y'are loſt!
So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize, (rally.
Till looking back, ſhe vaniſh'd from his Eyes. [*Exeunt ſeve-*

Act II.

Betwixt the Acts, a Warlike Tune is plaid, ſhooting off Guns, and ſhouts of Soldiers are heard, as in an Aſſault.

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant, Aſaph, Chawn, Fazel Chawn, Solyman.

Aur. WHat Man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd:
The Fortreſs thrice himſelf in Perſon ſtorm'd.
Your Valour bravely did th'Aſſault ſuſtain;
And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.
Till, mad with Rage, into the Breach he fir'd:
Slew Friends and Foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.
Arim. To us you give what praiſes are not due:
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.
High, over all, was your great Conduct ſhown:
You ſought our ſafety, but forgot your own.
Aſaph. Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,
Deſpair and Death among the Soldiers ſent:
You, the bold *Omrah* tumbled from the Wall;
And ſhouts of Victory purſu'd his Fall.
Fazel. To you, alone, we owe this proſp'rous day:
Our Wives and Children reſcu'd from the prey;
Know your own Intereſt, Sir, where e'r you lead,
We joyntly vow to own no other Head.
Solym. Your wrongs are known. Impoſe but your commands,
This hour ſhall bring you Twenty thouſand hands.
Aur. Let them who truly would appear my Friends,
Employ their Swords, like mine, for Noble ends.
No more: remember you have bravely done:
Shall Treaſon end, what Loyalty begun?
I own no wrongs, ſome grievance I confeſs,
But Kings, like Gods, at their own time redreſs.
Yet, ſome becoming boldneſs I may uſe;
I've well deſerv'd, nor will he now refuſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll ſtrike my Fortunes with him at a heat:
And give him not the leiſure to forget. [*Ex. attended by the* Omrahs.
Arim. Oh! *Indamora*, hide theſe fatal Eyes:
Too deep they wound whom they too ſoon ſurprize:

My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Intereſt, all
Before this Univerſal Monarch fall.
Beauty, like Ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread ſure on the ſmooth ſlippery way?
Pleas'd with the paſſage, we ſlide ſwiftly on:
And ſee the dangers which we cannot ſhun.

To him Indamora.

Ind. I hope my Liberty may reach thus far:
Theſe Terras-Walks within my limits are.
I came to ſeek you, and to let you know,
How much I to your generous Pity owe.
The King, when he deſign'd you for my Guard,
Reſolv'd he would not make my Bondage hard:
If otherwiſe, you have deceiv'd his end;
And whom he meant a Guardian, made a friend.

Arim. A Guardian's Title I muſt own with ſhame:
But ſhould be prouder of another name.

Ind. And therefore 't was I chang'd that name before:
I call'd you Friend, and could you wiſh for more?

Arim. I dare not ask for what you would not grant:
But wiſhes, Madam, are extravagant.
They are not bounded with things poſſible:
I may wiſh more than I preſume to tell:
Deſire's the vaſt extent of Humane Mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.
I could wiſh ———

Ind. What?

Arim Why did you ſpeak? you've daſh'd my Fancy quite:
Ev'n in th' approaching Minute of Delight.
I muſt take breath ———
E're I the Rapture of my wiſh renew,
And tell you then, it terminates in you.

Ind. Have you conſider'd what th'event would be?
Or know you, *Arimant* your ſelf, or me?
Were I no Queen, did you my Beauty weigh,
My Youth in Bloom, your Age in its decay?

Arim. I my own Judge, condemn'd my ſelf before:
For pity aggravate my Crime no more.
So weak I am, I with a frown am ſlain;
You need have us'd but halfe ſo much diſdain.

Ind. I am not cruel yet to that degree:
Have better Thoughts both of your ſelf, and me.
Beauty a Monarch is,
Which Kingly Power Magnificently proues,
By crouds of Slaves, and Peopled Empire loves.
Aud ſuch a Slave as you, what Queen would loſe?
Above the reſt; I *Arimant* would chuſe:

For

For Counſel, Valour, Truth, and Kindneſs too,
All I could wiſh in Man, I find in you.
Arim. What Lover could to greater Joy be rais'd!
I am, methinks, a God by you thus prais'd.
Ind. To what may not deſert, like yours, pretend?
You have all Qualities—— that fit a Friend.
Arim. So Mariners miſtake the promis'd Coaſt:
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are loſt.
Think you my aged Veins ſo faintly beat,
They riſe no higher than to Friendſhips heat?
So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's Night,
Twinkling with Stars, they freeze me while they light?
Ind. Miſtake me not, good *Arimant*, I know
My Beauty's pow'r, and what my Charms can do.
You your own Talent have not learn'd ſo well;
But practiſe one, where you can ne'r excell.
You can at moſt,
To an indiff'rent Lovers praiſe pretend:
But you would ſpoil an admirable Friend.
Arim. Never was Amity ſo highly priz'd;
Nor ever any Love ſo much deſpis'd.
Ev'n to my ſelf ridiculous I grow;
And would be angry, if I knew but how.
Ind. Do not. Your Anger, like your Love, is vain:
When e'er I pleaſe, you muſt be pleas'd again.
Knowing what pow'r I have your Will to bend,
I'll uſe it; for I need juſt ſuch a Friend.
You muſt perform, not what you think is fit:
But to what-ever I propoſe, ſubmit.
Arim. Madam, you have a ſtrange Aſcendant gain'd;
You uſe me like a Courſer, Spurr'd and Rein'd:
If I fly out, my fierceneſs you command,
Then ſooth, and gently ſtroke me with your hand.
Impoſe; but uſe your pow'r of Taxing well:
When Subjects cannot Pay, they ſoon Rebel.

Enter the Emperor, unſeen by them.

Ind. My Rebels puniſhment would eaſie prove:
You know y'are in my pow'r by making Love.
Arim. Would I, without diſpute, your Will obey,
And could you, in return, my Life betray?
Emp. What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?
Or what Love ſecret which I muſt not hear?
Theſe alter'd Looks ſome inward Motion ſhow.
His Cheeks are pale, and yours with bluſhes glow, [*To her.*
Ind. 'Tis what, with Juſtice, may my Anger move;
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.

Arim. I am betraid, and ſhall be doom'd to die; [*aſide.*
Emp. Did he, my Slave, preſume to look ſo high?
That crawling Inſect, who from Mud began,
Warm'd by my Beams, and kindl'd into Man?
Durſt he, who does but for my pleaſure live,
Intrench on Love, my great Prerogative?
Print his baſe Image on his Sovereigns Coin?
'Tis Treaſon if he ſtamp his Love with mine.
Arim. 'Tis true, I have been bold; but if it be
A Crime———
Ind. ———He means, 'tis only ſo to me.
You, Sir, ſhould praiſe, what I muſt diſapprove:
He inſolently talk'd to me of Love:
But, *Sir*, 'twas yours, he made it in your Name:
You, if you pleaſe, may all he ſaid diſclaim.
Emp. I muſt diſclaim whate'r he can expreſs:
His groveling Senſe will ſhew my paſſion leſs.
But ſtay, if what he ſaid my Meſſage be,
What Fear, what Danger could arrive from me?
He ſaid, he fear'd you would his Life betray.
Ind. Should he preſume again, perhaps I may.
Though in your hands he hazard not his Life,
Remember, *Sir*, your Fury of a Wife,
Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,
The Agents of your Paſſion will purſue.
Emp. If I but hear her nam'd, I'm ſick that day;
The ſound is mortal, and frights Life away.
Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous Thought:
Diſtruſt in Lovers is the Tender's fault.
Leave me, and tell thy ſelf in my excuſe,
Love, and a Crown, no Rivalſhip can bear,
And precious things are ſtill poſſeſs'd with fear.
[*Exit* Arimant *bowing.*
This, Madam, my excuſe to you may plead;
Love ſhould forgive the faults which Love has made.
Ind. From me, What pardon can you hope to have,
Robb'd of my Love, and Treated as a Slave?
Emp. Force is the laſt Relief which Lovers find:
And 'tis the beſt excuſe of Woman-kind.
Ind. Force never yet a generous Heart did gain:
We yield on parley, but are ſtorm'd in vain.
Conſtraint in all things makes the pleaſure leſs;
Sweet is the Love which comes with willingneſs.
Emp. No; 'tis reſiſtance that inflames deſire:
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.

Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much eaſe:
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe.
And therefore 'tis your Golden Fruit you guard
With ſo much care, to make poſſeſſion hard.
Ind. Was't not enough, you took my Crown away,
But cruelly you muſt my Love betray?
I was well pleas'd to have transferr'd my Right,
And better chang'd your claim of lawleſs Might,
By taking him, whom you eſteem'd above
Your other Sons, and taught me firſt to love.
Emp. My Son, by my Command his courſe muſt ſteer:
I bad him love, I bid him now forbear.
If you have any kindneſs for him ſtill,
Adviſe him not to ſhock a Father's Will.
Ind. Muſt I adviſe?
Then let me ſee him, and I'll try t'obey.
Emp. I had forgot, and dare not truſt your way.
But ſend him word,
He has not here an Army to Command:
Remember he and you are in my hand.
Ind. Yes, in a Father's hand, whom he has ſerv'd;
And, with the hazard of his Life, preſerv'd.
But Piety to you, unhappy Prince,
Becomes a Crime, and Duty an Offence:
Againſt your ſelf, you with your Foes combine,
And ſeem your own deſtruction to deſign.
Emp. You may be pleas'd your Politicks to ſpare:
I'm old enough, and can my ſelf take care.
Ind. Advice from me was, I confeſs, too bold:
Y'are old enough, it may be, Sir, too old.
Emp. You pleaſe your ſelf with your contempt of Age:
But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage.
If on your Head my Fury does not turn,
Thank that fond Dotage which ſo much you ſcorn.
But, in another's Perſon you may prove,
There's warmth for Vengeance left, though not for Love.

Re-enter Arimant.

Ari. The Empreſs has the Anti-chambers paſt,
And this way moves with a diſorder'd haſte:
Her Brows, the ſtormy marks of Anger bear.
Emp. Madam, retire: She muſt not find you here.
[*Exit* Indamora *with* Arimant.

Enter Nourmahal *haſtily.*

Nour. What have I done, that *Nourmahal* muſt prove
The Scorn and Triumph of a Rival's Love?

My Eyes are ſtill the ſame, each glance, each grace;
Keep their firſt Luſtre, and maintain their place;
Not ſecond yet to any other Face.

Emp. What Rage tranſports you? Are you well awake?
Such Dreams diſtracted Minds in Feavers make.

Nour. Thoſe Feavers you have giv'n, thoſe Dreams have bred,
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.
Such Viſions hourly paſs before my Sight;
Which from my Eyes their Balmy ſlumbers Fright,
In the ſevereſt ſilence of the Night,
Viſions which in this Cittadel are ſeen;
Bright, Glorious Viſions of a Rival Queen.

Emp. Have patience, my firſt Flames can ne'r decay:
Theſe are but Dreams, and ſoon will paſs away.
Thou know'ſt, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:
In thy own Heav'n of Love Serenely ſhine:
Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
When Flowers firſt peep'd, and Trees did Bloſſoms bear,
And Winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted Year.
Calm as the Breath which fans our Eaſtern Grove,
And bright as when thy Eyes firſt lighted up our Loves.
Let our Eternal Peace be ſeal'd by this,
With the firſt Ardour of a Nuptial Kiſs. [*Offers, to kiſs her.*

Nour. Me would you have, me your faint Kiſſes prove,
The dregs and droppings of enervate Love?
Muſt I your cold long-labouring Age ſuſtain,
And be to empty Joys provok'd in vain?
Receive your ſighing after other Charms,
And take an abſent Husband in my Arms?

Emp. Even theſe reproaches I can bear from you
You doubted of my Love, believe it true.
Nothing but Love this Patience could produce;
And I allow your Rage that kind excuſe.

Nour. Call it not Patience, 'tis your Guilt ſtands mute:
You have a Cauſe too foul to bear diſpute.
You wrong me firſt, and urge my Rage to riſe,
Then I muſt paſs for Mad, you, Meek and Wiſe.
Good Man, plead Merit by your ſoft Replies.
Vain priviledge, poor Women have of Tongue:
Men can ſtand ſilent, and reſolve on wrong.

Emp. What can I more? my Friendſhip you refuſe,
And even my Mildneſs, as my Crime, accuſe.

Nour. Your ſullen ſilence cheats not me, falſe Man;
I know you think the bloodieſt things you can.
Could you accuſe me, you would raiſe your Voice;
Watch for my Crimes, and in my Guilt rejoyce.

But my known Virtue is from ſcandal free,
And leaves no ſhadow for your calumny.
Emp. Such Virtue is the plague of Human life:
A virtuous Woman, but a curſed Wife.
In vain of pompous Chaſtity y'are proud:
Virtue's adultery of the Tongue, when loud,
I, with leſs pain, a Proſtitute could bear,
Than the ſhrill ſound of Virtue, Virtue hear.
In unchaſte Wives—— ——
There's yet a kind of recompenſing eaſe:
Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to pleaſe:
But againſt clamorous Virtue, What defence?
It ſtops our Mouths, and gives your noiſe pretence.
Nour. Since Virtue does your Indignation raiſe,
'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praiſe.
Your own wild Appetites are prone to range,
And then you tax our Humors with your change.
Emp. What can be ſweeter than our Native home!
Thither for eaſe, and ſoft repoſe, we come:
Home is the Sacred refuge of our Life:
Secur'd from all approaches, but a Wife.
If thence we fly, the Cauſe admits no doubt:
None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.
Clamours, our privacies uneaſie make:
Birds leave their Neſts diſturb'd, and Beaſts their haunts forſake.
Nour. Honour's my Crime that hath your loathing bred;
You take no pleaſure in a Virtuous Bed.
Emp. What pleaſure can there be in that Eſtate,
Which your unquietneſs has made we hate?
I ſhrink far off——
Diſſembling Sleep, but wakeful with the fright.
The Day takes off the pleaſure of the Night.
Nour. My Thoughts no other Joys but Pow'r purſue:
Or, if they did, they muſt be loſt in you.
And yet the fault's not mine—— ——
Though Youth and Beauty cannot Warmth command;
The Sun in vain ſhines on the barren Sand.
Emp. 'Tis true, of Marriage bands I'm weary grown.
Love ſcorns all ties, but thoſe that are his own.
Chains that are dragg'd, muſt needs uneaſie prove:
For there's a God like liberty in Love.
Nour. What's Love to you?
The Bloom of Beauty other years demands,
Nor will be gather'd by ſuch wither'd hands:
You imporuune it with a falſe deſire,
Which ſparkles out, and makes no ſolid fire.

This impudence of Age, whence can it ſpring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.
Eager to ask, when you are paſt a Grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want.
Have Conſcience, give not her you love this pain;
Sollicite not your ſelf, and her, in vain.
All other Debts may compenſation find:
But Love is ſtrict, and will be paid in kind.
Emp. Sure of all Ills, Domeſtick are the worſt;
When moſt ſecure of Bleſſings, we are curſt.
When we lay next us what we hold moſt dear,
Like *Hrrcules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear;
And cleaving miſchiefs.
Nour.——What you merit, have:
And ſhare, at leaſt, the miſeries you gave.
Your days, I will allarm, I'll haunt your Nights:
And, worſe than Age, diſable your Delights.
May your ſick Fame ſtill languiſh, till it dye:
All Offices of Pow'r neglected lye,
And you grow cheap in every Subjects Eye.
Then as the greateſt Curſe that I can give;
Unpity'd, be depos'd: and aſter live. [*Going off.*
Emp. Stay; and now learn,
How Criminal ſoe'r we Husbands are,
'Tis not for Wives to puſh our Crimes too far.
Had you ſtill Miſtriſs of your temper been,
I had been modeſt, and not own'd my Sin.
Your Fury hardens me, and what e'r wrong
You ſuffer, you've cancell'd by your Tongue.
A Guard there; ſeize her: ſhe ſhall know this hour,
What is a Husband's and a Monarch's Pow'r. [*Guard ſeizes her.*
Enter Aureng-Zebe.
Nour. I ſee for whom your Charter you maintain:
I muſt be fetter'd, and my Son be ſlain,
That *Zelyma*'s ambitious Race may Reign.
Not ſo, yon promis'd when my Beauty drew
All *Aſia*'s Vows; when *Perſia* left for you
The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r I brought:
That long contended Prize for which you fought.
Aur. The name of Step-mother, your practiſ'd Art,
By which you have eſtrang'd my Father's Heart,
All you have done againſt me, or deſign,
Shews your averſion, but begets not mine.
Long may my Father *India's* Empire guide:
And may no breach your Nuptial Vows divide.
Emp. Since Love obliges not, I from this hour,
Aſſume the right of Man's Deſpotick Pow'r:

Man is by Nature form'd your Sexes Head:
And is himſelf the Canon of his Bed.
In Bands of Iron fetter'd you ſhall be:
An eaſier Yoak than what you put on me.
Aur. Though much I fear my Int'reſt is not great, [*Kneeling.*
Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.
Secrets of Marriage ſtill are Sacred held:
There ſweet and bitter by the Wiſe conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands ſtill:
And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've choſen ill.
And the myſterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely ſhown.
Emp. To ſo perverſe a Sex all Grace is vain;
It gives 'em courage to offend again;
For with feign'd Tears they penitence pretend:
Again are pardon'd, and again offend.
Fathom our pity when they ſeem to grieve;
Only to try how far we can forgive.
Till lanching out into a Sea of ſtrife,
They ſcorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.
But be it as you pleaſe: for your lov'd ſake,
This laſt and fruitleſs Trial I will make.
In all Requeſts, your right of Merit uſe:
And know, There is but one I can refuſe.
[*He ſigns to the Guards, and they remove from the Empreſs.*
Nour. You've done enough, for you deſign'd my Chains:
The Grace is vaniſh'd, but th'Affront remains.
Nor is't a Grace, or for his Merit done;
You durſt no farther, for you fear'd my Son.
This you have gain'd by the rough courſe you prove;
I'm paſt Repentance, and you paſt my Love. [*Exit.*
Emp. A Spirit ſo untam'd the World ne'r bore.
Aur. And yet worſe uſage had incens'd her more.
But ſince by no obligement ſhe is ty'd,
You muſt betimes for your defence provide.
I cannot idle in your danger ſtand;
But beg once more I may your Arms Command;
Two Battels your auſpicious Cauſe has won;
My Sword can perfect what it has begun,
And from your Walls diſlodge that haughty Son.
Emp. My Son, your Valour has, this day, been ſuch,
None can enough admire, or praiſe too much.
But now, with reaſon, your ſucceſs I doubt:
Her Faction's ſtrong within, his Arms without.

Aur. I left the City in a Panick fright;
Lions they are in Council, Lambs in Fight.
But my own Troops by *Mirzah* led, are near:
I, by to Morrows dawn, expect 'em here.
To favour 'em, I'll ſally out e'r Day:
And through our ſlaughter'd Foes enlarge their way.
Emp. Age has not yet
So ſhrunk my Sinews, or ſo chill'd my Veins,
But conſcious Virtue in my Breaſt remains.
But had I now
That ſtrength, with which my boiling Youth was fraught;
When in the Vale of *Balaſor* I fought,
And from *Bengale* their Captive Monarch brought;
When Elephant 'gainſt Elephant did rear
His Trunk, and Caſtles juſtl'd in the Air;
My Sword thy way to Victory had ſhown:
And ow'd the Conqueſt to it ſelf alone.
Aur. Thoſe fair Idea's to my Aid I'll call,
And emulate my great Original.
Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,
The pow'r of Love, and *Indamora*'s Charms.
Emp. I doubt the happy influence of your Star:
T'invoke a Captives Name, bodes ill in War.
Aur. Sir, give me leave to ſay, what ever now
The Omen prove, it boded well to you.
Your Royal Promiſe, when I went to fight,
Oblig'd me to reſign a Victor's Right.
Her Liberty I fought for, and I won:
And claim it as your General, and your Son.
Emp. My Ears ſtill ring with noiſe, I'm vex'd to death:
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd breath.
Nor will I be preſcrib'd my time by you:
Firſt end the War, and then your Claim renew.
While to your Conduct I my Fortune truſt,
To keep this pledge of Duty is but juſt.
Aur. Some hidden cauſe your jealouſie does move,
Or you could ne'r ſuſpect my Loyal Love.
Emp. What Love ſoever by an Heir is ſhown,
He waits but time to ſtep into the Throne.
You're neither juſtifi'd, nor yet accus'd:
Mean while, the Pris'ner with reſpect is us'd.
Aur. I know the kindneſs of her Guardian ſuch,
I need not fear too little, but too much.
But how, Sir, How have you from Virtue ſwerv'd?
Or what ſo ill return have I deſerv'd?

You doubt not me, nor have I ſpent my Bloud,
To have my Faith no better underſtood:
Your Soul's above the baſeneſs of diſtruſt:
Nothing but Love could make you ſo unjuſt.
Emp. You know your Rival then; and know 'tis fit,
The Son's ſhould to the Father's Claim ſubmit.
Aur. Sons may have Right which they can never quit.
Your ſelf firſt made that Title which I claim:
Firſt bid me love, and authoris'd my flame.
Emp. The value of my Gift I did not know:
If I could give, I can reſume it too.
Aur. Recal your Gift, for I your power confeſs:
But firſt, take back my Life, a Gift that's leſs.
Long Life would now but a long burthen prove:
You're grown unkind, and I have loſt your love.
My grief let unbecoming Speeches fall:
I ſhould have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.
Emp. Witneſs ye pow'rs,
How much I ſuffer'd, and how long I ſtrove
Againſt th'aſſaults of this imperious Love!
I repreſented to my ſelf the ſhame
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.
Your great deſerts, how ill they were repay'd;
All Arguments, in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:
For mighty love, who Prudence does deſpiſe,
For Reaſon, ſhew'd me *Indamora*'s Eyes.
What would you more, my Crime I ſadly view,
Acknowledge, am aaſhm'd, and yet purſue.
Aur. Since you can love, and yet your error ſee,
The ſame reſiſtleſs pow'r may plead for me.
With no leſs Ardor I my claim purſue:
I love, and cannot yield her even to you.
Emp. Your elder Brother's, tho' o'rcome, have Right:
The youngeſt yet in Arms prepar'd to Fight.
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to Empire ſhall ſucceed.
Aur. To after Ages let me ſtand a ſhame,
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.
You might have found a Mercenary Son,
To profit of the Battels he had won:
Had I been ſuch, what hinder'd me to take
The Crown? Nor had th'exchange been yours to make.
While you are living, I no right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you pleaſe, deſcend.
But from my Love, 'tis Sacrilege to part:
There, there's my Throne in *Indamora*'s Heart.

Emp. 'Tis in her Heart alone that you muſt Reign;
You'll find her Perſon difficult to gain.
Give willingly what I can take by force:
And know, Obedience is your ſafeſt courſe.
Aur. I'm taught, by Honour's Precepts, to obey:
Fear to Obedience is a ſlaviſh way.
If ought my want of Duty could beget;
You take the moſt prevailing means, to threat.
Pardon your Bloud that boils within my Veins;
It riſes high, and menacing diſdains.
Even death's become to me no dreadful name:
I've often met him, and have made him tame:
In Fighting Fields where our acquaintance grew,
I ſaw him, and contemn'd him firſt for you.
Emp. Of formal Duty make no more thy boaſt:
Thou diſobey'ſt where it concerns me moſt.
Fool, with both hands thus to puſh back a Crown:
And headlong caſt thy ſelf from Empire down.
Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son ſhall Reign:
Inglorious thou, by thy own fault, remain.
Thy younger Brother I'll admit this hour:
So mine ſhall be thy Miſtreſs, his thy pow'r. [*Exit.*
Aur. How vain is Virtue which directs our ways
Through certain Danger to uncertain Praiſe!
Barren, and airy Name! Thee Fortune flies;
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wiſe.
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without regard;
And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.
The World is made for the bold impious Man;
Who ſtops at nothing, ſeizes all he can.
Juſtice to Merit does weak Aid afford;
She truſts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword.
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;
And, while ſhe long conſults, the Prize is gone.

To him Dianet.

Dia. Forgive the Bearer of unhappy News:
Your alter'd Father openly purſues
Your Ruine; and, to compaſs his intent,
For violent *Morat* in haſte has ſent.
The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd:
And from the Market place to draw the Guard.
Aur. How look the People in this turn of State?
Dia. They mourn your Ruine as their proper Fate;
Curſing the Empreſs: for they think it done
By her procurement, to advance her Son.
Him too, though aw'd, they ſcarcely can forbear:
His Pride they hate, his Violence they fear.

All bent to riſe, would you appear their Chief,
Till your own Troops come up to your relief.

Aur. Ill treated, and forſaken as I am,
I'll not betray the Glory of my Name:
'Tis not for me, who have preſerv'd a State,
To buy an Empire at ſo baſe a rate.

Dia. The points of Honour, Poets may produce;
Trappings of Life, for Ornament, not Uſe:
Honour, which only does the Name advance,
Is the meer raving madneſs of Romance.
Pleas'd with a word, you may ſit tamely down;
And ſee your younger Brother force the Crown.

Aur. I know my Fortune in extreams does lie:
The Sons of *Indoſtan* muſt Reign, or die.
That deſperate hazard Courage does create,
As he plays frankly who has leaſt Eſtate,
And that the World the Coward will deſpiſe,
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize?

Dia. Of all your Knowledge, this vain fruit you have,
To walk with Eyes broad open to your Grave.

Aur. From what I've ſaid, concluded without reply,
I neither would uſurp, nor tamely dye.
Th' attempt to fly, would Guilt betray, or Fear:
Beſides, 'twere vain; the Fort's our Priſon here.
Somewhat I have reſolv'd ——
Morat, perhaps, has Honour in his Breaſt:
And; in extreams, bold Counſels are the beſt.
Like Emp'rick Remedies, they laſt are try'd;
And by th' event condemn'd, or juſtify'd.
Preſence of Mind, and Courage in Diſtreſs,
Are more than Armies to procure Succeſs. [Exit.

ACT III.

Arimant, *with a Letter in his hand*: **Indamora**.

Arim. AND I the Meſſenger to him from you?
Your Empire you to Tyranny purſue:
You lay commands, both cruel and unjuſt,
To ſerve my Rival, and betray my Truſt.

Ind. You firſt betraid your Truſt in loving me,
And ſhould not I my own advantage ſee?
Serving my Love, you may my friendſhip gain,
You know the beſt of your pretences vain.

You muſt, my *Arimant*, you muſt be kind;
'Tis in your Nature, and your Noble Mind.

Arim. I'll to the King, and ſtrait my Truſt reſign.

Ind. His Truſt you may, but you ſhall never mine.
Heav'n made you love me for no other end,
But to become my Confident and Friend:
As ſuch, I keep no Secret from your ſight,
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:
Read it, and tell me freely then your Mind:
If 'tis Indited as I meant it kind.

Arim. (*Reading*) I ask not Heav'n my freedom to reſtore,
But only for your ſake —— I'll Read no more:
And yet I muſt——
(*Reading*) Leſs for my own, than for your Sorrow, ſad——
Another Line like this wou'd make me mad——
(*As Reading.*) Heav'n! ſhe goes on--yet more--and yet more (kind!
Each Sentence is a Dagger to my Mind.
(*Reading*) See me this night———
Thank Fortune, who did ſuch a Friend provide,
For faithful *Arimant* ſhall be your Guide:
Not only to be made an Inſtrument,
But pre-ingag'd without my own conſent.

Ind. Unknown t'ingage you ſtill augment my ſcore,
And gives you ſcope of meriting the more.

Arim. The beſt of Men
Some Int'reſt in their Actions muſt confeſs;
None merit, but in hope they may poſſeſs.
The fatal Paper rather let me tear,
Than like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.

Ind. You may, but 'twill not be your beſt advice.
'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.
You know you muſt obey me, ſoon or late:
Why ſhould you vainly ſtruggle with your Fate?

Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n, thou haſt been wondrous (kind!
Why am I thus to ſlavery deſign'd,
And yet am cheated with a Free-born Mind?
Or make thy Orders with my Reaſon ſute,
Or let me live by Senſe a Glorious Brute—— [*She frowns.*
You frown, and I obey with ſpeed, before
That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more!*
See me no more; that Sound, methinks, I hear
Like the laſt Trumpet thund'ring in my Ear.

Enter Solyman.

Solym. The Princeſs *Meleſinda* bath'd in Tears,
And toſs'd alternately with Hopes and Fears.

If your Affairs ſuch leiſure can afford,
Would learn from you the Fortunes of her Lord.
Arim. Tell her, that I ſome certainty may bring;
I go this minute to attend the King.
Ind. This lonely Turtle I deſire to ſee:
Grief, though not cur'd is eas'd by company.
Arim. (*To* Solym.) Say, if ſhe pleaſe, ſhe hither may repair,
And breathe the freſhneſs of the open Air. [*Exit* Solym.
Ind. Poor Princeſs! How I pity her Eſtate,
Wrapt in the Ruins of her Husbands Fate;
She mourn'd *Morat* ſhould in Rebellion riſe;
Yet he offends, and ſhe's the Sacrifice.
Arim. Not knowing his deſign, at Court ſhe ſtaid;
Till, my Command, cloſe Pris'ner ſhe was made.
Since when,
Her Chains with *Roman* Conſtancy ſhe bore;
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.
Ind. Go, bring her Comfort: leave me here alone.
Arim. My Love muſt ſtill be in Obedience ſhown. [*Ex.* Arim.
Enter Meleſinda, *led by* Solyman, *who retires afterwards.*
Ind. When graceful Sorrow in her pomp appears,
Sure ſhe is dreſs'd in *Meliſinda*'s Tears.
Your Head reclin'd, (as hiding Grief from view)
Droops, like a Roſe ſurcharg'd with Morning Dew.
Mel. Can Flow'rs but droop in abſence of the Sun,
Which wak'd their Sweets? and mine, alas! is gone.
But you the Nobleſt Charity expreſs:
For they who ſhine in Courts ſtill ſhun Diſtreſs:
Ind. Diſtreſs'd my ſelf, like you, confin'd I live:
And therefore can compaſſion take, and give.
We're both Love's Captives, but with Fate ſo croſs,
One muſt be happy by the others loſs.
Morat or *Aureng-Zebe* muſt fall this day.
Mel. Too truly *Tamerlain*'s Succeſſors they,
Each thinks a World too little for his ſway.
Could you and I the ſame pretences bring,
Mankind ſhould with more eaſe receive a King:
I would to you the narrow World reſign,
And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine.
Ind. Wiſh'd freedom I preſage you ſoon will find;
If Heav'n be Juſt, and be to Virtue kind.
Mel Quite otherwiſe my Mind foretels my Fate:
Short is my Life, and that unfortunate.
Yet ſhould I not complain, would Heav'n afford
Some little time, e're death, to ſee my Lord.

Ind. Theſe Thoughts are but your Melancholy's Food;
Rais'd from a lonely Life, and dark abode:
But whatſoe'r our jarring Fortunes prove,
Though our Lords hate, methinks we two may love!
Mel. Such be our Loves as may not yield to Fate;
I bring a Heart more true than fortunate. [*Giving their hands.*

To them Arimant.

Arim. I come with haſte, ſurprizing News to bring:
In two hours time, ſince laſt I ſaw the King,
Th'Affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their Face:
Unhappy *Aurenge-Zebe* is in diſgrace:
And your *Morat* (proclaim'd the Succeſſor)
Is call'd, to awe the City with his Power.
Thoſe Trumpets his Triumphant Entry tell,
And now the Shouts wait near the Citadel.
Ind. See, Madam, ſee th'event by me fore-ſhown:
I envy not your chance, but grieve my own.
Mel. A change ſo unexpected muſt ſurprize:
And more, becauſe I am unus'd to Joys.
Ind. May all your Wiſhes ever proſp'rous be,
But I'm too much concern'd th' event to ſee!
My Eyes too tender are——————
To view my Lord become the publick ſcorn.
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave.*
Mel. Stay, I'll not ſee my Lord,
Before I give your Sorrow ſome Relief;
And pay the Charity you lent my Grief.
Here he ſhall ſee me firſt with you confin'd;
And, if your Virtue fail to move his Mind,
I'll uſe my Int'reſt that he may be kind.
Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.
Ind. So fair a Pleader any Cauſe may gain.
Mel. I have no Taſte, methinks, of coming Joy;
For black preſages all my hopes deſtroy.
Die, ſomething whiſpers, *Meleſinda*, die;
Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful deſtiny.
Mine is a gleam of Bliſs too hot to laſt,
Watry it ſhines, and will be ſoon o'rcaſt.

Indamora *and* Meleſinda *Re-enter, as into the Chamber.*

Arim. Fortune ſeems weary grown of *Aureng-Zebe*,
While to her new made Favourite, *Morat*,
Her laviſh Hand is waſtfully profuſe:
With Fame and flowing Honours Tided in,
Born on a ſwelling Current ſmooth beneath him.
The King and haughty Empreſs, to our wonder,
If not atton'd, yet ſeemingly at Peace;
As Fate for him that Miracle reſerv'd.

Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, *and Train.*

Emp. I have confeſs'd I love.
As I interpret fairly your deſign,
So look not with ſeverer Eyes on mine.
Your Fate has call'd you to the Imperial Seat;
In Duty be, as you in Arms are great.
For *Aureng-Zebe* a hated Name is grown,
And Love leſs bears a Rival than the Throne.

Mor. To me, the cries of fighting Fields are Charms:
Keen by my Sable, and of proof my Arms.
I ask no other Bleſſing of my Stars:
No Prize but Fame, nor Miſtriſs but the Wars.
I ſcarce am pleas'd, I tamely mount the Throne:
Would *Aureng Zebe* had all their Souls in one:
With all my elder Brothers I would Fight,
And ſo from partial Nature force my Right.

Emp. Had we but laſting Youth, and time to ſpare,
Some might be thrown away on Fame and War:
But Youth, the periſhing Good runs on too faſt:
And uninjoy'd will ſpend it ſelf to waſte;
Few know the uſe of Life before 'tis paſt.
Had I once more thy vigor to command,
I would not let it die upon my hand:
No hour of pleaſure ſhould paſs empty by,
Youth ſhould watch Joys, and ſhoot 'em as they flie.

Mor. Methinks all pleaſure is in Greatneſs found.
King's, like Heav'ns Eye, ſhould ſpread their Beams around,
Pleas'd to be ſeen, while Glories Race they run:
Reſt is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
Subjects are ſtiff-neck'd Animals, they ſoon
Feel ſlackn'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.

Emp. To thee that Drudgery of Pow'r I give:
Cares be thy Lot, Reign thou, and let me live.
The Fort I'll keep for my ſecurity,
Bus'neſs, and publick State reſign to thee.

Mor. Luxurious Kings are to their People loſt;
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Coſt.
My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the World ſhall ſhake:
And, with my ſelf, keep all Mankind awake.

Emp. Believe me, Son, and needleſs trouble ſpare;
'Tis a baſe World, and is not worth our care.
The Vulgar, a ſcarce animated Clod,
Ne'r pleas'd with ought 'em, above Prince or God.
Were I a God, the drunken Globe ſhould roul:
The little Emmets with the Humane Soul

Care for themſelves, while at my eaſe I ſate,
And ſecond Cauſes did the work of Fate.
Or, if I would take care, that Care ſhould be
For Wit, that ſcorn'd the World, and liv'd like me.

To them Nourmahal, Zayda, *and Attendants.*

Nour. My dear *Morat*, [*Embracing her Son.*
This day propitious to us all has been:
You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.
Your youthful Father now may quit the State,
And finds the eaſe he ſought, indulg'd by Fate.
Cares ſhall not keep him on the Throne awake,
Nor break the Golden Slumbers he would take.

Emp. In vain I ſtruggl'd to the Goal of Life,
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife
Still dragg'd me backwards into Noiſe and Strife.

Morat. Be that remembrance loſt; and be't my pride
To be your pledge of Peace on either ſide.

To them, Aureng-Zebe.

Aur. With all th'aſſurance Innocence can bring,
Fearleſs without, becauſe ſecure within,
Arm'd with my Courage, unconcern'd I ſee
This pomp; a Shame to you, a Pride to me.
Shame is but where with wickedneſs 'tis joyn'd;
And, while no baſeneſs in this Breaſt I find
I have not loſt the Birth-right of my Mind.

Emp. Children (the blind effect of Love and Chance,
Form'd by their ſportive Parents Ignorance)
Bear from their Birth th'impreſſions of a Slave:
Whom Heav'n for Play-games firſt, and then for Service gave.
One then may be diſplac'd, and one may Reign:
And want of Merit; render Birth-right vain.

Mor. Comes he t'upbraid us with his Innocence?
Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.

Aur. Stay, Sir; I, from my Years, no merit plead: [*To his Father.*
All my Deſigns and Acts to Duty lead.
Your Life and Glory are my only end;
And for that Prize I with *Morat* contend.

Morat. Not him alone; I all Mankind defie.
Who dares adventure more for both than I?

Aur. I know you brave, and take you at your word:
That preſent Service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:
Though vanquiſh'd, yet again they gather head.
I dare you, as your Rival in renown,
March out your Army from th'Imperial Town:
Chuſe whom you pleaſe, the other leave to me:
And ſet our Father abſolutely free.

This, if you do, to end all future ſtrife,
I am content to lead a private life:
Disband my Army to ſecure the State,
Nor aim at more, but leave the reſt to Fate.
Mor. I'll do't. Draw out my Army on the Plain:
War is to me a paſtime, Peace a pain.
Emp. (*To* Morat.) Think better firſt.
(*To* Aur.) You ſee your ſelf inclos'd beyond eſcape,
And therefore, *Proteus*-like, you change your ſhape.
Of promiſe prodigal, while pow'r you want,
And Preaching in the Self-denying Cant.
Mor. Plot better; for theſe Arts too obvious are,
Of gaining time, the Maſter-piece of War:
Is *Aureng-Zebe* ſo known?
Aur. ——— If Acts like mine,
So far from Int'reſt, Profit, or Deſign,
Can ſhow my Heart, by thoſe I would be known;
I wiſh you could as well defend your own.
My abſent Army for my Father fought:
Yours, in theſe Walls, is to inſlave him brought.
If I come ſingly, you an armed Gueſt;
The World with eaſe may judge whoſe Cauſe is beſt.
Morat. My Father ſaw you ill deſigns purſue:
And my admiſſion ſhow'd his fear of you.
Aur. Himſelf beſt knows why he his Love withdraws:
I owe him more than to declare the Cauſe.
But ſtill I preſs our Duty may be ſhown
By Arms.
Mor. ——— I'll vanquiſh all his Foes alone.
Aur. You ſpeak as if you could the Fates command,
And had no need of any other hand.
But, ſince my Honour you ſo far ſuſpect,
'Tis juſt I ſhould on your deſigns reflect.
To prove your ſelf a Loyal Son, declare
You'll lay down Arms when you conclude the War.
Morat. No preſent Anſwer your demand requires.
The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inſpires.
And while the Sword this Monarchy ſecures,
'Tis manag'd by an abler Arm than yours.
Emp. *Morat*'s deſign a doubtful meaning bears, (*a-part.*
In *Aureng-Zebe* true Loyalty appears.
He, for my ſafety, does his own deſpiſe;
Still, with his wrongs, I find his Duty riſe.
I feel my Virtue ſtrugling in my Soul,
But ſtronger Paſſion does its pow'r controul.
Yet be adviſ'd your ruine to prevent. [*To* Aur. *apart.*
You might be ſafe if you would give conſent.

Aur. So to your welfare I of uſe may be,
My Life and Death are equal both to me.
Emp. The Peoples Hearts are yours; the Fort yet mine:
Be wiſe, and *Indamora*'s Love reſign.
I am obſerv'd, remember that I give
This my laſt proof of Kindneſs, Die, or Live.
Aur. Life, with my *Indamora* I would chuſe;
But, loſing her, the end of living loſe.
I had conſider'd all I ought before;
And fear of death can make me change no more.
The Peoples Love ſo little I eſteem,
Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.
May he who muſt your Favour now poſſeſs,
Much better ſerve you, and not love you leſs.
Emp. I've heard you; and, to finiſh the debate, [*Aloud.*
Commit that Rebel Pris'ner to the State.
Mor. The deadly Draught he ſhall begin this day:
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.
Aur. I hate the lingring Summons to attend,
Death all at once would be the Nobler end.
Fate is unkind; methinks a General
Should warm, and at the head of Armies fall.
And my Ambition did that Hope purſue,
That ſo I might have dy'd in Fight for you. [*To his Father.*
Morat. Would I had been diſpoſer of thy Stars:
Thou ſhould'ſt have had thy Wiſh, and dy'd in Wars.
'Tis I, not thou, have reaſon to repine,
That thou ſhould'ſt fall by any hand, but mine.
Aur. When thou wer't Form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin;
But the Brute Soul, by chance, was ſhuffl'd in.
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain:
Where valiant Beaſts, by Force and Rapine, Reign.
In Life's next Scene, if Tranſmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reſerv'd for thee.
Morat. Take heed thou com'ſt not in that Lion's way:
I propheſie thou wilt thy Soul convey
Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey.
Hence with that Dreaming Prieſt.
Nour. ———— Let me prepare
The pois'nous Draught: his Death ſhall be my care:
Near my Apartment let him pris'ner be,
That I his hourly ebbs of Life may ſee.
Aur. My Life I would not ranſom with a Pray'r;
'Tis vile, ſince 'tis not worth my Father's care.
I go not, Sir, indebted to my Grave,
You paid your ſelf, and took the Life you gave. [*Exit.*

Emp.

Emp. O that I had more ſenſe of Virtue left, [*Aſide.*
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft.
I've juſt enough to know how I offend,
And, to my Shame, have not enough to mend.
Lead to the Moſque———

Morat. Love's pleaſures, why ſhould dull Devotion ſtay?
Heav'n to my *Meleſinda*'s but the way.

[*Exeunt*, Emperor, Morat, *and Train.*

Zayd. Sure *Aureng-Zebe* has ſomewhat of Divine,
Whoſe Virtue through ſo dark a Cloud can ſhine.
Fortune has from *Morat* this day remov'd
The greateſt Rival, and the beſt belov'd.

Nour. He is uot yet remov'd.

Zayd. ———————He Lives, 'tis true;
But ſoon muſt die, and, what I mourn, by you.

Nour. My *Zayda*, may thy words Prophetick be; [*Embracing*
I take the *Omen*, let him die by me. *her eagerly.*
He ſtiff'd in my Arms, ſhall loſe his breath:
And Life it ſelf ſhall envious be of Death.

Zay. Bleſs me, you Pow'rs above!

Nour. ———Why doſt thou ſtart?
Is Love ſo ſtrange? Or have not I a Heart?
Could *Aureng-Zebe* ſo lovely ſeem to thee,
And I want Eyes that Noble Worth to ſee?
Thy little Soul was but to wonder mov'd:
My Senſe of it was higher, and I lov'd.
That Man, that God-like Man, ſo brave, ſo great;
But theſe are thy ſmall Praiſes I repeat.
I'm carry'd by a Tide of Love away:
He's ſomewhat more than I my ſelf can ſay.

Zayd. Though all the *Idea*'s you can form be true,
He muſt not, cannot be poſſeſs'd by you.
If contradicting Int'reſts could be mixt
Nature her ſelf hath caſt a Bar betwixt.
And e'r you reach to this inceſtuous Love,
You muſt Divine, and Human Rights remove.

Nour. Count this among the wonders Love has done:
I had forgot, he was my Husban's Son!

Zayd. Nay, more, you have forgot who is your own:
For whom your care ſo long deſign'd the Throne.
Morat muſt fall, if *Aureng-Zebe* ſhould riſe.

Nour. 'Tis true; but who was e'r in Love, and Wiſe.
Why was that fatal knot of Marriage ty'd,
Which did, by making us too near, divide?
Divides me from my Sex! for Heav'n, I find,
Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.

I ſtand with Guilt confounded, loſt with ſhame,
And yet made wretched only by a name.
If Names have ſuch Command on Human Life,
Love ſure's a name that's more Divine than Wife.
That Sov'reign Power all Guilt from Action takes,
At leaſt the ſtains are beautiful it makes.
Zay. Th'incroaching Ill you early ſhould oppoſe:
Flatter'd, 'tis worſe, and by indulgence grows.
Nour. Alas! and what have I not ſaid or done?
I fought it to the laſt: and Love has won,
A bloudy Conqueſt; which deſtruction brought,
And ruin'd all the Country where he fought.
Whether this Paſſion from above was ſent
The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,
Or as the curſe of Fortune in exceſs;
That, ſtretching, would beyond its reach poſſeſs:
And, with a Taſte which plenty does deprave,
Loaths lawful good, and lawleſs ill does crave?
Zay. But yet conſider———
Nour. ———No, 'tis loſs of time:
Think how to farther, not divert my Crime.
My Artful Engines inſtantly I'll move:
And chuſe the ſoft and gentleſt hour of Love.
The under Provoſt of the Fort is mine.
But ſee, *Morat!* I'll whiſper my Deſign.
Enter Morat *with* Arimant, *as talking: Attendants.*
Arim. And for that cauſe was not in publick ſeen:
But ſtays in Priſon with the Captive Queen.
Mor. Let my Attendants wait; I'll be alone:
Where leaſt of State, there moſt of Love is ſhown.
Nour. My Son, your bus'neſs is not hard to gueſs; [*To* Morat.
Long abſence makes you eager to poſſeſs:
I will not importune you by my ſtay;
She merits all the Love which you can pay. [*Exit with* Zayd.
Re-enter Arimant *with* Meleſinda; *then Exit.* Morat
runs to Meleſinda, *and embraces her.*
Mor. Should I not chide you, that you choſe to ſtay
In gloomy ſhades, and loſt a Glorious Day?
Loſt the Firſt-Fruits of Joy you ſhould poſſeſs
In my return, and made my Triumph leſs?
Mel. Should I not chide, that you could ſtay and ſee
Thoſe Joys, preferring publick Pomp to me?
Through my dark Cell your ſhouts of Triumph rung:
I heard with pleaſure; but I thought 'em long.
Mor. The publick will in Triumphs rudely ſhare,
And Kings the rudeneſs of their Joys muſt bear:

But I made haſt: to ſet my Captive free:
And thought that Work was only worthy me.
The Fame of Antient Matrons you purſue;
And ſtand a blameleſs pattern to the new.
I have not words to praiſe ſuch Acts as theſe:
But take my Heart, and mould it as you pleaſe.
Mel. A Trial of your Kindneſs I muſt make,
Though not for mine ſo much as Virtue's ſake.
The Queen of *Caſſimeer.*
Morat. —— No more, my Love;
That only ſuit I beg you not to move.
That ſhe's in bonds for *Aureng-Zebe* I know,
And ſhould, by my conſent, continue ſo. }
The good old Man, I fear, will pity ſhow. }
My Father dotes, and let him ſtill dote on;
He buys his Miſtriſs dearly with his Throne.
Mel See her; and then be cruel if you can.
Mor. 'Tis not with me as with a private Man,
Such may be ſway'd by Honour, or by Love;
But Monarchs, only, by their Int'reſt move.
Mel Heav'n does a Tribute for your Pow'r demand:
He leaves th'oppreſt and poor upon your hand.
And thoſe who Stewards of his pity prove,
He Bleſſes, in return, with publick Love.
In his Diſtreſs ſome Miracle is ſhown:
If exil'd, Heav'n reſtores him to his Throne.
He needs no Guard while any Subject's near
Nor, like his Tyrant Neighbors, lives in fear:
No Plots th' Alarm to his retirements give:
'Tis all Mankind's concern that he ſhould live.
Mor You promis'd Friendſhip in your low Eſtate;
And ſhould forget it in your better Fate;
Such Maxims are more plauſible than true;
But ſomewhat muſt be giv'n to Love and you.
I'll view this Captive Queen; to let her ſee,
Pray'rs and Complaints are loſt on ſuch as mee.
Mel. I'll bear the news: Heav'n knows how much I'm pleas'd,
That, by my care, th'afflicted may be eas'd.

As She is going off, Enter Indamora.

Ind. I'll ſpare your pains, and venture out alone.
Since you, fair Princeſs, my Protection own.
But you, brave Prince, a harder Task muſt find; } To Morat *kneeling,*
In ſaving me, you would but halfe be kind. } *who takes her up.*
An humble Suppliant at your Feet I lie;
You have condemn'd my better part to die.

Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I cannot live;
Revoke his Doom, or elſe my Sentence give.
Mel. If *Meleſinda* in your Love have part,
Which, to ſuſpect, would break my tender Heart:
If Love, like mine, may for a Lover plead,
By the chaſt pleaſures of our Nuptial Bed,
By all the Int'reſts my paſt ſuff'rings make,
And all I yet would ſuffer for your ſake;
By you your ſelf, the laſt and deareſt tye——
Mor. You move in vain; for *Aureng-Zebe* muſt die.
Ind. Could that Decree from any Brother come?
Nature her ſelf is Sentenc'd in your Doom.
Piety is no more, ſhe ſees her place
Uſurp'd by Monſters, and a ſavage Race.
From her ſoft Eaſtern Climes you drive her forth,
To the cold Manſions of the utmoſt North.
How can our Prophet ſuffer you to Reign,
When he looks down and ſees your Brother ſlain?
Avenging Furies will your Life purſue:
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.
Mel. Her Words imprint a terror on my Mind.
What if this death, which is for him deſign'd,
Had been your doom, (far be that Augury!)
And you, not *Aureng-Zebe*, condemn'd to die?
Weigh well the various turns of Humane Fate,
And ſeek, by Mercy, to ſecure your State.
Ind. Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aureng-Zebe* deſign'd,
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous Mind.
Pity does with a Noble Nature ſuit:
A Brother's Life had ſuffer'd no diſpute.
All things have right in Life, our Prophet's care
Commands the Beings ev'n of Brutes to ſpare.
Though Int'reſt his reſtraint has juſtify'd,
Can Life, and to a Brother, be deny'd?
Mor. All Reaſons for his ſafety urg'd, are weak:
And yet methinks 'tis Heav'n to hear you ſpeak.
Mel. 'Tis part of your own Being to invade——
Mor. Nay, if ſhe fail to move, would you perſwade? } *Turning to Indamora.*
My Brother does a Glorious Fate purſue,
I envy him, that he muſt fall for you.
He had been baſe had he releas'd his Right:
For ſuch an Empire none but Kings ſhould Fight.
If with a Father he diſputes this Prize,
My wonder ceaſes when I ſee theſe Eyes.
Mel. And can you then deny thoſe Eyes you praiſe?
Can Beauty wonder, and not Pity raiſe?

Mor. Your interceſſion now is needleſs grown:
Retire, and let me ſpeak with her alone.
[Meleſinda *retires, weeping, to the ſide of the Theatre.*
Queen, that you may not fruitleſs Tears employ, } *Taking* Indamora's
I bring you news to fill your heart with Joy: } *hand.*
Your Lover King of all the *Eaſt* ſhall Reign:
For *Aureng-Zebe* to Morrow ſhall be ſlain.
Ind. The hopes you raiſ'd y'have blaſted with a Breath: } *Starting*
With Triumphs you began, but end with death. } *back.*
Did you not ſay, my Lover ſhould be King?
Mor. I, in *Morat*, the beſt of Lovers bring!
For one forſaken both of Earth and Heav'n,
Your kinder Stars a Nobler choice have given:
My Father, while I pleaſe, a King appears;
His Pow'r is more declining than his Years.
An Emperor and Lover but in ſhow:
But you, in me, have Youth and Fortune too.
As Heav'n did to your Eyes and Form Divine,
Submit the Fate of all the Imperial Line;
So was it order'd by its wiſe Decree,
That you ſhould find 'em all compriz'd in me.
Ind. If, Sir, I ſeem not diſcompos'd with Rage,
Feed not your Fancy with a falſe preſage.
Farther to preſs your Courtſhip is but vain:
A cold refuſal carries more diſdain.
Unſetled Virtue ſtormy may appear:
Honour, like mine, ſerenely is ſevere.
To ſcorn your Perſon, and reject your Crown,
Diſorder not my Face into a Frown. [*Turns from him.*
Mor. Your Fortune you ſhould rev'rently have us'd:
Such offers are not twice to be refus'd.
I go to *Aureng-Zebe*, and am in haſte;
For your Commands, they're like to be the laſt.
Ind. Tell him,
With my own death I would his Life redeem;
But, leſs than Honour, both our Lives eſteem.
Mor. Have you no more?
Ind. —— —— What ſhall I do or ſay?
He muſt not in this fury go away.
Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move;
And yet he falſly ſaid he was in love.
Falſly; for had he truly lov'd, at leaſt,
He would have giv'n one day to my Requeſt.
A little yielding may my Love advance:
She darted from her Eyes a ſide-long glance,
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke; and, like her words, it flew:
Seem'd not to beg, what yet ſhe bid me do.

A Brother, Madam, cannot give a day; [To her.
A Servant, and who hopes to Merit, may.

Mel. If, Sir———— [Coming to him.

Mor. No more ———— ſet Speeches, and a formal Tale,
With none but States-men and grave fools prevail.
Dry up your Tears, and practiſe every Grace,
That fits the Pageant of your Royal place. [Exit.

Mel. Madam, the ſtrange reverſe of Fate you ſee [To Ind.
I pity'd you, now you may pity me. [Exit after him.

Ind. Poor Princeſs! thy hard Fate I could bemoan,
Had I not nearer Sorrows of my own.
Beauty is ſeldom fortunate, when great,
A vaſt Eſtate, but over-charg'd with Debt.
Like thoſe whom Want to baſeneſs does betray;
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.
O would he be content to ſeize the Throne;
I beg the Life of *Aureng-Zebe* alone.
Whom Heav'n would bleſs, from pomp it will remove,
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Aureng-Zebe ſolus.

Diſtruſt, and Darkneſs of a future State,
Make poor Mankind ſo fearful of their Fate.
Death, in it ſelf, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where. [Soft Muſick.
This is the Ceremony of my Fate:
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.
They lodge me, as were I the *Perſian* King;
And with luxurious pomp my death they bring.

To him Nourmahal.

Nour. I thought before you drew your lateſt breath,
To ſmooth your paſſage, and to ſoften death;
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above:
Nor name me there th' occaſion of your Fate;
Or what my Intereſt does impute to Hate.

Aur. I ask not for what end your pomp's deſign'd;
Whether t'inſult, or to compoſe my Mind:
I mark'd it not;

But, knowing Death would ſoon th' Aſſault begin,
Stood firm collected in my Strength within:
To guard that breach did all my Forces guide,
And left unmann'd the quiet Senſes ſide.

Nour. Becauſe *Morat* from me his being took,
All I can ſay will much ſuſpected look:
'Tis little to confeſs your Fate I grieve;
Yet more than you would eaſily believe.

Aur. Since my inevitable death you know,
You ſafely unavailing pity ſhow:
'Tis Popular to mourn a dying Foe.

Nour. You made my Liberty your late Requeſt:
Is no return due from a grateful Breaſt?
I grow impatient, till I find ſome way
Great Offices, with greater, to repay.

Aur. When I conſider Life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, Men favour the deceit;
Truſt on, and think to Morrow will repay:
To Morrow's falſer than the former day;
Lies worſe; and while it ſays, we ſhall be bleſt
With ſome new joys, cuts off what we poſſeſt.
Strange couzenage! none would live paſt years again,
Yet all hope pleaſure in what yet remain;
And, from the dregs of Life, think to receive
What the firſt ſprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,
Which fools us Young, and beggars us when Old.

Nour. 'Tis not for nothing that we life purſue;
It pays our hopes with ſomething ſtill that's new:
Each day's a Miſtreſs, unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with ſeeing more.
Did you but know what Joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journeys end.

Aur. I need not haſte the end of Life to meet;
The precipice is juſt beneath my Feet.

Nour. Think not my ſenſe of Virtue is ſo ſmall:
I'll rather leap down firſt, and break your fall.
My *Aureng-Zebe*, (may I not call you ſo?) { *Taking him by*
Behold me now no longer as your Foe; { *the hand.*
I am not, cannot be your Enemy:
Look, is there any malice in my Eye?
Pray Sit——— ——— ——— [*Both Sit.*
That diſtance ſhews too much Reſpect or Fear:
You'll find no danger in approaching near.

Aur. Forgive th'amazement of my doubtful ſtate:
This kindneſs from the Mother of *Morat*!

Or is't ſome Angel, pitying what I bore,
Who takes that ſhape, to make my wonder more?

Nour. Think me your better Genius in diſguiſe;
Or any thing that more may charm your Eyes.
Your Guardian Angel never could excel
In care, nor could he love his charge ſo well.

Aur. Whence can proceed ſo wonderful a change?

Nour. Can kindneſs to deſert like yours be ſtrange;
Kindneſs by ſecret Sympathy is ty'd;
For Noble Souls in Nature are ally'd.
I ſaw with what a brow you brav'd your Fate;
Yet with what mildneſs bore your Father's hate.
My Virtue, like a ſtring wound up by Art,
To the ſame ſound, when yours was touch'd, took part,
At diſtance ſhook, and trembled at my heart.

Aur. I'll not complain my Father is unkind,
Since ſo much pity from a Foe I find.
Juſt Heav'n reward this Act.

Nour. 'Tis well the Debt no payment does demand,
You turn me over to another hand.
But happy, happy ſhe;
And with the Bleſs'd above to be compar'd,
Whom you your ſelf would, with your ſelf, reward:
The greateſt, nay, the faireſt of her kind,
Would envy her that Bliſs which you deſign'd.

Aur. Great Princes thus, when Favourites they raiſe,
To juſtifie their Grace, their Creatures praiſe.

Nour. As Love the Nobleſt paſſion we [illegible],
So to the higheſt Object [illegible]
It ſhews you brave [illegible]
An Eagle only can behold [illegible]
And ſo muſt you; if yet, preſage Divine
There be in Dreams, or was't a Viſion mine?

Aur. Of me?

Nour. ——And who could elſe employ my thought?
I dream'd, your love was by Love's Goddeſs ſought;
Officious *Cupids*, hov'ring o're your head,
Held Myrtle wreaths: beneath your feet were ſpread
What Sweets ſoe're *Sabæan* Springs diſcloſe,
Our *Indian* Jeſmine, or the *Syrian* Roſe:
The wanton Miniſters around you ſtrove
For ſervice, and inſpir'd their Mother's Love:
Cloſe by your ſide, and languiſhing, ſhe lies,
With bluſhing Cheeks, ſhort Breath, and wiſhing Eyes;
Upon your Breaſt ſupinely lay her head,
While, on your Face, her famiſh'd ſight ſhe fed.

Then, with a Sigh, into theſe words ſhe broke,
(And gather'd humid Kiſſes as ſhe ſpoke.)
Dull, and Ingrateful! muſt I offer Love?
Deſir'd by gods, and envy'd ev'n by *Jove*:
And doſt thou Ignorance or Fear pretend?
Mean Soul! and dar'ſt not glorioſly offend?
Then, preſſing thus his hand———
Aur. I'll hear no more. [*Riſing up.*
'Twas impious to have underſtood before;
And I, till now, endeavour'd to miſtake
Th'inceſtuous meaning which too plain you make.
Nour. And why this niceneſs to that pleaſure ſhown,
Where Nature ſums up all her Joys in one;
Gives all ſhe can, and labouring ſtill to give,
Makes it ſo great, we can but taſte and live:
So fills the Senſes, that the Soul ſeems fled,
And thought it ſelf does, for the time, lie dead;
Till like a *S*tring ſcru'd up with eager haſte,
It breaks, and is too exquiſite to laſt?
Aur. Heav'ns! can you this without juſt vengeance, hear?
When will you Thunder, if it now be clear?
Yet her alone let not your Thunder ſeize:
I, too, deſerve to die, becauſe I pleaſe.
Nour. Cuſtom our Native Royalty does awe;
Promiſcuous Love is Nature's general Law:
For whoſoever the firſt Lovers were,
Brother and *S*iſter made the ſecond pair,
And doubled by their Love, their Piety.
Aur. Hence, hence, and to ſome barbarous Climate fly,
Which only Brutes in humane Form does yield,
And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field:
Who eat their Parents, Piety pretend;
Yet there no Sons their Sacred Bed aſcend.
To vail great Sins, a greater Crime you chuſe;
And, in your Inceſt, your Adultery loſe.
Nour. In vain this haughty fury you have ſhown.
How I adore a Soul ſo like my own!
You muſt be mine, that you may learn to live;
Know Joys, which only ſhe who loves can give.
Nor think that Action you upbraid, ſo ill:
I am not chang'd; I love my Husband ſtill;
But love him as he was, when Youthful Grace,
And the firſt down began to ſhade his Face:
That Image does my Virgin-flames renew,
And all your Fathers ſhines more bright in you.
Aur. In me a horrour of my ſelf you raiſe;
Curs'd by your Love, and blaſted by your Praiſe.

You

ou find new ways to prosecute my Fate;
nd your least guilty Passion was your Hate.
Nour. I beg my death, if you can Love deny. [*Offering him a Dagger.*
Aur. I'll grant you nothing; no, not ev'n to die.
Nour. Know then, you are not half so kind as I. [*Stamps with her Foot.*

Enter Mutes, some with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.

You've chosen, and may now repent too late.
Behold th'effect of what you wish'd, my hate.
This Cup, a cure for both our ills has brought: [*Taking the Cup to present him.*
You need not fear a Philtre in the Draught.
Aur. All must be poison which can come from thee; [*Receiving it from her.*
But this the least; t'immortal Liberty.
This first I pour —— like dying *Socrates*; [*Spilling a little of it.*
Grim though he be, Death pleases when he frees.

As he is going to Drink, Enter Morat attended.

Mor. Make not such haste, you must my leisure stay:
Your Fate's deferr'd, you shall not die to day. [*Taking the Cup from him.*
Nour. What foolish pity has possess'd your Mind,
To alter what your Prudence once design'd?
Mor. What if I please to lengthen out his Date
A Day, and take a pride to cozen Fate?
Nour. 'Twill not be safe to let him live an hour.
Mor. I'll do't, to shew my Arbitrary Pow'r.
Nour. Fortune may take him from your hands again,
And you repent th'occasion lost in vain.
Mor. I smile at what your Female fear foresees;
I'm in Fate's place, and dictate her Decrees.
Let *Arimant* be call'd. [*Exit one of his Attendants.*
Aur. Give me the poison, and I'll end your strife:
I hate to keep a poor precarious life.
Would I my safety on base terms receive,
Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.
But those I could accuse, I can forgive:
By my disdainful Silence, let 'em live.
Nour. What am I, that you dare to bind my hand? [To Mor.
So low! I've not a Murder at command!
Can you not one poor Life to her afford,
Her, who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?
And from th'abundance of whose Soul and Heat,
Th'o'rflowing serv'd to make your Mind so great.
Mor. What did that Greatness in a Woman's Mind?
Ill lodg'd and weak to act what it design'd.
Pleasure's your Portion, and your slothful ease:
When Man's at leisure, study how to please.

Soften his angry hours with ſervile care,
And when he calls the ready Feaſt prepare;
From Wars, and from affairs of State abſtain:
Women Emaſculate a Monarch's Reign;
And murmuring Crowds who ſee 'em ſhine with Gold,
That pomp, as their own raviſh'd Spoils behold.

Nour. Rage choaks my words: 'tis Womanly to weep: } [*Aſide.*
In my ſwoll'n Breaſt my cloſe Revenge I'll keep
I'll watch his tender'ſt part, and there ſtrike deep. } [*Exit.*

Aur. Your ſtrange proceeding does my wonder move;
Yet ſeems not to expreſs a Brother's Love.
Say to what cauſe my reſcu'd Life I owe.

Mor. If what you ask would pleaſe you, ſhould not know.
But ſince that knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,
Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve.

Aur. And whence had ſhe the pow'r to work your change?

Mor. The pow'r of Beauty is not new or ſtrange.
Should ſhe command me more, I could obey;
But her Requeſt was bounded with a day.
Take that: and, if you'll ſpare my farther Crime,
Be kind, and grieve to death againſt your time.
Remove this Pris'ner to ſome ſafer place;
He has, for *Indamora's* ſake, found Grace:
And, from my Mother's Rage muſt guarded be,
Till you receive a new Command from me.

Arim. Thus Love, and Fortune, perſecute me ſtill,
And make me Slave to every Rivals Will. [*Aſide.*

Aur. How I diſdain a Life, which I muſt buy
With your contempt, and her inconſtancy!
For a few hours, my whole content I pay:
You ſhall not force on me another day. [*Exit with Arimant.*

Enter Meleſinda.

Mel. I have been ſeeking you this hours long ſpace,
And fear'd to find you in another place;
But, ſince you'r here, my jealouſie grows leſs:
You will be kind to my unworthineſs.
What ſhall I ſay, I love to that degree,
Each glance another way is robb'd from me.
Abſence, and Priſons I could bear again;
But ſink, and die, beneath your leaſt diſdain.

Mor. Why do you give your mind this needleſs care,
And, for your ſelf, and me, new pains prepare?
I ne'r approv'd this Paſſion in exceſs:
If you would ſhew your Love, diſtruſt me leſs.
I hate to be purſu'd from place to place:
Meet, at each turn, a ſtale domeſtick Face.

Th'approach of Jealouſie Love cannot bear,
He's wild, and ſoon on wing, if watchful Eyes come near.
Mel. From your lov'd Preſence how can I depart?
My Eyes purſue the object of my heart.
Mor. You talk as if it were our Bridal Night:
Fondneſs is ſtill th'effect of new Delight;
And Marriage but the pleaſure of a day:
The Metal's baſe, the Gilding worn away.
Mel. I fear I'm guilty of ſome great offence,
And that has bred this cold indifference.
Mor. The greateſt in the World to Fleſh and Blood:
You fondly love much longer than you ſhou'd.
Mel. If that be all which makes your diſcontent,
Of ſuch a Crime I never can repent.
Mor. Would you force Love upon me, which I ſhun?
And bring courſe Fare, when Appetite is gone?
Mel. Why did I not in Charity die before?
My fatal freedom made me ſuffer more.
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,
And doubly pleas'd becauſe you then were true:
Then I had hope, but now, alas, have none.
Mor. You ſay you love me; let that Love be ſhown.
'Tis in your power to make my happineſs.
Mel. Speak quickly: to command me is to bleſs.
Mor. To *Indamora* you my Suit muſt move:
You'll ſure ſpeak kindly of the Man you love.
Mel. Oh! rather let me periſh by your hand,
Than break my Heart, by this unkind Command:
Think 'tis the only one I could deny;
And that 'tis harder to refuſe than die.
Try, if you pleaſe, my Rival's Heart to win:
I'll bear the pain, but not promote the ſin.
You own whate'r perfections Man can boaſt;
And if ſhe view you with my Eyes ſhe's loſt.
Mor. Here I renounce all Love, all Nuptial ties:
Henceforward live a ſtranger to my Eyes:
When I appear, ſee you avoid the place,
And haunt me not with that unlucky Face.
Mel. Hard, as it is, I this command obey,
And haſte, while I have life, to go away:
In pity ſtay ſome hours, till I am dead,
That blameleſs you may court my Rivals Bed.
My hated Face I'll not preſume to ſhow;
Yet I may watch your ſteps where e'r you go.
Unſeen, I'll gaze; and with my lateſt breath, [*Weeping.*
Bleſs, while I die, the Author of my death.

Enter Emperor.

Emp When your Triumphant Fortune high appears,
What Cauſe can draw thoſe unbecoming Tears?
Let cheefulneſs on happy Fortune wait,
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.
Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately ſmil'd:
I doubt a Foe ſo newly reconcil'd.
You ſaw but Sorrow in its waining form,
A working Sea, remaining from a Storm;
When the now weary Waves roul o're the deep,
And faintly murmur e're they fall aſleep.
Emp. Your inward Griefs you ſmother in your Mind;
But Fame's loud Voice proclaims your Lord unkind.
Mor. Let Fame be buſie where ſhe has to do:
Tell of fought Fields, and every pompous ſhow.
Thoſe Tales are fit to fill the Peoples Ears;
Monarch's unqueſtion'd, move in higher Spheres.
Mel. Believe not Rumor, but your ſelf; and ſee
The kindneſs 'twixt my plighted Lord and me. [*Kiſſing* Mor.
This is our State; thus happily we live;
These are the Quarrels which we take and give.
(*Aſide to* Mor.) I had no other way to force a Kiſs.
Forgive my laſt farewel to you, and Bliſs. [*Exit.*
Emp. Your haughty carriage ſhews too much of Scorn,
And Love, like hers, deſerves not that return.
Mor, You'll pleaſe to leave me Judge of what I do,
And not examine by the outward ſhow.
Your uſage of my Mother might be good:
I judge it not.
Emp. ———Nor was it fit you ſhou'd.
Mor. Then, in as equal Ballance weigh my Deeds.
Emp. My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.
Suppoſe (what I'll not grant) Injuſtice done;
Is judging me the Duty of a Son?
Mor. Not of a Son, but of an Emperor:
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me pow'r.
If your own Actions on your Will you ground,
Mine ſhall hereafter know no other bound.
What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?
Was it to pleaſe me with a Name alone?
Emp. 'Twas that I thought your gratitude would know
What to my partial kindneſs you did owe:
That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,
Your merit of Obedience might ſupply.
Mor. To your own thoughts ſuch hopes you might propoſe;
But I took Empire not on terms like thoſe.

On

Of buſineſs you complain'd : now take your eaſe :
Enjoy what e'er decrepid Age can pleaſe ;
Eat, Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were
In flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear.
Emp. Pow'r like new Wine, does your weak Brain ſurprize,
And its mad fumes, in hot diſcourſes, riſe ;
But time theſe giddy Vapours will remove ;
Mean while I'll taſte the ſober joys of Love.
Mor. You cannot love, nor pleaſures take, or give ;
But Life begin, when 'tis too late to live.
On a tir'd Courſer you purſue delight,
Let ſlip your Morning, and ſet out at Night.
If you have liv'd, take thankfully the paſt :
Make, as you can, the ſweet remembrance laſt.
If you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,
But Life ſunk through you like a leaky Sieve,
Accuſe your ſelf you liv'd not while you might;
But, in the Captive Queen reſign your Right.
I've now reſolv'd to fill your uſeleſs place ;
I'll take that Poſt to cover your diſgrace,
And love her for the honour of my Race.
Emp. Thou doſt but try how far I can forbear,
Nor art that Monſter which thou would'ſt appear :
But do not wantonly my paſſion move ;
I pardon nothing that relates to Love.
My Fury does like jealous Forts, purſue
With death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view.
Mor. I did not only view, but will invade :
Could you ſhed Venom from your Reverend Shade,
Like Trees, beneath whoſe Arms 'tis death to ſleep :
Did rouling Thunder your fenc'd Fortreſs keep,
Thence would I ſnatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,
And midſt the dreadful wrack enjoy my Love.
Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,
When Right, when Nature, ſtruggl'd in my Heart ;
When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's claim,
Broke all, and ſulli'd my unſpotted Fame ?
Wert thou to Empire, by my baſeneſs brought,
And wouldſt thou raviſh what ſo dear I bought ?
Dear ! For my Conſcience and its Peace I gave :
Why was my Reaſon made my Paſſions Slave ?
I ſee Heaven's Juſtice ; thus the Pow'rs Divine
Pay Crimes with Crimes, and puniſh mine by thine.
Mor. Crimes let them pay, and puniſh as they pleaſe :
What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I mean to ſeize.
Since 'tis to that they their own greatneſs owe
Above, why ſhould they queſtion mine below? [*Exit.*

Emp. Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art ſought,
And with Age purchas'd Art too dearly bought:
We're paſt the uſe of Wit, for which we toil;
Late Fruit, and planted in too told a Soil.
My ſtock of Fame is laviſh'd and decay'd;
No profit of the vaſt profuſion made.
Too late my Folly I repent; I know
My *Aureng-Zebe* would ne'r have us'd me ſo.
But, by his ruine I prepar'd my own;
And, like a naked Tree, my ſhelter gone,
To Winds and Winter-ſtorms muſt ſtand expos'd alone. [*Exit.*

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant.

Arim. Give me not Thanks which, which I will ne'r deſerve;
But know, 'tis for a Nobler Price I ſerve.
By *Indamora*'s Will you're hither brought:
All my reward, in her command I ſought.
The reſt your Letters tell you.——See, like light,
She comes, and I muſt vaniſh, like the Night. [*Exit.*

Enter Indamora.

Ind. 'Tis now that I begin to live again:
Heav'ns, I forgive you all my fear and pain:
Since I behold my *Aureng-Zebe* appear,
I could not buy him at a price too dear.
His name alone afforded me relief,
Repeated as a Charm to cure my grief.
I that lov'd Name did, as ſome God, invoke,
And printed Kiſſes on it while I ſpoke.

Aur. Short eaſe: but long, long pains from you I find,
Health, to my Eyes; but Poiſon, to my Mind.
Why are you made ſo excellently fair?
So much above what other Beauties are,
That, ev'n in curſing, you new form my Breath,
And make me bleſs thoſe Eyes, which give me death?

Ind. What reaſon for your Curſes can you find?
My Eyes your Conqueſt, not your Death, deſign'd
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind.

Aur. The ruines they have wrought, you will not ſee:
Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me.

Ind. Think you baſe Intereſt, Souls, like mine, can ſway?
Or that, for Greatneſs, I can Love betray?
No, *Aureng-Zebe*, you merit all my Heart,
And I'm too Noble but to give a part.
Your Father, and an Empire! am I known
No more? or have ſo weak a judgment ſhown,
In chuſing you, to change you for a Throne?

Aur. How, with a Truth, who would a Falſhood blind!
'Tis not my Father's Love you have deſign'd;
Your Choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd.
Ind. Where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd! has he a name?
Aur. You would be told; you glory in your ſhame:
There's Muſick in the Sound; and, to provoke
Your pleaſure more, by me it muſt be ſpoke.
Then, then it raviſhes, when your pleas'd Ear
The ſound does from a wretched Rival hear.
Morat's the name your Heart leaps up to meet,
While *Aureng-Zebe* lies dying at your Feet.
Ind. Who told you this?
Aur. ——— Are you ſo loſt to ſhame?
Morat, *Morat*, *Morat*: You love the name
So well, your ev'ry queſtion ends in that;
You force me ſtill to anſwer you, *Morat.*
Morat, who beſt could tell what you reveal'd;
Morat, too proud to keep his joy conceal'd.
Ind. Howe'r unjuſt your jealouſie appear,
It ſhews the loſs, of what you love, you fear;
And does my Pity, not my Anger move:
I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.
To ſhew the truth of my unalter'd Breaſt,
Know, that your Life was given at my Requeſt:
At leaſt Repriev'd. When Heav'n deny'd you aid,
She brought it, She, whoſe Falſhood you upbraid.
Aur. And 'tis by that you would your Falſhood hide,
Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!
Accurſt Reprieve! Not to prolong my Breath,
It brought a lingring, and more painful death.
I have not liv'd ſince firſt I heard the news;
The Gift the guilty Giver does accuſe.
You knew the price, and the Requeſt did move,
That you might pay the Ranſom with your Love.
Ind. Your accuſation muſt, I ſee, take place;
And I am guilty, infamous, and baſe!
Aur. If you are falſe, thoſe Epithets are ſmall;
You're then the the things, the abſtract of 'em all.
And you are falſe: you promis'd him your Love.
No other price a Heart ſo hard could move.
Do not I know him? Could his Brutal Mind
Be wrought upon? Could he be Juſt, or Kind?
Inſultingly, he made your Love his boaſt;
Gave me my Life, and told me what it coſt.
Speak; Anſwer. I would fain yet think you true:
Lie; and I'll not believe my ſelf, but you.

Tell me you love; I'll pardon the deceit,
And, to be fool'd; my ſelf aſſiſt the cheat.
Ind. No; 'tis too late: I have no more to ſay:
If you'll believe I have been falſe, you may.
Aur. I would not; but your Crimes too plain appear:
Nay, even that I ſhould think you true, you fear.
Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?
Ind. I'm not concern'd to have my Truth believ'd.
You would be cozen'd! would aſſiſt the cheat!
But I'm too plain to joyn in the deceit:
I'm pleas'd you think me falſe——
And, whatſoe'r my Letter did pretend,
I made this meeting for no other end.
Aur. Kill me not quite, with this indifference:
When you are guiltleſs, boaſt not an offence.
I know you better than your ſelf you know:
Your Heart was true, but did ſome frailty ſhow:
You promis'd him your Love, that I might live;
But promis'd what you never meant to give.
Speak, was't not ſo? confeſs; I can forgive?
Ind. Forgive, what dull excuſes you prepare!
As if your Thoughts of me were worth my care.
Aur. Ah Traitreſs! Ah Ingrate! Ah Faithleſs Mind!
Ah Sex, invented firſt to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dreſs you up for Sin:
Adorn'd, without; unfiniſh'd left, within.
Hence, by no Judgment you your Loves direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and ſtill the wrong effect.
So much Self-love in your compoſures mix'd,
That Love to others ſtill remain unfix'd:
Greatneſs, and Noiſe, and Show, are your delight;
Yet Wiſe Men, love in their own deſpight:
And, finding in their Native Wit no eaſe,
Are forc'd to put your folly on to pleaſe.
Ind. Now you ſhall know what cauſe you have to rage;
But to increaſe your fury, not aſſwage:
I found the way your Brother's Heart to move,
Yet promis'd not the leaſt return of Love.
His Pride, and Brutal fierceneſs I abhor;
But ſcorn your mean ſuſpicions of me more.
I ow'd my Honour and my Fame this care:
Know what your Folly loſt you, and deſpair. *Turning from him.*
Aur. Too cruelly your Innocence you tell:
Show Heav'n, and damn me to the pit of Hell.
Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:
You may forgive, and put a ſtop to Fate:

Save, juſt ſinking, and no more to riſe. [*She frowns.*
How can you look with ſuch relentleſs Eyes?
Or let your Mind by penitence be mov'd,
Or I'm reſolv'd to think you never lov'd.
You are not clear'd, unleſs you Mercy ſpeak:
I'll think you took th' occaſion thus to break.
Ind. Small jealouſies, 'tis true, inflame Deſire,
Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the Fire:
Yet I did love you, till ſuch pains I bore,
That I dare truſt my ſelf, and you no more.
Let me not love you; but here end my pain:
Diſtruſt may make me wretched once again.
Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,
And ſafely can unlade my Breaſt of Love;
Quiet, and calm: Why ſhould I then go back,
To tempt the ſecond hazard of a Wrack?
Aur. Behold theſe dying Eyes, ſee their ſubmiſſive awe;
Theſe Tears, which fear of death could never draw:
Heard you that ſigh? from my heav'd Heart it paſt,
And ſaid, if you forgive not, 'tis my laſt.
Love mounts, and rouls about my ſtormy Mind,
Like fire, that's born by a tempeſtuous Wind.
Oh, I could ſtifle you, with eager haſte!
Devour your Kiſſes with my hungry taſte!
Ruſh on you! Eat you! wander o'er each part,
Raving with pleaſure, ſnatch you to my heart!
Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new rage,
Invade you, till my conſcious Limbs preſage
Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow!
So loſt, ſo bleſt, as I, but then could know!
Ind. Be no more jealous. [*Giving him her Hand.*
Aur. ——— Give me cauſe no more:
The danger's greater after, than before,
If I relapſe; to cure my jealouſie
Let me, (for that's the eaſieſt parting) die.
Ind. My Life!
Aur. ——— My Soul!
Ind. ——— My All that Heav'n can give!
Death's Life with you: without you, Death to live.
To them Arimant *haſtily.*
Arim. Oh, we are loſt, beyond all humane Aid!
The Cittadel is to *Morat* betraid:
The Traitor and the Treaſon, know too late;
The falſe *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate.
Ev'n, while I ſpeak, we're compaſs'd round with Fate.
The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward flie;
But both undiſtinguiſh'd Crouds muſt die.

Aur. Then my Prophetick fears are come to paſs:
Morat was always bloudy; now, he's baſe:
And has ſo far in Uſurpation gone,
He will by Parricide ſecure the Throne.

To them the Emperor.

Emp. Am I forſaken, and betraid, by all?
Not one brave Man dare, with a Monarch, fall?
Then, welcome Death, to cover my Diſgrace;
I would not live to Reign o'er ſuch a Race.
My *Aureng-Zebe*! [*Seeing* Aureng-Zebe.
But thou no more at mine; my cruelty
Has quite deſtroy'd the Right I had in thee.
I have been baſe,
Baſe, ev'n to him from whom I did receive
All that a Son could to a Parent give:
Behold me puniſh'd in the ſelf-ſame kind,
Th'ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.

Aur. Accuſe your ſelf no more; you could not be
Ungrateful: could permit no Crime to me:
I only mourn my yet uncancell'd ſcore:
You put me paſt the pow'r of paying more:
That, that's my grief, that I can only grieve,
And bring but pity, where I would relieve;
For had I yet Ten thouſand Lives to pay,
The mighty Sum ſhould go no other way.

Emp. Can you forgive me, 'tis not fit you ſhou'd.
Why will you be ſo excellently good?
'Twill ſtick too black a brand upon my name:
The Sword is needleſs; I ſhall die with ſhame.
What had my Age to do with Love's delight,
Shut out from all enjoyments but the Sight?

Arim. Sir, you forget the danger's imminent:
This minute is not for excuſes lent.

Emp. Diſturb me not———
How can my lateſt Hours be better ſpent?
To reconcile my ſelf to him is more,
Than to regain all I poſſeſs'd before.
Empire, and Life are now not worth a Pray'r:
His Love, alone, deſerves my dying Care.

Aur. Fighting for you, my death will glorious be.

Ind. Seek to preſerve your ſelf, and live for me.

Arim. Loſe then no farther time.
Heav'n has inſpir'd me with a ſudden Thought,
Whence your unhop'd for ſafety may be wrought,
Though with the hazard of my Blood 'tis bought.

But, ſince my Life can ne'r be fortunate,
'Tis ſo much ſorrow well redeem'd from Fate.
You, Madam, muſt retire;
Your Beauty is its own ſecurity.
And leave the conduct of the reſt to me.
Glory will Crown my Life, if I ſucceed;
If not, ſhe may afford to love me dead. [*Aſide.*

Aur. My Father's kind, and Madam, you forgive!
Were Heav'n ſo pleas'd, I now could wiſh to live.
And, I ſhall live.
With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:
I feel th' inſpiring heat, and abſent God return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Indamora *alone.*

THE Night ſeems doubled with the fear ſhe brings,
And, o'er the Cittadel new ſpreads her wings.
The Morning, as miſtaken, turns about,
And all her early Fires again go out.
Shouts, Cries, and Groans firſt pierce my Ears, and then
A flaſh of Lightning draws the guilty Scene.
And ſhews me Arms, and Wounds, and Dying Men.
Ah, ſhould my *Aureng-Zebe* be fighting there,
And envious Winds diſtinguiſh'd to my Ear,
His dying Groans, and his laſt accents bear!

To her Morat *attended.*

Mor. The bloudy bus'neſs of the Night is done,
And, in the Cittadel, an Empire won.
Our Swords ſo wholly did the Fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to deſtroy:
Refus'd the work we brought; and, out of breath,
Made Sorrow and Deſpair attend for Death.
But what of all my Conquſt can I boaſt?
My haughty pride, before your Eyes, is loſt:
And Victor but gains me to preſent
That Homage which our Eaſtern World has ſent.

Ind. Your Victory, alas, begets my fears:
Can you not then triumph without my tears?
Reſolve me;) for you know my deſtiny
In *Aureng-Zebe*'s (ſay, do I live, or die?

Mor. Urg'd by my Love, by hope of Empire fir'd;
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd:

What Fate decreed, for when great Souls are giv'n,
They bear the marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.
My Elder Brothers my fore-runners came;
Rough draughts of Nature, ill-deſign'd, and lame:
Blown off, like Bloſſoms never made to bear;
Till I came, finiſh'd; her laſt labour'd Care.
Ind. This Prologue leads to your ſucceeding Sin:
Bloud ended what Ambition did begin.
Mor. 'Twas rumor'd, but by whom I cannot tell,
My Father ſcap'd from out the Cittadel:
My Brother too may live.
Ind. ——He may.
Mor. ——He muſt:
I kill'd him not, and a leſs Fate's unjuſt.
Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his room;
A Phœnix-Lover, riſing from his Tomb.
In whom you'll loſe your Sorrows for the Dead;
More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.
Ind. Should I from *Aureng-Zebe* my Heart divide,
To love a Monſter, and a Parricide?
Theſe Names your ſwelling Titles cannot hide.
Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe;
But to our Thoughts, what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you your ſelf, to your own Breaſt, ſhall tell
Your Crimes: and your own Conſcience be your Hell.
Morat. What bus'neſs has my Conſcience with a Crown?
She ſinks in pleaſures, and in Bowls will drown.
If Mirth ſhould fail, I'll buſie her with Cares;
Silence her clamorous Voice with louder Wars:
Trumpets and Drums ſhall fright her from the Throne,
As ſounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.
Ind. Repell'd by theſe, more eager ſhe will grow;
Spring back more ſtrongly than a *Scythian* Bow:
Amidſt your Train, this unſeen Judge will wait;
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious pomp; and, in your Ear,
Will hollow, *Rebel*. *Tyrant*, *Murderer*.
Your ill got pow'r, wan Looks and Care ſhall bring:
Known but by Diſcontent to be a King.
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
You'll ſit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.
Mor. Birthright's a vulgar road to Kingly ſway;
'Tis every dull-got Elder Brother's way.
Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne;
Grows of a piece with that he ſits upon,
Heav'ns choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.

But who by force a Scepter does obtain,
Shows he can Govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of courſe, whate'er he was before;
Murder and Uſurpation are no more.
Ind. By your own Laws you ſuch Dominion make:
As ev'ry ſtronger Pow'r has right to take.:
And Parricide will ſo deform your Name,
That diſpoſſeſſing you will give a claim.
Who next Uſurps, will a juſt Prince appear;
So much your ruine will his Reign endear.
Mor. I without guilt would mount the Royal Seat;
But yet 'tis neceſſary to be Great.
Ind. All Greatneſs is in Virtue underſtood:
'Tis only neceſſary to be good.
Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,
What moſt your ſelf deſire?
Mor. ——Renown, and Fame,
And Pow'r, as uncontroul'd as is my Will.
Ind. How you confound deſires of Good and Ill!
For true Renown is ſtill with Virtue joyn'd;
But luſt of Pow'r lets looſe the unbridl'd Mind.
Yours is a Soul irregularly Great,
Which wanting Temper, yet abounds with heat:
So ſtrong, yet ſo unequal Pulſes beat.
As Sun which does, through Vapours dimly ſhine:
What pity 'tis you are not all Divine!
New molded, thorow lighten'd, and a Breaſt
So pure, to bear the laſt ſevereſt Teſt;
Fit to command an Empire you ſhould gain
By Virtue, and without a Bluſh to Reign.
Mor. You ſhow me ſomewhat I ne'er learnt before;
But 'tis the diſtant proſpect of a Shore,
Doubtful in Miſts; which, like enchanted Ground,
Flies from my Sight, before 'tis fully found.
Ind. Dare to be Great, without a guilty Crown;
View it, and lay the bright temptation down:
'Tis baſe to ſeize on all, becauſe you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away:
There's joy when to wild Will you Laws preſcribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bride:
A joy, which none but greateſt Minds can taſte;
A Fame which will to endleſs Ages laſt.
Mor. Renown, and Fame, in vain, I courted long;
And ſtill purſu'd 'em, though directed wrong.
In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay;
Sail'd farther than the Coaſt, but miſs'd my way:

Now you have given me Virtue for my guide;
And, with true Honour, ballaſted my Pride.
Unjuſt Dominion I no more purſue;
I quit all other claims but thoſe to you.
Ind. Oh be not juſt to halfes! pay all you owe:
Think there's a debt to *Meleſinda* too.
To leave no blemiſh on your after-life;
Reward the Virtue of a ſuff'ring Wife:
Mor. To love once paſt, I cannot backward move;
Call yeſterday again, and I may love.
Twas not for nothing I the Crown reſign'd;
ſtill muſt own a Mercenary Mind:
, in this venture, double gains purſue,
And laid out all my ſtock to purchaſe you.

To them Aſaph Chan.

Now, what ſucceſs? Does *Aureng-Zebe* yet live?
Aſaph. Fortune has giv'n you all that ſhe can give,
Your Brother ——
Mor. —— Hold; thou ſhew'ſt an impious joy,
And think'ſt I ſtill take pleaſure to deſtroy:
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him ſlain.
Aſaph. 'Tis paſt; and you deſire his Life in vain.
He prodigal of Soul, ruſh'd on the ſtroke
Of lifted Weapons, and did Wounds provoke:
In ſcorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd;
His Soldiers where he fought his Name reveal'd.
In thickeſt Crouds ſtill *Aureng-Zebe* did ſound:
The vaulted Roofs did *Aureng-Zebe* rebound,
Till late, and in his Fall, the Name was drown'd.
Ind. Whither that Hand which brought him to his Fate,
And blaſted be the Tongue which did relate.
Aſaph. His Body ——
Mor. —— Ceaſe to inhanſe her miſery:
Pity the Queen, and ſhow reſpect to me.
'Tis every Painters Art to hide from ſight,
And caſt in ſhades, what ſeen would not delight.
Your grief, in me ſuch ſympathy has bred, [*To her.*
I mourn; and wiſh I could recal the dead.
Love ſoftens me; and blows up Fires, which paſs
Through my tough Heart, and melt the ſtubborn Maſs.
Ind. Break, Heart; or choak, with ſobs, my hated Breath;
Do thy own work: admit no foreign Death.
Alas! Why do I make this uſeleſs moan?
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.

To

To them Mir Baba.

Mir. What Tongue the terror of this Night can tell,
Within, without, and round the Cittadel!
A new form'd Faction does your pow'r oppoſe;
The Fight's confuſ'd, and all who meet are Foes:
A Second clamour from the Town, we hear;
And the far noiſe ſo loud, it drowns the near.
Abas, who ſeem'd our Friend, is either fled;
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head:
Your frighted Soldiers ſcarce their ground maintain.

Mor. I thank their fury; we ſhall fight again:
They rouze my rage; I'm eager to ſubdue:
'Tis fatal to with-hold my Eies from you. [*Ex. with the two* Omrahs.

Enter Meleſinda.

Mel. Can Miſery no place of ſafety know?
The noiſe purſues me whereſoe'er I go,
As Fate ſought only me, and where I fled,
Aim'd all its Darts at my Devoted Head:
And let it; I am now paſt care of Life;
The laſt of Women; an abandon'd Wife.

Ind. Whether Deſign or Chance has brought you here,
I ſtand oblig'd to Fortune or to Fear:
Weak Women ſhould, in danger, herd like Deer.
But ſay, from whence this new combuſtion ſprings?
Are there yet more *Morat's*? more fighting Kings?

Mel. Him from his Mother's Love your Eyes divide,
And now her Arms the cruel ſtrife decide.

Ind. What ſtrange misfortunes my vex'd Life attend?
Death will be kind and all my Sorrows end.
If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my Fate.

Mel. I pity, as my own, your hard Eſtate;
But what can my weak Charity afford?
I have no longer Int'reſt in my Lord:
Nor in his Mother, He: ſhe owns her hat
Aloud, and would her ſelf uſurp the State.

Ind. I'm ſtupifi'd with Sorrow, paſt relief
Of Tears, parch'd up, and wither'd with my grief.

Mel. Dry mourning will decays more deadly bring,
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.
Give Sorrow vent, and let the Sluces go.

Ind. My Tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.

Mel. Have Comfort; yield not to the blows of Fate.

Ind. Comfort, like Cordials after death, comes late.
Name not ſo vain a word; my hopes are fled:
Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.

Mel. I can no more —— ——

Can no more Arguments for Comfort find:
Your boding words have quite o'er-whelm'd my Mind.
[*Cluttering of Weapons within.*

Ind. The noiſe increaſes, as the Billows roar,
When rolling from afar, they threat the Shore.
She comes; and feeble Nature now I find
Shrinks back in danger, and forſakes my Mind.
I wiſh to Die, yet dare not Death endure;
Deteſt the Med'cine, yet deſire the Cure:
I would have Death; but mild, and at Command:
I dare not truſt him in anothers hand.
In *Nourmahal*'s, he would not mine appear;
But arm'd with Terror, and diſguis'd with Fear.
Mel. Beyond this place you can have no retreat:
Stay here, and I the Danger will repeat.
I fear not Death, becauſe my Life I hate:
And envious Death will ſhun th'unfortunate.
Ind. You muſt not venture.
Mel. Let me: I may do
My ſelf a kindneſs, in obliging you.
In your lov'd Name, I'll ſeek my angry Lord;
And beg your ſafety from his conqu'ring Sword:
So his protection all your Fears will eaſe,
And I ſhall ſee him once, and not diſpleaſe. [*Exit.*
Ind. O wretched Queen! what Pow'r thy Life can Save?
A Stranger, and Unfriended, and a Slave!
Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, *and* Abas, *with Soldiers.*
Alas, ſhe's here!
[Indamora *withdraws to the inner part of the Scene.*
Nour. Heartleſs they fought, and quitted ſoon their ground,
While ours with eaſie Victory were Crown'd.
To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,
And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge, I owe.
Abas. The vain *Morat*, by his own raſhneſs wrought,
Too ſoon diſcover'd his ambitious thought;
Believ'd me his, becauſe I ſpoke him fair,
And pitch'd his Head into the ready ſnare:
Hence 'twas I did his Troops at firſt admit;
But ſuch, whoſe numbers could no fears beget;
By them the Emperor's Party firſt I ſlew,
Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to ſubdue.
Nour. Now let the head-ſtrong Boy my Will controul:
Virtue's no Slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:
I, for my ſelf, th'Imperial Seat will gain,
And he ſhall wait my leiſure for his Reign.
But *Aurenge-Zebe* is no where to be found.

And now perhaps in Death's cold arms he lies:
I fought, and conquer'd, yet have loſt the Prize.
Zayd. The chance of War determin'd well the ſtrife,
That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife.
He's dead, whoſe Love had ſulli'd all your Reign,
And made you Empreſs of the World in vain.
Nour. No; I my Pow'r and Pleaſure would divide;
The Drudge had quench'd my Flames, and then had Dy'd.
I rage, to think without that Bliſs I live;
That I could wiſh what Fortune would not give;
But, what Love cannot, Vengeance muſt ſupply;
She, who bereav'd me of his Heart ſhall die.
Zayd. I'll ſearch, far diſtant hence ſhe cannot be. [*Goes in.*
Nour. This wondrous Maſter-piece I fain would ſee;
This fatal *Helen* who can Wars inſpire,
Make Kings her Slave, and ſet the World on fire.
My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my view;
Or durſt not ſet the falſe one by the true.

Re-enter Zayda *leading* Indamora.

Zayd. Your frighted Captive, e'r ſhe dies, receive;
Her Soul's juſt going elſe, without your leave.
Nour. A fairer Creature did my Eyes ne'r ſee!
Sure ſhe was form'd by Heav'n in ſpite to me!
Some Angel Copy'd, while I ſlept, each Grace,
And molded ev'ry Feature from my Face.
Such Majeſty does from her Forehead riſe,
Her Cheeks ſuch Bluſhes caſt, ſuch Rays her Eyes,
Nor I, nor Envy, can a blemiſh find.
The Palace is, without, too well deſign'd;
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind.
Speak, if thou haſt a Soul, that I may ſee, [*To her.*
Ind. My Tears and Miſeries muſt plead my Cauſe; [*Kneeling.*
My Words, the terror of your Preſence awes:
Mortals, in ſight of Angels, mute become;
The nobler Nature, ſtrikes th'inferior dumb.
Nour. The Palm is, by the Foes confeſſion, mine;
But I diſdain, what baſely you reſign.
Heav'n did, by me, the outward Model build;
Its inward work, the Soul, with rubbiſh fill'd.
Yet, Oh; th'imperfect piece moves more delight;
'Tis gilded o'er with Youth, to catch the ſight.
The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin bloom,
And what I am by what I was o'ercome.
Traitreſs, reſtore my Beauty and my Charms,
Nor ſteal my Conqueſts with my proper Arms.

Ind. What have I done, thus to inflame your hate?
I am not guilty but unfortunate.
Nour. Not guilty, when thy looks my pow'r betray,
Seduce Mankind, my Subjects, from my Sway;
Take all my Hearts, and all my Eyes away?
My Husband firſt, but that I could forgive:
He only mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live.
My *Aureng-Zebe*, for I dare own the name,
The glorious Sin, and the more glorious flame,
Him, from my Beauty, have thy Eyes miſ-led,
And ſtarv'd the joys of my expected Bed.
Ind. His Love, ſo ſought, he's happy that he's dead.
O had I courage but to meet my Fate,
That ſhort dark paſſage to a future ſtate;
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath!
Nour. That ſomething, or that nothing, after Death:
Take this, and teach thy ſelf. [*Giving a Dagger.*
Ind. Alas!
Nour. ——— Why doſt thou ſhake?
Diſhonour not the Vengeance I deſign'd:
A Queen, and own a baſe Plebian Mind!
Let it drink deep in thy moſt vital part:
Strike home, and do me reaſon in thy heart.
Ind. I dare not.
Nour. ——— Do't, while I ſtand by and ſee,
At my full guſt, without the drudgery.
I love a Foe, who dares my ſtroke prevent,
Who gives me the full Scene of my content,
Shows me the flying Soul's convulſive ſtrife,
And all the anguiſh of departing Life:
Diſdain my Mercy, and my Rage defie;
Curſe me with thy laſt Breath; and make me ſee
A Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me.
Ind. Oh, I deſire to die, but dare not yet:
Give me ſome reſpite, I'll diſcharge the debt.
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I would not live.
Nour. Thine, Traitreſs! thine! that word has wing'd thy Fate,
And put me paſt the tedious forms of Hate.
I'll kill thee with ſuch eagerneſs and haſte,
As Fiends, let looſe, would lay all Nature waſte.

{ Indamora *runs back, as* Nourmahal *is running to her,*
{ *Claſhing of Swords is heard within.*

Sold. Yield, y're o'erpower'd: reſiſtance is in vain. [*Within.*
Mor. Then death's my choice: ſubmiſſion I diſdain. [*Within.*
Nour. Retire, you Slaves: Ah whither does he run [*Runs to the door.*
On pointed Swords? Diſarm, but Save my Son.

Enter Morat *ſtaggering, and upheld by Soldiers.*

Mor. She Lives! and I ſhall ſee her once again!
I have not thrown away my Life in vain.

[Catches hold of Indamora's *Gown, and falls by her. She ſits.*

I can no more; yet, ev'n in Death, I find
My fainting Body byaſs'd by my Mind:
I fall toward you, ſtill my contending Soul
Points to your Breaſt, and trembles to its Pole.

To them Meleſinda, *haſtily, caſting her ſelf on the other ſide of* Morat.

Mel. Ah wo, wo, wo! the worſt of woes I find.
Live ſtill: Oh Live, ev'n to be unkind.
With halfe ſhut Eyes he ſeeks the doubtful day;
But, ah! he bends his ſight another way.
He faints! and in that Sigh his Soul is gone;
Yet Heaven's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careleſs on.

Nour. Where are thoſe Pow'rs which Monarchs ſhould defend?
Or do they vain Authority pretend,
O'er humane Fates, and their weak Empire ſhow,
Which cannot guard their Images below?
If, as their Image, he was not Divine,
They ought to have reſpected him as mine.
I'll waken them with my Revenge; and ſhe
Their *Indamora* ſhall my Victim be,
And helpleſs Heav'n ſhall mourn in vain, like me.

[As ſhe is going to ſtab Indamora, Morat *raiſes himſelf, and holds her hand.*

Mor. Ah, what are we,
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched ſtrife,
Puft with the pride of Heav'ns own Gift, frail Life?
That blaſt which my ambitious Spirit ſwell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held!
I only ſtay to ſave the Innocent:
Oh envy not my Soul its laſt content.

Ind. No, let me die; I'm doubly ſummon'd now;
Firſt, by my *Aureng-Zebe*; and, ſince, by you.
My Soul grows hardy, and can Death endure:
Your Convoy makes the dangerous way ſecure.

Mel. Let me, at leaſt, a Funeral Marriage crave;
Nor grudge my cold Embraces in the Grave.
I have too juſt a Title in the ſtrife:
By me, unhappy me, he loſt his Life:
I call'd him hither: 'twas my fatal Breath;
And I the Screech-Owl that proclaim'd his Death.

[Shouts within.

Abas. What new Alarms are theſe? I'll haſt and ſee. *[Exit.*

Nour. Look up, and Live: an Empire ſhall be thine.

Mor. That I contemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine.
Oh, I muſt yield to my hard Deſtinies, [*To Indamora.*
And muſt for ever ceaſe to ſee your Eyes.

Mel. Ah turn your ſight to me my deareſt Lord!
Can you not one, one parting Look afford?
Ev'n ſo unkind in Death? but 'tis in vain;
I loſe my Breath, and to the Winds complain.
Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel Scorn;
Still I can love, without this laſt return.
Nor Fate, nor you, can my vow'd Faith controul?
Dying, I'll follow your diſdainful Soul:
A Ghoſt, I'll haunt your Ghoſt; and, where you go,
With mournful Murmurs fill the Plains below.

Mor. Be happy, *Meleſinda*, ceaſe to grieve,
And, for a more deſerving Husband, Live:
Can you forgive me?

Mel. Can I! Oh my Heart!
Have I heard one kind word before I part?
I can, I can forgive: is that a task
To love, like mine? Are you ſo good to ask?
One Kiſs——Oh 'tis too great a Bleſſing this; [*Kiſſes him.*
I would not live to violate the Bliſs.

Re-enter Abas.

Abas. Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more:
The Fort's revolted to the Emperor;
The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;
And deluges of Armies from the Town
Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty flaw,
When firſt it broke; the crowding Enſigns ſaw,
Which choak'd the paſſage; and, (what leaſt I fear'd,)
The waving Arms of *Aureng-Zebe* appear'd,
Diſplai'd with your *Morat*'s:
In either's Flag the Golden Serpents bear,
Erected Creſts alike, like Volumes rear,
And mingle friendly hiſſings in the Air.
Their Troops are joyn'd, and our deſtruction nigh.

Nour. 'Tis vain to fight, and I diſdain to flie.
I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;
And, ſpite of Fortune, make a glorious end.
In pois'nous Draughts my Liberty I'll find,
And from the nauſeous World ſet free my Mind. [*Exit.*

At the other end of the Stage, Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants.* Aureng-Zebe *turns back, and ſpeaks, entring.*

Aur. The Lives of all, who ceaſe from Combat, ſpare;
My Brother's be your moſt peculiar Care:

Our impious uſe no longer ſhall obtain;
Brothers, no more, by Brothers, ſhall be ſlain.
[*Seeing* Indamora *and* Morat.
Ha! do I Dream? is this my hop'd ſucceſs?
I grow a Statue, ſtiff, and motionleſs.
Look, *Dianet*; for I dare not truſt theſe Eyes;
They Dance in Miſts, and dazle with ſurprize.
Dia. Sir, 'tis *Morat*; Dying he ſeems, or dead:
And *Indamora*'s Hand ———
Aur. ——— Supports his Head]*ighing*
Thou ſhalt not break yet heart, nor ſhall ſhe know
My inward Torments, by my outward Show;
To let her ſee my weakneſs were too baſe;
Diſſembled Quiet ſit upon my Face:
My Sorrow to my Eyes no paſſage find,
But let it inward ſink, and drown my Mind.
Falſhood ſhall want its Triumph: I begin
To ſtagger; but I'll prop my ſelf within.
The ſpecious Tow'r no ruine ſhall diſcloſe,
Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.
Mor. In ſign that I Die yours, reward my Love, [*To* Ind.
And ſeal my Paſſport to the Bleſs'd above. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*
Ind. Oh ſtay; or take me with you when you goe:
There's nothing now worth living for below.
Mor. I leave you not; for my expanded Mind
Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is joyn'd;
Not quitting, but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,
Fed from the Brand. [*Dies.*
Mel. Ah me! he's gone! I Die! [*Swoons.*
Ind. ——— Oh diſmal day!
Fate, thou haſt raviſh'd my laſt hope away.
O Heav'n! my *Aureng-Zebe* ——— {*She turns, and ſees* Aureng-Zebe
——— What ſtrange ſurprize! {*ſtanding by her, and ſtarts.*
Or does my willing Mind delude my Eyes,
And ſhows the Figure always preſent there?
Or liv'ſt thou? am I Bleſs'd, and ſee thee here?
Aur. My Brother's Body ſee convey'd with care, {*Turning from her*
Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare. {*to his Attendants*
With ſpeed to *Meleſinda* bring relief;
Recal her Spirits, and moderate her Grief.— [*Halfe turning to* Ind.
I go, to take for ever from your view
Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.

[*Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off*

Ind. Hear me; yet think not that I beg your ſtay {*Laying hold*
I will be heard, and after take your way. {*of him.*

Goe.

Go; but your late Repentance ſhall be vain. {*He ſtruggles ſtill.* {*She lets him go.*
I'll never, ſee your Face again. [*Turning away.*
Aur. Madam, I know whatever you can ſay:
You might be pleas'd not to command my ſtay.
All things are yet diſorder'd in the Fort;
I muſt crave leave your Audience may be ſhort.
Ind. You need not fear I ſhall detain you long;
Yet you may tell me your pretended wrong.
Aur. Is that the bus'neſs, then my ſtay is vain.
Ind. How are you injur'd?
Aur. ——When did I complain?
Ind. Leave off your forc'd Reſpect——
And ſhow your Rage in its moſt furious form:
I'm arm'd with Innocence to brave the Storm.
You heard, perhaps, your Brother's laſt deſire;
And after ſaw him in my Arms expire:
Saw me, with Tears, ſo great a loſs bemoan:
Heard me complaining my laſt hopes were gone.
Aur. Oh ſtay, and take me with you when you goe.
There's nothing now worth living for below.
Unhappy Sex! whoſe Beauty is your ſhare;
Expos'd to Trials; made too frail to bear.
I grow a Fool, and ſhow my Rage again:
'Tis Nature's fault; and why ſhould I complain?
Ind. Will you yet hear me?
Aur. ——Yes, till you relate
What pow'rful Motives did your change create.
You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh,
Tears were but in vain, and brought but Youths decay.
Then, in *Morat*, your hopes a Crown deſign'd;
And all the Woman work'd within your Mind.
I Rave again, and to my Rage return,
To be again ſubjected to your ſcorn.
Ind. I wait till this long ſtorm be over-blown.
Aur. I'm conſcious of my folly: I have done.
I cannot rail; but ſilently I'll grieve.
How did I truſt! and how did you deceive!
Oh, *Arimant*, would I had dy'd for thee!
I dearly buy thy generoſitie.
Ind. Alas! is he then dead?
Aur. ——Unknown to me.
He took my Arms; and while I forc'd my way,
Through Troops of Foes, which did our paſſage ſtay,
My Buckler o'er my aged Father caſt,
Still fighting, ſtill defending as I paſt,

The noble *Arimant* uſurp'd my Name ;
Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, Fame.
To *Aureng-Zebe*, he made his Soldiers cry,
And ſeeing not, where he heard danger nigh,
Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.
A ſhort, but mighty Aid ; at length he fell.
My own Adventures, 'twere loſt time to tell ;
Or how my Army entring in the Night,
Surpriz'd our Foes : the dark diſorder'd Fight :
How my appearance, and my Father ſhown,
Made Peace ; and all the rightful Monarch own.
I've ſumm'd it briefly, ſince it did relate
Th'unwelcome ſafety of the Man you hate.
Ind. As briefly will I clear my Innocence :
Your alter'd Brother Dy'd in my defence.
Thoſe Tears you ſaw, that tenderneſs I ſhow'd,
Were juſt effects of Grief and Gratitude.
He Dy'd my Convert.
Aur. ——But your Lover too :
I heard his Words, and did your Actions view ;
You ſeem'd to mourn another Lover dead ;
My Sighs you gave him, and my Tears you ſhed.
But worſt of all,
Your Gratitude for his defence was ſhown :
It prov'd you valu'd Life when I was gone.
Ind. Not that I valu'd Life ; but fear'd to Die ;
Think that my weakneſs, not inconſtancy.
Aur. Fear ſhow'd you doubteed of your own intent ;
And ſhe who doubts becomes leſs innocent.
Tell me not you could fear ;
Fear's a large promiſer, who ſubject live
To that baſe paſſion, know not what they give.
No circumſtance of Grief you did deny ;
And what could ſhe give more who durſt not Dye ?
Ind. My Love, my Faith.
Aur. ——Both ſo adult'rate grown,
When mix'd with fear, they never could be known.
I wiſh no ill might her I love befall ;
But ſhe ne'er lov'd, who durſt not venture all.
Her Life and Fame ſhould my concernment be ;
But ſhe ſhould only be afraid for me.
Ind. My Heart was yours ; but, Oh ! you left it here,
Abandon'd to thoſe Tyrants, Hope and Fear :
If they forc'd from me one kind Look or Word
Could you not that, not that ſmall part afford ?

Aur.

Aur. If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call:
Giving the leaſt of mine, you gave him all.
True Loves a Miſer, ſo tenacious grown:
He weighs to the leaſt grain of what's his own.
More delicate than Honour's niceſt Sence;
Neither to give nor take the leaſt offence.
With, or without you, I can have no Reſt:
What ſhall I do! y'are lodg'd within my Breaſt:
Your Image never will be thence diſplac'd;
But there it lies, ſtabb'd, mangl'd and defac'd.
Ind. Yet, to reſtore the quiet of your heart,
There's one way left.
Aur. ——— ———Oh name it.
Ind. ——— ———'Tis to part.
Since perfect Bliſs with me you cannot prove,
I ſcorn to bliſs by halves the Man I love.
Aur, Now you diſtract me more: ſhall then the day,
Which views my Triumphs, ſee our Loves decay?
Muſt I new bars to my own joy create?
Refuſe, my ſelf, what I had forc'd from Fate?
What though I am not lov'd?
Reaſon's nice Taſte does our Delights deſtroy:
Brutes are more bleſs'd, who groſly feed on Joy.
Ind. Such endleſs jealouſies your Love purſue,
I can no more be fully bleſs'd than you.
I therefore go, to free us both from pain.
I priz'd your Perſon, but your Crown diſdain.
Nay, ev'n my own———
I give it you; for ſince I cannot call
Your Heart my Subject, I'll not Reign at all. [*Exit.*
Aur. Go: though thou leav'ſt me tortur'd on the Rack,
'Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.
She's guiltleſs, and I ſhould ſubmit; but Oh!
When ſhe exacts it, can I ſtoop ſo low?
Yes, for ſhe's guiltleſs;—but ſhe's haughty too;
Great Souls long ſtruggle e're they own a Crime:
She's gone; and leaves me no repenting time.
I'll call her now; ſure, if ſhe loves, ſhe'll ſtay;
Linger at leaſt, or not go far away.
[*Looks to the Door, and returns.*
For ever loſt, and I repent too late,
My fooliſh Pride would ſet my whole Eſtate,
Till, at one throw, I loſt all back to Fate.
To him the Emperor, *drawing in* Indamora: *Attendants.*
Emp. It muſt not be, that he, by whom we live,
Should no advantage of his Gift receive.

Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,
In this bleſs'd day, a day ſo much his own? [*To* Indamora.
I have not quitted yet a Victor's right:
I'll make you happy in your own deſpight.
I love you ſtill; and if I ſtruggle hard
To give, it ſhows the worth of the reward.
Ind. Suppoſe he has o'rcome; muſt I find place
Among his Conquer'd Foes, and ſue for Grace?
Be pardon'd, and confeſs I lov'd not well?
What though none live my Innocence to tell?
I know it: Truth may own a gen'rous Pride:
I clear my ſelf, and care for none beſide.
Aur. Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my Heart!
Could you reſolve, on any terms to part?
I thought your Love Eternal: was it ti'd
So looſly, that a Quarrel could divide?
I grant that my ſuſpicions were unjuſt.
But would you leave me for a ſmall diſtruſt?
Forgive thoſe fooliſh words ——— [*Kneeling to her.*
They were the froth my raging folly mov'd,
When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
Yet then lov'd moſt.
Ind. (*To* Aur.) You would but halfe be bleſt! [*Giving her Hand, ſmiling.*
Aur. ——— Oh do but try
My eager Love: I'll give my ſelf the Lie.
The very hope is a full happineſs;
Yet ſcantly meaſures what I ſhall poſſeſs.
Fancy it ſelf, ev'n in enjoyment, is,
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliſs.
Emp. Her Eyes a ſecret Yielding do confeſs,
And promiſe to partake your happineſs.
May all the Joys I did my ſelf purſue,
Be rais'd by her, and multipli'd on you.

A Proceſſion of Prieſts, Slaves following, and laſt
Meleſinda *in White.*

Ind. Alas! what means this Pomp?
Aur. 'Tis the Proceſſion of a Funeral Vow,
Which cruel Laws to *Indian* Wives allow,
When fatally their Virtue they approve;
Chearful in Flames, and Martyrs of their Love.
Ind. Oh my fore-boding Heart! th'event I fear;
And ſee! ſad *Meleſinda* does appear.
Mel. You wrong my Love; what Grief do I betray?
This is the Triumph of my Nuptial day.

My better Nuptials; which, in ſpight of Fate,
For ever joyn me to my dear *Morat*.
Now I am pleas'd; my jealouſies are o'er:
He's mine; and I can loſe him now no more.
Emp. Let no falſe ſhow of Fame your Reaſon blind.
Ind. You have no right to die; he was not kind.
Mel. Had he been kind, I could no love have ſhown:
Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.
My Love was ſuch, it needed no return;
But could, though he ſupply'd no Fuel, burn.
Rich in it ſelf, like Elemental fire,
Whoſe pureneſs does no Aliment require.
In vain you would bereave me of my Lord;
For I will Die: Die is too baſe a word;
I'll ſeek his Breaſt, and kindling by his ſide,
Adorn'd with flames, I'll mount a Glorious Bride. [*Exit.*

Enter Nourmahal *diſtracted, with* Zayda.

Zayd. She's loſt, ſhe's loſt! but why do I complain
For her, who generouſly did Life diſdain!
Poiſon'd, ſhe raves——
Th'invenom'd Body does the Soul attack;
Th'invenom'd Soul works its own poiſon back.
Nour. I burn, I more than burn; I am all fire:
See how my Mouth and Noſtrils flame expire.
I'll not come near my ſelf——
Now I'm a burning Lake, it rowls and flows;
I'll ruſh, and pour it all upon my Foes.
Pull, pull that reverend piece of Timber near:
Throw't on——'tis dry——'twill burn——
Ha! ha! How my old Husband crackles there!
Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about:
I know him; he'll but whiz, and ſtrait go out.
Fan me, you Winds: what not one breath of Air?
I burn 'em all, and yet have flames to ſpare.
Quench me: pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain:
Morat ſtands there to drive 'em back again:
With thoſe huge Bellows in his hands, he blows
New fire into my Head: My Brain-pan glows.
See, ſee! there's *Aurenge-Zebe* too takes his part;
But he blows all his Fire into my Heart.
Aur. Alas! What Fury's this?
Nour. ——That's he, that's he! {*Starting upon him, and catching at him.*
I know the dear Man's Voice:
And this my Rival, this the curſed ſhe.

They Kiſs; into each others Arms they run:
Cloſe, cloſe, cloſe! muſt I ſee, and muſt have none?
Thou art not hers: Give me that eager Kiſs.
Ingrateful! have I loſt *Morat* for this?
Will you?——before my Face?——poor helpleſs I
See all; and have my Hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*
Emp. With thy laſt Breath thou haſt thy Crimes confeſt:
Farewel; and take, what thou ne'er gav'ſt me, reſt.
But you, my Son, receive it better here: {*Giving him* Indamora's *Hand.*
The juſt Rewards of Love and Honour wear.
Receive the Miſtreſs you ſo long have ſerv'd;
Receive the Crown your Loyalty preſerv'd.
Take you the Reins, while I from Cares remove,
And ſleep within the Chariot which I drove.

Epi-

EPILOGUE.

A Pretty Task! and ſo I told the Fool,
Who needs would undertake to pleaſe by Rule:
He thought that, if his Characters were good,
The Scenes entire, and freed from Noiſe and Blood;
The Action great, yet circumſcrib'd by Time,
The Words not forc'd, but ſliding into Rhime,
The Paſſion's rais'd and calm'd by juſt Degrees,
As Tides are ſwell'd, and then retire to Seas;
He thought, in hitting theſe, his buſineſs done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one:
But, after all, a Poet muſt confeſs,
His Art's like Phyſick, but a happy gheſs.
Your Pleaſure on your Fancy muſt depend:
The Lady's pleas'd, juſt as ſhe likes her Friend.
No *Song!* no *Dance!* no *Show! he fears you'll ſay,*
You love all naked Beauties but a Play.
He much miſtakes your Methods to Delight;
And, like the French, *abhors our Target fight:*
But thoſe damn'd Dogs can never be i'th' right.
True Engliſh *hate your* Monſieur's *Paultry Arts;*
For you are all Silk-weavers, in your Hearts.
Bold Britans, *at a brave Bear-garden Fray,*
Are rouz'd: and clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, Play, Play.
Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will ſtare,
And mutter to himſelf, Ha gens Barbare!
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
Our Butchers elſe would tear him Limb from Limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may be
Infected with this French *Civility;*
But this in After-ages will be done:
Our Poet writes a Hundred years too ſoon.
This Age comes on too ſlow, or he too faſt:
And early Springs are ſubject to a Blaſt!
Who would excel, when few can make a Teſt
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the beſt?
For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd ſtrive,
Which, like abandon'd Proſtitutes, you give?
Yet ſcatter'd here and there, I ſome behold,
Who can diſcern the Tinſel from the Gold:
To theſe he writes; and if by them allow'd,
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.
For he more fears (like a preſuming Man)
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

FINIS.

ALL for LOVE:
OR, THE
World well Loſt.
A
TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted
BY HIS
MAJESTIES SERVANTS;
AND
Written in Imitation of *Shakeſpeare*'s Stile.

By Mr. *Dryden*.

Facile eſt verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare: Idque reſtinctis animorum incendiis irridere. Cicero.

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TO THE

Right Honourable

THOMAS EARL of DANBY,

Viscount Latimer,

BARON OSBORNE of *Kiveton*

in *Yorkshire,*

Lord High Treasurer of England, One of His Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THE Gratitude of Poets is so troubleſome a Virtue to Great [illegible]

TO THE
Right Honourable
THOMAS EARL of *DANBY*,
Viſcount *LATIMER*,
AND
BARON *OSBORNE* of *Kiveton*
in *Yorkſhire*.

Lord High Treaſurer of *England*, One of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

THE Gratitude of Poets is ſo troubleſome a Virtue to Great Men, that you are often in danger of your own Benefits: For you are threaten'd with ſome Epiſtle, and not ſuffer'd to do Good in quiet, or to compound for their Silence whom you have Oblig'd. Yet, I Confeſs, I neither am, nor ought to be ſurpriz'd at this Indulgence; For your Lordſhip has the ſame Right to Favour Poetry which the Great and Noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quiſquis carmine digna gerit.

There is ſomewhat of a tye in Nature betwixt thoſe who are Born for Worthy Actions, and thoſe who can tranſmit them to Poſterity:

And though ours be much the inferiour part, it comes at leaſt within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Commonwealth, when we animate others to thoſe Virtues, which we Copy and Deſcribe from you.

'Tis indeed their Intereſt, who endeavour the Subverſion of Governments, to diſcourage Poets and Hiſtorians; for the beſt which can happen to them is to be forgotten: But ſuch, who, under **KINGS**, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a Juſt and Prudent ordering of Affairs preſerve it, have the ſame Reaſon to Cheriſh the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in ſafety the Deeds and Evidences of their Eſtates: For ſuch Records are their undoubted Titles to the Love and Reverence of After-Ages. Your *Lordſhips* Adminiſtration has already taken up a conſiderable part of the *Engliſh Annals*; and many of its moſt happy Years are owing to it. His MAJESTY, the moſt knowing Judge of Men, and the beſt Maſter, has acknowledg'd the Eaſe and Benefit he Receives in the Incomes of His Treaſury, which you found not only Diſorder'd, but Exhauſted. All Things were in the Confuſion of a *Chaos*, without Form or Method, if not reduc'd beyond it, even to Annihilation: So that you had not only to ſeparate the Jarring Elements, but (if that boldneſs of Expreſſion might be allow'd me) to Create them. Your Enemies had ſo Embroil'd the Management of your Office, that they look'd on your Advancement as the Inſtrument of your Ruine. And as if the clogging of the Revenue, and the Confuſion of Accounts, which you found in your Entrance, were not ſufficient, they adde their own weight of Malice to the Publick Calamity, by foreſtalling the Credit which ſhou'd Cure it: Your Friends on the other ſide were only capable of Pitying, but not of Aiding you: No farther Help or Counſel was remaining to you, but what was founded on your Self; And that indeed was your Security: For your Diligence, your Conſtancy, and your Prudence, wrought more ſurely within, when they were not diſturb'd by any outward Motion. The higheſt Virtue is beſt to be truſted with its Self, for Aſſiſtance only can be given by a *Genius* Superiour to that which it Aſſiſts. And 'tis the Nobleſt kind of Debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, *My Lord*, is your juſt Commendation, That you have wrought out your Self a way to Glory, by thoſe very Means that were deſign'd for your Deſtruction: You have not only reſtor'd, but advanc'd the Revenues of your Maſter without Grievance to the Subject: And as if that were little yet, the Debts of the *Exchequer*, which lay heavieſt both on the *Crown*, and on *private Perſons*, have by your Conduct been Eſtabliſh'd in a certainty of Satisfaction. An Action ſo much the more Great and Honourable, becauſe the Caſe was without the ordinary Relief of Laws; above the Hopes of the Afflicted, and beyond the Narrowneſs of the Treaſury to Redreſs, had it been manag'd by a leſs able Hand. 'Tis certainly the Happieſt, and moſt Unenvy'd part of all your Fortune, to do Good to many, while you do Injury to none: To receive at once the Prayers of the Subject, and the Praiſes of the Prince: And by the care of your Conduct, to give Him Means of Exerting the chiefeſt, (if any be the chiefeſt) of His Royal Virtues: His diſtributive Juſtice to the Deſerving, and His Bounty and Compaſſion to the Wanting. The Diſpoſition of Princes towards their People, cannot better be diſcover'd than in the choice of their Miniſters; who, like the Animal Spirits betwixt the Soul and Body, participate ſomewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is Juſt and Moderate in his Nature, who Rules according to the Laws, whom God made Happy by Forming the Temper of His Soul to the Conſtitution of His Government, and who makes us Happy, by aſſuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty conſiſts; A Prince, I ſay, of ſo excellent a Character, and ſo ſuitable to the Wiſhes of all Good Men, could not better have convey'd Himſelf into His Peoples Apprehenſions, than in your Lordſhips Perſon; who ſo lively expreſs the ſame Virtues, that you ſeem not ſo much a Copy, as an Emanation of Him. Moderation is doubtleſs an Eſtabliſhment of Greatneſs; but there is a ſteadineſs of Temper which is likewiſe requiſite in a Miniſter of State: So equal a mixture of both Virtues, that he may ſtand like an *Iſthmus* betwixt the two Encroaching Seas of Arbitrary Power, and Lawleſs Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an Extraordinary *Genius*, to ſtand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the Great Repreſentative of the Nation, and neither to inhance, nor to yield up the undoubted Prerogatives of the Crown. Theſe, *My Lord*, are the proper Virtues of a Noble Engliſhman, as indeed they are properly Engliſh Virtues: No People in the World being capable of uſing them, but we who have the Happineſs to be Born under ſo equal, and ſo well-pois'd a Government. A Government which has all the Advantages of Liberty beyond a Common-wealth, and all the Marks of Kingly Sovereignty without the danger of a Tyranny. Both my Nature, as I am an Engliſhman, and my Reaſon, as I am a Man, have bred in me a Loathing to that ſpecious Name of a Republick; That mock-appearance of a Liberty, where all who have not part in the

Government, are Slaves; And Slaves they are of a viler Note than ſuch as are Subjects to an abſolute Dominion. For no Chriſtian Monarchy is ſo Abſolute, but 'tis Circumſcrib'd with Laws: But when the Executive Power is in the Law-Makers, there is no farther check upon them; and the People muſt ſuffer without a Remedy becauſe they are Oppreſs'd by their Repreſentatives. If I muſt ſerve, the number of my Maſters, who were Born my Equals, would but add to the Ignominy of my Bondage. The Nature of our Government above all other, is exactly Suited both to the Situation of our Country, and the Temper of the Natives: An Iſland being more proper for Commerce and for Defence, than for extending its Dominions on the Continent: For what the Valour of its Inhabitants might gain, by Reaſon of its Remoteneſs, and the Caſualties of the Seas, it cou'd not ſo eaſily preſerve: And therefore, neither the Arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy, nor of many in a Commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vaſter and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the Conſent of the People was not Ask'd or Needed; but this were only by Conquering abroad to be Poor at home: And the Examples of our Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the Happieſt Subjects whoſe Kings extend their Dominions fartheſt. Since therefore we cannot win by an offenſive War, at leaſt a Land-War, the model of our Government ſeems Naturally contriv'd for the Defenſive part: And the Conſent of a People is eaſily obtain'd to contribute to that Power which muſt protect it. *Felices nimium bona ſi ſua nôrint, Angligenæ*! And yet there are not wanting Malecontents amongſt us, who Surfeiting themſelves on too much Happineſs, wou'd perſwade the People that they might be Happier by a Change. 'Twas indeed the Policy of their old Forefather, when himſelf was fallen from the Station of Glory, to ſeduce Mankind into the ſame Rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was: That is, more free than his Nature wou'd allow, or (if I may ſo ſay) than God cou'd make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-Born Subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but Licenſe. But if it be Liberty of Conſcience which they pretend the Moderation of our Church is ſuch, that its Practice extends not to the ſeverity of Perſecution, and its Diſcipline is withal ſo eaſie, that it allows more freedom to Diſſenters than any of the Sects wou'd allow to it. In the mean time, what Right can be pretended by theſe Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who made them the Truſtees, or (to Speak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the Liberty of *England*? If their Call be extraordinary, let them Convince us by working Miracles; for ordinary Vocation they can have none to diſturb the Government under which they were Born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his Party, and always has made his Intereſt the Rule of it, gives little Evidence of his Sincerity for the Publick Good: 'Tis manifeſt he changes but for himſelf, and takes the People for Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the Experience of all Ages might let him know, that they who trouble the Waters firſt, have ſeldom the benefit of the Fiſhing: As they who began the late Rebellion, enjoy'd not the Fruit of their Undertaking, but were cruſh'd themſelves by the Uſurpation of their own Inſtrument: Neither is it enough for them to Anſwer, that they only intend a Reformation of the Government, but not the Subverſion of it: On ſuch pretences all Inſurrections have been founded; 'Tis ſtriking at the Root of Power, which is Obedience. Every Remonſtrance of private Men, has the ſeed of Treaſon in it; and Diſcourſes which are couch'd in ambiguous Terms, are therefore the more dangerous, becauſe they do all the Miſchief of open Sedition, yet are ſafe from the puniſhment of the Laws. Theſe, *My Lord*, are Conſiderations which I ſhould not paſs ſo lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deſerve: for no Man can be ſo inconſiderable in a Nation, as not to have a ſhare in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Engliſhman, he muſt at the ſame time be fir'd with Indignation, and revenge himſelf as he can on the Diſturbers of his Country. And to whom could I more fitly apply my ſelf, than to your Lordſhip, who have not only an inborn, but an Hereditary Loyalty? The memorable conſtancy and ſufferings of your Father, almoſt to the ruine of his Eſtate for the Royal Cauſe, were an earneſt of that, which ſuch a Parent and ſuch an Inſtitution wou'd produce in the Perſon of a Son. But ſo unhappy an occaſion of manifeſting your own Zeal in ſuffering for his preſent *Majeſty*, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of your Adminiſtration, will, I hope, prevent. That as your Fathers Fortune waited on the unhappineſs of his *Sovereign*, ſo your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his *Son*. The Relation which you have by Alliance to the Noble Family of your Lady, ſerves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deſerve a greater place in the Engliſh Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of an Army Fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of *Lindſey*, is ſo illuſtrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an Heroick Poem; for He was the Proto-Martyr of the Cauſe, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Maſter.

Yet after all, *My Lord*, if I may ſpeak my thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to your ſelf: for the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Imployment, have betray'd you from your ſelf, and given you up into the Poſſeſſion of the Publick. You are Robb'd of your Privacy and Friends, and ſcarce any hour of your Life you can call your own. Thoſe who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not good Nature, might more juſtly pity it; and when they ſee you watch'd by a Croud of Suitors, whoſe importunity 'tis impoſſible to avoid, would conclude with Reaſon, that you have loſt much more in true Content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a ſingle Servant, than your Lordſhip with ſo clamorous a Train. Pardon me, *My Lord*, If I ſpeak like a Philoſopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man uneaſie, cannot make him Happy: and a Wiſe Man muſt think himſelf uneaſie, when few of his Actions are in his Choice.

This laſt Conſideration has brought me to another, and a very ſeaſonable one for your Relief; which is, That while I pity your want of leiſure, I have impertinently Detain'd you ſo long a time. I have put off my own Buſineſs, which was my Dedication, till 'tis ſo late, that I am now aſham'd to begin it: And therefore I will ſay nothing of the Poem, which I Preſent to you, because I know not if you are like to have an hour, which, with a good Conſcience, you may throw away in peruſing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the continuance of your Protection to him, who is,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhips, moſt Obliged,

moſt Humble, and moſt

Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

PREFACE.

THe death of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, is a Subject which has been treated by the greateſt Wits of our Nation, after *Shakeſpeare*; and by all ſo variouſly, that their Example has given me the confidence to try my ſelf in this Bowe of *Ulyſſes* amongſt the Crowd of Sutors; and withal, to take my own meaſures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the ſame Motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean the excellency of the Moral: for the chief Perſons repreſented, were famous Patterns of unlawful Love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reaſonable Men have long ſince concluded, That the Hero of the Poem, ought not to be a Character of perfect Virtue, for, then, he could not, without injuſtice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, becauſe he could not then be pitied: I have therefore ſteer'd the middle courſe; and have drawn the Character of *Anthony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Caſſius* won'd give me leave: the like I have obſerv'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater heighth, was not afforded me by the ſtory: for the crimes of Love which they both committed, were not occaſioned by any neceſſity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; ſince our paſſions are, or ought to be, within our power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly obſerv'd, than perhaps, the Engliſh Theater requires. Particularly, the Action is ſo much one, that it is the only of the kind without Epiſode, or Under plot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main deſign, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greateſt error in the contrivance ſeems to be in the perſon of *Octavia*: For, though I might uſe the privilege of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*, yet I had not enough conſider'd, that the compaſſion ſhe mov'd to her ſelf and Children, was deſtructive to that which I reſerv'd for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; whoſe mutual love being founded upon Vice, muſt leſſen the favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppreſs'd by it. And, though I juſtified *Anthony* in ſome meaſure, by making *Octavia*'s departure, to proceed wholly from her ſelf, yet the force of the firſt Machine ſtill remain'd; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the ſtrength of the natural Stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd againſt me; and therefore I might have let it paſs, if I could have reſolv'd to have been partial to my ſelf. The faults my Enemies have found, are rather cavils concerning little, and not eſſential Decencies; which a Maſter of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confeſs, are ſtrict Obſervers of theſe Punctilio's: They would not, for example, have ſuffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met; or if they had met, there muſt only have paſs'd betwixt them ſome cold civilities, but no eagerneſs of repartee for fear of offending againſt the greatneſs of their Characters, and the modeſty of their Sex. This Objection I foreſaw, and at the ſame time contemn'd: for I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Octavia*, proud of her new-gain'd Conqueſt, would ſearch out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra*, thus attack'd, was not of a ſpirit to ſhun the encounter: and 'tis not unlikely, that two exaſperated Rivals ſhould uſe ſuch Satyr as I have put into their mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a Queen, they were both Women. 'Tis true, ſome actions, though natural, are not fit to be repreſented; and broad obſcenities in words, ought in good manners to be avoided: expreſſions therefore are a modeſt cloathing of our thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our Bodies. If I have kept my ſelf within the bounds of modeſty, all beyond it is but nicety and affectation; which is no more but Modeſty deprav'd into a Vice: they betray themſelves who are too quick of apprehenſion in ſuch caſes, and leave all reaſonable Men to imagine worſe of them, than of the Poet.

Honeſt *Montaigne* goes yet farther: *Nous ne ſommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laiſſons la ſubſtance des choſes. Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans ſeulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement a faire: Nous n'eſons appeller a droict nos membres, & ne craignons par de les employer a toute ſorte de debauche. La ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choſes licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raiſon nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaiſes, & perſonne ne l'en croid.* My comfort is, that by this opinion my Enemies are but ſucking Criticks, who wou'd fain be nibling e'er their Teeth are come.

Yet, in this nicety of manners does the excellency of *French* Poetry conſiſt: their Heroes are the moſt civil people breathing; but their good breeding ſeldom extends to a word of ſenſe: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but neceſſary when they cannot pleaſe, that they ſhould take care not to offend. But as the civilleſt Man in the company is commonly the dulleſt, ſo theſe Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners, make you ſleep. They are ſo careful not to exaſperate a Critick, that they never leave him any work; ſo buſie with the Broom, and make ſo clean a riddance, that there is little left either for cenſure or for praiſe: for no part of a Poem is worth our diſcommending, where the whole is inſipid; as when we have once taſted of pall'd Wine, we ſtay not to examine it Glaſs by Glaſs. But while they affect to ſhine in trifles, they are often careleſs in eſſentials. Thus their *Hippolitus* is ſo ſcrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expoſe himſelf to death, than accuſe his Step-mother to his Father; and my Criticks I am ſure will commend him for it: but we of groſſer apprehenſions, are apt to think that this exceſs of generoſity, is not practicable but with Fools and Madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this admirable Hero: but take *Hippolytus* out of his Poetick Fit, and I ſuppoſe he would think it a wiſer part, to ſet the Saddle on the right Horſe, and chuſe rather to live with the reputation of a plain-ſpoken honeſt Man, than to die with the infamy of an inceſtuous Villain.

lain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preſerv'd the character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he ſhould have given us the Picture of a rough young Man, of the *Amazonian* ſtrain, a jolly Huntſman, and both by his profeſſion and his early riſing a Mortal Enemy to Love, he has choſen to give him the turn of Gallantry, ſent him to travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make Love and transform'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into Monſieur *Hippolyte*. I ſhould not have troubled my ſelf thus far with French Poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* Criticks wholly form their Judgments by them. But for my part, I deſire, to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it ſeems unjuſt to me, that the French ſhould preſcribe here, till they have conquer'd. Our little Sonnettiers who follow them, have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themſelves are the moſt proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But till ſome Genius as Univerſal, as *Ariſtotle*, ſhall ariſe, who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the practice of them, I ſhall think it reaſonable, that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own Art ſhould be preferrable to the opinion of another Man; at leaſt there he is not brib'd by intereſt, or prejudic'd by malice: and this, I ſuppoſe is manifeſt by plain induction: For, firſt, the Crowd cannot be preſum'd to have more than a groſs inſtinct of what pleaſes or diſpleaſes them: every Man will grant me this; but then, by a particular kindneſs to himſelf, he draws his own ſtake firſt, and will be diſtinguiſh'd from the multitude, of which other Men may think him one. But, if I come cloſer to thoſe who are allow'd for witty Men, either by the advantage of their quality, or by common fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide Sovereignly concerning Poetry, I ſhall yet have a ſtrong party of my opinion; for moſt of them ſeverally will exclude the reſt, either from the number of witty Men, or at leaſt of able Judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themſelves: and every one who believes himſelf a Wit, that is, every Man, will pretend at the ſame time to a right of judging. But to preſs it yet farther, there are many witty Men, but few Poets; neither have all Poets a taſte of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily ſplitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, muſt generally pleaſe: but 'tis not to be underſtood that all parts of it muſt pleaſe every Man; therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty Man, whoſe taſte is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every Man who loves Tragedy a ſufficient Judge of it: he muſt underſtand the excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critick. From hence it comes that ſo many Satyrs on Poets, and cenſures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of pleaſant Converſation, (at leaſt eſteem'd ſo) and indu'd with a trifling kind of Fancy perhaps help'd out with ſome ſmattering of Latine, are ambitious to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry;

> *Rarus enim fermè ſenſus communis in illâ*
> *Fortunâ.*

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and ſit down quietly with their Eſtates, but they muſt call their Wits in queſtion, and needleſly expoſe their nakedneſs to publick view? Not conſidering that they are not to expect the ſame approbation from ſober

Men; which they have found from their flatterers after the third Bottle? If a little glittering in diſcourſe has paſs'd them on us for witty Men, where was the neceſſity of undeceiving the World? would a Man who has an ill Title to an Eſtate, but yet is in poſſeſſion of it, would he bring it of his own accord, to be try'd at *Weſtminſter*? we who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the excuſe that we do it for a poor ſubſiſtance; but what can be urg'd in their defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to ſcribble out of meer wantonneſs, take pains to make themſelves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the right, where he ſaid, That *no Man is ſatisfy'd with his own condition.* A Poet is not pleas'd becauſe he is not rich; and the Rich are diſcontented, becauſe the Poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the caſe is hard with Writers: if they ſucceed not, they muſt ſtarve; and if they do, ſome malicious Satyr is prepar'd to level them for daring to pleaſe without their leave. But while they are ſo eager to deſtroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifeſt in their concernment: ſome Poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majeſty.

Dionyſius and *Nero* had the ſame longings, but with all their power they cou'd never bring their buſineſs well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themſelves Poets by ſound of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon pain of Death to any Man who durſt call them otherwiſe. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they ſate in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: for 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unſeaſonably; and the Tyrants were ſuſpicious, as they had reaſon, that their Subjects had 'em in the wind; ſo, every Man in his own defence ſet as good a face upon the buſineſs as he could: 'Twas known before-hand that the Monarchs were to be Crown'd Laureats; but when the Shew was over, and an honeſt Man was ſuffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his Laughter which he had ſtifled, with a firm reſolution never more to ſee an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten years a making it. In the mean time, the true Poets were they who made the beſt Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions: They were ſure to be rewarded if they confeſs'd themſelves bad Writers, and that was ſomewhat better than to be Martyr's for their Reputation. *Lucan*'s Example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to Death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it without diſpute for the beſt Poet in his Dominions: No Man was ambitious of that grinning Honour; for if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his Name before his Betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecænas* took another Courſe, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was witty too: but finding himſelf far gone in Poetry, which *Seneca* aſſures us was not his Talent, he thought it his beſt way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at leaſt he might be a Poet at the ſecond hand; and we ſee how happily it has ſucceeded with him; for his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyricks of him ſtill remain. But they who ſhould be our Patrons, are for no ſuch expenſive ways to fame: they have much of the Poetry of *Mecænas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for perſecuting *Horace* and *Virgil*, in the Perſons of their Succeſſours, (for ſuch is every Man, who has any part of their Soul and Fire; though in a leſs degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go farther; for they are Perſecutors even of *Horace* himſelf, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile Imitations of him; by making an unjuſt uſe of his Authority, and turning his Artillery againſt his Friends. But how would he diſdain to be Copyed by ſuch hands! I dare anſwer for him, he would be more uneaſy in their Company, than he was with *Criſpinus* their Forefather in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongſt the Criticks, than he would *Demetrius* the Mimique, and *Tigellius* the Buffoon;

——— Demetri, teq; Tigelli,
Diſcipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

With what ſcorn would he look down on ſuch miſerable Tranſlators, who make Doggrel of his Latine, miſtake his meaning, miſapply his Cenſures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a Land-Mark to ſet out the bounds of Poetry,

——— Saxum, antiquum ingens
Limes agro poſitus litem ut diſcerneret arvis:

But other Arms than theirs, and other Sinews are requir'd, to raiſe the weight of ſuch an Author; and when they would toſs him againſt their Enemies,

Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore ſanguis,
Tum lapis ipſe, viri vacuum per inane volutus
Nec ſpatium evaſit totum, nec pertulit ictum.

For my part, I would wiſh no other revenge, either for my ſelf or the reſt of the Poets, from this Rhyming Judge of the Twelve-penny Gallery, this Legitimate Son of *Sternbold*, than that he would ſubſcribe his Name to his Cenſure, or (not to tax him beyond his Learning) ſet his mark: for ſhou'd he own himſelf publickly, and come from behind the Lyons Skin, they whom he condemns wou'd be thankful to him, they whom he praiſes wou'd chuſe to be Condemned; and the Magiſtrates whom he has Elected, wou'd modeſtly withdraw from their Employment, to avoid the ſcandal of his Nomination. The ſharpneſs of his Satyr, next to himſelf, falls moſt heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and ſometimes by contraries. If he have a Friend whoſe haſtineſs in writing is his greateſt fault, *Horace* wou'd have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to have call'd it readineſs of thought, and a flowing Fancy; for Friendſhip will allow a Man to Chriſten an imperfection by the Name of ſome Neighbour virtue:

Vellem in amicitiâ ſic erraremus; & iſti
Errori, nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a ſlow Man haſty, or a haſty Writer a ſlow Drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it:

——— Canibus pigris ſcabieq; vetuſtâ
Levibus, & ſiccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tygris, Leo; ſi quid adhuc eſt
Quod fremit in terris violentius.

Yet *Lucretius* Laughs at a fooliſh Lover, even for excuſing the Imperfections of his Miſtreſs:

Nigra μελίχροος eſt, immunda & fœtida ἄκοσμος.
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίζει; muta pudens eſt, &c.

But to drive it, *ad Æthiopem Cygnum*, is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the Benefit of his French Verſion on the other ſide, and without farther conſidering him, than I have the reſt of my illiterate Cenſors, whom I have diſdain'd to Anſwer, becauſe they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that I have endeavour'd in this Play to follow the practice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. *Rymer* has judiciouſly obſerv'd, are and ought to be our Maſters. *Horace* likewiſe gives it for a Rule in his Art of Poetry,

——— *Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are too little for Engliſh Tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger Compaſs. I could give an inſtance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the Maſterpiece of *Sophocles*; but I reſerve it for a more fit occaſion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Stile I have profeſs'd to imitate the Divine *Shakeſpeare*; which that I might perform more freely, I have diſincumber'd my ſelf from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my preſent purpoſe. I hope I need not to explain my ſelf, that I have not Copy'd my Author ſervilely: Words and Phraſes muſt of neceſſity receive a Change in ſucceeding Ages: but 'tis almoſt a Miracle that much of his Language remains ſo pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongſt us, untaught by any, and, as *Ben. Johnſon* tells us, without Learning, ſhould by the force of his own Genius perform ſo much, that in a manner he has left no Praiſe for any who come after him. The occaſion is fair, and the Subject would be pleaſant to handle the difference of Stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But ſince I muſt not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be ſilent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my ſelf throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Anthony* and *Ventidius* in the firſt Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.

PROLOGUE to *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*

WHat Flocks of Criticks hover here to day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcaſe of a Play!
With Croaking Notes they boad ſome dire event;
And follow dying Poets by the ſcent.
Ours gives himſelf for gone; y' have watch'd your time!
He fights this day unarm'd; without his Rhyme;
And brings a Tale which often has been told;
As ſad as Dido's; *and almoſt as old.*
His Hero, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and ſcarce rants at all:
He's ſomewhat lewd; but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In ſhort, a Pattern, and Companion fit,
For all thee keeping Tonyes of the Pit.
I cou'd name more; A Wife, and Miſtreſs too;
Both (to be plain) too good for moſt of you:
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Miſtreſs true.
Now, Poets, if your fame has been his care;
Allow him all the Candour you can ſpare.
A brave Man ſcorns to quarrel once a day;
Like Hectors, in at every petty fray,
Let thoſe find fault whoſe Wit's ſo very ſmall,
They've need to ſhow that they can think at all:
Errours like Straws upon the ſurface flow;
He who would ſearch for Pearls muſt dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lop a Man.
Half-Wits are Fleas; ſo little and ſo light;
We ſcarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feaſts,
For change, become their next poor Tenants Gheſts;
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,
And ſnatch the homely Raſher from the Coals:
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once, may venture to do pennance here.
And ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
Whoſe Grapes and Peaches have Indulg'd your taſte,
Take in good part from our poor Poets board,
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

	By
Marc Anthony,	Mr. *Hart*.
Ventidius, his General,	Mr. *Mohun*.
Dolabella, his Friend,	Mr. *Clarke*.
Alexas, the Queens Eunuch,	Mr. *Goodman*.
Serapion, Prieſt of *Iſis*,	Mr. *Griffin*.
Another Prieſt,	Mr. *Coyſh*.
Servants to *Anthony*,	
Cleopatra, Queen of *Ægypt*,	Mrs. *Boutell*.
Octavia, *Anthony*'s Wife,	Mrs. *Corey*.
Charmion, *Iras*, — *Cleopatra*'s Maids.	
Anthony's two little Daughters.	

SCENE *ALEXANDRIA*.

ALL for LOVE:

OR, THE

World well Loſt.

ACT I. SCENE, *The Temple of* Iſis.

Enter Serapion, Myris, *Prieſts of* Iſis.

Serap. Portents and Prodigies are grown ſo frequent,
That they have loſt their Name. Our fruitful *Nile*
Flow'd ere the wonted Seaſon, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and ſo wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the haſte,
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beaſts
Were born above the tops of Trees, that grew
On th' utmoſt Margin of the Water-mark.
Then, with ſo ſwift an Ebb, the Floud drove backward
It ſlipt from underneath the Scaly Herd:
Here monſtrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;
Forſaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad Tails,
Lay laſhing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em,
Sea-Horſes floundring in the ſlimy Mud,
Toſs'd up their Heads, and daſh'd the ouze about 'em.

Enter Alexas *behind them.*

Myr. Avert theſe Omens, Heav'n.

Serap. Laſt night, between the hours of Twelve and One,
In a lone Iſle o'th' Temple, while I walk'd,
A Whirl-wind roſe, that, with a violent blaſt,
Shook all the *Dome*: the Doors around me clapt,
The Iron Wicket that defends the Vault,
Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
Burſt open, and diſclos'd the mighty dead.
From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
An Armed Ghoſt ſtart up: the Boy-King laſt
Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice

Cry'd *Ægypt* is no more. My blood ran back,
My ſhaking Knees againſt each other knock'd;
On the cold Pavement, down I fell intranc'd,
And ſo unfiniſh'd left the horrid Scene.

Alexas ſhew- } And, Dream'd you this? or, Did invent the Story,
ing himſelf. } To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of Prieſthood?

Serap. My Lord, I ſaw you not,
Nor meant my words ſhould reach your Ears; but what
I utter'd was moſt true.

Alex. A fooliſh Dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigeſted Feaſts,
And holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my duty:
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it ſhould.
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All Southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman* Camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatning, like a Storm
Juſt breaking on our Heads.

Serap. Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Anthony*;
But in their Servile Hearts they own *Octavius.*

Myr. Why then does *Anthony* dream out his hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
Which might redeem what *Actium* loſt?

Alex. He thinks 'tis paſt recovery.

Serap. Yet the Foe
Seems not to preſs the Siege.

Alex. O, there's the wonder.
Mecœnas and *Agrippa*, who can moſt
With *Cæſar* are his Foes. His Wife *Octavia*,
Driv'n from his Houſe, ſolicites her Revenge;
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon ſome private grudge, now ſeeks his ruine:
Yet ſtill War ſeems on either ſide to ſleep.

Serap. 'Tis ſtrange that *Anthony*, for ſome days paſt,
Has not beheld the face of *Cleopatra*;
But here, in *Iſis* Temple, lives retir'd,
And makes his Heart a Prey to black deſpair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by abſence
To cure his mind of Love.

Serap. If he be vanquiſh'd,
Or make his peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be
A *Roman* Province; and our plenteous Harveſts
Muſt then redeem the ſcarceneſs of their Soil.
While *Anthony* ſtood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominions other Seat)

And fortune ſtriding, like a vaſt *Coloſſus*,
Cou'd fix an equal foot of Empire here.
Alex. Had I my wiſh, theſe Tyrants of all Nature
Who lord it o'er Mankind, ſhould periſh, periſh,
Each by the others Sword; but, ſince our Will
Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we muſt
Depend on one; with him to riſe or fall.
Serap. How ſtands the Queen affected?
Alex. O, ſhe dotes,
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquiſh'd Man,
And winds her ſelf about his mighty ruins,
Whom would ſhe yet forſake, yet yield him up,
This hunted Prey, to his purſuers hands,
She might preſerve us all; but 'tis in vain——
This changes my deſigns, this blaſts my Counſels,
And makes me uſe all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wiſh divided from her Arms
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you know
The ſtate of things; no more of your ill Omens,
And black Prognoſticks; labour to confirm
The Peoples Hearts.

Enter Ventidius, *talking aſide with a Gentleman of* Anthony's.

Serap. Theſe *Romans* will o'er-hear us.
But, Who's that Stranger? By his Warlike port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.
Alex. O 'tis *Ventidius*,
Our Emp'rors great Lieutenant in the Eaſt,
Who firſt ſhow'd *Rome*, that *Parthia* could be Conquer'd.
When *Anthony* return'd from *Syria* laſt,
He left this Man to guard the *Roman* Frontiers.
Serap. You ſeem to know him well.
Alex. Too well. I ſaw him in *Cilicia* firſt,
When *Cleopatra* there met *Anthony*:
A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*,
But, let me witneſs to the worth I hate,
A braver *Roman* never drew a Sword.
Firm to his Prince; but, as a Friend, not Slave.
He ne'r was of his Pleaſures; but preſides
O'er all his cooler hours and morning counſels;
In ſhort, the plainneſs, fierceneſs, rugged virtue
Of an old true-ſtampt *Roman* lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you, why I ſought you here,

And what's our preſent work,
They withdraw to a corner of the Stage; and Ventidius, *with the other, comes forwards to the front.*
Ventidius. Not ſee him, ſay you?
I ſay, I muſt and will.
Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of Death, none ſhould approach his Preſence.
Ven. I bring him news will raiſe his drooping Spirits,
Give him new life.
Gent. He ſees not *Cleopatra.*
Ven. Would he had never ſeen her.
Gent. He Eats not, Drinks not, Sleeps not, has no uſe
Of any thing, but Thought; or, if he Talks,
'Tis to himſelf, and then 'tis perfect Raving:
Then he defies the World, and bids it paſs;
Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and Curſes loud
The Boy *Octavius*: then he draws his Mouth
Into a ſcornful Smile, and cries, Take all,
The world's not worth my care.
Ven. Juſt, juſt his nature.
Virtue's his path; but ſometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vaſt Soul; and then he ſtarts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
From his firſt courſe, and plunges him in ills:
But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to obſerve, and full of ſharp remorſe,
He cenſures eagerly his own miſdeeds,
Judging himſelf with Malice to himſelf,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Becauſe his other parts are more than Man.
He muſt not thus be loſt.
[Alexas *and the Prieſt come forwards.*
Alex. You have your full Inſtructions, now advance;
Proclaim your Orders loudly.
Serap. Romans, Ægyptians, hear the Queen's Command.
Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour ceaſe,
To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the World a Lord: 'tis *Anthony's.*
Live, *Anthony*; and *Cleopatra* live.
Be this the general voice ſent up to Heav'n,
And every publick place repeat this echo.
Ven. aſide. Fine Pageantry!
Serap. Set out before your doors
The Images of all your ſleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your poſts,
And ſtrow with Flow'rs the Pavement; Let the Prieſts
Do preſent Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,
And call the Gods to joyn with you in gladneſs.
Ven. Curſe on the Tongue that bids this general joy.
Can they be friends of *Anthony*, who Revel

When *Anthony*'s in danger? Hide, for ſhame,
You *Romans*, your Great Grandſires Images,
For fear their Souls ſhould animate their Marbles,
To bluſh at their degenerate Progeny.
Alex. A Love which knows no bounds to *Anthony*,
Would mark the Day with Honours, when all Heaven
Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And ſhed his better influence. Her own Birth-day
Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That paſs'd obſcurely by
Vent. Would it had ſlept,
Divided far from his: till ſome remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.
Alex. Your Emperour,
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.
Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Prieſt?
He knows him not his Executioner.
O, ſhe has deck'd his ruin with her Love,
Led him in Golden Bands to gaudy ſlaughter,
And made perdition pleaſing: She has left him
The blank of what he was;
I tell thee, Eunuch, ſhe has unmann'd him:
Can any *Roman* ſee, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unſinew'd, made a Womans Toy,
Shrunk from the vaſt extent of all his Honours,
And crampt within a corner of the World?
O, *Anthony!*
Thou braveſt Souldier, and thou beſt of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!
Could'ſt thou but make new Worlds, ſo would'ſt thou give 'em,
As Bounty were thy Being, Rough in Battle,
As the firſt *Romans*, when they went to War;
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,
Than all their Praying Virgins left at home!
Alex. Would you could add to thoſe more ſhining Virtues,
His Truth to her who loves him.
Vent. Would I could not.
But, Wherefore waſte I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her Darling miſchief, her chief Engine,
Anthony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.
Let your *Ægyptian* Timbrels play alone;
Nor mix Effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.

You dare not fight for *Anthony*; go Pray,
And keep your Cowards-Holy-Day in Temples. [*Exeunt* Alex. Semp.

Re-enter the Gentlemen of M. Anthony.

2. *Gent.* The Emperour approaches, and commands,
On pain of death that none preſume to ſtay.
1. *Gent* I dare not diſobey him. [*Going out with the other.*
Vent. Well, I dare.
But, I'll obſerve him firſt unſeen, and find
Which way his humour drives: I'll venture. [*Withdraws.*

[*Enter* Anthony, *walking with a diſturb'd Motion, before he ſpeaks.*

Anthony. They tell me 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of ſadneſs?
'Tis what the Day deſerves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,
Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were ſpent; and then caſt downward
To be trod out by *Cæſar*?
Vent. On my Soul, [*Aſide.*
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!
Antho. Count thy Gains.
Now, *Anthony*, Wouldſt thou be born for this
Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring youth
Has ſtarv'd thy wanting Age.
Vent. How Sorrow ſhakes him! [*Aſide.*
So, now the Tempeſt tears him up by th' Roots,
And on the ground extends the noble Ruin. [Ant. *having thrown himſelf down.*
Lie there, thou ſhadow of an Emperour;
The place thou preſſeſt on thy Mother-earth
Is all thy Empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in the narrow Urn,
Shrunk to a few cold aſhes; then *Octavia*,
(For *Cleopatra* will not live to ſee it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her Widow'd hand to *Cæſar*;
Cæſar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To ſee his Rival of the Univerſe,
Lie ſtill and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me ſome Muſick; look that it be ſad:
I'll ſooth my Melancholy till I ſwell,
And burſt my ſelf with ſighing—— [*Soft Muſick.*
'Tis ſomewhat to my humour. Stay, I fanſie
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
Of all forſaken, and forſaking all;
Live in a ſhady Foreſt's *Sylvan* Scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath ſome blaſted Oke,
I lean my head upon the Moſſy Bark,

And look juſt of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Myſletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary Face; a murm'ring Brook
Runs at my foot.
Ven. Methinks I fancy
My ſelf there too.
Ant. The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearleſs, quench their thirſt, while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen,
More of this Image, more; lulls my thoughts. [*Soft Muſick again.*
Ven. I muſt diſturb him; I can hold no longer. [*Stands before him.*
Ant. ſtarting up. Art thou *Ventidius?*
Ven. Are you *Anthony?*
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you laſt.
Ant. I'm angry.
Ven. So am I.
Ant. I would be private: leave me.
Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me?
Where have you learnt that Anſwer? Who am I?
Ven. My Emperour; the Man I love next Heaven:
If I ſaid more, I think 'twere ſcarce a Sin;
Y'are all that's good, and good-like.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Ven. 'Twas too preſuming
To ſay I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So ſoon, when I ſo far have come to ſee you.
Ant. Now thou haſt ſeen, art thou ſatisfy'd?
For, if a Friend, thou haſt ſeen me, beheld enough;
And, if a Foe too much.
Ven. weeping. Look, Emperour, this is no common Dew.
I have not wept this Forty years; but now
My Mother comes afreſh into my Eyes;
I cannot help her ſoftneſs.
Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he weeps!
The big round drops courſe one another down
The furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius,*
Or I ſhall bluſh to death: they ſet my ſhame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Ven. I'll do my beſt.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of Friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, Father.

Ven.

Vent. Emperour.
Ant. Emperour! Why, that's the ſtyle of Victory,
The Conqu'ring Souldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his General ſo; but never more
Shall that ſound reach my Ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. *Actium*, *Actium*! Oh——
Vent. It ſits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of Lead by day,
And, in my ſhort diſtracted nightly ſlumbers,
The Hag that rides my Dreams——
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my ſhame.
I loſt a Battel.
Vent. So has *Julius* done.
Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half thou think'ſt;
For *Julius* fought it out, and loſt it fairly:
But *Anthony*——
Vent. Nay, ſtop not.
Ant. *Anthony*,
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward fled,
Fled while his Souldiers fought; fled firſt, *Ventidius.*
Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou com'ſt prepar'd to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee——I have been a Man, *Ventidius.*
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But, I have loſt my Reaſon, have diſgrac'd
The name of Souldier with inglorious eaſe.
In the full Vintage of my flowing honours,
Sate ſtill, and ſaw it preſt by other hands.
Fortune came ſmiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatneſs met my ripen'd years.
When firſt I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of people, crouding to my Triumphs;
The wiſh of Nations; and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
Fate could not ruine me; till I took pains
And work'd againſt my Fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her looſe; yet ſtill ſhe came again.
My careleſs days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now ſhe's gone.
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Souldier,
To curſe this Madman, this induſtrious Fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: prithee curſe me.

Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too ſenſible already
Of what y'have done, too conſcious of your failings,
And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others firſt
To fury, ſting your ſelf in mad revenge.
I would bring Balm and poor it in your Wounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou would'ſt.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Vent. You Laugh.
Ant. I do, to ſee officious love
Give Cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be loſt then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I ſay, you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to th'utmoſt. Doſt thou think me deſperate
Without juſt cauſe? No, when I found all loſt
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to ſcorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The coſt of keeping.
Vent. *Cæſar* thinks not ſo:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cæſar*, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill my ſelf; and ſo reſolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time ſhall ſerve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To Fight, to Conquer.
Ant. Sure thou Dream'ſt, *Ventidius.*
Vent. No, 'tis you Dream; you ſleep away your hours
In deſperate ſloth, miſcall'd *Philoſophy.*
Up, up, for Honour's ſake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: by painful Journeys,
I led 'em patient, both of heat and hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile.*
'Twill do you good to ſee their Sun-burnt Faces,
Their ſkar'd Cheeks and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em,
They'll ſell thoſe mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I ſaid, in lower *Syria.*
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in theſe.
Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why did'ſt thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids
To double my deſpair? They're mutinous.
Vent. Moſt firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not March
To ſuccour me. Oh trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haſt to head 'em.
Ant. I'm beſieg'd.
Vent. There's but one way ſhut up: How came I hither?
Ant. I will not ſtir.
Vent. They would perhaps deſire
A better reaſon.
Ant. I have never us'd
My Souldiers to demand a reaſon of
My actions. Why did they refuſe to March?
Vent. They ſaid, they would not fight for *Cleopatra.*
Ant. What was't they ſaid?
Vent. They ſaid they would not fight for *Cleopatra.*
Why ſhould they fight, indeed, to make her Conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a Kiſs, at your next Midnight Feaſt,
You'll ſell to her? then ſhe new names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond ſuch or ſuch a Tax,
Each Pendant in her ear ſhall be a Province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your Tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deſerves
More World's than I can loſe.
Vent. Behold, you Pow'rs,
To whom you have intruſted Humane kind;
See *Europe, Africk, Aſia,* put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light wrothleſs Woman!
I think the Gods are *Anthony*'s, and give
Like Prodigals, this nether World away
To none but waſtful hands.
Ant. You grow preſumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to ſpeak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain inſolence:
The Men are Cowards; thou an envious Traitor;
Who, under ſeeming honeſty, haſt vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.
O that thou wert my equal; great in Arms
As the firſt *Cæſar* was, that I might kill thee
Without a Stain to Honour!
Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already, call'd me Traytor.
Ant. Art thou not one?

Ven.

Vent. For ſhowing you your ſelf,
Which none elſe durſt have done; but had I been
That name, which I diſdain to ſpeak again,
I needed not have ſought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindred me t'have led my Conqu'ring Eagles
To fill *Octavius*'s Bands? I could have been
A Traytor then, a glorious happy Traytor,
And not have been ſo call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, Soulder:
I've been too paſſionate.

Vent. You thought me falſe;
Thought my old Age betray'd you: kill me, Sir;
Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindneſs
Has left your Sword no work.

Ant. I did not think ſo;
I ſaid it in my rage: prithee forgive me:
Why did'ſt thou tempt my Anger, by diſcovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No Prince but you
Could merit that ſincerity I us'd,
Nor durſt another Man have ventur'd it;
But your, ere Love miſled your wandring Eyes,
Were ſure the chief and beſt of Humane Race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boaſt of Nature,
So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
Has mended our deſign. Their envy hindred,
Elſe you had been Immortal, and a pattern,
When Heav'n would work for oſtentation ſake,
To copy out again.

Ant. But *Cleopatra*———
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'ſt not truſt my Paſſion; but thou may'ſt:
Thou only lov'ſt; the reſt have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heav'ns bleſſing on your heart for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? ſpeak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Hugging him.*
Thy praiſes were unjuſt; but I'll deſerve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'ſt the way.

Vent. And, Will you leave this———

Ant. Prithee do not curſe her.
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows I love
Beyond Life, Conqueſt, Empire; all, but Honour,
But I will leave her.

Ven. That's my Royal Maſter.

And, Shall we Fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old Souldier,
Thou ſhalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the head of our old Troops, that beat
The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.
Vent. O now I hear my Emperour! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me ſee that day,
And if I have Ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.
Ant. Oh *Cleopatra*!
Vent. Again?
Ant. I've done: in that laſt Sigh ſhe went,
Cæſar ſhall know what 'tis to force a Lover,
From all he holds moſt dear.
Vent. Methinks you breath
Another Soul: Your looks are more Divine;
You ſpeak a Hero, and you move a God.
Ant. O, thou haſt fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
And Mans each part about me: once again
That noble eagerneſs of Fight has ſeiz'd me;
That eagerneſs with which I darted upward
To *Caſſius*'s Camp: In vain the ſteepy Hill,
Oppos'd my way; in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my head; and planted all my ſhield:
I won the Trenches, while my foremoſt Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below.
Vent. Ye Gods, ye Gods,
For ſuch another honour.
Ant. Come on, my Souldier!
Our Hearts and Arms are ſtill the ſame: I long
Once more to meet our Foes; that Thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taſte fate to 'em, mow 'em out a paſſage,
And entring where the foremoſt Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harveſt of the Field. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHat ſhall I do, or whither ſhall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.
Alex. He goes to Fight for you.
Cleo. Then he would ſee me ere he went to fight:
Flatter me not: if once he goes, he's loſt:
And all my hopes deſtroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak paſſion
Become a Mighty Queen?
Cleo. I am no Queen;
Is this to be a Queen, to be beſieg'd
By yon inſulting *Roman*; and to wait
Each hour the Victor's Chain? Theſe ills are ſmall;
For *Anthony* is loſt, and I can Mourn
For nothing elſe but him. Now come, *Octavius*,
I have no more to loſe; prepare thy Bands;
I'm fit to be a Captive: *Anthony*
Has taught my mind the fortune of a Slave.
Iras. Call Reaſon to aſſiſt you.
Cleo. I have none.
And none would have: my Love's a noble madneſs,
Which ſhows the cauſe deſerv'd it. Moderate ſorrow
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:
But I have lov'd with ſuch tranſcendent paſſion,
I ſoar'd, at firſt, quite out of Reaſons view,
And now am loſt above it——No, I'm proud
'Tis thus, would *Anthony* could ſee me now;
Think you he would not ſigh? though he muſt leave me,
Shure he would ſigh; for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis paſt.
Iras. Let it be paſt with you:
Forget him, Madam.
Cleo. Never, never, *Iras*:
He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of poſſeſſion ſtill.
Alex. Think him unconſtant, cruel, and ungrateful.
Cleo. I cannot: if I could, thoſe thoughts were vain;——
Faithleſs, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
I ſtill muſt love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, What news my *Charmion*?
Will he be kind? and Will he not forſake me?
Am I to live, or die? nay, Do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his anſwer,
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd, or dy'd.
Char. I found him, Madam——
Cleo. A long Speech preparing?
If thou bring'ſt comfort, haſt and give it me;
For never was more need.
Iras. I know he loves you.
Cleo. Had he been kind, her Eyes had told me ſo,
Before her Tongue could ſpeak it; now ſhe ſtudies,

To ſoften what he ſaid ; but give me death,
Juſt as he ſent it, *Charmion*, undiſguis'd,
And in the words he ſpoke.
Char. I found him then
Incompaſs'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,
So mute, ſo motionleſs his Souldiers ſtood,
While awfully he caſt his Eyes about,
And ev'ry Leaders hopes or fears ſurvey'd :
Methought he look'd reſolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me ſtrugling in the croud,
He bluſh'd, and bad, make way.
Alex. There's comfort yet.
Char. *Ventidius* fixt his Eyes upon my paſſage,
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And ſullenly gave place : I told my meſſage,
Juſt as you gave it, broken and diſorder'd ;
I number'd in it all your ſighs and tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful requeſt,
That you but only beg'd a laſt farewell,
He fetcht an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, ſigh'd, as if his heart were breaking,
But ſhun'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd down ;
He ſeem'd not now the awful *Anthony*
Who ſhook an Arm'd Aſſembly with his Nod,
But making ſhow as he would rub his Eyes,
Diſguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.
Cleo. Did he then weep ? And, Was I worth a tear ?
If what thou haſt to ſay be not as pleaſing,
Till me no more, but let me die contented.
Char. He bid me ſay, he knew himſelf ſo well,
He could deny you nothing, if he ſaw you ;
And therefore———
Cleo. Thou wouldſt ſay, he would not ſee me ?
Char. And therefore beg'd you not to uſe a power,
Which he could ill reſiſt ; yet he ſhould ever
Reſpect you as he ought.
Cleo. Is that a word
For *Anthony* to uſe to *Cleopatra* ?
Oh that faint word, Reſpect ! how I diſdain it !
Diſdain my ſelf, for loving after it !
He ſhould have kept that word for cold *Octavia*.
Reſpect is for a Wife, Am I that thing,
That dull inſipid lump, without deſires,
And without pow'r to give 'em ?
Alex. You miſjudge ;
You ſee through Love, and that deludes your ſight ;
As, what is ſtrait, ſeems crooked through the Water ;

But, I who bear my reaſon undiſturb'd,
Can ſee this *Anthony*, this dreaded Man,
A fearful ſlave, who fain would run away,
And ſhuns his Maſter's Eyes: if you purſue him,
My life on't, he ſtill drags a chain along,
That needs muſt clog his flight.
Cleo. Could I believe thee!———
Alex. By ev'ry circumſtance I know he Loves.
True he's hard preſt, by Intereſt and by Honour;
Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and caſts out
Many a long look't for ſuccour.
Cleo. He ſends word,
He fears to ſee my face.
Alex. And would you more?
He ſhows his weakneſs who declines the Combat;
And you muſt urge your fortune. Could he ſpeak
More plainly? To my Ears, the Meſſage ſounds
Come to my reſcue, *Cleopatra*, come;
Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant:
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.
I hear his Trumpets. This way he muſt paſs.
Pleaſe you, retire a while; I'll work him firſt,
That he may bend more eaſie.
Cleo. You ſhall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain. [*Exit with* Char. *and* Iras.
Alex. I fear ſo too!
Though I conceal'd my thoughts, to make her bold:
But, 'tis our utmoſt means, and Fate befriend it. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Lictors *with* Faſces; *one bearing the Eagle: then Enter*
Anthony *with* Ventidius, *follow'd by other Commanders.*

Ant. *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,
But holds from Virtue nothing.
Vent. Has he courage?
Ant. But juſt enough to ſeaſon him from Coward.
O, 'tis the coldeſt youth upon a Charge,
The moſt deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in *Illyria* once they ſay he did
To ſtorm a Town) 'tis when he cannot chuſe,
When all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for ſeven years after,
But, at a cloſe revenge he never fails.
Vent. I heard, you challeng'd him.
Ant. I did, *Ventidius.*
What think'ſt thou was his anſwer? 'twas ſo tame,—
He ſaid he had more ways than to die;
I had not.
Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one;
But he would chuſe 'em all before that one.
Vent. He firſt would chuſe an Ague, or a Fever;
Ant. No: it muſt be an Ague, not a Fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.
Vent. Or old Age, and a Bed.
Ant. I, there's his choice.
He would live, like a Lamp, to the laſt wink,
And crawl upon the utmoſt verge of life:
O *Hercules!* Why ſhould a Man like this,
Who dares not truſt his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of Heaven? Why ſhould he Lord it
O'er Fourſcore thouſand Men, of whom, each one
Is braver than himſelf?
Vent. You conquer'd for him;
Philippi knows it: there you ſhar'd with him
That-Empire, which your Sword made all your own.
Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings
I bore this Wren, till I was tir'd with ſoaring,
And now he mounts above me.
Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me?
Who bids my age make way: drives me before him,
To the World's ridge, and ſweeps me off like rubbiſh?
Vent. Sir, we loſe time; the Troops are mounted all.
Ant. Then give the word to March:
I long to leave this Priſon of a Town,
To joyn thy Legions; and, in open Field,
Once more to ſhew my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.
Enter Alex.
Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in ſoft pity to th' oppreſt, a God:
This Meſſage ſends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing Lord.
Vent. Smooth Sycophant?
Alex. A thouſand Wiſhes, and ten thouſand Prayers,
Millions of Bleſſings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of Sighs and Tears ſhe ſends you too,
And would have ſent
As many dear embraces to your Arms,
As many parting Kiſſes to your Lips;
But thoſe, ſhe fears, have weary'd you already.
Vint. aſide. Falſe Crocodyle!
Alex. And yet ſhe begs not now, you would not leave her,
That were a wiſh too mighty for her hopes,
Too preſuming for her low Fortune, and your ebbing Love,
That were a wiſh for her more proſperous days,
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing kindneſs.

Ant. aſide. Well, I muſt Man it out; What would the Queen?
Alex. Firſt, to theſe Noble Warriors, who attend,
Your daring Courage in the chaſe of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her Quiet)
She humbly recommends all ſhe holds dear,
All her own Cares and Fears, the care of you.
Vent. Yes, witneſs *Actium.*
Ant. Let him ſpeak, *Ventidius.*
Alex. You, when his matchleſs Valour bears him forward,
With Ardor too Heroick, on his Foes,
Fall down, as ſhe would do, before his Feet;
Lie in his way, and ſtop the paths of Death;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That abſent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear theſe Trifles, as a pawn,
Which, at your wiſht return, ſhe will redeem, [*Gives Jewels to the Commanders.*
With all the Wealth of *Ægypt*:
This, to the great *Ventidius* ſhe preſents,
Whom ſhe can never count her Enemy,
Becauſe he loves her Lord.
Vent. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not aſham'd of honeſt Poverty:
Not all the Diamonds of the Eaſt can bribe
Ventidius from his Faith. I hope to ſee
Theſe, and the reſt of all her ſparkling ſtore,
Where they ſhall more deſervingly be plac'd.
Ant. And who muſt wear 'em then?
Vent. The wrong'd *Octavia.*
Ant. You might have ſpar'd that word.
Vent. And he that Bribe.
Ant. But have I no remembrance?
Alex. Yes, a dear one:
Your Slave, the Queen——
Ant. My Miſtreſs.
Alex. Then your Miſtreſs,
Your Miſtreſs would, ſhe ſays, have ſent her Soul,
But that you had long ſince; ſhe humbly begs
This Ruby Bracelet, ſet with bleeding Hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your Arm. [*Preſenting a Bracelet.*
Vent. Now, my beſt Lord, in Honour's name, I aſk you,
For Manhood's ſake, and for your own dear ſafety,
Touch not theſe poiſon'd Gifts,
Infected by the Sender, touch 'em not,
Miriads of blueſt Plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.
Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, *Ventidius.*
A Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.

What, to refuſe her Bracelet! On my Soul,
When I lie penſive in my Tent alone,
'Twill paſs the wakeful hours of Winter nights,
To tell theſe pretty Beads upon my Arm,
To count for every one a ſoft embrace,
A melting Kiſs at ſuch and ſuch a time;
And now and then the fury of her Love.
When———And what harm's in this?
Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis paſt for ever.
Ant. going } We Souldiers are ſo awkward———help me
to tye it. } tye it.
Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers too are awkward
In theſe Affairs: ſo are all Men indeed;
Ev'n I, who am not one. But ſhall I ſpeak?
Ant. Yes, freely.
Alex. Then, my Lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tye it; She, who ſent it, can.
Vent. Hell, Death; this Eunuch Pandar ruins you.
You will not ſee her? [Alexas *whiſpers an Attendant, who goes out.*
Ant. But to take my leave.
Vent. Then I have waſh'd an *Æthiope.* Y'are undone;
Y'are in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are deſtroy'd:
Her Eyes do *Cæſar*'s Work.
Ant. You fear too ſoon.
I'm conſtant to my ſelf: I know my ſtrength;
And yet ſhe ſhall not think me barbarous, neither,
Born in the depths of *Africk*: I'm a *Roman*,
Bred to the Rules of ſoft Humanity.
A gueſt, and kindly us'd, ſhould bid farewel.
Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an Infant:
You are not proof againſt a Smile or Glance;
A Sigh will quite diſarm you.
Ant. See, ſhe comes!
Now you ſhall find your error. Gods, I thank you:
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And, now 'tis near, 'tis leſſen'd.
Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion *and* Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.
Cleo. Is this a Meeting?
Then, we muſt part?
Ant. We muſt.
Cleo. Who ſays we muſt?
Ant. Our own hard fates.
Cleo. We make thoſe Fates our ſelves.
Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other

Into our mutual Ruin.
Cleo. The Gods have ſeen my Joys with envious Eyes ;
I have no Friends in Heaven ; and all the World,
(As 'twere the bus'neſs of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd againſt my Love : ev'n you your ſelf
Joyn with the reſt ; you, you are arm'd againſt me.
Ant. I will be juſtify'd in all I do
To late Poſterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a Lye
With any Truth, reproach me freely with it ;
Elſe, favour me with ſilence.
Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.
Vent. I like this well : he ſhews Authority.
Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone———
Cleo. O Heav'ns ! I ruin you !
Ant. You promis'd me your ſilence, and you break it
Ere I have ſcarce begun.
Cleo. Well, I obey you.
Ant. When I beheld you firſt, it was in *Ægypt*,
Ere *Cæſar* ſaw your Eyes , you gave me love,
And were too young to know it ; that I ſetled
Your Father in his Throne, was for your ſake,
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæſar ſtept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green Fruit, ere the firſt bluſh of Red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beſide, too great for me to Rival,
But, I deſerv'd you firſt, though he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.
Cleo. I clear'd my ſelf——
Ant. Again you break your Promiſe.
I lov'd you ſtill ; and took your weak excuſes,
Took you into my Boſom, ſtain'd by *Cæſar*,
And not half mine : I went to *Ægypt* with you,
And hid me from the bus'neſs of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my ſight,
To give whole years to you.
Vent. Yes, to your ſhame be't ſpoken. [*Aſide.*
Ant. How I lov'd
Witneſs ye Days and Nights, and all your Hours,
That Danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your bus'neſs were to count my Paſſion.
One day paſt by, and nothing ſaw but Love ;
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love :
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,

And I untir'd with Loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was ſtill but as the firſt:
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more.
Vent. 'Tis all too true.
Ant. *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,
As ſhe indeed had reaſon; rais'd a War
In *Italy* to call me back.
Vent. But yet
You went not.
Ant. While within your Arms I lay,
The World fell mouldring from my Hands each Hour,
And left me ſcarce a graſp (I thank your love for't.)
Vent. Well puſh'd: that laſt was home.
Cleo. Yet may I ſpeak?
Ant. If I have urg'd a falſhood, yes, elſe, not.
Your ſilence ſays I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindneſs dy'd.)
To ſet the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Cæſar*'s Siſter; in her pride of youth,
And flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
Whom bluſhing I muſt praiſe, becauſe I left her.
You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:
This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cauſe was yours,
I would have fought by Land, where I was ſtronger;
You hindred it: yet, when I fought at Sea,
Forſook me fighting; and (Oh ſtain to Honour!
Oh laſting ſhame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.
Vent. What haſte ſhe made to hoiſt her purple Sails!
And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our ſtrength away.
Ant. All this you caus'd.
And, Would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honeſt Man, my beſt, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwreck of my Fortunes;
Twelve Legions I have left, my laſt recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your Eyes
To ſeize them too. If you have ought to anſwer,
Now ſpeak, you have free leave.
Alex. aſide. She ſtands confounded:
Deſpair is in her Eyes.
Vent. Now lay a ſigh i'th' way, to ſtop his paſſage:
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they ſhall be ſold.
Cleo. How ſhall I plead my cauſe, when you, my Judge,
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?

That now is turn'd againſt me, that deſtroys me;
For, love once paſt, is at the beſt forgotten;
But oftner ſours to hate: 'twill pleaſe my Lord
To ruine me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow ſearching Eyes
Into my faults, ſevere to my deſtruction:
And watching all advantages with care,
That ſerve to make me wretched? Speak my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deſerve this uſage,
Was it like you to give it?
Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I ſought this parting, or deſir'd
To accuſe you more than what will clear my ſelf,
And juſtifie this breach.
Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And ſince my innocence will not offend,
I ſhall not bluſh to own it.
Vent. After this
I think ſhe'll bluſh at nothing.
Cleo. You ſeem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæſar* firſt
Enjoy'd my love, though you deſerv'd it better:
I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
For, had I firſt been yours, it would have ſav'd
My ſecond choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæſar* firſt,
You ſay, poſſeſs'd my love. Not ſo, my Lord;
He firſt poſſeſs'd my Perſon; you my Love:
Cæſar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Anthony*.
If I endur'd him after, 'twas becauſe
I judg'd it due to the firſt name of Men;
And half conſtrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
What he would take by force.
Vent. O Syren! Syren!
Yet grant that all the Love ſhe boaſts were true,
Has ſhe not ruin'd you? I ſtill urge that,
The fatal conſequence.
Cleo. The conſequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greateſt Foe,
To ſay it was deſign'd: 'tis true I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneaſie Will,
(Such *Fulvia* was)
Yes; but he'll ſay, you left *Octavia* for me;——
And, Can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted ſuch deſert, for worthleſs me?
How often have I wiſh'd ſome other *Cæſar*,
Great as the firſt, and as the ſecond young,

Would court my Love to be refus'd for you!
Vent. Words, words; but *Actium*, Sir, remember *Actium*.
Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I Counſell'd
To fight at Sea; but I betray'd you not.
I fled; but not to the Enemy. 'Twas fear;
Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
For none would then have envy'd me your friendſhip,
Who envy me your Love.
Ant. We're both unhappy:
If nothing elſe, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak; Would you have me periſh, by my ſtay?
Cleo. If as a friend you ask my Judgment, go;
If as a Lover, ſtay. If you muſt periſh:
'Tis a hard word; but ſtay.
Vent. See now th' effects of her ſo boaſted love!
She ſtrives to drag you down to ruine with her:
But, could ſhe 'ſcape without you, oh how ſoon
Would ſhe let go her hold, and haſte to ſhore,
And never look behind!
Cleo. Then judge my love by this. [*Giving* Anthony *a Writing*.
Could I have born
A life or death, a happineſs or woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.
Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius*!
I know it well; 'tis that preſcribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the ſecond place in Murder.——
See, ſee, *Ventidius*! here he offers *Ægypt*,
And joyns all *Syria* to it as a preſent,
So, in requital, ſhe forſake my fortunes,
And joyn her Arms with his.
Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, *Anthony*; and yet I love you.
Indeed I do: I have refus'd a Kingdom,
That's a Trifle:
For I could part with life; with any thing,
But only you. O let me die, but with you;
Is that a hard requeſt?
Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.
Alex. *Aſide*. He melts; We conquer.
Cleo. No: you ſhall go: your Int'reſt calls you hence;
Yes, your dear intereſt pulls too ſtrong, for theſe
Week Arms to hold you here—— [*Takes his hand*.
Go; leave me Souldier;
(For you're no more a Lover:) leave me dying:
Puſh me all pale and panting from your Boſom,
And when your March begins, let one run after,

Breathleſs almoſt for Joy ; and cry, ſhe's dead :
The Souldiers ſhout ; you then perhaps may ſigh
And muſter all your *Roman* Gravity ;
Ventidius chides ; and ſtrait your Brow clears up
As I had never been.
Ant. Gods, 'tis too much ; too much for Man to beard.
Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak forſaken Woman ? and a Lover ?——
Here let me breath my laſt : envy me not
This minute in your Arms : I'll die apace :
As faſt as e'er I can ; and end your trouble.
Ant. Die ! Rather let me periſh ; looſ'n'd Nature
Leap from its hinges. Sink the props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to cruſh the nether World.
My Eyes, my Soul ; my all !—— [*Embraces her.*
Vent. And what's this Toy
In balance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame ?
Ant. What is't, *Ventidius* ? it out-weighs 'em all ;
Why, we have more than Conquer'd *Cæſar* now :
My Queen's not only Innocent, but Loves me.
This, this is ſhe who drags me down to ruin !
But, could ſhe 'ſcape without me, with what haſte
Would ſhe let ſlip her hold, and make to ſhore,
And never look behind !
Down on thy knees, Blaſphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveneſs of wrong'd Innocence.
Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?
Ant. Go ! Whither ? go from all that's excellent !
Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good things forbid,
That I ſhould go from her, who ſets my love
Above the price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your *Cæſar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gew-gaw World, and put him cheaply off :
I'll not be pleas'd with leſs than *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. She's wholly yours ! My heart's ſo full of joy,
That I ſhall do ſome wild extravagance
Of Love in publick ; and the fooliſh World,
Which knows not tenderneſs, will think me Mad.
Vent. O Women! Women ! Women ! all the Gods
Have not ſuch pow'r of doing good to Man,
As you of doing harm. [*Exit.*
Ant. Our Men are Arm'd.
Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæſar*'s Camp ;
I would revenge the Treachery he meant me :
And long ſecurity makes Conqueſt eaſie.
I'm eager to return before I go ;

For, all the pleaſures I have known, beat thick
On my remembrance: how I long for Night!
That both the ſweets of mutual love may try,
And once Triumph o'er *Cæſar* ere we die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

At one door, Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *and* Alexas, *a Train of* Ægyptians: *at the other*, Anthony *and* Romans. *The entrance on both ſides is prepar'd by Muſick; the Trumpets firſt ſounding on* Anthony's *parts: then anſwer'd by Timbrels*, &c. *on* Cleopatra's. Charmion *and* Iras *hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of* Ægyptians. *After the Ceremony*, Cleopatra *Crowns* Anthony.

Ant. I Thought how thoſe white arms would fold me in,
And ſtrain me cloſe, and melt me into love;
So pleas'd with that ſweet Image, I ſprung forwards,
And added all my ſtrength to every blow.
Cleo. Come to me, come my Souldier, to my Arms,
You've been too long away from my embraces;
But, when I have you faſt, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and with amorous ſighs,
I'll ſay, you were unkind, and puniſh you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiſs.
Ant. My Brighter *Venus*!
Cleo. O my greater *Mars*!
Ant. Thou joinſt us well, my Love!
Suppoſe me come from the *Phlegræan* Plains,
Where gaſping Gyants lay, cleft by my Sword:
And Mountain tops par'd off each other blow,
To bury thoſe I ſlew: receive me, Goddeſs:
Let *Cæſar* ſpread his ſubtle Nets, like Vulcan,
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By Heav'n and Earth at once:
And make their envy what they meant their ſport.
Let thoſe who took us bluſh; I would love on
With awful State, regardleſs of their frowns,
As their ſuperior God,
There's no ſatiety of Love, in thee;
Enjoy'd, thou ſtill art new; perpetual Spring
Is in thy arms; the ripen'd fruit but falls,
And bloſſoms riſe to fill its empty place;
And I grow rich by giving.
Enter Ventidius, *and ſtands apart.*
Alex. O, now the danger's paſt, your General come.
He joyns not in your joys, nor minds your Triumphs;

But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,
As envying your Succeſs.
Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me; truly loves me;
He never flatter'd me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue: ev'n this minute
Methinks he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the Temple: I'll avoid his preſence;
It checks too ſtrong upon me. [*Exeunt the reſt.*

As Anthony *is going,* Ventidius *pulls him by the Robe.*

Vent. Emperour.
Ant. looking back } 'Tis the old argument; I pr'y thee ſpare me.
Vent. But this one hearing, Emperour.
Ant. Let go
My Robe; or, by my Father *Hercules*———
Vent. By *Hercules* his Father, that's yet greater,
I bring you ſomewhat you would wiſh to know.
Ant. Thou ſee'ſt we are obſerv'd; attend me here,
And I'll return. [*Exit.*
Vent. I'm waining in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this Man, who runs to meet his ruin;
And, ſure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:
His Virtues lie ſo mingled with his Crimes,
As would confound their choice to puniſh one,
And not reward the other.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. We can conquer,
You ſee, without your aid,
We have diſlodg'd their Troops,
They look on us at diſtance, and like Curs
Scap'd from the Lions paws, they bay far off,
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten War.
Five thouſand *Romans* with their faces upward,
Lie breathleſs on the Plain.
Vent. 'Tis well: and he
Who loſt 'em, could have ſpar'd Ten thouſand more.
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
An eaſier Peace, while *Cæſar* doubts the Chance
Of Arms!———
Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
The Boy purſues my ruin, he'll no peace:
His malice is conſiderate in advantage;
O, he's the cooleſt Murderer, ſo ſtanch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.
Vent. Have you no friend
In all his Army, who has power to move him,
Mecænas, or *Agrippa* might do much.
Ant. They're both too deep in *Cæſar*'s intereſts.

We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or periſh.
Vent. Fain I would find ſome other.
Ant. Thank thy Love.
Some four or five ſuch Victories as this,
Will ſave thy farther pains.
Vent. Expect no more; *Cæſar* is on his Guard:
I know, Sir, you have conquer'd againſt odds;
But ſtill you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
And of *Ægyptians*: He has all the World,
And, at his back, Nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.
Ant. Why doſt thou drive me from my ſelf, to ſearch
For Foreign aids? to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a waſt and barren place
To find a Friend? The wretched have no Friends——
Yet I had one, the braveſt Youth of *Rome*,
Whom *Cæſar* loves beyond the Love of Women;
He could reſolve his mind, as Fire does Wax,
From that hard rugged Image, melt him down,
And mould him in what ſofter form he pleas'd.
Vent. Him would I ſee; that Man of all the World;
Juſt ſuch a one we want.
Ant. He lov'd me too.
I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:
We were ſo clos'd within each others Breaſts,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us firſt.
That does not reach us yet: we were ſo mixt,
As meeting ſtreams, both to our ſelves were loſt;
We were one Maſs; we could not give or take,
But from the ſame; for he was I, I he.
Vent. Aſide.] He moves as I would wiſh him.
Ant. After this,
I need not tell his Name: 'twas *Dolabella*.
Vent. He's now in *Cæſar's* Camp.
Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbad him *Cleopatra*'s ſight;
Becauſe I fear'd he lov'd her: he confeſs'd
He had a warmth, which, for my ſake, he ſtifled;
For 'twere impoſſible that two, ſo one,
Should not have lov'd the ſame. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.
Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Elſe he had ſtaid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his Friend: I know he loves you.
Ant. I ſhould have ſeen him then ere now.
Vent. Perhaps.

He has thus long been lab'ring for your Peace.
Ant. Would he were here.
Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you!
I read your Anſwer in your Eyes; you would.
Not to conceal it lónger, he has ſent
A Meſſenger from *Cæſar*'s Camp, with Letters.
Ant. Let him appear.
Vent. I'll bring him inſtantly. [*Exit* Ventidius, *and Re-enters immediately with* Dolabella.

Ant. 'Tis he himſelf, himſelf, by holy Friendſhip! [*Runs to embrace him.*
Art thou return'd at laſt, my better half?
Come, give me all my ſelf.
Let me not live,
If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
Was ever half ſo fond.
Dola. I muſt be ſilent; for my Soul is buſie
About a noble Work: ſhe's new come home,
Like a long abſent Man, and wanders o'er
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look
If all be ſafe.
Ant. Thou haſt what's left of me,
For I am now ſo ſunk from what I was,
Thou find'ſt me at my loweſt Water-mark.
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another courſe:
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've ſtill a Heart that ſwells, in ſcorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.
Dola. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.
Ant. Why, then I yet am ſo; for thou art all.
If I had any Joy when thou wert abſent,
I grudg'd it to my ſelf; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy part. But, Oh my *Dolabella*!
Thou haſt beheld me other than I am.
Haſt thou not ſeen my morning Chambers fill'd
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to ſalute me:
With Eaſtern Monarchs; who forgot the Sun,
To worſhip my upriſing? Menial Kings
Run courſing up and down my Palace-yard,
Stood ſilent in my Preſence, watch'd my Eyes,
And, at my leaſt Command, all ſtarted out
Like Racers to the Goal.
Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.
Ant. Fortune is *Cæſar*'s now; and what am I?
Vent. What you have made your ſelf; I will not flatter.
Ant. Is this Friendly done?
Dola. Yes, when his end is ſo, I muſt join with him;

Indeed I muſt, and yet you muſt not chide:
Why am I elſe your Friend?
Ant. Take heed, young Man,
How thou upbraid'ſt my Love: The Queen has Eyes,
And thou too haſt a Soul. Canſt thou remember
When, ſwell'd with hatred, thou beheld'ſt her firſt
As Acceſſary to thy Brothers Death?
Dola. Spare my Remembrence; 'twas a guilty day,
And ſtill the bluſh hangs here.
Ant. To clear her ſelf,
For ſending him no Aid, ſhe came from *Ægypt.*
Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in Purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch, were plac'd;
Were ſhe, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.
Dola. No more: I would not hear it.
Ant. O, you muſt!
She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,
And caſt a Look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if, ſecure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting ſhe could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
That plaid about her Face: But if ſhe ſmil'd,
A darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad:
That Mens deſiring Eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the Object: To ſoft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept Time; and while they plaid,
The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight;
And both to Thought: 'twas Heav'n or ſomewhat more;
For ſhe ſo charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the ſhore, and wanted Breath
To give their welcome Voice.
Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul?
Was not thy Fury quite diſarm'd with Wonder?
Didſt thou not ſhrink behind me from thoſe Eyes,
And whiſper in my Ears? Oh, tell her not
That I accus'd her with my Brothers Death!
Dola. And ſhould my Weakneſs be a Plea for yours?
Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,
When kindly warmth, and when my ſpringing youth
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours——
Vent. Speak boldly.
Yours, he would ſay, in your declining Age,
When no more heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,
When it went down, then you conſtrain'd the Courſe,

And robb'd from Nature, to ſupply Deſire;
In you (I would not uſe ſo harſh a Word)
But 'tis plain Dotage,
Ant. Ha!
Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the loſs was private that I made;
'Twas but my ſelf I loſt: I loſt no Legions;
I had no World to loſe, no Peoples Love.
Ant. This from a Friend?
Dola. Yes, *Anthony*, a true one;
A Friend ſo tender, that each Word I ſpeak
Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your Ear.
O, judge me not leſs kind becauſe I chide:
To *Cæſar* I excuſe you.
Ant. O ye Gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæſar*?
Dola. As to your Equal:
While I wear this, he never ſhall be more.
I bring Conditions from him.
Ant. Are they Noble?
Methinks thou ſhouldſt not bring 'em elſe; yet he
Is full of deep diſſembling; knows no Honour,
Divided from his Int'reſt. Fate miſtook him;
For Nature meant him for an Uſurer,
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.
Vent. Then, granting this,
What Pow'r was theirs who wrought ſo hard a Temper
To honourable Terms!
Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or ſome God.
Dola. Nor I; nor yet *Mecænas*, not *Agrippa*:
They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman*'s Deed.
Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: ſhow me that Man
Who has preſerv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour;
Let me but ſee his Face.
Vent. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n thou know'ſt how pleaſing. *Exit* Vent.
Dola. You'll remember
To whom you ſtand oblig'd?
Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greateſt curſe.
My Queen ſhall thank him too.
Dola. I fear ſhe will not.
Ant. But ſhe ſhall do't: the Queen, my *Dolabella*!
Haſt thou not ſtill ſome grudgings of thy Fever?
Dola. I would not ſee her loſt.
Ant. When I forſake her,

Leave me, my better Stars; for ſhe has a Soul
Beyond her beauty. *Cæſar* tempted her,
At no leſs price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
But ſhe reſiſted all: and yet thou chid'ſt me
For loving her too well. Could I do ſo?

Dola. Yes there's my reaſon.

Re-enter Ventidius, *with* Octavia, *leading* Anthony's *two little Daughters.*

Ant. Where? ——*Octavia* there! *(Starting back.)*

Vent. What, is ſhe poyſon to you? a Diſeaſe?
Look on her, view her well; and thoſe ſhe brings:
Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? has Nature
No ſecret Call, no wiſper they are yours?

Dola. For ſhame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive 'em
With kinder Eyes. If you confeſs a Man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your Arms ſhould open, ev'n without your knowledge,
To claſp 'em in; your Feet ſhould turn to Wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,
And aim a kiſs ere you could reach the Lips.

Ant. I ſtood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I ſent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknow
To *Cleopatra*'s Guards.

Dola. Yet are you cold?

Octav. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a Stranger, ſure I might expect,
Who am I?

Ant. *Cæſar*'s Siſter.

Octav. That's unkind!
Had I been nothing more than *Cæſar*'s Siſter,
Know, I had ſtill remain'd in *Cæſar*'s Camp;
But you *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
Though baniſh'd, from your Bed, driv'n from your Houſe,
In ſpight of *Cæſar*'s Siſter, ſtill is yours.
'Tis true, I have a heart diſdains your Coldneſs,
And prompts me not to ſeek what you ſhould offer;
But a Wife's Virtue ſtill ſurmounts that Pride:
I come to claim you as my own; to ſhow
My Duty firſt, to ask, nay beg, your kindneſs:
Your hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it. [*Taking his hand.*

Vent. Do, take it, thou deſerv'ſt it.

Dola. On my Soul,
And ſo ſhe does: ſhe's neither too ſubmiſſive,
Nor yet too haughty; but ſo juſt a mean,
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.

Ant. I fear *Octavia*, you have begg'd my Life.

Octav. Begg'd it, my Lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambaſſadreſs,
Poorly and baſely begg'd it of your Brother.
Octav. Poorly and baſely I could never beg;
Nor could my Brother grant.
Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling Slave, could ſay,
Riſe up, and be a King; ſhall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, *Cæſar*? ſhall I ſet
A Man my Equal, in the place of *Jove*,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choak me up,
And die upon my Tongue.
Dola. You ſhall not need it.
Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me:
My Friend too! To receive ſome vile Conditions.
My Wife has bought me, with her Prayers and Tears;
And now I muſt become her branded Slave:
In every peeviſh Mood ſhe will upbraid
The Life ſhe gave: if I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.
Octav. My hard Fortune
Subjects me ſtill to your unkind miſtakes.
But the Conditions I have brought are ſuch
You need not bluſh to take: I love your Honour,
Becauſe 'tis mine; it never ſhall be ſaid
Octavia's Husband was her Brothers Slave.
Sir, you are Free; Free, ev'n from her you loath;
For, though my Brother bargains for your Love,
Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,
I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take
Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deſerve.
I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
He ſhall draw back his Troops, and you ſhall march
To rule the Eaſt: I may be dropt at *Athens*;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
And rid you of the trouble.
Vent. Was ever ſuch a ſtrife of ſullen Honour!
Both ſcorn'd to be oblig'd.
Dola. Oh, ſhe has toucht him in the tender'ſt part;
See how he reddens with deſpight and ſhame
To be out-done in Generoſity!
Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a Tear,
That fain would fall!
Ant. *Octavia*, I have heard you, and muſt praiſe
The greatneſs of your Soul;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love;

And you do all for Duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at *Athens*; was't not ſo?

Octav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I muſt be oblig'd
To one who Loves me not, who, to her ſelf,
May call me thankleſs and ungrateful Man:
I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia's* Virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your Life,
And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.
I have been injur'd and my haughty Soul
Could brook but ill the Man who ſlights my Bed.

Ant. Therefore you Love me not.

Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I ſhould not love you.

Ant. Therefore you wou'd leave me?

Octav. And therefore I ſhould leave you——if I could.

Dola. Her Soul's too great, after ſuch injuries,
To ſay ſhe Loves; and yet ſhe lets you ſee it.
Her modeſty and ſilence pleads her Cauſe.

Ant. Oh, *Dolabella*, which way ſhall I turn?
I find a ſecret yielding in my Soul;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Muſt ſhe be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Juſtice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.
One would be ruin'd with you; but ſhe firſt
Had ruin'd you: the other, you have ruin'd,
And yet ſhe would preſerve you.
In every thing their Merits are unequal.

Ant. Oh, my diſtracted Soul!

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compoſe it.
Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you ſhould accept it. Look on theſe;
Are they not yours? Or ſtand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, ſpeak to him;
For you may ſpeak, and he may own you too,
Without a Bluſh; and ſo he cannot all
His Children: go, I ſay, and pull him to me,
And pull him to your ſelves, from that bad Woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his Arms;
And you *Antonia*, claſp about his Waſte:
If he will ſhake you off, if he will daſh you

Againſt the Pavement, you muſt bear it, Children;
For you are mine, and I was born to ſuffer. [*Here the Children go to him, &c.*
Vent. Was ever ſight ſo moving! Emperour!
Dola. Friend!
Octav. Husband!
Both Chidr. Father!
Ant. I am vanquiſh'd: take me,
Octavia; take me, Children; ſhare me all. (*Embracing them.*)
I've been a thriftleſs Debtor to your Loves,
And run out much in Riot, from your Stock;
But all ſhall be amended.
Octav. O bleſt hour!
Dola. O happy Change!
Vent. My joy ſtops at my tongue;
But it has found two Channels here for one,
And Bubbles out above.
Ant. to Octavia. This is thy Triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Ev'n to thy Brothers Camp.
Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas *haſtily.*

Alex. The Queen, my Miſtreſs, Sir, and yours——
Ant. 'Tis paſt, *Octavia*, you ſhall ſtay this night; To morrow,
Cæſar and we are one. [*Ex. leading* Octavia, Dola. *and the Children follow.*
Vent. There's News for you; run,
My officious Eunuch,
Be ſure to be the firſt; haſte forward:
Haſte, my dear Eunuch, haſte. [*Exit.*
Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-ſcull'd Hero,
This blunt unthinking Inſtrument of Death,
With plain dull Virtue has out-gone my Wit:
Pleaſure forſook my early'ſt Infancy,
The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
And raviſh'd thence the Promiſe of a Man:
Caſt out from Nature, diſinherited
Of what her meaneſt Childrem claim by kind;
Yet, Greatneſs kept me from Contempt: that's gone.
Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forſakes.
She dies for love; but ſhe has known its joys:
Gods, is this juſt, that I, who know no joys,
Muſt die, becauſe ſhe loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Train.

Oh, Madam, I have ſeen what blaſts my Eyes!
Octavia's here!
Cleo. Peace with that Raven's note,
I know it too; and now am in
The Pangs of Death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen;
Ægypt is loſt.
Cleo. What tell'ſt thou me of *Ægypt*!
My Life, my Soul is loſt! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* love!
My kiſſes, my embraces now are hers;
While I——But thou haſt ſeen my Rival; ſpeak,
Does ſhe deſerve this Bleſſing? Is ſhe fair?
Bright as a Goddeſs? and is all perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that courſe matter which, when ſhe was finiſh'd,
The Gods threw by for rubbiſh.
Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.
Cleo. Death to my hopes, a Miracle!
Alex. bowing. A Miracle;
I mean of Goodneſs; for in Beauty, Madam,
You make all Wonders ceaſe.
Cleo. I was too raſh:
Take this in part of recompence. But, Oh, [*Giving a Ring.*
I fear thou flatter'ſt me.
Char. She comes! ſhe's here!
Iras. Flie, Madam, *Cæſar's* Siſter!
Cleo. Were ſhe the Siſter of the Thund'rer *Jove*,
And bore her Brother's Lightning in her Eyes,
Thus would I face my Rival. [*Meets* Octav. *with* Ventid.
[Octav. *bears up to her. Their Trains come up on either ſide.*
Octav. I need not aſk if you are *Cleopatra*,
Your haughty Carriage——
Cleo. Shows I am a Queen:
Nor need I aſk you who you are.
Octav. A *Roman*:
A Name that makes, and can unmake a Queen.
Cleo. Your Lord, the Man who ſerves me, is a *Roman*.
Octav. He was a *Roman*, till he loſt that Name
To be a Slave in *Ægypt*; but I come
To free him thence.
Cleo. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that Houſhold-Clog,
He choſe my eaſier Bonds.
Octav. I wonder not
Your Bonds are eaſie; you have long been practis'd
In that laſcivious Art: he's not the firſt
For whom you ſpread your ſnares: let *Cæſar* witneſs.
Cleo. I lov'd not *Cæſar*; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his Love: the worſt your Malice can,
Is but to ſay the greateſt of Mankind
Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him

In my Eſteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his Love made mine.
Octav. coming up cloſe to her. I would view nearer
That Face, which has ſo long uſurp'd my right,
To find th' inevitable Charms, that catch
Mankind ſo ſure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.
Cleo. O, you do well to ſearch; for had you known
But half theſe Charms, you had not loſt his heart.
Octav. Far be their knowledge from a *Roman* Lady,
Far from a modeſt Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Doſt thou not Bluſh, to own thoſe black Endearments
That make ſin pleaſing?
Cleo. You may Bluſh, who want 'em:
If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me Charms to pleaſe the braveſt Man;
Should I not thank 'em? ſhould I be aſham'd,
And not be Proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face
For one like that.
Octav. Thou lov'ſt him not ſo well.
Cleo. I Love him better, and deſerve him more.
Octav. You do not; cannot: you have been his ruine.
Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra*!
Who made him ſcorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?
At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.
Who made his Children Orphans? and poor me
A wretched Widow? only *Cleopatra*?
Cleo. Yet ſhe who loves him beſt is *Cleopatra*.
If you have ſuffer'd, I have ſuffer'd more.
You bear the ſpecious Title of a Wife,
To gild your Cauſe, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: the World contemns poor me;
For I have loſt my Honour, loſt my Fame,
And ſtain'd the Glory of my Royal Houſe,
And all to bear the branded Name of Miſtreſs.
There wants but Life, and that too I would loſe
For him I love.
Octav. Be't ſo then; take thy Wiſh. [*Exit cum ſuis.*
Cleo. And 'tis my Wiſh,
Now he is loſt for whom alone I liv'd.
My ſight grows dim, and every Object dances,
And ſwims before me, in the maze of Death.
My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not ſink beneath a Rivals ſcorn:
But now ſhe's gone they faint.
Alex. Mine have had leiſure
To recollect their Strength, and furniſh Counſel,

To ruine her; who elſe muſt ruine you.
Cleo. Vain Promiſer!
Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your hand too, *Iras*:
My Grief has weight enough to ſink you both.
Conduct me to ſome Solitary Chamber,
And draw the Curtains round;
Then leave me to my ſelf, to take alone
My fill of Grief:
There I till Death will his unkindneſs weep;
As harmleſs Infants moan themſelves aſleep. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Anthony, Dolabella.

Dola. WHy, would you ſhift it from your ſelf, on me?
Can you not tell her you muſt part?
Ant. I cannot.
I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,
And t'other ſhould not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
How many Deaths are in this word *Depart*!
I dare not truſt my tongue to tell her ſo:
One Look of hers, would thaw me into Tears,
And I ſhould melt till I were loſt agen.
Dola. Then let *Ventidius*;
He's rough by Nature.
Ant. Oh, he'll ſpeak too harſhly;
He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only thou.
Dola. Nature has caſt me in ſo ſoft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleaſure
Of ſome ſad Lovers Death, moiſtens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood.——I ſhould ſpeak
So faintly; with ſuch fear to grieve her Heart,
She'd not believe it earneſt.
Ant. Therefore; therefore
Thou only, thou art fit: think thy ſelf me,
And when thou ſpeak'ſt (but let it firſt be long)
Take off the edge from every Sharper ſound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: wilt thou do this?
Dola. What you have ſaid, ſo ſinks into my Soul,
That, if I muſt ſpeak, I ſhall ſpeak juſt ſo.
Ant. I leave you then to your ſad task: Farewel.
I ſent her word to meet you. (*Goes to the door, and comes back.*)
I forgot;

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
Her Crown and Dignity ſhall be preſerv'd,
If I have pow'r with *Cæſar*.——O, be ſure
To think on that.

Dola. Fear not, I will remember. [Anthony *goes again to the door, and comes back.*

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was conſtrain'd;
I did not this, but with extreameſt force:
Deſire her not to hate my Memory,
For I ſtill cheriſh hers;——inſiſt on that.

Dola. Truſt me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all. (*Goes out, and returns again.*)
Wilt thou forgive my fondneſs this once more?
Tell her, though we ſhall never meet again,
If I ſhould hear ſhe took another Love,
The News would break my Heart.——Now I muſt go;
For every time I have return'd, I feel
My Soul more tender; and my next Command
Would be to bid her ſtay, and ruine both. [*Exit.*

Dola. Men are but Children of a larger growth,
Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the Soul, ſhut up in her dark Room,
Viewing ſo clear abroad, at home ſees nothing;
But, like a Mole in Earth, buſie and blind,
Works all her folly up, and caſts it outward
To the Worlds open view: thus I diſcover'd,
And blam'd the Love of ruin'd *Anthony*;
Yet wiſh that I were he, to be ſo ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius *above.*

Vent. Alone? and Talking to himſelf? concern'd too?
Perhaps my Gueſs is right; he lov'd her once,
And may purſue it ſtill.

Dola. O Friendſhip! Friendſhip!
Ill canſt thou anſwer this; and Reaſon, worſe:
Unfaithful in th' Attempt; hopeleſs to win;
And, if I win, undone: mere madneſs all.
And yet th' occaſion's fair. What injury
To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none, at all. This happens as I wiſh,
To ruine her yet more with *Anthony*.

Enter Cleopatra, *talking with* Alexas, Charmion,
Iras *on the other ſide.*

Dola. She comes! What Charms have ſorrow on that Face!
Sorrow ſeems pleas'd to dwell with ſo much ſweetneſs;
Yet, now and then, a Melancholy ſmile
Breaks looſe, like Lightning in a Winter's night,
And ſhows a moments day.

Ven. If ſhe ſhould love him too! Her Eunuch there!
That *Porcpiſce* bodes ill weather.
Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet Devil, that I may hear.
Alex. Believe me; try

[*Dolabella* goes over to *Charmion* and *Iras*; *ſeems to talk with them.*

To make him jealous; jealouſie is like
A poliſht Glaſs held to the lips when Life's in doubt:
If there be Breath, 'twill catch the damp and ſhow it.
Cleo. I grant you Jealouſie's a Proof of Love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine;
It puts out the Diſeaſe, and makes it ſhow,
But has no pow'r to cure.
Alex. 'Tis your laſt Remedy, and ſtrongeſt too:
And then this *Dolabella*, who ſo fit
To practice on? He's handſome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait
To catch weak Womens Eyes.
He ſtands already more than half ſuſpected
Of loving you: the leaſt kind word, or glance,
You give this Youth, will kindle him with Love:
Then, like a burning Veſſel ſet adrift,
You'll ſend him down amain before the Wind,
To fire the Heart of jealous *Anthony*.
Cleo. Can I do this? Ah no; my Love's ſo true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor ſhow it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife, a ſilly harmleſs houſhold Dove,
Fond without Art; and kind without Deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Miſtreſs of me,
Haſt thruſt me out to the wide World, unfurniſh'd
Of falſhood to be happy.
Alex. Force your ſelf.
Th' event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly deſirous to poſſeſs the good
Which once he fear'd to loſe.
Cleo. I muſt Attempt it;
But Oh with what regret! [*Exit* Alex. (*She comes up to* Dolabella)
Vent. So, now the Scene draws near; they're in my reach.
Cleo. to Dol. Diſcourſing with my Women! Might not I
Share in your Entertainment?
Char. You have been
The Subject of it, Madam.
Cleo. How; and how?
Iras. Such praiſes of your Beauty!
Cleo. Mere Poetry.
Your *Roman* Wits, your *Gallus* and *Tibullus*,

Have taught you this from *Citheris* and *Delia*.
Dola. Thoſe *Roman* Wits have never been in *Ægypt*,
Citheris and *Delia* elſe had been unſung;
I, who have ſeen——had I been born a Poet,
Should chuſe a nobler Name.
Cleo. You flatter me.
But, 'tis your Nation's vice: all of your Country
Are flatterers, and all falſe. Your Friend's like you.
I'm ſure he ſent you not to ſpeak theſe words.
Dola. No, Madam; yet he ſent me——
Cleo. Well, he ſent you——
Dola. Of a leſs pleaſing Errand.
Cleo. How leſs pleaſing?
Leſs to your ſelf, or me?
Dola. Madam, to both;
For you muſt mourn, and I muſt grieve to cauſe it.
Cleo. You, *Charmion*, and your Fellow, ſtand at diſtance.
(*Aſide.*) Hold up, my Spirits.——Well, now your mournful matter;
For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can Gueſs it too.
Dola. I wiſh you would; for 'tis a thankleſs office,
To tell ill News: and I, of all your Sex,
Moſt fear diſpleaſing you.
Cleo. Of all your Sex,
I ſooneſt could forgive you, if you ſhould.
Vent. Moſt delicate advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear damn'd inconſtant Sex!
Cleo. In the firſt place,
I am to be forſaken; is't not ſo?
Dola. I wiſh I could not Anſwer to that Queſtion.
Cleo. Then paſs it o'er, becauſe it troubles you:
I ſhould have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to loſe my Kingdom——Farewel, *Ægypt*.
Yet, is there any more?
Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep Senſe of Grief has turn'd your Reaſon.
Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poyſons are by Poyſons.
Dola. ——You o'erjoy me, Madam,
To find your Griefs ſo moderately born.
You've heard the worſt; all are not falſe, like him.
Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they ſhould.
Dola. Some Men are conſtant.
Cleo. And Conſtancy deſerves Reward, that's certain.
Dola. Deſerves it not; but give it leave to hope.
Vent. I'll ſwear thou haſt my leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll conſider. [*Exit.*

Dola. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy News; News, which I thought,
Would fright the Blood from your pale Cheeks to hear;
But you have met it with a Cheerfulneſs
That makes my Task more eaſie; and my Tongue,
Which on anothers Meſſage was employ'd,
Would gladly ſpeak its own.
Cleo. Hold, *Dolabella.*
Firſt tell me, were you choſen by my Lord?
Or ſought you this Employment?
Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his Boſom-Friend,
He Charg'd me with his words.
Cleo. The Meſſage then
I know was tender, and each Accent ſmooth,
To mollifie that rugged word *Depart.*
Dola. Oh, you miſtake: he choſe the harſheſt words,
With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He Coyn'd his Face in the ſevereſt ſtamp:
And fury ſhook his Fabrick like an Earthquake;
He heav'd for vent, and burſt like bellowing *Ætna,*
In Sounds ſcarce humane, "Hence, away for ever:
"Let her be gone, the blot of my renown,
"And bane of all my hopes: [*All the time of this Speech,* Cleop. *ſeems more and more concern'd, till ſhe ſinks quite down.*
"Let her be driv'n as far as Men can think
"From Mans commerce: She'll poyſon to the Center.
Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more!
Dola. Help, help, Oh Wretch! Oh curſed curſed Wretch!
What have I done?
Char. Help, chafe her Temples, *Iras.*
Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.
Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
She comes again.
Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.
Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,
Th' abode of Falſhood, violated Vows,
And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;
For, if there be a place of long repoſe,
I'm ſure I want it. My diſdainful Lord
Can never break that quiet; nor awake
The ſleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb
Such words as fright her hence. Unkind, unkind.
Dola. kneeling. Believe me, 'tis againſt my ſelf I ſpeak,
That ſure deſerves Belief; I injur'd him:
My Friend ne'er ſpoke thoſe words. Oh, had you ſeen
How often he came back, and every time
With ſomething more obliging and more kind,

To add to what he ſaid; what dear Farewels;
How almoſt vanquiſht by his Love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
I Traitor as I was, for love of you,
(But what can you not do, who made me falſe!)
I forg'd that Lye; for whoſe forgiveneſs kneels
This ſelf-accus'd, ſelf-puniſh'd Criminal.

Cleo. With how much eaſe believe we what we wiſh!
Riſe, *Dolabella*; if you have been Guilty,
I have contributed, and too much have I
Has made me Guilty too.
Th' advance of kindneſs which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting Love by Jealouſie;
But 'twould not laſt. Oh, rather let me loſe
Than ſo ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dola. I find your Breaſt fenc'd round from humane reach,
Tranſparent as a Rock of ſolid Chryſtal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endleſs Treaſure haſt thou thrown away,
And ſcatter'd like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain ſums of Wealth which none can gather thence.

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hours Admittance to his private Ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no Hoſpitable Inn
Is near to ſuccour Hunger,
Eats his fill, before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famiſh'd Eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never muſt return.

Ventidius, *with* Octavia, *behind.*

Vent. From hence you may diſcover——Oh, ſweet, ſweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty hand in Earneſt?
[*Takes her hand.*

Dola. I will, for this Reward,——Draw it not back,
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

Octav. What quick Eyes has Guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have obſerv'd 'em, and go on.

They Enter.

Dola. Saw you the Emperour, *Ventidius*?

Vent. No.
I ſought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

Dola. Know you his bus'neſs?

Vent. Giving him Inſtructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Cæſar.*

Dola. Well,
He muſt be found.
[*Exeunt* Dola. *and* Cleo.

Octav. Moſt glorious impudence!

Vent. She look'd methought
As ſhe would ſay, Take your old Man, *Octavia*;
Thank you, I'm better here.
Well, but what uſe
Make we of this Diſcovery?

Octav. Let it die.

Vent. I pity *Dolabella*; but ſhe's dangerous:
Her Eyes have pow'r beyond *Theſſalian* Charms
To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,
The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their flatt'ry;
And, while ſhe ſpeaks, Night ſteals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of thoſe that hear: Then ſhe's ſo charming,
Age buds at ſight of her, and ſwells to youth:
The holy Prieſts gaze on her when ſhe ſmiles;
And with heav'd hands forgetting Gravity,
They bleſs her wanton Eyes: Even I who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold ſuch Beauty;
And, while I Curſe, deſire it. *Antony*
Muſt needs have ſome remains of Paſſion ſtill,
Which may ferment into a worſe Relapſe,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,
With *Cæſar* he's endeavouring her Peace.

Octav. You have prevail'd:——but for a farther purpoſe
I'll prove how he will reliſh this Diſcovery.
What, make a Strumpet's peace! it ſwells my Heart:
It muſt not, ſha' not be.

Vent. His Guards appear.
Let me begin, and you ſhall ſecond me.

Enter Antony.

Ant. *Octavia*, I was looking you, my Love:
What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
My laſt Inſtructions.

Octav. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. *Ventidius!* [*Drawing him aſide.*

Vent. My Lord?

Ant. A word in private.
When ſaw you *Dolabella*?

Vent. Now, my Lord,
He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him.

Ant. Speak ſoftly. 'Twas by my Command he went,
To bear my laſt farewel.

Vent. aloud. It look'd indeed
Like your farewel.

Ant. More ſoftly.——My farewel?
What ſecret meaning have you in thoſe words
Of my Farewel? He did it by my Order.

Vent. aloud. Then he obey'd your Order. I ſuppoſe
You bid him do it with all Gentleneſs,
All kindneſs and all——love.
Ant. How ſhe mourn'd,
The poor forſaken Creature!
Vent. She took it as ſhe ought; ſhe bore your parting
As ſhe did *Cæſar's*, as ſhe would another's,
Were a new Love to come.
Ant. aloud. Thou doſt belye her;
Moſt baſely, and maliciouſly belye her.
Vent. I thought not to diſpleaſe you; I have done.
Octav. coming up. You ſeem diſturb'd my Lord.
Ant. A very trifle.
Retire, my Love.
Vent. It was indeed a trifle.
He ſent——
Ant. angrily. No more. Look how thou diſobey'ſt me;
Thy Life ſhall anſwer it.
Octav. Then 'tis no trifle.
Vent. to Octav. 'Tis leſs; a very nothing: you too ſaw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no ſecret.
Ant. She ſaw it!
Vent. Yes: ſhe ſaw young *Dolabella*——
Ant. Young *Dolabella*!
Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handſome too; and ſo do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your Command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with ſome kind Meſſage;
For ſhe receiv'd it graciouſly; ſhe ſmil'd:
And then he grew familiar with her Hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous Kiſſes;
She bluſh'd, and ſigh'd, and ſmil'd, and bluſh'd again;
At laſt ſhe took occaſion to Talk ſoftly,
And brought her Cheek up cloſe, and lean'd on his:
At which, he whiſper'd Kiſſes back on hers;
And then ſhe cry'd aloud, That Conſtancy
Should be rewarded.
Octav. This I ſaw and heard.
Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and ſaw
So playful with my Friend!
Not *Cleopatra*?
Vent. Ev'n ſhe, my Lord!
Ant. My *Cleopatra*?
Vent. Your *Cleopatra*;
Dolabella's Cleopatra!
Every Man's *Cleopatra*.
Ant. Thou ly'ſt.

Vent. I do not lye, my Lord.
Is this ſo ſtrange? ſhould Miſtreſſes be left,
And not provide againſt a time of Change?
You know ſhe's not much us'd to lonely Nights.
Ant. I'll think no more on't.
I know 'tis falſe, and ſee the Plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, *Octavia.*
What harms it you that *Cleopatra*'s juſt?
She's mine no more, I ſee; and I forgive:
Urge it no farther, Love.
Octav. Are you concern'd
That ſhe's found falſe?
Ant. I ſhould be, were it ſo;
For, though 'tis paſt, I would not that the World
Should Tax my former Choice: That I lov'd one
Of ſo light Note; but I forgive you both.
Vent. What has my Age deſerv'd, that you ſhould think
I would abuſe your Ears with Perjury?
If Heav'n be true, ſhe's falſe.
Ant. Though Heav'n and Earth
Should witneſs it, I'll not believe her tainted.
Vent. I'll bring you then a Witneſs
From Hell to prove her ſo. Nay, go back; [*Seeing* Alexas *juſt entring, and ſtarting back.*

For ſtay you muſt and ſhall.
Alex. What means my Lord?
Vent. To make you do what moſt you hate; ſpeak truth.
You are of *Cleopatra*'s private Counſel,
Of her Bed-Counſel, her laſcivious hours;
Are conſcious of each Nightly change ſhe makes,
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs ſhe paſſes through, what day.
Alex. My Noble Lord.
Vent. My moſt Illuſtrious Pander,
No fine ſet Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods,
But a plain home-ſpun Truth, is what I ask:
I did, my ſelf, o'rehear your Queen make love
To *Dolabella.* Speak: for I will know,
By your Confeſſion, what more paſt betwixt 'em;
How near the bus'neſs draws to your Employment;
And when the happy hour.
Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
Or pleaſe *Ventidius*, care not: juſtifie
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice: dare his worſt.
Octav. aſide. See how he gives him Courage! how he fears
To find her falſe! and ſhuts his Eyes to truth,
Willing to be miſled!

Alex. As far as love may plead for Woman's frailty,
Urg'd by deſert and greatneſs of the Lover;
So far (Divine *Octavia*!) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him
Who is your Lord: ſo far, from brave *Ventidius*,
May her paſt Actions hope a fair Report.

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly ſpoken: mark, *Ventidius.*

Alex. To you, moſt Noble Emperour, her ſtrong Paſſion
Stands not excus'd but wholly juſtifi'd.
Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the diſtant Vows
Of ſighing Kings; and at her Feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,
To chooſe where ſhe would Reign:
She thought a *Roman* only could deſerve her;
And, of all *Roman* only *Anthony*,
And, to be leſs than Wife to you, diſdain'd
Their lawful Paſſion.

Ant. 'Tis but Truth.

Alex. And yet, though Love, and your unmatch'd Deſert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour,
At laſt, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes
To ſee the wrongs ſhe offer'd fair *Octavia*,
Whoſe holy Bed ſhe lawleſly uſurpt,
The ſad Effects of this improſperous War,
Confirm'd thoſe pious Thoughts.

Vent. aſide. O, wheel you there?
Obſerve him now; the Man begins to mend,
And Talk ſubſtantial Reaſon. Fear not, Eunuch,
The Emperour has giv'n thee leave to ſpeak.

Alex. Elſe had I never dar'd t' offend his Ears
With what the laſt neceſſity has urg'd
On my forſaken Miſtreſs; yet I muſt not
Preſume to ſay her Heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not,
Pronounce that fatal word.

Octav. aſide. Muſt I bear this? good Heav'n, afford me patience.

Vent. On, ſweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*
Has lov'd her long, he, next my God-like Lord,
Deſerves her beſt; and ſhould ſhe meet his Paſſion,
Rejected, as ſhe is, by him ſhe lov'd——

Ant. Hence, from my ſight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; each torturing hand
Do thou employ, till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then joyn thou too, and help to torture her. [*Exit* Alexas, *thruſt out by* Anthony.

Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To ſhow this Paſſion, this extreme Concernment
For an abandon'd, faithleſs Proſtitute.
Ant. Octavia, leave me: I am much diſorder'd.
Leave me, I ſay.
Octav. My Lord?
Ant. I bid you leave me.
Vent. Obey him, Madam: beſt withdraw a while,
And ſee how this will work.
Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I falſe,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?
Were I ſhe,
Baſe as ſhe is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my Neck, take ſlight Excuſes,
And fawn upon my Falſhood.
Ant. 'Tis to much,
Too much, *Octavia*; I am preſt with Sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within to aid me.
Octav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you;
You did but half return to me: your kindneſs
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make Conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wondrous proofs
Of Love to me!
Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?
Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,
And let this Fury looſe?
Vent. Oh, be adviſ'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.
Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You ſhall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always laſt,
When urg'd with long unkindneſs, and diſdain;
Take her again whom you perfer to me;
She ſtays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!
Let a feign'd parting give her back your Heart,
Which a feign'd Love firſt got; for injur'd me,
Tho my juſt Senſe of wrongs forbid me ſtay,
My Duty ſhall be yours.
To the dear Pledges of our former Love,
My tenderneſs and care ſhall be transferr'd,
And they ſhall Cheer, by Turns, my Widow'd Nights:

So, take my laſt farewel; for I deſpair
To have you whole, and ſcorn to take you half. [Exit.

Vent. I combat Heav'n, which blaſts my beſt Deſigns:
My laſt Attempt muſt be to win her back;
But Oh I fear in vain. [Exit.

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honeſt Heart,
Which knows not to diſguiſe its Griefs and Weakneſs,
But bears its workings outward to the World?
I ſhould have kept the mighty Anguiſh in,
And forc'd a Smile at *Cleopatra*'s falſhood:
Octavia had believ'd it, and had ſtaid;
But I am made a ſhallow-forded Stream,
Seen to the Bottom: all my clearneſs ſcorn'd,
And all my faults expos'd!——See, where he comes

Enter Dolabella.

Who has prophan'd the Sacred Name of Friend.
And worn it into Vileneſs!
With how ſecure a Brow, and ſpecious Form
He gilds the ſecret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honeſty; but Heav'n miſmatch'd it,
And furniſh'd Treaſon out with Nature's Pomp,
To make its work more eaſie.

Dola. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well *Dolabella*, you perform'd my Meſſage?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?
Was it ſo hard for you to bear our parting?
You ſhould have wiſht it.

Dola. Why?

Ant. Becauſe you love me.
And ſhe receiv'd my Meſſage, with as true,
With as unfeign'd a Sorrow, as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to madneſs.

Ant. Oh, I know it.
You, *Dolabella*, do not better know
How much ſhe loves me. And ſhould I
Forſake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

Dola. I could not, were ſhe mine.

Ant. And yet you firſt
Perſwaded me: how come you alter'd ſince?

Dola. I ſaid at firſt I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her ſighs, and ſee her tears,
But Pity muſt prevail: and ſo, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That ſhe ſhould take her laſt farewel: and, ſee,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. Falſe *Dolabella*!

Dola. What's falſe, my Lord?

Ant. Why, *Dolabella*'s falſe;
And *Cleopatra*'s falſe; both falſe and faithleſs.
Draw near, you well joyn'd wickedneſs, you Serpents,
Whom I have, in my kindly Boſom, warm'd
Till I am ſtung to Death.

Dola. My Lord, have I
Deſerv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer Torment? Can it find a Curſe
Beyond our Separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate
Be juſt, much greater: Heav'n ſhould be ingenious
In puniſhing ſuch Crimes. The rowling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were ſlight Pains invented
When *Jove* was young, and no Examples known
Of mighty Ills; but you have ripen'd ſin
To ſuch a monſtrous growth, 'twill poſe the Gods
To find an equal Torture. 'Two, two ſuch,
Oh there's no farther Name, two ſuch——to me,
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breaſts,
Had no Deſires, no Joys, no Life, but you;
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart; I had no uſe,
No fruit of all, but you: a Friend and Miſtreſs
Was what the World could give. Oh, *Cleopatra*!
Oh, *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant-fondneſs
Lay lull'd betwixt your Boſoms, and there ſlept
Secure of injur'd Faith?

Dola. If ſhe has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and You revenge it.

Ant. If ſhe wrong'd me,
Thou wouldſt evade thy part of Guilt; but ſwear
Thou lov'ſt not her.

Dola. Not ſo as I love you.

Ant. Not ſo! Swear, ſwear, I ſay, thou doſt not love her.

Dola. No more than Friendſhip will allow.

Ant. No more?
Friendſhip allows thee nothing: thou art perjur'd.——
And yet thou didſt not ſwear thou lov'dſt her not;
But not ſo much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'ſt not own to her thou doſt not love,
Nor own to me thou doſt! *Ventidius* heard it;
Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are Enemies.
Ant. *Alexas* is not ſo: he, he confeſt it;
He, who, next Hell, beſt knew it, he avow'd it.
(*To Dola.*) Why do I ſeek a Proof beyond your ſelf?
You whom I ſent to bear my laſt Farewel,
Return'd to plead her ſtay.
Dola. What ſhall I Anſwer?
If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have ſinn'd;
But if to have repented of that Love
Can waſh away my Crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended paſt forgiveneſs,
Let not her ſuffer: ſhe is innocent.
Cleo. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!
What means will ſhe refuſe, to keep that Heart
Where all her joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,
'Twas I blew up the Fire that ſcorch'd his Soul,
To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not Counterfeit:
In ſpight of all the Damms, my Love broke o'er,
And drown'd my Heart again: Fate took th' occaſion;
And thus one minutes feigning has deſtroy'd
My whole Life's truth.
Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falſhood;
Seen, and broke through at firſt.
Dola. Forgive your Miſtreſs.
Cleo. Forgive your Friend.
Ant. You have convinc'd your ſelves,
You plead each others Cauſe: What Witneſs have you,
That you but meant to raiſe my Jealouſie?
Cleo. Our ſelves, and Heav'n.
Ant. Guilt witneſſes for Guilt. Hence, Love and Friendſhip;
You have no longer place in humane Breaſts,
Theſe two have driv'n you out: avoid my ſight;
I would not kill the Man whom I lov'd;
And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I ſtay one minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my Juſtice and Revenge
Will cry ſo loud within me, that my Pity
Will not be heard for either.
Dola. Heav'n has but
Our ſorrow for our ſins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man: ſweet Mercy ſeems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Juſtice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent.
Ant. I can forgive

A Foe; but not a Miſtreſs, and a Friend:
Treaſon is there in its moſt horrid ſhape,
Where truſt is greateſt: and the Soul reſign'd,
Is ſtabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my ſight for ever.
Cleo. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your ſight,
And muſt I go for ever?
My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:
What place have I to go to? my own Kingdom?
That I have loſt for you: or to the *Romans*?
They hate me for your ſake: or muſt I wander
The wide World o'er, a helpleſs, baniſh'd Woman,
Baniſh'd for love of you; baniſh'd from you?
I, there's the Baniſhment! Oh hear me; hear me,
With ſtricteſt Juſtice: For I beg no favour:
And if I have offended you: then kill me,
But do not baniſh me.
Ant. I muſt not hear you.
I have a Fool within me takes your part;
But Honour ſtops my Ears.
Cleo. For pity hear me!
Wou'd you caſt off a Slave who follow'd you,
Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn?——He has no pity!
See, if he gives one tear to my Departure;
One look, one kind farewel: Oh Iron heart!
Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!
Ant. No more: *Alexas!*
Dola. A perjur'd Villain!
Ant. to Cleo. Your *Alexas*, yours.
Cleo. O 'twas his Plot: his ruinous Deſign
T'ingage you in my love by jealouſie.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him ſpeak.
Ant. I have; I have.
Cleo. And if he clear me not——
Ant. Your Creature! one who hangs upon your Smiles!
Watches your Eye to ſay or to unſay
Whate'er you pleaſe! I am not to be mov'd.
Cleo. Then muſt we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord,
Th' appearance is againſt me; and I go
Unjuſtifi'd, for ever from your ſight.
How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love.
My only Comfort is, I know my ſelf,
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me moſt: ſo well, ſo truly,
I'll never ſtrive againſt it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Muſt I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.
I muſt not weep; and yet I muſt, to think
That I muſt not forgive———
Live; but live wretched, 'tis but juſt you ſhou'd,
Who made me ſo: Live from each others ſight:
Let me not hear you meet: Set all the Earth,
And all the Seas, betwixt your ſunder'd Loves:
View nothing common but the Sun and Skys:
Now, all take ſeveral ways;
And each your own ſad fate with mine deplore;
That you were falſe, and I could truſt no more. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Char. BE juſter, Heav'n: ſuch Virtue puniſh'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And ſhuffles, with a Random hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.
Cleo. I could tear out theſe Eyes, that gain'd his Heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. O the Curſe
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
Bear witneſs, Gods, you heard him bid me go;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith——I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me—— [*She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.*
But I can keep my Breath; I can die inward,
And choak this Love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O *Alexas* help!
The Queen grows deſperate, her Soul ſtruggles in her,
With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And ſtrives to force its Paſſage.
Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, Traitor!——O,
O, for a little Breath, to vent my Rage!
Give, give me way, and let me looſe upon him.
Alex. Yes, I deſerve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.
Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majeſty?
To place my ſelf beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be cruſh'd, and pounded into Atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too preſuming
For Subjects, to preſerve that wilful pow'r

Which Courts its own Deſtruction.
Cleo. I wou'd reaſon
More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule,
And force my plain, direct, and open Love
Into theſe crooked paths of Jealouſie?
Now, what's th' event? *Octavia* is remov'd;
But *Cleopatra*'s baniſh'd. Thou, thou, Villain,
Has puſh'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,
At my ſad Coſt, if thou canſt ſteer it back.
It cannot be; I'm loſt too far; I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou Impoſtor, Traitor, Monſter, Devil.——
I can no more; thou, and my Griefs, have ſunk
Me down ſo low, that I want voice to Curſe thee.
Alex. Suppoſe from Shipwrack'd Seaman near the ſhore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
If, from above, ſome Charitable hand
Pull him to ſafety, hazarding himſelf
To draw the others weight; wou'd he look back
And Curſe him for his Pains? The Caſe is yours:
But one ſtep more, and you have gain'd the heighth.
Cleo. Sunk, never more to riſe.
Alex. Octavia's gone, and *Dolabella* baniſh'd.
Believe me, Madam, *Anthony* is yours.
His Heart was never loſt; but ſtarted off
To Jealouſie, Love's laſt retreat and covert:
Where it lies hid in Shades, watchful in ſilence,
And liſt'ning for the Sound that calls it back.
Some other, any Man, ('tis ſo advanc'd)
May perfect this unfiniſh'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to my ſelf) have left
So eaſie to his hand.
Cleo. Look well thou do't; elſe——
Alex. Elſe, what your ſilence threatens——*Anthony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from whoſe Turret,
He ſtands ſurveying our *Ægyptian* Gallies,
Engage'd with *Cæſar*'s Fleet: now Death, or Conqueſt.
If the firſt happen, Fate acquits my Promiſe:
If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.
A diſtant ſhout within.
Char. Have comfort, Madam: did you mark that Shout?
Second Shout nearer.
Iras. Hark; they redouble it.
Alex. 'Tis from the Port.
The loudneſs ſhows it near: good News, kind Heavens.
Cleo. Oſiris make it ſo.
Enter Serapion.
Serap. Where, where's the Queen?
Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward ſtares!

s if not yet recover'd of th' Aſſault,
When all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,
His Offerings were at ſtake.

Serap. O horror, horror!
Ægypt has been; our lateſt hour is come:
The Queen of Nations from her ancient Seat,
Is Sunk for ever in the dark Abyſs:
Time has unrowl'd her Glories to the laſt,
And now clos'd up the Volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:
Say, whence thou com'ſt, (though Fate is in thy Face,
Which from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou ſpeak'ſt.)

Serap. I came from *Pharos*;
From viewing (ſpare me and imagine it)
Our Lands laſt hope, your Navy.——

Cleo. Vanquiſh'd?

Serap. No.
They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I ſaw,
With *Anthony*, your well appointed Fleet
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful Crys they ſhouted back:
'Twas then, falſe Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,
With a diſſembling Smile would kiſs at parting,
And flatter to the laſt; the well-tim'd Oars
Now dipt from every Bank, now ſmoothly run
To meet the Foe; and ſoon indeed they met,
But not as Foes. In few, we ſaw their Caps
On either ſide thrown up; the *Ægyptian* Gallies
(Receiv'd like Friends) paſt through, and fell behind
The *Roman* rear: and now, they all come forward,
And ride within the Port.

Cleo. Enough, *Serapion*:
I've heard my doom. This needed not, you Gods:
When I loſt *Anthony*, your work was done;
'Tis but ſuperfluous malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this laſt blow?

Serap. His fury cannot be expreſs'd by words:
Thrice he Attempted headlong to have faln
Full on his Foes, and aim'd *Cæſar*'s Galley:
With-held, he raves on you; Crys, He's betray'd.
Should he now find you.——

Alex. Shun him, ſeek your ſafety,
Till you can clear your Innocence.

Cleo. I'll ſtay.

Alex. You muſt not, haſte you to your Monument,
While I make ſpeed to *Cæſar.*

Cleo. *Cæſar*! No,
I have no buſineſs with him.

Alex. I can work him.
To ſpare your Life, and let this Madman periſh.

Cleo. Baſe fawning Wretch! wouldſt thou betray him too?
Hence from my ſight, I will not hear a Traytor;
'Twas thy Deſign brought all this ruine on us;
Serapion, thou art honeſt; Counſel me:
But haſte, each moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you muſt not yet ſee *Anthony.*
He who began this miſchief,
'Tis juſt he tempt the Danger: let him clear you;
And, ſince he offer'd you his ſervile tongue,
To gain a poor precarious Life from *Cæſar*,
Let him expoſe that fawning Eloquence,
And ſpeak to *Anthony.*

Alex. O Heavens! I dare not,
I meet my certain Death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deſerv'ſt it.
Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;
I know him Noble: when he baniſh'd me,
And thought me falſe, he ſcorn'd to take my Life;
But I'll be juſtifi'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To Death, if thou ſtir hence. Speak, if thou canſt,
Now for thy Life, which baſely thou wou'dſt ſave;
While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion.* [*Exeunt* Cleo. Serap. Char. Iras.

Alex. O that I leſs cou'd fear to loſe this Being,
Which, like a Snow-ball, in my Coward hand,
The more 'tis graſp'd, the faſter melts away.
Poor Reaſon! what a wretched Aid art thou!
For ſtill in ſpight of thee,
Theſe two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final Separation. Let me think:
What can I ſay, to ſave my ſelf from Death?
No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra.*

Ant. within. Which way? where?

Vent. within. This leads to th' Monument.

Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepar'd:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this Court-Devil, which I ſo oft have rais'd,
Forſakes me at my need. I dare not ſtay;
Yet cannot far go hence. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthony *and* Ventidius.

Ant. O happy *Cæſar*! Thou haſt Men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou haſt conquer'd *Anthony*

But *Rome* has conquer'd *Egypt*. I'm betray'd.
Vent. Curſe on this treach'rous Train!
Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with Baſeneſs:
And their young Souls come tainted to the World
With the firſt breath they draw.
Ant. Th' Original Villain ſure no God created;
He was a Baſtard of the Sun, by *Nile*,
Ap'd into Man: with all his Mother's Mud
Cruſted about his Soul.
Vent. The Nation is
One Univerſal Traitor; and their Queen
The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.
Ant. Is there yet left
A poſſibility of Aid from Valour?
Is there one God unſworn to my Deſtruction?
The leaſt unmortgag'd hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of ſuch a Boy as *Cæſar*.
The World's one half is yet in *Anthony*;
And, from each Limb of it that's hew'd away,
The Soul comes back to me.
Vent. There yet remain
Three Legions in the Town. The laſt Aſſault
Lopt off the reſt: if Death be your Deſign,
(As I muſt wiſh it now) theſe are ſufficient
To make a heap about us of dead Foes,
An honeſt Pile for burial.
Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our Stars; but ſide by ſide
Fight emulous: and with malicious Eyes
Survey each other's Acts: ſo every Death
Thou giv'ſt, I'll take on me, as a juſt Debt,
And pay thee back a Soul.
Vent. Now you ſhall ſee I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of Life,
I am ſo pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,
That I wou'd not be *Cæſar*, to out-live you.
When we put off this Fleſh, and mount together,
I ſhall be ſhown to all th' Etherial crowd;
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Anthony*.
Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their Troops,
And reach my Veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting,
T' o'er-leap this Gulph of Fate,
And leave our wand'ring Deſtinies behind.

Enter Alexas, *trembling*.

Vent. See, ſee, that Villain;
See *Cleopatra* ſtampt upon that Face,
With all her cunning, all her Arts of Falſhood!

How ſhe looks out through thoſe diſſembling Eyes!
How he ſets his Count'nance for deceit;
And promiſes a Lye, before he ſpeaks!
Let me diſpatch him firſt. (*Drawing.*
Alex. O ſpare me, ſpare me.
Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy Life,
(Which thou mayſt keep, becauſe I ſcorn to take it)
No Syllable to juſtifie thy Queen;
Save thy baſe tongue its Office.
Alex. Sir ſhe's gone,
Where ſhe ſhall never be moleſted more
By Love, or you.
Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella*!
Die, Traitor, I revoke my Promiſe, die. (*Going to kill him.*)
Alex. O hold, ſhe is not fled.
Ant. She is: my Eyes
Are open to her Falſhood; my whole Life
Has been a Golden dream of Love and Friendſhip.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, rows'd
From ſoft repoſe, to ſee his Veſſel ſinking,
And all his Wealth caſt o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;
But, now my Winter comes, ſhe ſpreads her wings,
And ſeeks the Spring of *Cæſar*.
Alex. Think not ſo:
Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had ſhe betray'd her Naval force to *Rome*,
How eaſily might ſhe have gone to *Cæſar*,
Secure by ſuch a Bribe!
Vent. She ſent it firſt,
To be more welcome after.
Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Elſe wou'd ſhe have appear'd, to clear her ſelf.
Alex. Too fatally ſhe has; ſhe could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but ſhut her ſelf
Within her Monument: look'd down, and ſigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd face, the ſilent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but ſtole their parting.
Some undiſtinguiſh'd words ſhe inly murmur'd;
At laſt, ſhe rais'd her Eyes; and, with ſuch Looks
As dying *Lucrece* caſt,———
Ant. My heart forbodes.———
Vent. All for the beſt: go on.
Alex. She ſnatch'd her Ponyard,
And, ere we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,
Plung'd it within her Breaſt; then turn'd to me,

Go, bear my Lord (ſaid ſhe) my laſt Farewel;
And ask him if he yet ſuſpect my Faith.
More ſhe was ſaying, but Death ruſh'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your Name with her laſt Breath,
And bury'd half within her.
Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.
Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
And art thou dead?
O thoſe two words! their Sound ſhou'd be divided:
Hadſt thou been falſe, and dy'd; or hadſt thou liv'd,
And hadſt been true——But Innocence and Death!
This ſhows not well above. Then what am I,
The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themſelves in words ſo horrid
As can expreſs my Guilt!
Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gracious:
And thus you thank 'em for't.
Ant. to Alex. Why ſtay'ſt thou here?
Is it for thee to ſpy upon my Soul,
And ſee its inward mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a *Roman* Emperour to perform.
Alex. Aſide. He loves her ſtill:
His grief betrays it. Good! The joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcilement.
I've ſav'd my ſelf, and her. But Oh! the *Romans!*
Fate comes too faſt upon my Wit.
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double: [*Exit.*
Vent. Wou'd ſhe had dy'd a little ſooner though,
Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
Come rouze your ſelf, and lets die warm together.
Ant. I will not fight: there's no more work for War.
The bus'neſs of my angry hours is done.
Vent. *Cæſar* is at your Gates.
Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.
Vent. What Lethargy has crept into your Soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a ſcorn of Life, and juſt deſire
To free my ſelf from Bondage.
Vent. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, *Ventidius*:
What ſhou'd I fight for now? My Queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandiſe to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now ſhe's dead,
Let *Cæſar* take the World,——
An Empty Circle, ſince the Jewel's gone,

Which made it worth my ſtrife: my Being's nauſeous;
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.
Vent. Wou'd you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius*:
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæſar*'s reach,
And lay down life my ſelf. 'Tis time the World
Shou'd have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its Homage in ſuſpence,
And bent the Globe on whoſe each ſide we trod,
Tell it was dinted inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part.
My Torch is out; and the World ſtands before me
Like a black Deſart, at the approach of Night:
I'll lay me down, and ſtray no farther on.
Vent. I cou'd be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you: chooſe your Death;
For, I have ſeen him in ſuch various ſhapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The Life I bear, is worn to ſuch a Rag,
'Tis ſcarce worth giving. I could wiſh indeed
We threw it from us with a better Grace;
That, like two Lyons taken in the Toils,
We might at laſt thruſt out our paws, and wound
The Hunters that incloſe us.
Ant. Ihave thought on't.
Ventidius, you muſt live.
Vent. I muſt not, Sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live, to ſpeak ſome good of me?
To ſtand by my fair Fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men?
Vent. Who ſhall guard mine,
For living after you?
Ant. Say, I command it.
Vent. If we die well, our Deaths will ſpeak themſelves,
And need no living Witneſs.
Ant. Thou haſt lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee: I muſt die;
Kill me, and take the Merit of my Death
To make thee Friends with *Cæſar*.
Vent. Thank your kindneſs.
You ſaid I lov'd you; and, in recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I ſhou'd die
With a hard thought of you?
Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra*'s Death,
My Reaſon bears no rule upon my Tongue,

But lets my thoughts break all at Random out:
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.
Vent. By Heav'n, I will not.
Let it not be t' out-live you.
Ant. Kill me firſt,
And then die thou: for 'tis but juſt thou ſerve
Thy Friend, before thy ſelf.
Vent. Give me your hand.
We ſoon ſhall meet again. Now farewel, Emperour. *(Embrace.)*
Methinks that word's too cold to be my laſt:
Since Death ſweeps diſtinctions, Farewel Friend.
That's all.——
I will not make a bus'neſs of a trifle:
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your Face.
Ant. I do: ſtrike home ſure.
Vent. Home, as my Sword will reach. *(Kills himſelf.)*
Ant. O thou miſtak'ſt;
That wound was none of thine: give it me back:
Thou robb'ſt me of my Death.
Vent. I do indeed;
But, think 'tis the firſt time I e'er deceiv'd you;
If that may plead my Pardon. And you, Gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my Friend. *(Dies.)*
Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death!
My Queen and thou have got the ſtart of me,
And I'm the lag of Honour.——Gone ſo ſoon?
Is Death no more? He us'd him careleſly,
With a familiar kindneſs: ere he knock'd,
Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,
As who ſhou'd ſay, Y' are welcome at all hours,
A Friend need give no warning. Books had ſpoil'd him;
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by profeſſion.
'Tis not worth
My farther thought: for Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be ſatisfi'd. *(Falls on his Sword.)*
I've miſt my heart. O unperforming hand!
Thou never cou'dſt have err'd in a worſe time.
My Fortune jades me to the laſt; and Death,
Like a great Man, takes ſtate, and makes me wait
For my Admittance—— *(Trampling within.)*
Some perhaps from *Cæſar*:
If he ſhou'd find me living, and ſuſpect
That I plaid booty with my Life! I'll mend
My work, ere they can reach me. *(Riſes upon his Knees.)*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.
Cleo. Where is my Lord? where is he?

Char. There he lies,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.
Cleo. My fears were Prophets ; I am come too late.
O that accurs'd *Alexas*! (*Runs to him.*)
Ant. Art thou living ?
Or am I dead before I knew ? and thou
The firſt kind Ghoſt that meets me ?
Cleo. Help me Seat him.
Send quickly, ſend for help. (*They place him in a Chair.*)
Ant. I am anſwer'd.
We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra* :
I'll make the moſt I can of Life, to ſtay
A moment more with thee.
Cleo. How is it with you ?
Ant. 'Tis as with a Man
Removing in a hurry ; all pack'd up,
But one dear Jewel that his haſte forgot ;
And he, for that returns upon the ſpur :
So I come back for thee.
Cleo. Too long, you Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me :
Now ſhow your mended Faith, and give me back
His fleeting Life.
Ant. It will not be, my Love.
I keep my Soul by force.
Say but thou art not falſe.
Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To ſay I'm true : I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death :
Which, when I knew, I haſted to prevent
This fatal conſequence. My Fleet betray'd
Both you and me.
Ant. And *Dolabella*.———
Cleo. Scarce eſteem'd before he lov'd ; but hated now.
Ant. Enough : my Life's not long enough for more.
Thou ſayſt thou wilt come after : I believe thee ;
For I can now believe whate'er thou ſayſt,
That we may part more kindly.
Cleo. I will come :
Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too ;
Cæſar ſhall triumph o'er no part of thee.
Ant. But grieve not, while thou ſtay'ſt
My laſt diſaſtrous Times :
Think we have had a clear and glorious day ;
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm
Juſt till our cloſe of Ev'ning. Ten years love,
And not a moment loſt, but all improv'd
To th' utmoſt Joys : What Ages have we liv'd ?
And now to die each others ; and, ſo dying,

While hand in hand we walk in Groves below,
Whole Troops of Lovers Ghoſts ſhall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.
Cleo. Your words are like the Notes of dying Swan,
Too ſweet to laſt. Were there ſo many hours
For your unkindneſs, and not one for Love?
Ant. No, not a minute.——This one kiſs——more worth
Than all I leave to *Cæſar.* (*Dies.*)
Cleo. O, tell me ſo again;
And take Ten thouſand kiſſes, for that word.
My Lord, my Lord: ſpeak, if you yet have being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot ſpeak; or caſt
One look: Do any thing that ſhows you live.
Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;
And this you ſee, a Lump of ſenſleſs Clay,
The leavings of a Soul.
Char. Remember Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.
Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman* not to know
What ſhould become of his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;
For 'tis to that high Title I aſpire,
And now I'll not die leſs. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive, to mourn him dead: my Nobler Fate
Shall knit our Spouſals with a tie too ſtrong
For *Roman* Laws to break.
Iras. Will you then die?
Cleo. Why ſhou'dſt thou make that Queſtion?
Iras. *Cæſar* is moſt merciful.
Cleo. Let him be ſo
To thoſe that want his Mercy: my poor Lord
Made no ſuch Cov'nant with him to ſpare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæſar*'s pride?
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,
A Spectacle to baſe *Plebeian* Eyes;
While ſome dejected Friend of *Anthony*'s,
Cloſe in a Corner, ſhakes his Head, and mutters
A Secret Curſe on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.
Char. Whatever you reſolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death.
Iras. I only fear'd
For you; but more ſhou'd fear to live without you.
Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it ſhou'd be. Quick, my Friends,
Diſpatch; ere this, the Town's in *Cæſar*'s hands:
My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my ſtay,
Leſt I ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd;
Keep him not waiting for his Love too long.

You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richeſt Jewels,
With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lies dead;
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.

Iras. The Aſpicks, Madam?

Cleo. Muſt I bid you twice? [*Exeunt* Char. *and* Iras.
'Tis ſweet to die, when they wou'd force life on me,
To ruſh into the dark aboad of Death,
And ſeize him firſt; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful ſure.
We're now alone, in ſecreſie and ſilence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiſs
Theſe pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not ſee me;
And, Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than ſee him in her Arms.——O welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion, Iras.

Char. What muſt be done?

Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends:
But yet it muſt be decent. Firſt, this Laurel
Shall Crown my Hero's Head: he fell not baſely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Cou'dſt triumph o'er thy ſelf; and thou alone
Wert worthy ſo to triumph.

Char. To what end
Theſe Enſigns of your Pomp and Royalty?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my Love;
As when I ſaw him firſt, on *Cydnos* bank,
All ſparkling, like a Goddeſs; ſo adorn'd,
I'll find him once again: my ſecond Spouſals
Shall match my firſt, in Glory. Haſte, haſte, both,
And dreſs the Bride of *Anthony*.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now ſeat me by my Lord. I claim this place;
For I muſt Conquer *Cæſar* too, like him,
And win my ſhare o'th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my Immortal Love;
O let no Impious hand remove you hence;
But reſt for ever here: let *Ægypt* give
His Death that Peace, which it deny'd his Life.
Reach me the Casket.

Iras. Underneath the fruit the Aſpick lies.

Cleo. putting aſide the leaves. Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!
Thou beſt of Thieves; who, with an eaſie key,
Do'ſt open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n ſteal us from our ſelves; diſcharging ſo
Death's dreadful Office, better than himſelf,
Touching our Limbs ſo gently into ſlumber,
That Death ſtands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,

And thinks himſelf but Sleep.
Serap. within. The Queen, where is ſhe?
The Town is yielded, *Cæſar*'s at the Gates.
Cleo. He comes too late to invade the Rights of Death.
Haſte, bare my Arm, and rouze the Serpents fury. [*Holds out her Arm and draws it back.*
Coward Fleſh——
Would'ſt thou conſpire with *Cæſar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be ſent by him,
But bring my Self, my Soul to *Anthony.* [*Turns aſide, and then ſhows her Arm bloody.*
Take hence; the work is done.
Serap. within. Break ope the Door,
And guard the Traitor well.
Char. The next is ours.
Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of your great Queen and Miſtreſs. [*They apply the Aſpicks.*
Cleo. Already, Death I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with ſuch a will to find my Lord,
That we ſhall quickly meet.
A heavy numbneſs creeps through every Limb,
And now 'tis at my Head: my Eye-lids fall,
And my dear Love is vaniſh'd in a Miſt.
Were ſhall I find him, where? O turn me to him,
And lay me on his Breaſt——*Cæſar*, thy worſt;
Now part us, if thou canſt. (*Dies.*) Iras *ſinks down at her feet, and dies;*
Charmion *ſtands behind her Chair, as dreſſing her Head.*
Enter Serapion, *two Prieſts,* Alexas *bound, Ægyptians.*
2. *Prieſts.* Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!
Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.
Charmion, is this well done?
Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the laſt
Of her great Race: I follow her. (*Sinks down; Dies.*)
Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well: much better thus to die,
Than live to make a Holy-day in *Roman.*
Serap. See, ſee how the Lovers ſit in State together,
As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.
Th' impreſſion of a Smile left in her Face,
Shows ſhe dy'd pleas'd with him for whom ſhe liv'd,
And went to Charm him in another World.
Cæſar's juſt entring; grief has now no leiſure.
Secure that Villain, as our pledge of ſafety
To grace th' Imperial Triumph. Sleep, bleſt Pair,
Secure from humane Chance, long Ages out,
While all the Storms of Fate fly e'er your Tomb;
And Fame, to late Poſterity, ſhall tell,
No Lovers liv'd ſo great, or dy'd ſo well.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Poets, like Diſputants, when Reaſons fail,
Have one ſure Refuge left; and that's to rail.
Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
And this is all their Equipage of Wit.
We wonder how the Devil this diff'rence grows,
Betwixt our Fools in Verſe, and yours in Proſe?
For, 'Faith, the quarrel rightly underſtood,
'Tis Civil War *with their own Fleſh and Blood.*
The Thread-bare Author hates the gawdy Coat;
And ſwears at the Gilt Coach, but ſwears a foot:
For 'tis obſerv'd of every Scribling Man,
He grows a Fop as faſt as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glaſs,
If Pink or Purple beſt become his Face.
For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your Wit juſt as you like his Plays;
He has not yet ſo much of Mr. Bays.
He does his beſt; and, if he cannot pleaſe,
Wou'd quietly ſue out his Writ of Eaſe.
Yet, if he might his own Grand Jury call,
By the fair Sex he begs to ſtand or fall.
Let Cæſar's *Pow'r the Mens ambition move,*
But grace you him who loſt the World for Love.
Yet if ſome antiquated Lady ſay,
The laſt Age is not Copy'd in his Play;
Heav'n help the Man who for that Face muſt drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a Judge.
Let not the Young and Beauteous joyn with thoſe;
For ſhou'd you raiſe ſuch numerous Hoſts of Foes,
Young Wits and Sparks he to his aid muſt call;
'Tis more than one Man's work to pleaſe you all.

FINIS.

THE
Kind KEEPER;
OR,
Mr. Limberham:
A
COMEDY:

As it was Acted at the
DUKE'S Theatre
BY
His Royal Highneſſes Servants.

Written by *JOHN DRYDEN*, Servant to his late Majeſty.

Κἤν με φάγης ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὁμῶς ἔτι καρποφορήσω.
Ἀνθολογία Δευτέρα.

Hic nuptarum inſanit amoribus; hic meretricum:
Omnes hic metuunt verſus; odere Poetas. Horat.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, at the the Poſt-Houſe
in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden*. 1690.

To the Right Honourable, *John* Lord *Vaughan*, &c.

My Lord,

I Cannot eaſily excuſe the printing of a Play at ſo unſeaſonable a time, when the Great Plot of the Nation, like one of Pharaoh's lean Kine, has devour'd its younger Brethren of the Stage: But however weak my defence might be for this, I am ſure I ſhow'd not need any to the World, for my Dedication to your Lordſhip; and if you can pardon my preſumption in it, that a bad Poet ſhould addreſs himſelf to ſo great a Judge of Wit, I may hope at leaſt to ſcape with the Excuſe of Catullus, when he writ to Cicero:

Gratias tibi Maximas *Catullus*
Agit, peſſimus omnium Poeta;
Tanto peſſimus omnium Poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.

I have ſeen an Epiſtle of Fleckno's to a Noble-man, who was by ſome extraordinary chance a Scholar; (and you may pleaſe to take notice by the way, how natural the connection of thought is betwixt a bad Poet and Fleckno) where he begins thus: Quatuordecim, jam elapſi ſunt anni, &c. his Latin, it ſeems, not holding out to the end of the Sentence; but he endeavour'd to tell his Patron, betwixt two Languages which he underſtood alike, that it was 14 years ſince he had the happineſs to know him; 'tis juſt ſo long, and as happy be the Omen of dulneſs to me, as it is to ſome Clergy-men and States-men, ſince your Lordſhip has known that there is a worſe Poet remaining in the world than he of ſcandalous memory who left it laſt. I might inlarge upon the ſubject with my Author, and aſſure you, that I have ſerv'd as long for you, as one of the Patriarchs did for his Old Teſtament Miſtreſs: but I leave thoſe flouriſhes, when occaſion ſhall ſerve, for a greater Orator to uſe, and dare only tell you, that I never paſs'd any part of my life with greater ſatisfaction or improvement to my ſelf, than thoſe Years which I have liv'd in the honour of your Lordſhips Acquaintance. If I may have only the time abated when the Publick Service call'd you to another part of the World, which in imitation of our Florid Speakers, I might, (if I durſt preſume upon the expreſſion) call the Parentheſis of my Life.

That I have always honour'd you, I ſuppoſe I need not tell you at this time of day; for you know I ſtaid not to date my reſpects to you from that Title which now you have, and to which you bring a greater addition by your Merit, than you receive from it by the Name; but I am proud to let others know how long it is that I have been made happy by my knowledge of you, becauſe I am ſure it will give me a Reputation with the preſent Age, and with Poſterity. And now, my Lord, I know you are afraid, leſt I ſhould take this occaſion, which lies ſo fair for me, to acquaint the World with ſome of thoſe Excellencies which I have admir'd in you; but I have reaſonably conſider'd, that to acquaint the VVorld, is a Phraſe of a malicious meaning: for it would imply, that the VVorld were not already acquainted with them. You are ſo generally known to be above the meanneſs of my praiſes, that you have ſpar'd my Evidence, and ſpoil my Complement: ſhould I take for my commonplaces, your knowledge both of the old and the new Philoſophy, ſhould I add to theſe your skill in Mathematicks, and Hiſtory, and yet farther, your being converſant with all the Ancient Authors of the Greek and Latin Tongues as well as with the Modern, I ſhould tell nothing new to Mankind; for when I have once but nam'd you, the VVorld will anticipate all my Commendations, and go faſter before me than I can follow. Be therefore ſecure, my Lord, that your own Fame has freed it ſelf from the danger of a Panegyrique, & only give me leave to tell you that I value the Candour of your Nature, and that one Character of Friendlineſs, and if I may have leave to call it, kindneſs in you, before all thoſe other which make you conſiderable in the Nation.

Some few of our Nobility are learn'd, and therefore I will not conclude an abſolute contradiction in the terms of Noble man and Scholar; but as the World goes now, 'tis very hard to predicate one upon the other; and 'tis yet more difficult to prove, that a Noble-man can be a Friend to Poetry: Were it not for two or three inſtances in Whitehall, & in the Town, the Poets of this Age would find ſo little incouragement for their labours, & ſo few Underſtanders, that they might have leiſure to turn Pamphleteers, & augment the number of thoſe abominable Scriblers, who in this time of Licenſe abuſe the Preſs, almoſt every day, with Nonſenſe, & railing againſt the Government.

It remains, my Lord, that I ſhould give you ſome account of this Comedy, which you have never ſeen, becauſe it was Written and acted in your abſence, at your Government of Jamaica. 'Twas intended for an honeſt Satyre againſt our crying ſin of Keeping; how it would have ſucceeded, I can but gueſs, for it was permitted to be acted only thrice. The Crime for which it ſuffer'd, was that which is objected againſt the Satyres of Juvenal, and the Epigrams of Catullus, that it expreſs'd too much of the Vice which it decry'd: Your Lordſhip knows what Anſwer was return'd by the Elder of thoſe Poets, whom I laſt mention'd, to his Accuſers.

Caſtum eſſe decet pium Poetam
Ipſum. Verſiculos nihil neceſſe eſt:
Qui tum denique habent ſalem ac leporem,
Si ſint molliculi & parum pudici.

But I dare not make that Apology for my ſelf, and therefore have taken a becoming care, that thoſe things which offended on the Stage, might be either alter'd or omitted, in the Preſs: For their Authority is, and ſhall be ever ſacred to me, as much abſent as preſent, and in all alterations of their Fortune, who for thoſe Reaſons have ſtopp'd its farther appearance on the Theatre. And whatſoever hinderance it has been to me, in point of profit, many of my Friends can bear me witneſs, that I have not once murmur'd againſt that Decree. The ſame Fortune once happen'd to Moliere, on the occaſion of his Tartuffe; which notwithſtanding afterwards has ſeen the light, in a Country more Bigot than ours, and is accounted amongſt the beſt Pieces of that Poet. I will be bold enough to ſay, that this Comedy is of the firſt Rank of thoſe which I have written, and that Poſterity will be of my Opinion. It has nothing of particular Satyre in it: for whatſoever may have been pretended by ſome Criticks in the Town, I may ſafely and ſolemnly affirm, that no one Character has been drawn from any ſingle man; and that I have known ſo many of the ſame humour, in every folly which is here expos'd, as may ſerve to warrant it from a particular Reflection. It was printed in my abſence from the Town, this Summer, much againſt my expectation, otherwiſe I had over-look'd the Preſs, and been yet more careful, that neither my Friends ſhould have had the leaſt occaſion of unkindneſs againſt me, nor my Enemies of upbraiding me; but if it live to a ſecond Impreſſion, I will faithfully perform what has been wanting in this. In the mean time, my Lord, I recommend it to your Protection, and beg I may keep ſtill that place in your favour which I have hitherto enjoy'd; and which I ſhall reckon as one of the greateſt Bleſſings which can befall,

My Lord, Your Lordſhips moſt obedient, faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Perſonæ Dramatis.

1. Aldo, an honeſt, good natur'd, free-hearted old Gentleman of the Town.

2. *Woodall* his Son, under a falſe Name; bred abroad, and new return'd from Travel.

3. *Limberham*, a tame fooliſh Keeper, perſwaded by what is laſt ſaid to him, and changing next word.

4. *Brainſick*, a Husband, who being well conceited of himſelf, deſpiſes his Wife: Vehement and Eloquent, as he thinks; but indeed a talker of Nonſenſe.

5. *Gervaſe*, *Woodall*'s Man: formal, and apt to give good counſel.

6. *Giles*, *Woodall*'s caſt Servant.

7. Mrs. *Saintly*, an Hypocritical Fanatick, Landlady of the Boarding-Houſe.

8. Mrs. *Tricksy*, a Termagant kept Miſtreſs.

9. Mrs. *Pleaſance*, ſuppos'd Daughter to Miſtreſs *Saintly*: ſpiteful and Satyrical; but ſecretly in Love with *Woodall*.

10. Mrs. *Brainſick*.

11. *Judith*, a Maid of the houſe.

SCENE. *A Boarding-Houſe in Town.*

PROLOGUE.

TRue Wit has ſeen its beſt days long ago,
It ne're look'd up, ſince we were dipt in Show:
When Senſe in Dogrel Rhimes and Clouds was loſt,
And Dulneſs flouriſh'd at the Actors coſt.
Nor ſtopt it here when Tragedy was done,
Satyre and Humor the ſame Fate have run;
And Comedy is ſunk to Trick and Pun.
Now our Machining Lumber will not ſell,
And you no longer care for Heav'n or Hell;
What Stuff will pleaſe you next, the Lord can tell.
Let them, who the Rebellion firſt began,
To wit, reſtore the Monarch if they can;
Our Author dares not be the firſt bold Man.
He, like the prudent Citizen, takes care,
To keep for better Marts his Staple Ware,
His Toys are good enough for Sturbridge Fair,
Tricks were the Faſhion; if it now be ſpent,
'Tis time enough at Eaſter to invent;
No Man will make up a new Suit for Lent:
If now and then he takes a ſmall pretence
To forrage for a little Wit and Senſe,
Pray pardon him, he meant you no offence.
Next Summer Noſtradamus tells, they ſay,
That all the Criticks ſhall be ſhipt away,
And not enow be left to damn a Play.
To every Sayl beſide, good Heav'n be kind;
But drive away that Swarm with ſuch a Wind,
That not one Locuſt may be left behind.

LIMBERHAM:
OR, THE
Kind Keeper.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Garden-Houſe; a Table in it, and Chairs.

Enter Woodall, Gervaſe.

VVoodall. Bid the Foot-man receive the Trunks, and Portmantu; and ſee 'em plac'd in the Lodgings you have taken for me, while I walk a Turn here in the Garden.

Gervaſe. 'Tis already order'd, Sir: But they are like to ſtay in the outer Room, till the Miſtreſs of the Houſe return from Morning Exerciſe.

VVood. What, ſhe's gone to the Pariſh Church, it ſeems, to her Devotions.

Ger. No, Sir; the Servants have inform'd me, that ſhe riſes every Morning, and goes to a private Meeting-houſe; where they pray for the Goverment, and practice againſt the Authority of it.

VVood. And haſt thou trepan'd me into a Tabernacle of the Godly? Is this Pious Boarding-houſe a place for me, thou wicked Varlet?

Ger. According to humane appearance, I muſt confeſs, 'tis neither fit for you, nor you for it; but, have patience, Sir, matters are not ſo bad as they may ſeem: there are pious Baudy-houſes in the World, or Conventicles wou'd not be ſo much frequented: neither is it impoſſible, but a Devout Fanatick-Landlady of a Boarding-Houſe may be a Baud.

VVood. I, to thoſe of her own Church, I grant you, *Gervaſe*; but I am none of thoſe.

Ger. If I were worthy to read you a Lecture in the Miſtery of Wickedneſs, I wou'd inſtruct you firſt in the *Art of Seeming Holineſs*: but, Heav'n, be thank'd, you have a toward and pregnant Genius to Vice, and need not any man's inſtruction; and I am too good, I thank my Stars, for the vile employment of a Pimp.

Wood. Then thou art e'en too good for me; a worſe Man will ſerve my turn.

Ger. I call your Conſcience to witneſs, how often I have given you wholeſom counſel; how often I have ſaid to you, with tears in my eyes, Maſter, or Maſter *Aldo*———

Wood. Mr. *Woodall*, you Rogue! that's my *nom de guerre*: You know I have laid by *Aldo*, for fear that name ſhou'd bring me to the notice of my Father.

Ger. Cry you mercy, good Mr. *VVoodall.* How often have I ſaid, Into what courſes do you run! Your Father ſent you into *France* at twelve year old, bred you up at *Paris*; firſt, in a Colledge, and then at an *Academy*: At the firſt, inſtead of running through a courſe of Philoſophy, you ran through all the Baudy-houſes in Town: At the later, inſtead of managing the Great Horſe, you exercis'd on your Maſter's Wife. What you did in *Germany*, I know not; but that you beat 'em all at their own Weapon, *Drinking*, and have brought home a Goblet of Plate from *Munſter*, for the Prize of ſwallowing a Gallon of *Rheniſh* more than the *Biſhop.*

VVood. Gervaſe, thou ſhalt be my Chronicler, thou loſeſt none of my Heroick Actions.

Ger. What a comfort are you like to prove to your good old Father! You have run a Campaigning among the *French* theſe laſt three years, without his leave; and, now he ſends for you back, to ſettle you in the World, and marry you to the Heireſs of a rich Gentleman, of whom he had the Guardianſhip, yet you do not make your Application to him.

Wood. Prithee, no more.

Ger. You are come over, have been in Town above a Week *Incognito*, haunting Play-houſes, and other places, which for Modeſty I name not; and have chang'd your name, from *Aldo*, to *Woodall*, for fear of being diſcover'd to him: you have not ſo much as inquir'd where he is lodg'd, though you know he is moſt commonly in *London*: And laſtly, you have diſcharg'd my honeſt Fellow-ſervant *Giles*, becauſe———

Wood. Becauſe he was too ſaucy, and was ever offering to give me counſel: mark that, and tremble at his Deſtiny.

Ger. I know the reaſon why I am kept: becauſe you cannot be diſcover'd by my means; for you took me up in *France*, and your Father knows me not.

VVood. I muſt have a Ramble in the Town: when I have ſpent my

Money, I will grow dutiful; ſee my Father, and ask for more. In the Mean time, I have beheld a handſome Woman at a Play, I am fall'n in Love with her, and have found her caſe: thou, I thank thee, haſt trac'd her to her Lodging in this Boarding-houſe, and hither I am come to accompliſh my deſign.

Ger. Well Heav'n mend all. I hear our Landlady's voice [*Noiſe.*] without; and therefore ſhall defer my counſel to a fitter ſeaſon.

Wood. Not a Sillable of counſel: the next Grave Sentence, thou marcheſt after *Giles.* *Woodall*'s my name: remember that.

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Is this the Lady of the Houſe?

Ger. Yes, Mr. *Woodall*, for want of a better, as ſhe will tell you.

Wood. She has a notable Smack with her! I believe *Zeal* firſt taught the Art of Kiſſing cloſe. [*Saluting her.*

Saintly. You're welcom, Gentleman. *Woodall* is your name?

Wood. I call my ſelf ſo.

Saint. You look like a ſober diſcreet Gentleman; there is Grace in your Countenance.

Wood. Some ſprinklings of it, Madam: we muſt not boaſt.

Saint. Verily boaſting is of an evil Principle.

Wood. Faith Madam, ———

Saint. No ſwearing, I beſeech you. Of what Church are you?

Wood. Why, of *Covent-Garden* Church, I think.

Ger. How lewdly, and ignorantly he anſwers! [*Aſide.* She means, of what Religion are you?

Wood. O, does ſhe ſo? ——Why, I am of your Religion, be it what it will, I warrant it a right one: I'll not ſtand with you for a trifle; *Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptiſt*, they are all of 'em too good for us, unleſs we had the grace to follow 'em.

Saint. I ſee you are ignorant; but verily, you are a new Veſſel, and I may ſeaſon you. I hope you do not uſe the Pariſh-Church.

Wood. Faith, Madam——(Cry you mercy; I forgot again!) I have been in *England* but five days.

Saint. I find a certain motion within me to this young man, and muſt ſecure him to my ſelf, e're he ſee my Lodgers. [*Aſide.* O, ſeriouſly, I had forgotten; your Trunk and Portmantu are ſtanding in the Hall: your Lodgings are ready, and yout Man may place 'em if he pleaſe, while you [illegible] I confer together.

Wood. Go *Gervaſe*, and do as you are directed. [*Exit* Ger.

Saint. In the firſt place, you muſt know, we are a Company of our ſelves, and expect you ſhou'd live conformably and lovingly amongſt us.

Wood. There you have hit me. I am the moſt loving Soul, and ſhall be conformable to all of you.

Saint. And to me eſpecially. Then, I hope, you're no keeper of late hours.

Wood. No, no, my hours are very early; betwixt Three and four in the morning, commonly.

Saint. That muſt be amended: But to remedy the Inconvenience, I will my ſelf ſit up for you. I hope, you wou'd not offer violence to me?

Wood. I think I ſhou'd not, if I were ſober.

Saint. Then, if you were overtaken, and ſhou'd offer violence, and I conſent not, you may do your filthy Part, and I am blameleſs.

Wood. (*Aſide.*) I think the Devil's in her; ſhe has given me the hint again. Well, it ſhall go hard, but I will offer violence ſome-times; will that content you?

Saint. I have a Cup of Cordial Water in my Cloſet, which will help to ſtrengthen Nature, and to carry off a Debauch: I do not invite you thither; but the Houſe will be ſafe a Bed, and Scandal will be avoided.

Wood. Hang Scandal; I am above it, at thoſe times.

Saint. But Scandal is the greateſt part of the offence; you muſt be ſecret. And I muſt warn you of another thing; there are, beſides my ſelf, two more young Women in my houſe.

Wood. (*Aſide.*) That, beſides herſelf, is a cooling Card. Pray, how young are they?

Saint. About my Age: ſome eighteen, or twenty, or thereabouts.

Wood. Oh, very good! Two more young Women beſides your ſelf, and both handſom?

Saint. No, verily, they are painted out-ſides; you muſt not caſt your eyes upon 'em, nor liſten to their Converſation: you are already choſen for a better work.

Wood. I warrant you, let me alone: I am choſen, I.

Saint. They are a couple of alluring wanton Minxes.

Wood. Are they very alluring, ſay you? very wanton?

Saint. You appear exalted, when I mention thoſe Pit-falls of Iniquity.

Wood. Who, I exalted? Good faith, I am as ſober, a melancholy poor Soul! ———

Saint. I ſee this abominable ſin of Swearing is rooted in you. Tear it out, oh tear it out; it will deſtroy your precious Soul.

Wood. I find we two ſhall ſcarce agree: I muſt not come to your Cloſet when I have got a Bottle; for, at ſuch a time, I am horribly given to it.

Saint. Verily, a little Swearing may be then allowable: you may ſwear you love me, 'tis a lawful Oath; but then, you muſt not look on Harlots.

Wood. I muſt wheedle her, and whet my courage firſt on her; as a good Muſician always preludes before a Tune. Come, here's my firſt Oath. [*Embracing her*.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. How now, Mrs. Saintly! what work have we here towards?

Wood. (*Aſide.*) *Aldo*, my own natural Father, as I live! remember the lines of that hide-bound face: Does he lodge here? if he ſhou'd know me, I am ruin'd.

Saint. Curſe on his coming! he has diſturb'd us. [*Aſide.* Well, young Gentleman, I ſhall take a time to inſtruct you better.

Wood. You ſhall find me an apt Scholar.

Saint. I muſt go abroad, upon ſome buſineſs; but remember your promiſe, to carry your ſelf ſoberly, and without ſcandal in my Family; and ſo I leave you to this Gentleman, who is a member of it. [*Ex.* Saintly.

Aldo. (*Aſide.*) Before *George*, a proper fellow! and a Swinger he ſhou'd be, by his make! the Rogue wou'd bumble a Whore, I warrant him! you are welcome, Sir, amongſt us;—moſt heartily welcome, as I may ſay.

Wood. All's well: he knows me not. Sir, your civility is obliging to a Stranger, and may befriend me, in the acquaintance of our fellow-Lodgers.

Aldo. Hold you there, Sir: I muſt firſt underſtand you a little better, and yet, methinks, you ſhou'd be true to love.

Wood. Drinking, and Wenching, are but ſlips of Youth: I had thoſe good qualities from my father.

Aldo. Thou, Boy! Aha, Boy! a true *Trojan*, I warrant thee? [*Hugging him.* Well, I ſay no more; but you are lighted into ſuch a Family, ſuch food for concupiſcence, ſuch *Bona-Roba*'s!

Wood. One I know indeed; a Wife: but *Bona Roba*'s ſay you!

Aldo. I ſay, *Bona Roba's*, in the plural Number.

Wood. Why, what a *Turk Mahomet* ſhall I be! No, I will not make my ſelf drunk, with the conceit of ſo much joy: the Fortune's too great for mortal man; and I a poor unworthy ſinner.

Aldo. Wou'd I lye to my Friend? Am I a Man? am I a Chriſtian? there is that Wife you mention'd, a delicate little wheedling Devil, with ſuch an appearance of ſimplicity; and with that, ſhe does undermine, ſo fool her conceited Husband, that he deſpiſes her!

Wood. Juſt ripe for horns: his deſtiny, like a *Turk's*, is written in his forehead.

Aldo. Peace, peace, thou art yet ordain'd for greater things. There's another too, a kept Miſtreſs, a brave Strapping Jade, a two-handed Whore!

Wood. A kept Miſtreſs too! my bowels yearn to her already: She's a certain prize.

Aldo. But this Lady is ſo Termagant an Empreſs! and he ſo ſubmiſſive, ſo tame, ſo led a Keeper, and as proud of his Slavery, as a *French*-man: I am confident he dares not find her falſe, for fear of a quarrel with her; becauſe he is ſure to be at the charges of the War; She knows he cannot live without her, and therefore ſeeks occaſions of falling out to make him purchaſe peace. I believe ſhe's now aiming at a ſettlement.

Wood. Might not I ask you one civil queſtion? How paſs you your time in this Noble Family? for I find you are a Lover of the Game, and ſhou'd be loth to hunt in your Purliews.

Aldo. I muſt firſt tell you ſomething of my condition: I am here a Friend to all of 'em; I am their *Fac totum*, do all their buſineſs; for, not to boaſt, Sir, I am a man of general acquaintance: there's no News in Town, either Foregin or Domeſtick, but I have it firſt; no Mortgage of Lands, no ſale of Houſes, but I have a finger in 'em.

Wood. Then I ſuppoſe you are a gainer by your pains.

Aldo. No, I do all *gratis*, and am moſt commonly a loſer; only a Buck ſometimes from this good Lord, or that good Lady in the Country: and I eat it not alone, I muſt have company.

Wood. Pray, what company do you invite?

Aldo. Peace, peace, I am coming to you: Why, you muſt know I am tender-natur'd; and if any unhappy difference have ariſen betwixt a Miſtreſs and her Gallant, then I ſtrike in to do good offices betwixt 'em, and at my own proper charges, conclude the quarrel with a reconciling Supper.

Wood. I find the Ladies of Pleaſure are beholden to you.

Aldo. Before *George*, I love the poor little Devils. I am indeed a Father to 'em, and ſo they call me; I give 'em my Counſel, and aſſiſt 'em with my Purſe. I cannot ſee a pretty Sinner hurri'd to Priſon by the Land-Pyrates, but Nature works, and I muſt Bail her; or want a Supper, but I have a couple of cram'd Chickens, a Cream Tart, and a Bottle of Wine to offer her.

Wood. Sure you expect ſome kindneſs in return.

Aldo. Faith, not much: Nature in me is at low water-mark; my Body's a Jade, and tires under me, yet I love to ſmuggle ſtill in a Corner; pat 'em down, and pur over 'em; but, after that, I can do 'em little harm.

Wood. Then I'm acquainted with your buſineſs: you wou'd be a kind of Deputy-fumbler under me.

Aldo. You have me right. Be you the *Lyon*, to devour the Prey, I am your *Jack Call*, to provide it for you: there will be a Bone for me to pick.

Wood. Your Humility becomes your Age. For my part, I am vigorous, and throw at all.

Aldo. As right as if I had begot thee! Wilt thou give me leave to call thee Son?

Wood. With all my heart.

Aldo. Ha, mad Son!

Wood. Mad Daddy!

Aldo. Your man told me, you were juſt return'd from Travel: what Parts have you laſt viſited?

Wood. I came from *France.*

Aldo. Then, perhaps, you may have known an ungracious Boy of mine there.

Wood. Like enough: pray, what's his name?

Aldo. George Aldo.

Wood. I muſt confeſs I do know the Gentleman; ſatiſfie your ſelf, he's in health, and upon his return.

Aldo. That's ſome comfort: But, I hear, a very Rogue, a lewd young Fellow.

Wood. The worſt I know of him is, that he loves a Wench; and that good quality he has not ſtoln.

Muſick at the Balcony over head: Mrs. Trickſy *and* Judith *appear.*

Hark! there's Muſick above.

Aldo. 'Tis at my Daughter *Trickſy*'s Lodging, the kept Miſtreſs I told you of, the Laſs of Mettle: but for all ſhe carries it ſo high, I know her Pedigree; her Mother's a Semſtreſs in *Dog* and *Bitch-yard*, and was, in her Youth, as right as ſhe is.

Wood. Then ſhe is a two-pil'd Punk, a Punk of two Deſcents.

Aldo. And her Father, the famous Cobler, who taught *Walſingham* to the Black-birds. How ſtand thy affections to her, thou luſty Rogue?

Wood. All o'fire: a moſt urging Creature!

Aldo. Peace! they are beginning.

A SONG.

1.

'GAinſt Keepers we petition,
Who wou'd encloſe the Common:
'Tis enough to raiſe Sedition
In the free-born ſubject Woman.
Becauſe for his gold
I my body have ſold,
He thinks I'm a Slave for my life;
He rants, domineers,
He ſwaggers and ſwears,
And wou'd keep me as bare as his Wife.

2. 'Gainſt

2.

'Gainſt Keepers we petition, &c.
'Tis honeſt and fair,
Then a Feaſt I prepare;
But when his dull appetite's o're,
I'le treat with the reſt
Some welcomer Gueſt,
For the Reck'ning was paid me before.

Wood. A Song againſt Keepers! this makes well for us luſty Lovers.

Trickey. (*Above*) Father, Father *Aldo*!

Aldo. Daughter *Trickey*, are you there Child? your Friends at *Barnet* are all well, and your dear Maſter *Limberham*, that Noble *Hepheſtion*, is returning with 'em.

Trick. And you are come upon the Spur before, to acquaint me with the news.

Aldo. Well, thou art the happieſt Rogue in a kind Keeper! He drank thy health five times, *ſupernaculum*, to my ſon *Brain-ſick*, and dipt my Daughter *Pleaſance's* little finger, to make it go down more glibly: And, before *George*, I grew tory rory, as they ſay, and ſtrain'd a Brimmer through the Lilly-white Smock, i'faith.

Trick. You will never leave theſe fumbling tricks, Father, till you are taken upon ſuſpition of Manhood, and have a Baſtard laid at your Door: I am ſure you wou'd own it for your Credit.

Aldo. Before *George*, I ſhou'd not ſee it ſtarve for the Mothers ſake; for, if ſhe were a Punk, ſhe was good-natur'd, I warrant her.

Wood. (*Aſide*) Well, if ever Son was bleſt with a hopeful Father, I am.

Trick. Who's that Gentleman with you?

Aldo. A young *Monſieur* return'd from travel; a luſty young Rogue; a true-mill'd Whoremaſter, with the right ſtamp. He's a Fellow lodger, incorporate in our Society: for whoſe ſake he came hither, let him tell you.

Wood. (*Aſide*) Are you gloting already? then there's hopes, i'faith.

Trick. You ſeem to know him, Father.

Aldo. Know him! from his Cradle——What's your name?

Wood. *Woodall.*

Aldo. *Woodall* of *Woodall*; I knew his Father; we were Contemporaries, and Fellow-Wenchers in our Youth.

Wood. (*Aſide*) My honeſt Father ſtumbles into truth, in ſpight of lying.

Trick. I was juſt coming down to the Garden-houſe before you came.

Aldo. I'm ſorry I cannot ſtay to preſent my Son *Woodall* to you; but I have ſet you together, that's enough for me. [*Exit.*

Wood. (*Alone*) 'Twas my ſtudy to avoid my Father, and I have run full into his mouth; and yet I have a ſtrong hank upon him too, for I am private to as many of his Vertues, as he is of mine. After all, if I had an ounce of diſcretion left, I ſhou'd purſue this buſineſs no farther: but two fine Women in a Houſe! Well, 'tis reſolv'd, come what will on't, thou art anſwerable for all my ſins, old *Aldo*——

Enter Trickſy *with a Box of Eſſences.*

Here ſhe comes, this Heir Apparent of a Semſtreſs, and a Cobler! and yet, as ſhe's adorn'd ſhe looks like any Princeſs of the Blood. [*Salutes her.*

Trick. (*Aſide*) What a difference there is between this Gentleman, and my feeble Keeper, Mr. *Limberham*! He's to my wiſh, if he wou'd but make the leaſt advances to me. Father *Aldo* tells me, Sir, you are a Traveller: what Adventures have you had in Foreign Countries?

Wood. I have no Adventures of my own can deſerve your Curioſity: but, now I think on't, I can tell you one that hapned to a *French* Cavalier, a Friend of mine, at *Tripoli*.

Trick. No Wars, I beſeech you: I am ſo weary of Father *Aldo*'s *Lorrain* and *Grequy*.

Wood. Then this is as you wou'd deſire it, a Love-Adventure. This *French* Gentleman was made a Slave to the *Dye* of *Tripoli*; by his good qualities gain'd his Maſters favour; and after, by corrupting an *Eunuch*, was brought into the *Seraglio* privately, to ſee the *Dye*'s Miſtreſs.

Trick. This is ſomewhat; proceed, ſweet Sir.

Wood. He was ſo much amaz'd, when he firſt beheld her, leaning over a *Balcone*, that he ſcarcely dar'd to lift up his eyes, or ſpeak to her.

Trick. (*Aſide*) I find him low. But what follow'd of this dumb Interview?

Wood. The *Nymph* was gracious, and came down to him; but with ſo Goddeſs-like a preſence, that the poor Gentleman was Thunder-ſtruck again.

Trick. That favour'd little of the *Monſieurs* Gallantry, eſpecially when the Lady gave him incouragement.

Wood. The Gentleman was not ſo dull, but he underſtood the favour, and was preſuming enough to try if ſhe were Mortal: He advanc'd with more aſſurance, and took her fair hands: Was he not too bold, Madam? and wou'd not you have drawn back yours, had you been in the *Sultana*'s place?

Trick. If the *Sultana* lik'd him well enough to come down into the Garden to him, I ſuppoſe ſhe came not thither to gather Noſegays.

Wood. Give me leave, Madam, to thank you, in my friends behalf, for your favourable judgment. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

He Kiſs'd her hand with an exceeding Tranſport; and finding that ſhe preſt his at the ſame inſtant, he proceeded with a greater eagerneſs to her lips: But, Madam, the Story wou'd be without life, unleſs you give me leave to act the Circumſtances. [*Kiſſes her.*

Trick. Well, I'll ſwear you are the moſt Natural Hiſtorian?

Wood. But now, Madam, my heart beats with joy, when I come to tell you the ſweeteſt Part of his Adventure: Opportunity was favourable, and Love was on his ſide; he told her, the Chamber was more Private, and a fitter Scene for Pleaſure. Then, looking on her Eyes, he found 'em languiſhing; he ſaw her Cheeks bluſhing, and heard her Voice faultring in a half denial: he ſeiz'd her hand with an Amorous Extaſie, and—— [*Takes her hand.*

Trick. Hold, Sir, you act your part too far. Your Friend was unconſcionable, if he deſir'd more favours at the firſt Interview.

Wood. He both deſir'd, and obtain'd 'em, Madam, and ſo will——

(*Noiſe*) *Trick.* Heav'ns, I hear Mr. *Limberham's* voice: he's return'd from *Barnet.*

Wood. I'll avoid him.

Trick. That's impoſſible; he'll meet you. Let me think a moment. Mrs *Saintly* is abroad, and cannot diſcover you: Have any of the Servants ſeen you?

Wood. None.

Trick. Then you ſhall paſs for my *Italian* Merchant of Eſſences: Here's a little Box of 'em juſt ready.

Wood. But I ſpeak no *Italian*, only a few broken ſcraps which I pick'd up from *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin* at *Paris.*

Trick. You muſt venture that: when we are rid of *Limberham*, 'tis but ſlipping into your Chamber, throwing off your black Periwig, and Riding Sute, and you come out an *Engliſhman.* No more; he's here.

Enter Limberham.

Limberham. Why, how now, *Pug*? Nay, I muſt lay you over the Lips, to take hanſel of 'em, for my welcom.

Trick. (*Putting him back*) Foh! how you ſmell of Sweat, Dear?

Lim. I have put my ſelf into this ſame unſavoury heat, out of my violent affection to ſee thee, *Pug*, before *George*, as Father *Aldo* ſays; I cou'd not live without thee; thou art the pureſt Bed-fellow, though I ſay it, that I did nothing but dream of thee all night; and then I was ſo troubleſome to Father *Aldo* (for you muſt know, he and I were lodg'd together) that, in my Conſcience, I did ſo kiſs him, and ſo hug him in my ſleep.

Trick. I dare be ſworn 'twas in your ſleep; for when you are awake you are the moſt honeſt, quiet Bedfellow that ever lay by Woman.

Lim. Well, *Pug*, all ſhall be amended; I am come home on purpoſe to pay old Debts. But who is that Fellow there? what makes he in our Territories?

Trick. You Auph you, do you not perceive it is the *Italian* Seignior, who is come to ſell me Eſſences?

Lim. Is this the Seignior? I warrant you, 'tis he the *Lampoon* was made on. [*Sings the Tune of* Seignior, *and dances to it.*

Trick. Prythee leave thy foppery, that we may have done with him. He asks an unreaſonable price, and we cannot agree. Here, Seignior, take your Trinkets, and be gone.

Wood. (taking the Box) *A Dio, Seignora.*

Lim. Hold, pray ſtay a little, Seignior; a thing is come into my head o'th' ſudden.

Trick. What would you have, you eternal Sot? the Man's in haſte.

Lim. But why ſhou'd you be in your Frumps, *Pug*, when I deſign only to oblige you? I muſt Preſent you with this Box of Eſſences; nothing can be too dear for thee.

Trick. Prythee let him go, he underſtands no *Engliſh.*

Lim. Then how cou'd you drive a Bargain with him, *Pug!*

Trick. Why, by Signs, you Coxcomb.

Lim. Very good! Then I'll firſt pull him by the Sleeve, that's a Sign to ſtay. Look you, Mr. *Seignior*, I wou'd make a Preſent of your Eſſences to this Lady; for I find I cannot ſpeak too plain to you, becauſe you underſtand no *Engliſh.* Be not you refractory now, but take ready Money; that's a Rule.

Wood. Seigniora, non intendo Ingleſe.

Lim. This is a very dull Fellow! he ſays, he does not intend *Engliſh.* How much ſhall I offer him, *Pug?*

Trick. If you will Preſent me, I have bidden him ten Guineys.

Lim. And, before *George*, you bid him fair. Look you, Mr. *Seignior*, I will give you all theſe: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Do you ſee, *Seignior?*

Wood. *Seignior, Si.*

Lim. Lo' you there, *Pug*, he does ſee. Here, will you take me at my word?

Wood. (*Shrugging up*) *Troppo poco, troppo co.*

Lim. A poco, a poco! why, a Pox o' you too, and you go to that. Stay, now I think on't, I can tickle him up with *French*; he'll underſtand that ſure. *Mounſieur, voulez vous prendre ces dix Guinees, pour ces Eſſences? mon foy c'eſt aſſez.*

Wood. *Chi vala, Amici; ho di Caſa! Taratapa Taratapa, eus, matou, meau* ——(*To her.*) I am at the end of my *Italian*, what will become of me?

Trick. (*To him*) Speak any thing, and make it paſs for *Italian*; but be ſure you take his Money.

Wood. *Seignior, jo non canno takere ten Guinneo, poſſibilmente; 'tis to my loſſo.*

Lim. That is, *Pug*, he cannot poſſibly take ten Guineys, 'tis to his loſs: now I underſtand him; this is almoſt *Engliſh*.

Trick. *Engliſh*! away, you Fop! 'tis a kind of *Lingua Franca*, as I have heard the Merchants call it; a certain compound Language, made up of all Tongues that paſſes through the *Levant*.

Lim. This *Lingua*, what you call it, is the moſt rareſt Language. I underſtand it as well as if it were *Engliſh*; you ſhall ſee me anſwer him: *Seignioro, ſtay a litlo, and conſider wello, ten Guinnea is monyo, a very conſiderablo ſummo.*

Trick. Come, you ſhall make it twelve, and he ſhall take it for my ſake.

Lim. Then, *Seignioro*, for *Pugſakio, addo two moro: je vous donne bon adviſe: prennez viſtement: prennez me a mon mot.*

Wood. *Jo loſero molto: ma per gagnare il voſtro coſtumo, datemi hanſello.*

Lim. There is both *hanſello* and *Guinnio*; *tako, tako*, and ſo Good-morrow.

Trick. Good-morrow, *Seignior*, I like your Spirits very well; pray let me have all your Eſſence you can ſpare.

Lim. Come, *Puggio*, and let us retire in *ſecreto*, like Lovers, into our *Chambro*; for I grow *impatiento*. —— *Bon Matin, Monſieur, bon Matin & bon jour.* [*Exeunt* Limberham, Trickſy.

Wood. Well, get thee gone, Squire *Limberhamo*, for the eaſieſt Fool I ever knew, next my Naunt of Fairies in the *Alchemiſt*. I have eſcap'd, thanks to my Miſtreſſes *Lingua Franca*: I'll ſteal to my Chamber, ſhift my Periwig, and Cloaths; and then, with the help of ruſty *Gervaſe*, concert the buſineſs of the next Campaign. My Father ſticks in my Stomach ſtill; but I am reſolv'd to be *Woodall* with him, and *Aldo* with the Women. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall, Gervaſe.

Wood. Hitherto, ſweet *Gervaſe*, we have carri'd matters ſwimmingly: I have danc'd in a Net before my Father, almoſt Check-mated the Keeper, retir'd to my Chamber undiſcover'd, ſhifted my Habit, and am come out an abſolute *Munſieur* to allure the Ladies. How ſits my *Chedreux*?

Ger. O very finely! with the Locks comb'd down, like a *Mermaids*, on a Sign-poſt. Well, you think now your Father may live in the ſame houſe with you till *Dooms-day*, and never find you; or, when he has found you, he will be kind enough not to conſider what a Property you have made of him. My Employment is at an end; you have got a better Pimp, thanks to your Filial Reverence.

Wood. Prythee what ſhou'd a man do with ſuch a Father, but uſe him thus? Beſides, he does Journey-work under me; 'tis his humour to fumble, and my duty to provide for his old age.

Ger. Take my advice yet; down o' your Marrow-bones, and ask forgiveneſs; Eſpouſe the Wife he has provided for you, lye by the ſide of a wholſom Woman, and procreate your own Progeny in the fear of Heaven.

Wood. I have no vocation to it, *Gervaſe*: A man of Senſe is not made for Marriage; 'tis a Game, which none but dull plodding Fellows can play at well; and 'tis as natural to them, as *Crimp* is to a *Dutch-man.*

Ger. Think on't however, Sir; Debauchery is upon its laſt Legs in *England*: witty men began the Faſhion; and, now the Fops are got into't, 'tis time to leave it.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. Son *Woodall*, thou vigorous young Rogue, I congratulate thy good Fortune; thy man has told me the Adventure of the *Italian* Merchant.

Wood. Well, they are now retir'd together, like *Renaldo* and *Armida*, to private dalliance; but we ſhall find a time to ſeparate their loves, and ſtrike in betwixt 'em, Daddy: But I here there's another Lady in the houſe, my Landladies fair Daughter; how came you to leave her out of your Catalogue?

Aldo. She's pretty, I confeſs, but moſt damnable honeſt; have a care of her, I warn you, for ſhe's prying and malicious.

Wood. A tang of the mother; but I love to graff on ſuch a Crab-tree; ſhe may bear good fruit another year.

Aldo. No, no, avoid her: I warrant thee, young *Alexander*, I will provide thee more Worlds to conquer.

Ger. (*Aſide*) My old Maſter wou'd fain paſs for *Philip* of *Macedon*, when he is little better than Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy.*

Wood. If you get this Keeper out of doors, Father, and give me but an opportunity——

Aldo. Truſt my diligence; I will ſmoak him out, as they do Bees, but I will make him leave his Honey-comb.

Ger. (*Aſide*) If I had a thouſand Sons, none of the Race of the *Gervaſes* ſhou'd ever be educated by thee, thou vile old Satan.

Aldo. Away Boy, fix thy Arms, and whet, like the luſty *German* Boys, before a Charge: he ſhall bolt immediately.

Wood. O, fear not the vigorous five and twenty.

Aldo. Hold, a word firſt: Thou ſaid'ſt my Son was ſhortly to come over.

Wood. So he told me.

Aldo. Thou art my Boſom Friend.

Ger. (*Aſide*) Of an hours acquaintance.

Aldo. Be ſure thou doſt not diſcover my frailties to the young Scoundrel: 'twere enough to make the Boy my Maſter. I muſt keep up the Dignity of old Age with him.

Wood. Keep but your own counſel, Father; for what ever he knows, muſt come from you.

Aldo. The truth on't is, I ſent for him over; partly to have marry'd him, and partly becauſe his Villainous Bills came ſo thick upon me, that I grew weary of the charge.

Ger. He ſpar'd for nothing; he laid it on, Sir, as I have heard.

Wood. Peace, you lying Rogue, believe me, Sir, bating his neceſſary expences of women, which I know you won'd not have him want; in all things elſe, he was the beſt manager of your allowance; and, tho I ſay it, ———

Ger. (*Aſide*) That ſhou'd not ſay it.

Wood. The moſt hopeful young Gentleman in *Paris*.

Aldo. Report ſpeaks otherwiſe. And before *George*, I ſhall read him a Worm-wood Lecture, when I ſee him. But hark, I hear the door unlock; the Lovers are coming out: I'll ſtay here, to wheedle him abroad; but you muſt vaniſh.

Wood. Like Night and the Moon, in the Maids Tragedy: I into Miſt; you into Day. [*Ex.* Wood, Gerv.

Enter Limberham *and* Trickſy.

Limb. Nay, but dear ſweet honey *Pug*, forgive me but this once: it may be any man's caſe, when his deſires are too vehement.

Trick. Let me alone; I care not.

Limb. But then thou wilt not love me, *Pug*.

Aldo. How now Son *Limberham*? there's no quarrel towards, I hope!

Trick. You had beſt tell now, and make your ſelf ridiculous!

Limb. She's in Paſſion: Pray do you moderate this matter, Father *Aldo*.

Trick. Father *Aldo*! I wonder you are not aſham'd to call him ſo! you may be his Father, if the truth were known.

Aldo. Before *George*, I ſmell a Rat. Son *Limberham* : I doubt, I doubt there has been ſome great omiſſion in Love-affairs.

Limb. I think all the Stars in Heav'n have conſpir'd my ruine: I'll look in my Almanack —— As I hope for mercy, 'tis croſs-day now.

Trick. Hang your pitiful excuſes. 'Tis well known what offers I have had, and what Fortunes I might have made with others, like a fool as I was, to throw away my youth and Beauty upon you. I could have had a young handſome Lord, that offer'd me my Coach and ſix; beſides many a good Knight and Gentleman, that wou'd have parted with their own Ladies, and have ſetled half they had upon me.

Limb. I, you ſaid ſo.

Trick. I ſaid ſo, Sir! who am I? is not my word as good as yours?

Limb. As mine, Gentlewoman? tho I ſay it, my word will go for thouſands.

Trick. The more ſhame for you, that you have done no more for me: But I am reſolv'd I'll not loſe my time with you; I'll part.

Limb. Do, who cares? Go to Dog and Bitch yard, and help your Mother to make Footmens ſhirts.

Trick. I defy you, Slanderer, I defy you.

Aldo. Nay, dear Daughter!

Limb. I defy her too.

Aldo. Nay, good Son!

Trick. Let me alone: I'll have him cudgel'd by my Footman.

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Bleſs us! what's here to do? My Neighbours will think I keep a Neſt of unclean Birds here.

Lim. You had beſt preach now, and make her houſe be thought a Bawdy-houſe!

Trick. No, no: while you are in't, you'l ſecure it from that ſcandal. Hark hither, Mrs. *Saintly.* [*Whiſpers.*

Limb. Do, tell, tell, no matter for that.

Saint. Who wou'd have imagin'd you had been ſuch a kind of man, Mr. *Limberham*! O Heav'n, O Heav'n. [*Ex.*

Lim. So, Now you have ſpit your Venom, and the Storm's over.

Aldo. (*crying*) That I ſhou'd ever live to ſee this day!

Trick. To ſhow I can live honeſt, in ſpight of all mankind, I'll go into a Nunnery, and that's my reſolution.

Lim.

Limb. Don't hinder her, good Father *Aldo*; I'm ſure ſhe'l come back from *France*, before ſhe gets half way o're to *Calais*.

Aldo. Nay, but Son *Limberham*, this muſt not be; a word in private. You'l never get ſuch another Woman, for Love nor Money. Do but look upon her; ſhe's a Miſtriſs for an Emperor.

Lim. Let her be a Miſtriſs for a *Pope*, like a Whore of *Babylon*, as ſhe is.

Aldo. Wou'd I were worthy to be a young man, for her ſake: ſhe ſhou'd eat Pearl, if ſhe wou'd have 'em.

Lim. She can digeſt 'em, and Gold too. Let me tell you Father *Aldo*, ſhe has the Stomach of an Eſtrich.

Aldo. Daughter *Tricksy*, a word with you.

Trick. I'll hear nothing, I am for a Nunnery.

Aldo. I never ſaw a Woman, before you, but firſt or laſt ſhe wou'd be brought to Reaſon. Hark you Child, you'l ſcarcely find ſo kind a keeper: What if he has ſome impediment one way? every body is not a *Hercules*. You ſhall have my Son *Woodal*, to ſupply his wants; but as long as he maintains you, be rul'd by him that bears the purſe.

Limb. *Singing.*

I my own Jaylor was; my only Foe,
Who did my liberty forego;
I was a Pris'ner, 'cauſe I wou'd be ſo.

Aldo. Why, Look you now, Son *Limberham*, is this a Song to be ſung at ſuch a time, when I am labouring your reconcilement? Come Daughter *Tricksy*, you muſt be rul'd; I'll be the Peace-maker.

Trick. No, I'm juſt going.

Lim. The Devil take me, if I call you back.

Trick. And his Dam take me, if I return, except you do.

Aldo. So, now you'l part, for a meer Punctilio! Turn to him Daughter: ſpeak to her, Son. Why ſhou'd you be ſo refractory both, to bring my gray hairs with ſorrow to the grave?

Lim. I'll not be forſworn, I ſwore firſt.

Trick. Thou art a forſworn man however; for thou ſwor'ſt to love me eternally.

Lim. Yes, I was ſuch a fool, to ſwear ſo.

Aldo. And will you have that dreadful oath ly gnawing on your Conſcience?

Trick. Let him be damn'd; and ſo farewel for ever. [*Going.*

Lim. Pug!

Trick. Did you call, Mr. *Limberham*?

Lim. It may be, I; it may be, No.

Trick. Well, I am going to the Nunnery: but to ſhow I am in charity, I'll pray for you.

Aldo. Pray for him! *fy*, Daughter, *fy*; is that an anſwer for a Chriſtian?

Limb. What did *Pug* ſay? will ſhe pray for me? Well, to ſhow I am in Charity, ſhe ſhall not pray for me. Come back, *Pug*. But did I ever think thou cou'dſt have been ſo unkind to have parted with me? [*Cries.*

Aldo. Look you, Daughter, ſee how Nature works in him!

Limb. I'll ſettle two hundred a year upon thee, becauſe thou ſaid'ſt thou wou'dſt pray for me.

Aldo. Before *George*, Son *Limberham*, you'l ſpoil all, if you under-bid ſo. Come, down with your duſt, man: what, ſhow a baſe mind, when a fair Lady's in queſtion!

Lim. Well, if I muſt give three hundred.

Trick. No, 'tis no matter; my thoughts are on a better place.

Aldo. Come, there's no better place, than little *London*. You ſha'not part for a Trifle. What, Son *Limberham*? four hundred a year's a ſquare ſum, and you ſhall give it.

Lim. 'Tis a round Sum indeed; I wiſh a three-corner'd ſum wou'd have ſerv'd her turn. Why ſhou'd you be ſo pervicatious now, *Pug*? Pray take three hundred. ——— Nay, rather than part, *Pug*, it ſhall be ſo. [*She frowns.*

Aldo. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo: come now buſs, and ſeal the bargain.

Trick. (*kiſſing him.*) You ſee what a good-natur'd fool I am, Mr. *Limberham*, to come back into a wicked World, for Love of you. You'l ſee the Writings drawn, Father?

Aldo. I, and pay the Lawyer too. Why this is as it ſhou'd be! I'll be at the charge of the reconciling Supper —— (*To her aſide.*) Daughter, my Son *Woodall* is waiting for you. ———Come away, Son *Limberham*, to the Temple.

Lim. With all my heart, while ſhe's in a good humor: it wou'd coſt me another hundred, if I ſhou'd ſtay till *Pug* were in wrath again. Adieu, ſweet *Pug*. [*Ex.* Aldo. Limb.]

Trick. That he ſhou'd be ſo ſilly to imagine I wou'd go into a Nunnery! 'tis likely; I have much Nuns Fleſh about me. But here comes my Gentleman.

Enter Woodall, *not ſeeing her.*

Wood. Now the Wife's return'd, and the Daughter too, and I have ſeen 'em both, and am more diſtracted than before: I wou'd enjoy all, and have not yet determin'd with which I ſhou'd begin. 'Tis but a kind of Clergy-covetouſneſs in me, to deſire ſo many; if I ſtand gaping after Pluralities, one of 'em is in danger to be made a *Sine cure*——(*Sees her.*) O, Fortune has determin'd for me. 'Tis juſt here, as it is in the World; the Miſtreſs will be ſerv'd before the Wife.

Trick. How now, Sir; are you rehearſing your *Lingua Franca* by your ſelf, that you walk ſo penſively?

Wood. No faith, Madam, I was thinking of the fair Lady, who at parting beſpoke ſo cunningly of me all my Eſſences.

Trick. But there are other Beauties in the houſe, and I ſhou'd be impatient of a Rival: for I am apt to be partial to my ſelf, and think I deſerve to be preferr'd before 'em.

Wood. Your Beauty will allow of no competition; And I am ſure my love cou'd make none.

Trick. Yes, you have ſeen Mrs. *Brainſick*, ſhe's a Beauty.

Wood. You mean, I ſuppoſe, the peaking Creature, the Marry'd Woman, with a ſideling look, as if one Cheek carry'd more byaſs than the other?

Trick. Yes, and with a high Noſe, as viſible as a land-mark.

Wood. With one Cheek blew, the other red: juſt like the covering of *Lambeth* Palace.

Trick. Nay, but her legs, if you cou'd ſee 'em——

Wood. She was ſo fooliſh to wear ſhort Petticoats, and ſhow 'em. They are pillars, groſs enough to ſupport a larger building; of the *Tuſcan* order, by my troth.

Trick. And her little head, upon that long neck, ſhows like a Traitor's Scull upon a pole.

Wood. She can have none: there's not room enough for a Thought to play in.

Trick. I think indeed I may ſafely truſt you with ſuch Charms: and you have pleas'd me with your deſcription of her.

Wood. I wiſh you wou'd give me leave to pleaſe you better; but you tranſact as gravely with me as a Spaniard; *and are loſing Love, as he does* Flanders: *you conſider, and demur, when the Monarch is up in Arms, and at your Gates.*

Trick. But to yield upon the firſt Summons, e're you have laid a formal Siege——
To morrow may prove a luckier day to you.

Wood. Believe me, Madam; Lovers are not to truſt to morrow: Love may die upon our hands, or opportunity be wanting; 'tis beſt ſecuring the preſent hour.

Trick. No, Love's like Fruit; it muſt have time to ripen on the Tree; if it be green gather'd, 'twill but wither afterwards.

Wood. Rather 'tis like Gun-powder; that which fires quickeſt, is commonly the ſtrongeſt.——By this burning kiſs——

Trick. You Lovers are ſuch froward Children, ever crying for the

Breaſt; and, when you have once had it, 'twill fall aſleep in the Nurſery. —— And with what Face ſhall I look upon my Keeper after this?

Wood. With the ſame face that all Miſtreſſes look upon theirs. Come, come.

Trick. But my Reputation!

Wood. Nay, that's my Argument; if I ſhould be ſo baſe to tell; for Women get good Fortunes now a-days, by loſing their Credit, as a cunning Citizen does by breaking.

Trick. Fie, I'm ſo aſham'd on't! Well, I'll go in, and hide my Bluſhes. [*Exit.*

Wood. I'll not be long after you; for I think I have hidden my Bluſhes where I ſhall never find 'em.

Re-enter Trickſy.

Trick. As I live, Mr. *Limberham*, and Father *Aldo*, are juſt return'd; I ſaw 'em coming. My Settlement will miſcarry, if you are found here: what ſhall we do?

Wood. Go you into your own chamber, and leave me to my Fortune.

Trick. That you ſhou'd be ſo dull! their ſuſpicion will be as ſtrong ſtill: for what ſhould you make here?

Wood. The curſe on't is too, I bid my Man tell the Family I was gone abroad; ſo that if I am ſeen, you are infallibly diſcover'd. [*Noiſe.*

Trick. Hark, I hear 'em! Here's a Cheſt which I borrow'd of Mrs. *Pleaſance*: get quickly into it, and I will lock you up; there's nothing in't, but Cloaths of *Limberham's*, and a Box of Writings.

Wood. I ſhall be ſmother'd!

Trick. Make haſte, for Heav'n ſake; they'l quickly be gone, and then——

Wood. That Then, will make a man venture any thing.

[*He goes in, and ſhe locks the Cheſt.*

Enter Limberham *and* Aldo.

Lim. Doſt thou not wonder, to ſee me come again ſo quickly, *Pug*?

Trick. No, I am prepar'd for any fooliſh freak of yours: I knew you wou'd have a qualm, when you came to ſettlement.

Lim. Your Settlement depends abſolutely on that Cheſt.

Trick. Father *Aldo*, a word with you, for Heav'n's ſake.

Aldo. No, no, I'll no Whiſpers: do not ſtand in your own light, but produce the Keys, Daughter.

Lim. Be not muſty, my pretty S. *Peter*, but produce the Keys; I muſt have the Writings out that concern thy Settlement.

Trick. Now I ſee you are ſo reaſonable, I'll ſhow you I dare truſt your honeſty; the Settlement ſhall be deferr'd till another day.

Aldo. No deferring, in theſe caſes, Daughter.

Trick. But I have loſt the Keys.

Lim. That's a jeſt! let me feel in thy Pocket, for I muſt oblige thee.

Trick. You ſhall feel no where: I have felt already, and am ſure they are loſt.

Aldo. But feel again, the Lawyer ſtays.

Trick. Well, to ſatisfie you, I will feel.——They are not here.—— Nor here neither. [*She pulls out her Handkerchief, and the Keys drop after it:* Limberham *takes 'em up.*

Limb. Look you now, *Pug!* who's in the right? Well, thou art born to be a lucky *Pug!* in ſpight of thy ſelf.

Trick. (*Aſide*) O, I am ruin'd!—One word, I beſeech you, Father *Aldo.*

Aldo. Not a ſyllable: what's the Devil in you, Daughter? Open Son, open.

Trick. (*Aloud*) It ſhall not be opened; I will have my will, though I loſe my Settlement: Wou'd I were within the Cheſt, I wou'd hold it down, to ſpight you: I ſay again, wou'd I were within the Cheſt, I wou'd hold it ſo faſt, you ſhou'd not open it: the beſt on't is, there's good Inckle on the top of the in-ſide, if he have the wit to lay hold on't.

Lim. (*Going to open it*) Before *George*, I think you have the Devil in a String, *Pug*; I cannot open it, for the Guts of me. *Hictius Doctius!* what's here to do? I believe, in my Conſcience, *Pug* can Conjure: Marry, God bleſs us all good Chriſtians.

Aldo. Puſh hard, Son.

Lim. I cannot puſh; I was never good at puſhing, when I puſh, I think the Devil puſhes too. Well, I muſt let it alone, for I am a Fumbler. Here, take the Keys, *Pug.*

Trick. (*Aſide*) Then all's ſafe again.

Enter Judith *and* Gervaſe.

Jud. Madam, Mrs. *Pleaſance* has ſent for the Cheſt you borrow'd of her: ſhe has preſent occaſion for it; and has deſir'd us to carry it away.

Lim. Well, that's but reaſon: if ſhe muſt have it, ſhe muſt have it.

Trick. Tell her, it ſhall be return'd ſome time to day; at preſent we muſt crave her pardon, becauſe we have ſome Writings in it which muſt firſt be taken out, when we can open it.

Lim. Nay, that's but reaſon too: then ſhe muſt not have it.

Ger. Let me come to't, I'le break it open, and you may take out your Writings.

Lim. That's true: 'tis but reaſonable it ſhould be broken open.

Trick. Then I may be bound to make good the loſs.

Lim. 'Tis unreaſonable it ſhould be broken open.

Aldo. Before *George, Gervaſe* and I will carry it away; and a Smith ſhall be ſent for to my Daughter *Pleaſance*'s Chamber, to open it without damage.

Lim. Why, who ſays againſt it? let it be carri'd; I'm all for Reaſon.

Trick. Hold; I ſay it ſhall not ſtir.

Aldo. What? every one muſt have their own: *Fiat Juſtitia aut ruat Mundus.*

Lim. I, *fiat Juſtitia, Pug:* ſhe muſt have her own; for *Juſtitia* is Latin for Juſtice. [Aldo *and* Gervaſe *lift at it.*

Aldo. I think the Devil's in't.

Ger. There's ſomewhat bounces, like him, in't. 'Tis plaguy heavy; but we'll take t'other heave.

Trick. (Taking hold of the Cheſt) Then you ſhall carry me too. Help, murder, murder. [*A confus'd gabling among 'em.*

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I think all Hell's broke looſe among you. What, a Schiſm in my Family! Does this become the Purity of my Houſe? What will the ungodly ſay?

Lim. No matter for the ungodly; this is all among our ſelves: for, look you, the buſineſs is this, Mrs. *Pleaſance* has ſent for this ſame Buſineſs here, which ſhe lent to *Pug*; now *Pug* has ſome private Buſineſſes within this Buſineſs, which ſhe wou'd take out firſt, and the Buſineſs will not be open'd: and this makes all the Buſineſs.

Saint. Verily, I am rais'd up for a Judge amongſt you; and I ſay——

Trick. I'll have no Judge: it ſhall not go.

Aldo. Why Son, why Daughter, why Mrs. *Saintly*; are you all mad? Hear me, I am ſober, I am diſcreet; let a Smith be ſent for hither, let him break open the Cheſt; let the things contained be taken out, and the thing containing be reſtor'd.

Lim. Now hear me too, for I am ſober and diſcreet; Father *Aldo* is an Oracle: it ſhall be ſo.

Trick. Well, to ſhow I am reaſonable, I am content, Mr. *Gervaſe* and I will fetch an Inſtrument from the next Smith; in the mean time, let the Cheſt remain where it now ſtands, and let every one depart the Chamber.

Lim. That no violence be offer'd to the Perſon of the Cheſt, in *Pug*'s abſence.

Aldo. Then this matter is compos'd.

Trick. (*Aſide*) Now I ſhall have leiſure to inſtruct his Man, and ſet him free, without diſcovery. Come, Mr. *Gervaſe.* [*Ex. all but* Saintly.

Saint. There is a certain motion put into my mind, and it is of good; I have Keys here, which a precious Brother, a devout Black-ſmith, made me; and which will open any Lock of the ſame bore: verily, it can be no ſin to unlock this Cheſt therewith, and take from thence the ſpoils of the ungodly. I will ſatisfie my Conſcience, by giving part thereof to the Hungry, and the Needy; ſome to our Paſtor, that he may prove it lawful; and ſome I will ſanctifie to my own uſe. [*She unlocks the Cheſt, and* Woodall *ſtarts up.*

Wood. Let me embrace you, my dear Deliverer!
Bleſs us! is it you, Mrs. *Saintly?* [*She ſhrieks.*

Saint. (*Shricking*) Heav'n of his mercy! Stop Thief, ſtop Thief.

Wood. What will become of me now?

Saint. According to thy wickedneſs, ſhall it be done unto thee. Have I diſcover'd thy back-ſlidings, thou unfaithful man! thy Treachery to me ſhall be rewarded, verily; for I will teſtifie againſt thee.

Wood. Nay, ſince you are ſo revengeful, you ſhall ſuffer your part of the diſgrace; if you teſtifie againſt me for Adultery, I ſhall teſtifie againſt you for Theft: there's an Eighth for your Seventh. [*Noiſe.*

Saint. Verily, they are approaching: return to my imbraces, and it ſhall be forgiven thee.

Wood. Thank you, for your own ſake: Hark! they are coming! cry Thief again, and help to ſave all yet.

Saint. Stop Thief, ſtop Thief.

Wood. Thank you, for your own ſake; but I fear 'tis too late.

Enter Trickſy, Limberham.

Trick. (*Entring*) The Cheſt open, and *Woodall* diſcover'd, I am ruin'd!

Enter Limb. Why all this ſhrieking, Mrs. *Saintly?*

Wood. (*Ruſhing him down*) Stop Thief, ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief! cry you mercy, Gentleman, if I have hurt you.

Lim. (*Riſing*) 'Tis a fine time to cry a man mercy, when you have beaten his wind out of his body.

Saint. As I watch'd the Cheſt, behold a Viſion ruſhed out of it, on the ſudden; and I lifted up my voice, and ſhrick'd.

Limb. A Viſion, Landlady; what, have we *Gog* and *Magog* in our Chamber?

Trick. A Thief, I warrant you, who had gotten into the Cheſt.

VVood. Moſt certainly a Thief: for hearing my Landlady cry out, I flew from my Chamber to her help, and met him running down ſtairs; and then he turn'd back to the *Balcone*, and leapt into the Street.

Limb. I thought indeed that ſomething held down the Cheſt, when I would have open'd it: ——But my Writings are there ſtill; that's one comfort! ——Oh *Seignioro*, are you here!

Wood. Do you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Saint. This is Mr. *Woodall*, your new fellow Lodger.

Limb. Cry you mercy, Sir; I durſt have ſworn you cou'd have ſpoken *Lingua Franca.*——I thought in my Conſcience, *Pug*, this had been thy *Italian Merchanto.*

Wood. Sir, I ſee you miſtake me for ſome other: I ſhou'd be happy to be better known to you.

Limb. Sir, I beg your pardon with all my *hearto.* Before *George*, I was caught again there! But you are ſo very like a paltry Fellow who came to ſell *Pug* Eſſences this morning, that one wou'd ſwear thoſe Eyes, and that Noſe and Mouth, belong'd to that Raſcal.

Wood. You muſt pardon me, Sir, if I don't much reliſh the cloſe of your Complement.

Trick. Their Eyes are nothing like: (you'll have a quarrel.)

Lim. Not very like: I confeſs.

Trick. Their Noſe and Mouth are quite different.

Lim. As *Pug* ſays, they are quite different indeed:--but I durſt have ſworn it had been he; and therefore once again, I demand your *pardono.*

Trick. Come, let us go down; by this time *Gervaſe* has brought the Smith; and then Mrs. *Pleaſance* may have her Cheſt. Pleaſe you Sir, to bear us company.

Wood. At your ſervice, Madam.

Lim. Pray lead the way, Sir.

Wood. 'Tis againſt my will, Sir: but I muſt leave you in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Saintly, *and* Pleaſance.

Pleaſance. NEver fear it, I'll be a Spy upon his actions: he ſhall neither whiſper nor glote on either of 'em, but I'll ring him ſuch a Peal!

Saint. Above all things, have a care of him your ſelf; for ſurely there is Witchcraft betwixt his Lips: he is a Wolf within the Sheep-fold; and therefore I will be earneſt, that you may not fall. [*Exit.*

Pleaſ. Why ſhou'd my Mother be ſo inquiſitive about this Lodger?

I ha'ſ

I half ſuſpect Old *Eve* her ſelf has a mind to be nibling at the Pippin: he makes Love to one of 'em I am confident; it may be to both; for methinks I ſhou'd have done ſo, if I had been a Man; but the damn'd Petticoats have perverted me to honeſty, and therefore I have a grudge to him, for the Priviledge of his Sex. He ſhuns me too, and that vexes me; for though I wou'd deny him, I ſcorn he ſhou'd not think me worth a civil queſtion.

Re-enter Woodall, *with* Trickſy, *Mrs.* Brainſick, Judith, *and Muſick.*

Mrs. *Brain.* Come, your works, your works; they ſhall have the approbation of *Mrs. Pleaſance.*

Trick. No more Apologies: give *Judith* the words; ſhe ſings at ſight.

Jud. I'll try my skill.

A SONG from the ITALIAN.

BY a diſmal Cypreſs lying,
Damon *cry'd, all pale and dying,*
Kind is Death that ends my pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.
The Moſſy Fountains
Murmure my trouble,
And hollow Mountains
My groans redouble:
Every Nymph mourns me,
Thus while I languiſh;
She only ſcorns me,
Who caus'd my anguiſh.
No Love returning me, but all hope denying;
By a diſmal Cypreſs lying,
Like a Swan, *ſo ſung he dying:*
Kind is Death that ends my pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.

Pleaſ. By theſe languiſhing Eyes, and thoſe *Simagres* of yours, we are given to underſtand, Sir, you have a Miſtreſs in this Company: Come, make a free diſcovery which of 'em your Poetry is to Charm; and put the other out of pain.

Trick. No doubt 'twas meant to Mrs. *Brainſick.*

Mrs. *Brain.* We Wives are deſpicable Creatures; we know it, Madam, when a Miſtreſs is in preſence.

Pleaſ. Why this Ceremony betwixt you? 'Tis a likely proper Fellow, and looks as he cou'd People a new Iſle of *Pines.*

Mrs. *Brain.* 'Twere a work of Charity to convert a fair young Schiſmatick, like you, if 'twere but to gain you to a better Opinion of the Government.

Pleaſ. If I am not miſtaken in you two, he has works of Charity enough upon his hands already; but 'tis a willing Soul, I'll warrant him, eager upon the Quarry, and as ſharp as a Governour of *Covent-Garden.*

Wood. Sure this is not the phraſe of your Family: I thought to have found a ſanctified Siſter; but I ſuſpect now, Madam, that if your Mother kept a Penſion in your Father's time, there might be ſome Gentleman-Logder in the houſe; for I humbly conceive, you are of the half-ſtrain at leaſt.

Pleaſ. For all the rudeneſs of your Language, I am reſolv'd to know upon what Voyage you are bound: you Privateer of Love, you *Argier*'s Man, that Cruſe up and down for prize in the *Streights Mouth*; which of the Veſſels wou'd you ſnap now?

Trick. We are both under ſafe Convoy, Madam: a Lover, and a Husband.

Pleaſ. Nay, for your part, you are notably guarded, I confeſs; but Keepers have their Rooks, as well as Gameſters: But they only venture under 'em, till they pick up a Sum, and then puſh for themſelves.

Wood. (*Aſide.*) A Plague of her ſuſpitions; they'l ruine me on that ſide.

Pleaſ. So; let but little *Minx* go proud, and the Dogs in *Covent-Garden* have her in the wind immediately: all purſue the Scent.

Trick. Not to a Boarding-houſe, I hope!

Pleaſ. If they were wiſe, they wou'd rather go to a Brothel-houſe; for there moſt Miſtreſſes have left behind 'em their Maiden-heads, of bleſſed memory: and thoſe which wou'd not go off in that Market, are carry'd about by Bauds, and ſold at doors, like ſtale Fleſh in Baskets. Then, for your honeſty, or juſtneſs, as you call it, to your Keepers, your kept Miſtreſs is originally a Punk; and let the Cat be chang'd into a Lady never ſo formally, ſhe ſtill retains her natural property of Mouſing.

Mrs. *Brain.* You are very ſharp upon the Miſtreſſes; but I hope you'l ſpare the Wives.

Pleaſ. Yes, as much as your Husbands do, after the firſt Month of Marriage; but you requite their negligence in Houſhold-duties, by making them Husbands of the firſt Head, e're the year be over.

Wood. (*Aſide*) She has me there too!

Pleaſ. And, as for you, young Gallant.

Wood. Hold, I beſeech you, a Truce for me.

Pleaſ. In troth I pity you, for you have undertaken a moſt difficult Task, to cozen two Women, who are no Babies in their Art, if you bring it about, you perform as much as he that cheated the very Lottery.

Wood. Ladies, I am ſorry this ſhou'd happen to you for my ſake; ſhe's in a raging Fit, you ſee; 'tis beſt withdrawing, till the Spirit of Prophecy has left her.

Trick. I'll take ſhelter in my Chamber, —— whither, I hope, he'll have the grace to follow me. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Brain.* And, now I think on't, I have ſome Letters to diſpatch. [*Ex.* Trick. *and Mrs.* Brain. *ſeverally.*

Pleaſ. Now, good *John* among the Maids, how mean you to beſtow your time? Away, to your Study I adviſe you, invoke your Muſes, and make *Madrigals* upon abſence.

Wood. I wou'd go to *China*, or *Japan*, to be rid of that impetuous Clack of yours. Farewel, thou Legion of tongues in one Woman.

Pleaſ. Will you not ſtay, Sir? it may be I have a little buſineſs with you.

Wood. Yes the ſecond part of the ſame tune! Strike by your ſelf, ſweet Larm; you're true Bell mettal, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Pleaſ. This ſpightfulneſs of mine will be my ruine: To rail them off, was well enough; but to talk him away too! O Tongue, Tongue! thou wert given for a Curſe to all our Sex!

Enter Judith.

Jud. Madam, your Mother wou'd ſpeak with you.

Pleaſ. I will not come; I'm mad I think: I come immediately: Well, I'll go in, and vent my paſſion, by railing at them, and him too. [*Exit.*

Jud. You may enter in ſafety, Sir, the Enemy's march'd off.

Re-enter Woodall.

Wood. Nothing, but the love I bear thy Miſtreſs, cou'd keep me in the houſe with ſuch a Fury. When will the bright *Nymph* appear?

Jud. Immediately: I hear her coming.

Wood. That I cou'd find her coming, Mrs. *Judith*!

Enter Mrs. Brainſick.

You have made me languiſh in expectation, Madam. Was it nothing, do you think, to be ſo near a happineſs, with violent deſires, and to be delay'd?

Mrs. *Brain.* Is it nothing, do you think, for a Woman of Honour, to overcome the tyes of Vertue and Reputation; to do that for you, which I thought I ſhou'd never have ventur'd for the ſake of any man?

Wood.

VVood. But, my comfort is, that Love has overcome. Your Honour is, in other words, but your good Repute; and 'tis my part to take care of that: for the Fountain of a Woman's Honour is in the Lover, as that of the Subject is in the King.

Mrs. *Brain.* You had concluded well, if you had been my Huſband: you know where our ſubjection lies.

VVood. But cannot I be yours, without a Prieſt? They were cunning people, doubtleſs, who began that Trade; to have a double Hank upon us, for two Worlds: that no pleaſure here, or hereafter ſhou'd be had, without a Bribe to them.

Mrs. *Brain.* Well, I'm reſolv'd, I'll read, againſt the next time I ſee you; for the truth is, I am not very well prepar'd with Arguments for Marriage; mean while, farewell.

VVood. I ſtand corrected; you have reaſon indeed to go, if I can uſe my time no better: We'll withdraw, if you pleaſe, and diſpute the reſt within.

Mrs. *Brain.* Perhaps, I meant not ſo.

VVood. I underſtand your meaning at your Eyes. You'll watch, *Judith?*

Mrs. *Brain.* Nay, if that were all, I expect not my Husband till to morrow: The Truth is, he's ſo odly humour'd, that, if I were ill-inclin'd, it wou'd half juſtifie a Woman: He's ſuch a kind of Man.

VVood. Or, if he be not, we'll make him ſuch a kind of Man.

Mrs. *Brain.* So Fantaſtical, ſo Muſical, his talk all Rapture, and half Nonſence: Like a Clock out of order, ſet him a going, and he ſtrikes eternally. Beſides, he thinks me ſuch a Fool, that I cou'd half reſolve to revenge my ſelf, in juſtification of my Wit.

VVood. Come, come; no half reſolutions among Lovers; I'll hear no more of him, till I have reveng'd you fully. Go out, and watch, *Judith* [*Exit.* Judith.

Mrs. *Brain.* Yet, I cou'd ſay, in my defence, that my Friends marryed me to him againſt my will.

VVood. Then let us put your Friends too, into the Quarrel: it ſhall go hard, but I'll give you a Revenge for them.

Enter Judith *again, haſtily.*

How now? what's the matter?

Mrs. *Brain.* Can'ſt thou not ſpeak? haſt thou ſeen a Ghoſt?—— As I live, ſhe ſigns Horns? that muſt be for my Husband: He's return'd. [Judith *looks ghaſtly, and ſigns Horns.*

Jud. I wou'd have told you ſo, if I cou'd have ſpoken for fear.

Mrs. *Brain.* Hark, a knocking! what ſhall we do? [*Knocking.*] There's no dallying in this caſe: here you muſt not be found, that's certain; but *Judith* hath a Chamber within mine; haſte quickly thither; I'll ſecure the reſt.

Jud. Follow me, Sir. [*Ex.* Woodall, Judith.

Knocking again. She opens: Enter Brainſick.

Brain. What's the matter, Gentlewoman? am I excluded from my own Fortreſs, and by the way of Barricado? Am I to dance Attendance at the Door, as if I were ſome baſe *Plebeian* Groom? I'll have you know, that when my Foot aſſaults, the Lightning and the Thunder are not ſo terrible as ſtrokes: Braſen Gates ſhall tremble, and Bolts of Adamant diſmount from off their Hinges, to admit me.

Mrs. *Brain.* Who wou'd have thought that 'none Dear wou'd have come ſo ſoon? I was e'en lying down on my Bed, and dreaming of him: Tum a' me, and buſs, poor Dear; piddee buſs.

Brain. I nauſeat theſe fooliſh Feats of Love.

Mrs. *Brain.* Nay, but why ſhou'd he be ſo fretful now? and knows I doat on him; to leave a poor Dear ſo long without him, and then come home in an angry humour! indeed I'll *ky*.

Brain. Prythee leave thy fulſom fondneſs; I have ſurfeited on Conjugal Embraces.

Mrs. *Brain.* I thought ſo; ſome light Huſwife has bewitch'd him from me: I was a little Fool, ſo I was, to leave a Dear behind at *Barnet*, when I knew the Women wou'd run mad for him.

Brain. I have a luſcious Air forming, like a Pallas, in my Brain-pan; and now thou com'ſt a croſs my fancy, to diſturb the rich Idea's, with the yellow Jaundies of thy Jealouſie. (*Noiſe within.*) Hark, what noiſe is that within, about *Judith's* Bed?

Mrs. *Brain.* I believe, Dear, ſhe's making it——Wou'd the Fool wou'd go.

Brain. Hark, again!

Mrs. *Brain.* (*Aſide.*) I have a diſmal apprehenſion in my head, that he's giving my Maid a caſt of his Office, in my ſtead. O, how it ſtings me! (Woodall *ſneezes.*)

Brain. I'll enter, and find the reaſon of this Tumult.

Mrs. *Brain.* (*holding him.*) Not for the World; there may be a Thief there; and ſhou'd I put 'none Dear in danger of his life?—— What ſhall I do? betwixt the Jealouſie of my Love, and fear of this Fool, I am diſtracted: I muſt not venture 'em together, what e're comes on't. Why, *Judith*, I ſay! Come forth, Damſel.

Wood. (*within.*) The danger's over: I may come out ſafely.

Jud. (*within.*) Are you mad? you ſha' not.

Mrs. *Brain.* (*Aſide.*) So, now I'm ruin'd unavoidably.

Brain. Who e're thou art, I have pronounc'd thy Doom; the dreadful *Brainſick* bares his brawny Arm in tearing terrour; kneeling Queens in vain ſhou'd beg thy being.——Sa, ſa, there.

Mrs. *Brain.* (*aside.*) Tho I believe he dares not venture in; yet I muſt not put it to the Tryal. Why *Judith*, come out, come out, Huſwife.

Enter Judith, *trembling.*

What Villain have you hid within?

Jud. O Lord, Madam, what ſhall I ſay?

Mrs. *Brain.* How ſhou'd I know what you ſhou'd ſay? Mr. *Brainſick* has heard a Man's Voice within; if you know what he makes there, confeſs the truth; I am almoſt dead with fear, and he ſtands ſhakeing.

Brain. Terrour, I! 'tis indignation ſhakes me. With this Sabre I'll ſlice him ſmall as Atoms; he ſhall be doom'd by the Judge, and damn'd upon the Gibbet.

Jud. (*kneeling.*) My Maſter's ſo out-ragious, ſweet Madam, do you intercede for me, and I'll tell you all in private. (*Whiſpers.*) If I ſay it is a Thief, he'll call up help; I know not what o'th' ſudden to invent.

Mrs. *Brain.* Let me alone.——And is this all? why wou'd you not confeſs it before, *Judith?* when you know I am an indulgent Miſtreſs. (*Laughs.*)

Brain. What has ſhe confeſs'd?

Mrs. *Brain.* A venial Love Treſpaſs, Dear: 'Tis a Sweet-heart of hers, one that is to marry her; and ſhe was unwilling I ſhou'd know it, ſo ſhe hid him in her Chamber.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. What's the matter tro? what in Martial poſture, Son *Brainſick?*

Jud. Pray, Father *Aldo*, do you beg my pardon of my Maſter: I have committed a Fault; I have hidden a Gentleman in my Chamber, who is to marry me without his Friends conſent, and therefore came in private to me.

Aldo. That thou ſhou'dſt think to keep this ſecret! why, I know it as well as he that made thee.

Mrs. *Brain.* (*aside.*) Heav'n be prais'd, for this Knower of all things: Now will he lye three or four rapping Voluntiers, rather than be thought ignorant in any thing.

Brain. Do you know his Friends, Father *Aldo?*

Aldo. Know 'em! I think I do. His Mother was an Arch-Deacon's Daughter; as honeſt a Woman as ever broke Bread: She and I have been Cater-Couſins in our Youth; we have tumbled together between a pair of Sheets, i'faith.

Brain. An honeſt woman, and yet you two have tumbled together! thoſe are inconſiſtent.

Aldo. No matter for that.

Mrs. *Brain.* He blunders; I muſt help him. I warrant 'twas before Marriage, that you were ſo great.

Aldo. Before *George*, and ſo it was: for ſhe had the prettieſt black Mole upon her left Ancle, it does me good to think on't! His Father was Squire what d' you call him, of what d' you call 'em Shire. What think you, little *Judith?* do I know him now?

Jud. I ſuppoſe you may be miſtaken: my Servant's Father is a Knight of *Hamſhire.*

Aldo. I meant of *Hamſhire.* But that I ſhou'd forget he was a Knight, when I got him Knighted at the King's coming in! Two fat Bucks, I am ſure, he ſent me.

Brain. And what's his Name?

Aldo. Nay, for that, you muſt excuſe me: I muſt not diſcloſe litle *Judith*'s ſecrets.

Mrs. *Brain.* All this while the poor Gentleman is left in pain: we muſt let him out in ſecret; for I believe the young Fellow is ſo baſhful, he wou'd not willingly be ſeen.

Jud. The beſt way will be, for Father *Aldo* to lend me the Key of his Door, which opens into my Chamber; and ſo I can convey him out.

Aldo. (*Giving her the Key*) Do ſo, Daughter. Not a word of my Familiarity with his Mother, to prevent blood-ſhed betwixt us; but I have her name down in my *Almanack*, I warrant her.

Jud. What, kiſs and tell, Father *Aldo*; kiſs and tell! [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Brain.* I'll go and paſs an hour with Mrs. *Tricksy.* [*Exit.*

Enter Limberham.

Brain. What, the luſty Lover *Limberham!*

Enter Woodall *at another door.*

Aldo. O here's a *Mounſieur*, new come over, and a Fellow-lodger; I muſt endear you two to one another.

Brain. Sir, 'tis my extream ambition to be better known to you: you come out of the Country I adore. And how does the dear *Batiſt?* I long for ſome of his new Compoſitions in the laſt *Opera.* *A propo!* I have had the moſt happy invention this morning, and a Tune trouling in my head; I riſe immediately in my Night-Gown and Slippers, down I put the Notes ſlap daſh, made words to 'em like Lightning: and I warrant you have 'em at the Circle in the Evening.

Wood. All were compleat, Sir, if S. *Andre* wou'd make ſteps to 'em.

Brain. Nay, thanks to my Genius, that care's over: you ſhall ſee, you ſhall ſee. But firſt the Air.——(*Sings.*) Is't not very fine? Ha, *Meſſears!*

Lim. The cloſe of it is the moſt raviſhing I ever heard!

Brain. I dwell not on your Commendations. What ſay you, Sir? (*To Wood.*) Is't not admirable? Do you enter into't?

Wood. Moſt delicate *Cadence*!

Brain. Gad, I think ſo, without vanity. *Battiſt* and I have but one Soul. But the cloſe, the cloſe! (*Sings it thrice over.*) I have words too upon the Air; but I am naturally ſo baſhful!

Wood. Will you oblige me, Sir?

Brain. You might command me, Sir; for I ſing too *en Cavalier*: but ———

Lim. But you wou'd be intreated, and ſay, *Nolo, nolo, nolo,* three times, like any Biſhop, when your mouth waters at the Dioceſs.

Brain. I have no voice; but, ſince this Gentleman commands me, let the words commend themſelves. [*Sings.*

My Phillis *is Charming*———

Lim. But why, of all Names, wou'd you chuſe a *Phillis*? There have been ſo many *Phillis's* in Songs, I thought there had not been another left, for Love or Money.

Brain. If a man ſhou'd liſten to a Fop! (*Sings.*)

My Phillis ———

Aldo. Before *George*, I am on t'other ſide: I think, as good no Song, as no *Phillis*.

Brain. Yet again! ——— My *Phillis* ———(*Sings.*)

Lim. Pray, for my ſake, let it be your *Cloris*.

Brain. (*Looking ſcornfully at him.*) My *Phillis* ———(*Sings.*)

Lim. You had as good call her your *Succuba*.

Brain. *Morbleau*! will you not give me leave? I am full of *Phillis*. (*Sings.*) My *Phillis* ———

Lim. Nay, I confeſs, *Phillis* is a very pretty name.

Brain. *Diable*! Now I will not ſing, to ſpight you. By the World, you are not worthy of it. Well, I have a Gentleman's Fortune, I have courage, and make no inconſiderable Figure in the World: yet I wou'd quit my pretenſions to all theſe, rather then not be Author of this Sonnet, which your rudeneſs has irrevocably loſt.

Lim. Some fooliſh *French quelque choſe*, I warrant you.

Brain. *Quelque choſe*! O ignorance, in ſupreme perfection! he means a *kek ſhoſe*.

Lim. Why, a *kek ſhooes* let it be then! And a *kek ſhooes* for your Song.

Brain. I give to the Divel ſuch a Judge: well, were I to be born again, I wou'd as ſoon be the Elephant, as a Wit; he's leſs a Monſter in this Age of malice. I cou'd burn my Sonnet out of rage.

Lim. You may uſe your pleaſure with your own.

Wood. His Friends wou'd not ſuffer him: *Virgil* was not permitted to burn his *Æneids*.

Brain. Dear Sir, I'll not die ingrateful for your approbation: (*Aſide, to Woodall*) You ſee this fellow? he's an Aſs already; he has a handſome Miſtreſs, and you ſhall make an Oxe of him, e're long.

Wood. Say no more, it ſhall be done.

Lim. Hark you Mr. *Woodall*; this fool *Brainſick* grows inſupportable; he's a publick Nuſance; but I ſcorn to ſet my wit againſt him: he has a pretty Wife; I ſay no more, but if you do not graff him—

Wood. A word to the wiſe: I ſhall conſider him, for your ſake.

Lim. Pray do, Sir, conſider him much.

Wood. Much is the word.—— This fewd makes well for me. [*Aſide.*

Brain to *Wood.* I'll give you the opportunity, and rid you of him.—Come away, little *Limberham*; you and I, and Father *Aldo*, will take a turn together in the Square.

Aldo. We'll follow you immediately.

Lim. Yes, We'll come after you, Bully *Brainſick*: but I hope you will not draw upon us there.

Brain. If you fear that, *Bilbo* ſhall be left behind.

Lim. Nay, nay, leave but your *Madrigal* behind: draw not that upon us, and 'tis no matter for your Sword. [*Exit* Brainſick.

Enter Trickſy, *and Mrs.* Brainſick, *with a Note for each.*

Wood. (*Aſide*) Both together! either of 'em apart, had been my buſineſs: but I ſhall ne're play well at this Three-hand Game.

Lim. O, *Pug*, how have you been paſſing of your time?

Trick. I have been looking over the laſt Preſent of *Orange* Gloves you made me; and methinks I do not like the ſcent.———— O Lord, Mr. *Woodall*, did you bring thoſe you wear from *Paris*?

Wood. Mine are *Roman*, Madam.

Trick. The ſcent I love of all the World. Pray let me ſee 'em.

Mrs. *Brain.* Nay, not both, good Mrs. *Trickſy*; for I love that ſcent as well as you.

Wood. (*Pulling 'em off, and giving each one.*) I ſhall find two dozen more of Womens Gloves among my Trifles, if you pleaſe to accept 'em Ladies.

Trick. Look to't; we ſhall expect 'em.—— Now to put in my Billet *doux*!

Mrs. *Brain.* So, now I have the opportunity to thruſt in my Note.

Trick. Here, Sir, take your Glove again; the Perfume's too ſtrong for me.

Mrs. *Brain.* Pray take the other to't; though I ſhou'd have kept it for a Pawn.

[Mrs. Brainſick's *Note falls out*, Lim. *takes it up.*

Lim. What have we here? For Mr. *Woodall.*

Both VVomen. Hold, hold, Mr. *Limberham.* [*They ſnatch it.*

Aldo. Before *George*, Son *Limberham*, you ſhall read it.

VVood. By your favour, Sir, but he ſhall not.

Trick. He'll know my hand, and I am ruin'd!

Mrs. Brain. Oh, my misfortune! Mr. *VVoodall*, will you ſuffer your ſecrets to be diſcover'd?

Wood. It belongs to one of 'em, that's certain. —— Mr. *Limberham*, I muſt deſire you to reſtore this Letter; 'tis from my Miſtreſs.

Trick. The Devil's in him; will he Confeſs?

Wood. This Paper was ſent me from her this morning; and I was ſo fond of it, that I left it in my Glove: if one of the Ladies had found it there, I ſhou'd have been laugh'd at moſt unmercifully.

Mrs. Brain. That's well come off!

Lim. My heart was at my mouth, for fear it had been *Pug's* —— (*Aſide*) there 'tis again. —— Hold, hold; pray let me ſee't once more: A Miſtreſs, ſaid you?

Aldo. Yes, a Miſtreſs, Sir. I'll be his Voucher; he has a Miſtreſs, and a fair one too.

Lim. Do you know it, Father *Aldo*?

Aldo. Know it! I know the match is as good as made already: Old *VVoodall*, and I, are all one. You, Son, were ſent for over on purpoſe; the Articles for her Joynture are all concluded, and a Friend of mine drew 'em.

Lim. Nay, if Father *Aldo* knows it, I am ſatisfi'd.

Aldo. But how came you by this Letter, Son *VVoodall*? let me examine you.

VVood. Came by it! (Pox, he has *non-plus'd* me!) How do you ſay I came by it, Father *Aldo*?

Aldo. Why, there's it now. This morning I met your Miſtreſs's Father, Mr. you know who——

VVood. Mr. Who, Sir?

Aldo. Nay, you ſhall excuſe me for that; but we are intimate: his Name begins with ſome Vowel or Conſonant, no matter which; well, her Father gave me this very Numerical Letter, ſuperſcrib'd, *For Mr. VVoodall.*

Lim. Before *George*, and ſo it is.

Aldo. Carry me this Letter, quoth he, to your Son *VVoodall*; 'tis form my Daughter ſuch a one, and then whiſper'd me her Name.

VVood. Let me ſee; I'll read it once again.

Lim. What, are you not acquainted with the Contents of it?

VVood. O, your true Lover will read you over a Letter, from his Miſtreſs, a thouſand times.

Trick. I, Two thouſand, if he be in the humour.

VVood. Two thouſand! then it muſt be hers. (*Reads to himſelf.*)

Away to your Chamber immediately, and I'll give my Fool the ſlip—

(The Fool! that may be either the Keeper, or the Husband; but commonly the Keeper is the greateſt Humb? without ſubſcription ; it muſt be *Tricksy*) Father *Aldo*, prithee rid me of this Coxcomb.

Aldo. Come, Son *Limberham*, we let our Friend *Brainſick* walk too long alone : ſhall we follow him? We muſt make haſte ; for I expect a whole Beavy of Whores, a Chamber-full of Temptation this afternoon : 'tis my day of Audience.

Lim. Mr. *Woodall*, we leave you here, you Remember ?

[*Exeunt* Limber. Aldo.

Wood. Let me alone. Ladies your Servant ; I have a little private buſineſs with a Friend of mine.

Mrs. *Brain.* Meaning me. —— Well, Sir, your Servant.

Trick. Your Servant, till we meet again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Mr. Woodall's *Chamber.*

Mrs. Brainſick *alone.*

Mrs. Brain. My note has taken, as I wiſh'd : he will be here immediately. If I cou'd but reſolve to loſe no time, out of modeſty ; but 'tis his part to be violent, for both our Credits. Never ſo little force and ruffling, and a poor weak Woman is excus'd. (*Noiſe.*) Hark, I hear him coming. —— Ah me ? the ſteps beat double : he comes not alone : If it ſhou'd be my Husband with him ! where ſhall I hide my ſelf ? I ſee no other place, but under his Bed ; I muſt lie as ſilently, as my fear will ſuffer me. Heav'n ſend me ſafe again to my own Chamber. [*Creeps under the Bed.*

Enter Woodall, *and* Trickſy.

Wood. Well, Fortune at the laſt is favourable, and now you are my Priſoner.

Trick. After a quarter of an hour, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall have my liberty upon eaſie terms. But pray let us parley a little firſt.

Wood. Let it be upon the Bed then, Pleaſe you to ſit ?

Trick. No matter where : I am never the nearer to your wicked purpoſe. But you men are commonly great *Comedians* in Love-matters, therefore you muſt ſwear, in the firſt place——

Wood. Nay, no Conditions : the Fortreſs is reduc'd to Extremity ; and you muſt yield upon diſcretion, or I Storm.

Trick. Never to love any other Woman.

Wood. I kiſs the Book upon't.

[*Kiſſes her.* *Mrs.* Brain. *pinches him from underneath the Bed.*
Oh, are you at your Love-tricks already? If you pinch me thus, I ſhall bite your Lip.

Trick. I did not pinch you: but you are apt, I ſee, to take any occaſion of gathering up more cloſe to me. Next, you ſhall not ſo much as look on Mrs. *Brainſick.*

Wood. Have you done? theſe Covenants are ſo tedious!

Trick. Nay, but ſwear then.

Wood. I do promiſe, I do ſwear, I do any thing. [*Mrs.* Brain. *runs a Pin into him*] Oh, the Devil! what do you mean to run Pins into me? this is perfect Catter-wauling.

Trick. You fancy all this; I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Come, you ſhall ſee how well I love you.——[*Kiſſes him*: *Mrs.* Brain. *pricks her.*) Oh! I think you have Needles growing in your Bed.

[*Both riſe up.*

Wood. I'll ſee what's the matter in't.

Saint. (*Within.*) Mr. *VVoodall*, where are you, verily?

VVood. Pox verily her; 'tis my Landlady: here, hide your ſelf behind the Curtains, while I run to the door to ſtop her entry.

Trick. Neceſſity has no Law; I muſt be patient.

[*She gets into the Bed, and draws the Cloaths over her.*

Enter Saintly.

Saint. In ſadneſs, Gentleman, I can hold no longer: I will not keep your wicked counſel, how you were lock'd up in the Cheſt; for it lies heavy upon my Conſcience, and out it muſt, and ſhall.

Wood. You may tell, but who'll believe you? where's your witneſs?

Saint. Verily, Heav'n is my witneſs.

VVood. That's your witneſs too, that you wou'd have allur'd me to lewdneſs, have ſeduc'd a hopeful young man, as I am; you wou'd have entic'd youth: mark that, *Woman.*

Saint. I care not; my ſingle evidence is enough to Mr. *Limberham*; he will believe me, that thou burn'ſt in unlawful Luſt to his beloved: So thou ſhalt be an out-caſt from my Family.

VVood. Then will I go to the Elders of thy Church, and lay thee open before them, that thou didſt Feloniouſly unlock that Cheſt, with wicked intentions of purloyning: ſo thou ſhalt be Excommunicated from the Congregation, thou *Jezebel*, and deliver'd over to *Satan.*

Saint. Verily, our Teacher will not Excommunicate me, for taking the Spoils of the Ungodly, to Cloath him; for it is a juſtify'd Caſe amongſt us, that a marry'd Woman may ſteal from her Husband, to relieve a Brother. But yet thou may'ſt attone this difference betwixt us; verily, thou mayeſt.

Wood. Now thou art tempting me again. Well, if I had not the gift of Continency, what might become of me?

Saint. The means have been offered thee, and thou haſt kicked with the Heel: I will go immediatly to the Tabernacle of Mr. *Limberham*, and diſcover thee, O thou Serpent, in thy crooked Paths.

[*Going.*

Wood. Hold, good Landlady, not ſo faſt; let me have time to conſider on't; I may mollifie, for Fleſh is frail. An hour or two hence we will confer together upon the Premiſes.

Saint. Oh, on the ſudden, I feel my ſelf exceeding ſick! Oh! oh!

VVood. Get you quickly to your Cloſet, and fall to your *Mirabilis*; this is no place for ſick people. Be gone, be gone.

Saint. Verily, I can go no farther.

VVood. But you ſhall, verily: I will thruſt you down, out of pure pity.

Saint. Oh, my eyes grow dim! my heart quobs, and my back aketh! here I will lay me down and reſt me.

[*Throws her ſelf ſuddenly down upon the Bed;* Trickſy *ſhrieks and riſes: Mrs.* Brainſick *riſes from under the Bed in a Fright.*

Wood. So! here's a fine buſineſs! my whole *Seraglio* up in Arms!

Saint. So, ſo; if Providence had not ſent me hither, what folly had been this day committed!

Trick. Oh the Old Woman in the Oven! we both over-heard your Pious Documents: did we not, Mrs. *Brainſick*?

Mrs. *Brain.* Yes, we did over-hear her, and we will both teſtifie againſt her.

VVood. I have nothing to ſay for her. Nay, I told her her own; you can both bear me witneſs. If a ſober man cannot be quiet in his own Chamber for her———

Trick. For, you know, Sir, when Mrs. *Brainſick* and I over-heard her coming, having been before acquainted with her wicked purpoſe, we both agreed to trap her in it.

Mrs. *Brain.* And now ſhe wou'd ſcape her ſelf, by accuſing us! but let us both conclude to caſt an Infamy upon her Houſe, and leave it.

Saint. Sweet Mr. *Woodall*, intercede for me, or I ſhall be ruin'd.

VVood. Well, for once, I'll be good-natur'd, and try my intereſt. Pray, Ladies, for my ſake, let this buſineſs go no farther.

Trick. Mrs. Brain. You may command us.

VVood. For, look you, the offence was properly to my Perſon; and Charity has taught me to forgive my Enemies. I hope, Miſtreſs *Saintly*, this will be a warning to you, to amend your life: I ſpeak like a Chriſtian, as one that conſiders the welfare of your Soul.

Saint. Verily, I will conſider.

Wood. Why, that's well ſaid.——(*Aſide.*) Gad, and ſo muſt I too; for my People is diſſatisfy'd, and my Government in danger: but this is no place for Meditation. Ladies, I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aldo, Geoffery.

Aldo. Diſpatch, *Geoffery*, diſpatch: the out-lying Punks will be upon us, e're I am in a readineſs to give Audience. Is the Office well provided?

Geoff. The Stores are very low, Sir: ſome *Doily* Petticoats, and *Manto*'s we have; and half a dozen pair of lac'd Shooes, bought from Court at ſecond hand.

Aldo. Before *George*, there's not enough to rig out a Mournival of Whores: they'l think me grown a meer Curmudgeon. Mercy on me, how will this glorious Trade be carri'd on, with ſuch a miſerable Stock!

Geoff. I hear a Coach already ſtopping at the door.

Aldo. Well, ſomewhat in ornament for the Body, ſomewhat in counſel for the mind; one thing muſt help out another, in this bad World. Whoring muſt go on.

Enter Mrs. Overdon, *and her Daughter* Pru.

Mrs. *Over.* Ask bleſſing, *Pru*; he's the beſt Father you ever had.

Aldo. Bleſs thee, and make thee a ſubſtantial, thriving Whore. Have your Mother in your eye, *Pru*, 'tis good to follow good example. How old are you, *Pru*? hold up your head, Child.

Pru. Going o' my fifteen, Father *Aldo*.

Aldo. And you have been initiated but theſe two years: loſs of time, loſs of precious time. Mrs. *Overdon*, how much have you made of *Pru*, ſince ſhe has been Man's meat?

Mrs. *Over.* A very ſmall matter, by my troth; conſidering the charges I have been at in her Education: poor *Pru* was born under an unluckie Planet; I deſpair of a Coach for her. Her firſt Maidenhead brought me in but little; the weather-beaten old Knight that bought her of me, beat down the price ſo low; I held her at an hundred Guinies, and he bid ten; and higher than thirty he wou'd not riſe.

Aldo. A pox of his unluckie handſel: he can but fumble, and will not pay neither.

Pru. Hang him; I cou'd never endure him, Father: he's the filthieſt old Goat; and then he comes every day to our houſe, and eats out his thirty Guinies; and at three Months end, he threw me off.

Mrs. *Over.* And ſince then, the poor Child has dwindled, and dwindled away: her next Maiden-head brought me but ten; and from ten ſhe fell to five; and at laſt to a ſingle Guiney: ſhe has no luck to keeping; they all leave her, the more my ſorrow.

Aldo. We muſt get her a Husband then in the City; they bite rarely at a ſtale Whore o'this end o'th' Town, new furbiſh'd up in a taudry *Manto.*

Mrs. *Over.* No; pray let her try her fortune a little longer in the World firſt: by my troth, I ſhou'd be loth to be at all this coſt, in her *French*, and her *Singing*, to have her thrown away upon a Husband.

Aldo. Before *George*, there can come no good of your ſwearing, Mrs. *Overdon*: Say your Prayers, *Pru*, and go duly to Church o'Sundays, you'l thrive the better all the week. Come, have a good heart, Child; I'll keep thee my ſelf: thou ſhalt do my little buſineſs; and I'll find thee an able young Fellow to do thine.

Enter Mrs. Pad.

Daughter, *Pad*; you are welcome: what, you have perform'd the laſt Chriſtian Office to your Keeper; I ſaw you follow him up the heavy Hill to *Tyburn.* Have you had never a buſineſs ſince his death?

Mrs. *Pad.* No indeed, Father; never ſince Execution-day: the night before, we lay together moſt lovingly in *Newgate*: and the next morning he lift up his eyes, and prepar'd his Soul with a Prayer, while one might tell twenty; and then mounted the Cart as merrily, as if he had been going for a Purſe.

Aldo. You are a ſorrowful Widow, Daughter *Pad*, but I'll take care of you: *Geoffery*, ſee her rigg'd out immediately for a new Voyage: Look in Figure 9. in the upper Drawer, and give her out the Flower'd *Juſtacorps*, with the Petticoat belonging to't.

Mrs. *Pad.* Cou'd you not help to prefer me, Father?

Aldo. Let me ſee! let me ſee! Before *George*, I have it, and it comes as pat too! Go me to the very Judge who ſate upon him; 'tis an amorous, impotent, old Magiſtrate, and keeps admirably: I ſaw him leer upon you from the Bench: he'll tell you what's ſweeter than Strawberries and Cream, before you part.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Mrs. *Term.* O Father, I think I ſhall go mad.

Aldo. You are of the violenteſt temper, Daughter *Termagant*; when had you a buſineſs laſt?

Mrs. *Term.* The laſt I had was with young *Caſter*, that Son of a Whore Gameſter: he brought me to Taverns, to draw in young *Cullies*, while he bubbled 'em at Play; and when he had pick'd up a conſiderable Sum, and ſhou'd divide, the Cheating dog wou'd ſink my ſhare, and ſwear, *Dam him, he won nothing*.

Aldo. Unconſcionable Villain, to cozen you in your own calling!

Mrs. *Term.* When he loſes upon the Square, he comes home *Zounding* and *Blooding*; firſt beats me unmercifully, and then ſqueezes me to the laſt Penny: he has us'd me ſo, that Gad forgive me, I could almoſt forſwear my Trade: the Rogue ſtarves me too: he made me keep *Lent* laſt year till *Whitſontide*, and out-fac'd me with Oaths, it was but *Eaſter*. And what mads me moſt, I carry a Baſtard of the Rogues in my Belly: and now he turns me off, and will not own it.

Mrs. *Over*. Lord, how it quops! you are half a year gone, Madam—— [*Laying her hand on her Belly.*

Mrs. *Term.* I feel the young Raſcal kicking already, like his Father. —Oh, there's an Elbow thruſting out: I think in my Conſcience he's Palming and Topping in my Belly: and practiſing for a livelihood before he comes into the World.

Aldo. Geoffrey, ſet her down in the Regiſter, that I may provide her a Mid-wife, and a Dry and Wet-Nurſe: when you are up again, as heav'n ſend you a good hour, We'll pay him off at Law, I'faith. You have him under black and white, I hope.

Mrs. *Term.* Yes, I have a Note under his hand for 200 *l.*

Aldo. A Note under's hand! that's a Chip in Porridge; 'tis juſt nothing. Look, *Geoffrey*, to the Figure 12. for old Half-ſhirts for Child-bed Linnen.

Enter Mrs. Hackney.

Mrs. *Hack.* O, Madam *Termagant*, are you here! Juſtice, Father *Aldo*, Juſtice.

Aldo. Why, what's the matter, Daughter *Hackney*?

Hack. She has violated the Law of Nations; for yeſterday ſhe inveigled my own natural *Cully* from me, a marri'd Lord, and made him falſe to my Bed, Father.

Term. Come, you are an illiterate Whore: He's my Lord now; and, though you call him Fool, 'tis well known he's a Critick, Gentlewoman. You never read a Play in all your Life; and I gain'd him by my Wit, and ſo I'll keep him.

Hack. My comfort is, I have had the beſt of him; he can take up no more, till his Father dies: and ſo, much good may do you with my *Cully*, and my Clap into the Bargain.

Aldo. Then there's a Father for your Child, my Lord's Son and Heir by Mr. *Caſter*: but henceforward, to preſerve peace betwixt you, I ordain, that you ſhall ply no more in my Daughter *Hackney's* Quarter's: you ſhall have the City, from *White-Chappel* to *Temple-Bar*, and ſhe ſhall have to *Covent-Garden* downwards: At the Play-houſes, ſhe ſhall ply the *Boxes*, becauſe ſhe has the better Face; and you ſhall have the *Pit*, becauſe you can prattle beſt out of a *Vizor-Mask*.

Mrs. *Pad.* Then all Friends, and Confederates; Now let's have Father *Aldo's* delight, and ſo *Adjourn the Houſe*.

Aldo. Well ſaid, Daughter: lift up your Voices, and ſing like *Nightingales*, you Tory Rory Jades. Courage, I ſay; as long as the merry Pence hold out, you ſhall none of you die in *Shoreditch*.

Enter Woodall.

A hey, Boys, a hey! here he comes that will ſwinge you all! down, you little Jades, and worſhip him; 'tis the *Genius* of Whoring.

Wood. And down went Chairs and Table, and out went every Candle. Ho, brave old Patriarch in the middle of the Church Militant! Whores of all ſorts; Forkers and Rpine-tail'd; now come I gingling in with my Bells, and fly at the whole Covey.

Aldo. A hey, a hey, Boys, the Town's thy own; burn, raviſh, and deſtroy.

Wood. We'll have a Night on't; like *Alexander*, when he burnt Perſepolis: *tue, tue, tue; point de quartier.*

[*He runs in amongſt 'em, and they ſcuttle about the Room.*

Enter Saintly, Pleaſance, Judith, *with Broom-ſticks.*

Saint. What, in the midſt of *Sodom*! O thou lewd young Man! My Indignation boils over againſt theſe Harlots; and thus I ſweep 'em from out my Family.

Plea. Down with the *Suburbians*, down with 'em.

Aldo. O, ſpare my Daughters, Mrs. *Saintly*: ſweet Mrs. *Pleaſance*, ſpare my Fleſh and Blood.

Wood. Keep the door open, and help to ſecure the Retreat, Father: there's no pity to be expected.

[*The Whores run out, follow'd by* Saintly, Pleaſance, *and* Judith.

Aldo. Welladay, Welladay! one of my Daughters is big with Baſtard, and ſhe laid at her *Gaſcoins* moſt unmercifully! every ſtripe ſhe had, I felt it: the firſt fruit of Whoredom is irrecoverably loſt!

Wood. Make haſte, and comfort her.

Aldo. I will, I will: and yet I have a vexatious buſineſs which calls me firſt another way; the Rogue, my Son, is certainly come over; he has been ſeen in Town four days ago!

Wood. 'Tis impoſſible: I'll not believe it.

Aldo. A Friend of mine met his Old Man *Giles*, this very morning, in queſt of me; and *Giles* aſſur'd him, his Maſter is lodg'd in this very Street.

Wood. In this very Street! how knows he that?

Aldo. He dogg'd him to the corner of it: and then my Son turn'd back, and threaten'd him. But I'll find out *Giles*, and then I'll make ſuch an Example of my Reprobate! [*Exit.* Aldo.

Wood. If *Giles* be diſcover'd, I am undone! Why, *Gervaſe*, where are you, Sirrah! Hey, hey!

Enter Gervaſe.

Run quickly to that betraying Raſcal *Giles*, a Rogue, who wou'd take *Judas* his Bargain out of his hands, and under-ſell him: Command him ſtrictly to mew himſelf up in his Lodgings, till farther Orders: and in caſe he be refractory, let him know, I have not forgot to kick and cudgel. That *Memento* wou'd do well for you too, Sirrah.

Ger. Thank your Worſhip, you have always been liberal of your hands to me.

Wood. And you have richly deſerv'd it.

Ger. I will not ſay who has better deſerv'd it, of my old Maſter.

Wood. Away, old *Epictetus*, about your buſineſs, and leave your muſty Morals, or I ſhall———

Ger. Nay, I won't forfeit my own wiſdom ſo far, as to ſuffer for it. Reſt you merry: I'll do my beſt, and Heav'n mend all. [*Exit.*

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I have waited till you were alone, and am come to rebuke you, out of the zeal of my Spirit.

Wood. 'Tis the Spirit of Perſecution: *Diocleſian*, and *Julian* the *Apoſtate*, were but Types of thee. Get thee hence, thou old *Geneva* Teſtament: thou art a part of the Ceremonial Law, and haſt been aboliſh'd theſe twenty years.

Saint. All this is nothing, Sir; I am privy to your Plots: I'll diſcover 'em to Mr. *Limberham*, and make the Houſe too hot for you.

VVood. What, you can talk in the Language of the World, I ſee!

Saint. I can, I can, Sir; and in the Language of the Fleſh and Devil too, if you provoke me to Deſpair: you muſt, and ſhall be mine, this night.

Wood. The very Ghoſt of Queen *Dido* in the Ballad.

Saint. Delay no longer, or———

VVood. Or! you will not ſwear, I hope?

Saint. *Uds Niggers*, but I will; and that ſo loud, that Mr. *Limberham* ſhall hear me.

VVood. *Uds Niggers*, I confeſs, is a very dreadful Oath: you cou'd lye naturally before, as you are a Fanatick: if you can ſwear ſuch rappers too, there's hope of you; you may be a Woman of the World in time. Well, you ſhall be ſatisfi'd, to the utmoſt farthing: to night, and in your own Chamber.

Saint. Or, expect to morrow——

Wood. All ſhall be atton'd e're then. Go, provide the Bottle of *Clary*, the *Weſtphalia* Ham, and other Fortifications of Nature; we ſhall ſee what may be done: what, an old Woman muſt not be caſt away. [*Chucks her.*

Saint. Then, verily, I am appeas'd.

Wood. Nay, no relapſing into Verily; that's in our Bargain. Look how ſhe weeps for joy! 'Tis a good old Soul, I warrant her.]

Saint. You will not fail?

Wood. Doſt thou think I have no compaſſion for thy gray hairs? Away, away; our love may be diſcover'd: we muſt avoid Scandal; 'tis thy own Maxim. [*Exit* Saintly.

They are all now at *Ombre*; and *Brainſick's* Maid has promis'd to ſend her Miſtreſs up.

Enter Pleaſance.

That Fury here again!

Pleaſ. (*Aſide*) I'll conquer my proud Spirit, I'm reſolv'd on't, and ſpeak kindly to him —— What, alone, Sir! If my company be not troubleſome; or a tender young Creature, as I am, may ſafely truſt her ſelf with a man of ſuch Prowesſ, in Love affairs ———— It wonnot be.

Wood. So! there's one Broad-ſide already: I muſt ſhear off. [*Aſide.*

Pleaſ. What, you have been pricking up and down here upon a cold ſcent; but, at laſt, you have hit it off, it ſeems! Now for a fair view at the Wife or Miſtreſs! up the wind, and away with it: Heigh *Jouler*! —— I think I am bewitch'd, I cannot hold.

Wood. Your ſervant, your ſervant, Madam: I am in a little haſte at preſent. [*Going.*

Pleaſ. Pray reſolve me firſt, for which of 'em you lie in Ambuſh: for, methinks you have the Meen of a Spider in her Den: Come, I know the Web is ſpread, and, who ever comes, Sir *Cranion* ſtands ready to dart out, hale her in, and ſhed his Venom.

Wood. (*Aſide*) But ſuch a terrible Waſp, as ſhe, will ſpoil the Snare, if I durſt tell her ſo.

Pleaſ. 'Tis unconſcionably done of me, to debar you the Freedom and Civilities of the Houſe. Alas, poor Gentleman! to take a Lodging at ſo dear a rate, and not to have the benefit of his Bargain! —— Miſchief on me, what needed I have ſaid that? [*Aſide.*

Wood. The Dialogue will go no farther: Farewel, gentle, quiet Lady.

Pleaſ. Pray ſtay a little; I'll not leave you thus.

Wood. I know it; and therefore mean to leave you firſt.

Pleaſ. O, I find it now; you are going to ſet up your Bills, like a Love-Mountebank, for the ſpeedy cure of diſtreſſed Widows, old Ladies, and languiſhing Maids in the Green ſickneſs: a Soveraign Remedy.

Wood. That laſt, for Maids, wou'd be thrown away: few of your Age are qualifi'd for the Medicine. What the Devil wou'd you be at, Madam?

Pleaſ. I am in the humour of giving you good counſel. The Wife can afford you but the leavings of a Fop; and to a witty man, as you think your ſelf, that's nauſeous: The Miſtreſs has fed upon Fool ſo long, ſhe's Carrion too, and Common into the Bargain. Wou'd you beat a Ground for Game in the Afternoon, when my Lord Mayor's pack had been before you in the morning?

Wood. I had rather ſit five hours at one of his greaſie Feaſts, than hear you talk.

Pleaſ. Your two Miſtreſſes keep both Shop and Ware-houſe; and what they cannot put off, in Groſs, to the Keeper and the Husband, they ſell by Retail to the next Chance-cuſtomer. Come, are you edifi'd?

Wood. I'm conſidering how to thank you for your Homily: and to make a ſober Application of it, you may have ſome laudable deſign your ſelf in this advice.

Pleaſ. Meaning, ſome ſecret inclination to that amiable Perſon of yours?

VVood. I confeſs, I am vain enough to hope it: for why ſhou'd you remove the two Diſhes, but to make me fall more hungrily on the third?

Pleaſ. Perhaps, indeed, in the way of *Honour*——

VVood. Paw, paw! that word *Honour* has almoſt turn'd my Stomach: it carries a villanous interpretation of Matrimony along with it. But, in a civil way, I cou'd be content to deal with you, as the Church does with the Heads of your Fanaticks; offer you a luſty Benefice to ſtop your mouth; if fifty Guinies, and a courteſie more worth, will win you.

Pleaſ. Out upon thee! fifty Guinies! Doſt thou think I'll ſell my ſelf? and at Play-houſe price too? When ever I go, I go altogether: no cutting from the whole Piece; he who has me, ſhall have the fag end with the reſt, I warrant him. Be ſatisfi'd, thy Sheers ſhall never enter into my Cloth. But, look to thy ſelf, thou impudent *Belſwagger*; I'll be reveng'd; I will. [*Exit.*

VVood. The Maid will give warning, that's my comfort; for ſhe is brib'd on my ſide. I have another kind of Love to this Girl, than to either of the other two; but a Fanatick's Daughter, and the

Nooſe of Matrimony, are ſuch intolerable terms! O, here ſhe comes, who will ſell me better cheap.

Enter Mrs. Brainſick.

Mrs. *Bra.* How now, Sir? what impudence is this of yours, to approach my Lodgings?

VVood. You lately honour'd mine: and 'tis the part of a well-bred man, to return your Viſit.

Mrs. *Bra.* If I cou'd have imagin'd how baſe a Fellow you had been, you ſhou'd not then have been troubled with my company.

VVood. How cou'd I gueſs, that you intended me the Favour, without firſt acquainting me?

Mrs. *Bra.* Cou'd I do it, ungrateful as you are, with more obligation to you, or more hazard to my ſelf, than by putting my Note into your Glove?

VVood. Was it yours then? I believ'd it came from Mrs. *Tricksy*.

Mrs. *Bra.* You wiſh'd it ſo; which made you ſo eaſily believe it. I heard the pleaſant Dialogue betwixt you.

VVood. I am glad you did: for you cou'd not but obſerve, with how much care I avoided all occaſions of railing at you; to which ſhe urg'd me, like a malicious Woman, as ſhe was.

Mrs. *Bra.* By the ſame token, you vow'd and ſwore never to look on Mrs. *Brainſick*.

VVood. But I had my Mental Reſervations in a readineſs. I had vow'd fidelity to you before; and there went my ſecond Oath, i' faith: it vaniſh'd in a twinkling, and never gnaw'd my Conſcience in the leaſt.

Mrs. *Bra.* Well, I ſhall never heartily forgive you.

Jud. (*VVithin.*) Mr. *Brainſick*, Mr. *Brainſick*, what do you mean, to make my Lady loſe her Game thus? Pray come back, and take up her Cards again.

Mrs. *Bra.* My Husband, as I live! Well, for all my quarrel to you, ſtep immediately into that little dark Cloſet: 'tis for my private occaſions; there's no Lock, but he will not ſtay.

VVood. Thus am I ever Tantaliz'd? [*Goes in.*

Enter Brainſick.

Brain. What, am I become your Drudge? your Slave? the Property of all your pleaſures? Shall I, the Lord and Maſter of your Life, become ſubſervient; and the Noble Name of Husband be diſhonour'd? No, though all the Cards were Kings and Queens, and *Indies* to be gain'd by every Deal———

Mrs. *Bra.* My dear, I am coming to do my duty. I did but go up a little, (I whiſper'd you for what) and am returning immediately.

Brain. Your Sex is but one Univerſal Ordure, a Nuſance, and incumbrance of that Majeſtick Creature, Man: yet I my ſelf am mortal too, Nature's neceſſities have call'd me up; produce your Utenſil of Urine.

Mrs. *Brain.* 'Tis not in the way, Child: you may go down into the Garden.

Brain. The Voyage is too far: though the way were pav'd with Pearls and Diamonds, every ſtep of mine is precious, as the March of Monarchs.

Mrs. *Bra.* Then my ſteps, which are not ſo precious, ſhall be imploid for you: I'll call up *Judith.*

Brain. I will not dance attendance. At the preſent, your Cloſet ſhall be honour'd.

Mrs. *Bra.* O Lord, Dear, 'tis not worthy to receive ſuch a man as you are.

Brain. Nature preſſes: I am in haſte.

Mrs. *Bra.* He muſt be diſcover'd, and I unavoidably undone! [*Aſide.*

[Brainſick *goes to the Door, and* Woodall *meets him: She ſhrieks out.*

Brain. Monſieur *VVoodall!*

Wood. Sir, be gone, and make no noiſe, or you'l ſpoil all.

Brain. Spoil all, quoth a! what does he mean, in the name of Wonder?

Wood. (*Taking him aſide.*) Hark you, Mr. *Brainſick*, is the Devil in you, that you, and your Wife come hither, to diſturb my Intrigue, which you your ſelf ingag'd me in, with Mrs. *Tricksy*, to revenge you on *Limberham?* Why, I had made an appointment with her here; but, hearing ſome-body come up, I retir'd into the Cloſet, till I was ſatisfi'd 'twas not the Keeper.

Brain. But why this Intrigue in my Wife's Chamber?

Wood. Why, you turn my Brains, with talking to me of your Wife's Chamber! do you lye in common? the Wife and Husband, the Keeper and the Miſtreſs?

Mrs. *Bra.* I am afraid they are quarrelling; pray Heav'n I get off.

Brain. Once again, I am the *Sultan* of this place: Mr. *Limberham* is the *Mogul* of the next Manſion.

Wood. Though I am a ſtranger in the Houſe, 'tis impoſſible I ſhou'd be ſo much miſtaken: I ſay, this is *Limberham*'s Lodging.

Brain. You wou'd not venture a wager of ten pounds that you are not miſtaken?

Wood. 'Tis done: I'll lay you.

Brain. Who ſhall be Judge?

VVood. Who better than your Wife? She cannot be partial, becauſe ſhe knows not on which ſide you have laid.

Brain. Content. Come hither, Lady mine: whoſe Lodgings are theſe? who is Lord, and Grand Seignior of 'em?

Mrs. *Bra.* (*Aſide*) Oh, goes it there?—Why ſhou'd you ask me ſuch a queſtion, when every body of the houſe can tell they are n'one Dears?

Brain. Now are you ſatisfi'd? Children, and Fools, you know the Proverb.——

VVood. Pox on me; nothing but ſuch a poſitive Coxcomb as I am wou'd have laid his money upon ſuch odds; as if you did not know your own Lodgings better than I, at half a days warning! And that which vexes me more than the loſs of my Money, is the loſs of my Adventure! [*Exit*.

Brain. It ſhall be ſpent: we'll have a Treat with it. This is a Fool of the firſt Magnitude.

Mrs. *Bra.* Let n'one Dear alone, to find a Fool out.

Enter Limberham.

Lim. Bully *Brainſick*, *Pug* has ſent me to you on an Embaſſie, to bring you down to Cards again, ſhe's in her Mulligrubs already; ſhe'll never forgive you the laſt *Vol* you won. 'Tis but loſing a little to her, out of complaiſance, as they ſay, to a fair Lady: and what e're ſhe wins, I'll make up to you again in private.

Brain. I wou'd not be that Slave you are, to enjoy the Treaſures of the *Eaſt*: the poſſeſſion of *Peru*, and of *Potozi*, ſhou'd not buy me to the Bargain.

Lim. Will you leave your Perbole's, and come then?

Brain. No, for I have won a Wager, to be ſpent luxuriouſly at *Longs*; with *Pleaſance* of the Party, and *Termagant Tricksy*; and I will paſs, in Perſon, to the preparation: Come Matrimony.

[*Exeunt* Brainſick, *Mrs.* Brain.

Enter Saintly, *and* Pleaſance.

Pleaſ. To him; I'll ſecond you: now for miſchief?

Saint. Ariſe Mr. *Limberham*, ariſe; for Conſpiracies are hatch'd againſt you, and a new *Faux* is preparing to blow up your happineſs.

Lim. What's the matter, Landlady? Prithee ſpeak, good honeſt *Engliſh*, and leave thy Canting.

Saint. Verily, thy Beloved is led aſtray, by the young Man *VVoodall*, that Veſſel of Uncleanneſs: I beheld them communing together; ſhe feigned her ſelf ſick, and retired to her Tent in the Garden-houſe; and I watched her out-going, and behold he follow'd her.

Pleaſ. Do you ſtand unmov'd, and hear all this?

Lim. Before *George*, I am Thunder-ſtruck!

Saint. Take to thee thy reſolution, and avenge thy ſelf.

Lim. But give me leave to conſider firſt: a man muſt do nothing raſhly.

Pleaſ. I cou'd tear out the Villains eyes, for diſhonouring you, while you ſtand conſidering, as you call it. Are you a man, and ſuffer this?

Lim. Yes, I am a man; but a man's but a man, you know: I am recollecting my ſelf, how theſe things can be.

Saint. How can they be! I have heard 'em; I have ſeen 'em.

Lim. Heard 'em, and ſeen 'em! It may be ſo; but yet I cannot enter into this ſame buſineſs: I am amaz'd, I muſt confeſs; but the beſt is, I do not believe one word on't.

Saint. Make haſte, and thine own eyes ſhall teſtifie againſt her.

Lim. Nay, if my own eyes teſtifie, it may be ſo. —— But 'tis impoſſible however; for I am making a Settlement upon her, this very day.

Pleaſ. Look, and ſatisfie your ſelf, e're you make that Settlement on ſo falſe a Creature.

Lim. But yet, if I ſhou'd look; and not find her falſe, then I muſt caſt in another hundred, to make her ſatisfaction.

Pleaſ. Was there ever ſuch a meek, Hen-hearted Creature?

Saint. Verily, thou haſt not the Spirit of a Cock-Chicken.

Limb. Before *George*, but I have the Spirit of a Lion, and I will tear her limb from limb ——— if I cou'd believe it.

Pleaſ. Love, Jealouſy, and diſdain, how they torture me at once! and this inſenſible creature —— were I but in his place. ——(*To him*) Think, that this very inſtant ſhe's yours no more: now, now ſhe's giving up her ſelf, with ſo much violence of Love, that if Thunder roar'd, ſhe cou'd not hear it.

Lim. I have been whetting all this while: they ſhall be ſo taken in the manner, that *Mars* and *Venus* ſhall be nothing to 'em.

Pleaſ. Make haſte; go on then.

Limb. Yes, I will go on; —and yet my mind miſgives me Plaguily.

Saint. Again backſliding!

Pleaſ. Have you no ſenſe of Honour in you?

Limb. Well, Honor is Honor, and I muſt go: but I ſhall never get me ſuch another *Pug* again! O, my heart! my poor tender heart! 'tis juſt breaking, with *Pug's* unkindneſs!

[*They drag him out.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Woodall *and* **Trickſy** *diſcover'd in the Garden-houſe.*

Enter Gervaſe *to them.*

Ger. Make haſte, and ſave your ſelf, Sir; the Enemie's at hand: I have diſcover'd him from the corner, where you ſet me Sentry.

Wood. Who is't?

Gerv. Who ſhou'd it be, but *Limberham*? Arm'd with a two-hand Fox. O Lord, O Lord!

Trick. Enter quickly into the Still-houſe both of you, and leave me to him: there's a Spring-lock within, to open it when we are gone.

Wood. Well, I have won the party and revenge however: a minute longer, and I had won the Tour. [*They go in: She locks the door.*

Enter Limberham, *with a great Sword.*

Limb. Diſloyal *Pug.*

Trick. What humor's this? you're drunk it ſeems: go ſleep.

Limb. Thou haſt robb'd me of my repoſe for ever: I am like *Mackbeth*, after the death of good King *Duncan*; methinks a voice ſays to me, Sleep no more; *Tricksy* has murder'd Sleep.

Trick. Now I find it: you are wiling to ſave your Settlement, and are ſent by ſome of your wiſe Counſellors, to pick a quarrel with me.

Limb. I have been your Cully above theſe ſeven years; but, at laſt my eyes are open'd to your Witchcraft: and indulgent Heav'n has taken a care of my preſervation ——— In ſhort, Madam, I have found you out, and to cut off preambles, produce your Adulterer.

Trick. If I have any, you know him beſt: you are the only ruin of my reputation. But if I have diſhonour'd my Family, for the love of you, methinks you ſhou'd be the laſt man to upbraid me with it.

Limb. I am ſure you are of the Family of your abominable great Grandam *Eve*; But produce the man, or, by my Fathers Soul———

Trick. Still I am in the dark.

Limb. Yes, you have been in the dark; I know it: but I ſhall bring you to light immediately.

Trick. You are not jealous.

Lim. No; I am too cerain to be jealous: but you have a man here, that ſhall be nameleſs; let me ſee him.

Trick. O, if that be your buſineſs, you had beſt ſearch: and when you have weari'd your ſelf, and ſpent your idle humor, you may find me above, in my Chamber, and come to ask my pardon. [*Going.*

Lim. You may go, Madam; but I ſhall beſeech your Ladiſhip to leave the Key of the Still-houſe door behind you: I have a mind to ſome of the Sweet-meats you have lock'd up there; you underſtand me. Now, for the old Dog-trick! you have loſt the Key, I know already, but I am prepar'd for that; you ſhall know you have no Fool to deal with.

Trick. No, here's the Key; take it, and ſatisfie your fooliſh curioſity.

Lim. (*Aſide*) This confidence amazes me! If thoſe two Gipſies have abus'd me, and I ſhou'd not find him there now, this wou'd make an immortal quarrel.

Trick. (*Aſide*) I have put him to a ſtand.

Lim. Hang't, 'tis no matter; I will be ſatisfi'd: if it comes to a rupture, I know the way to buy my peace. *Pug*, produce the Key.

Trick. (*Takes him about the Neck*) My Dear, I have it for you: Come and kiſs me. Why wou'd you be ſo unkind to ſuſpect my Faith now? when I have forſaken all the World for you.——(*Kiſs again*) But I am not in the mood of quarrelling to night; I take this Jealouſie the beſt way, as the effect of your paſſion. Come up, and we'll go to Bed together, and be Friends. [*Kiſs again.*

Lim. (*Aſide*) *Pug's* in a pure humor to night, and 'twou'd vex a man to loſe it; but yet I muſt be ſatisfi'd: And therefore, upon mature conſideration, give me the Key.

Trick. You are reſolv'd then?

Lim. Yes I am reſolv'd; for I have ſworn to my ſelf by *Styx*: and that's an irrevocable Oath.

Trick. Now, ſee your folly: there's the Key. [*Gives it him.*

Lim. Why that's a loving *Pug*; I will prove thee Innocent immediately: and that will put an end to all Controverſies betwixt us.

Trick. Yes, it ſhall put an end to all our quarrels: farewel for the laſt time, Sir. Look well upon my face that you may remember it for, from this time forward, I have ſworn it irrevocably too, that you ſhall never ſee it more.

Lim. Nay, but hold a little, *Pug*. What's the meaning of this new Commotion?

Trick. No more; but ſatisfie your fooliſh fancy, for you are Maſter: And beſides, I am willing to be juſtifi'd.

Lim. Then you ſhall be juſtifi'd. [*Puts the Key in the door.*

Trick. I know I ſhall: farewel.

Lim. But, are you ſure you ſhall?

Trick. No, no, he's there: you'l find him up in the Chimney, or behind the door; or, it may be, crouded into ſome little Galley Pot.

Lim. But you will not leave me, if I ſhou'd look?

Trick. You are not worth my anſwer: I am gone. [*Going out.*

Lim. Hold, hold, Divine *Pug*, and let me recollect a little. —— This is no time for meditation neither: while I deliberate, ſhe may be gone. She muſt be Innocent, or ſhe cou'd never be ſo confident, and careleſs. —— Sweet *Pug*, forgive me. [*Kneels.*

Trick. I am provok'd too far.

Lim. 'Tis the property of a Goddeſs to forgive. Accept of this Oblation; with this humble kiſs, I here preſent it to thy fair hand: I conclude thee Innocent, without looking, and depend wholly upon thy mercy. [*Offers the Key.*

Trick. No, keep it, keep it: the Lodgings are your own.

Lim. If I ſhou'd keep it, I were unworthy of forgiveneſs: I will no longer hold this fatal Inſtrument of our Separation.

Trick. (*Taking it*) Riſe, Sir: I will endeavour to overcome my Nature, and forgive you; for I am ſo ſcrupulouſly nice in Love, that it grates my very Soul to be ſuſpected: Yet, take my counſel and ſatisfie your ſelf.

Lim. I wou'd not be ſatisfi'd, to be Poſſeſſor of *Potozi*, as my Brother *Brainſick* ſays. Come, to Bed, dear *Pug*. Now wou'd not I change my condition, to be an *Eaſtern* Monarch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Woodall *and* Gervaſe.

Ger. O Lord, Sir, are we alive!

Wood. Alive! why, we were never in any danger: well, ſhe's a rare Manager of a Fool!

Ger. Are you diſpos'd yet to receive good counſel? has affliction wrought upon you?

Wood. Yes, I muſt ask thy advice in a moſt important buſineſs: I have promis'd a Charity to Mrs. *Saintly*, and ſhe expects it with a beating heart a-bed: Now, I have at preſent no running Caſh to throw away, my ready Money is all paid to Mrs. *Trickſy*, and the Bill is drawn upon me for to night.

Ger. Take advice of your Pillow.

Wood. No, Sirrah, ſince you have not the grace to offer yours, I will for once make uſe of my Authority, and command you to perform the foreſaid Drudgery in my place.

Ger. Zookers, I cannot anſwer it to my Conſcience.

Wood. Nay, and your Conſcience can ſuffer you to ſwear, it ſhall ſuffer you to lie too: I mean in this ſenſe. Come, no denial, you muſt do it; ſhe's rich, and there's a proviſion for your life.

Ger. I beſeech you, Sir, have pity on my Soul.

Wood. Have you pity of your Body: there's all the Wages you muſt expect.

Ger. Well, Sir, you have perſwaded me: I will arm my Conſcience with a reſolution of making her an honourable amends by Marriage; for to morrow morning a Parſon ſhall authorize my labours, and turn Fornication into duty. And moreover, I will enjoyn my ſelf, by way of Penance, not to touch her for ſeven nights after.

Wood. Thou wert predeſtinated for a Husband I ſee, by that natural Inſtinct: as we walk, I will inſtruct thee how to behave thy ſelf, with ſecreſie and ſilence.

Ger. I have a Key of the Garden, to let us out the back-way into the Street, and ſo privately to our Lodging.

Wood. 'Tis well: I'll plot the reſt of my affairs a-bed; for 'tis reſolv'd that *Limberham* ſhall not wear Horns alone: and I am impatient till I add to my Trophy the Spoils of *Brainſick.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall, Judith.

Jud. WEll, you are a lucky man! Mrs. *Brainſick* is Fool enough to believe you wholly Innocent; and that the Adventure of the Garden-houſe laſt night, was only a Viſion of Mrs. *Saintly*'s.

Wood. I knew, if I cou'd once ſpeak with her, all wou'd be ſet right immediately; for, had I been there, look you,———

Jud. As you were, moſt certainly.

Wood. Limberham muſt have found me out; that *Fe-fa-fum* of a Keeper wou'd have ſmelt the blood of a Cuckold-maker: they ſay he was peeping and butting about in every cranny.

Jud. But one. You muſt excuſe my unbelief, though Mrs. *Brainſick* is better ſatisfi'd. She and her Husband, you know, went out this morning to the *New Exchange*: there ſhe has given him the ſlip; and pretending to call at her Taylors, to try her Stays for a new Gown.———

Wood. I underſtand thee. She fetch'd me a ſhort turn, like a Hare before her Muſe, and will immediately run hither to Covert?

Jud. Yes; but becauſe your Chamber will be leaſt ſuſpicious, ſhe appoints to meet you there; that, if her Husband ſhou'd come back, he may think her ſtill abroad, and you may have time———

Wood. To take in the Horn-work. It happens as I wiſh; for Miſtreſs *Tricksy*, and her Keeper, are gone out with Father *Aldo*, to compleat her Settlement: my Landlady is ſafe at her Morning Exerciſe, with my Man *Gervaſe*, and her Daughter not ſtirring: the Houſe is our own, and Iniquity may walk bare-fac'd.

Jud. And, to make all ſure, I am order'd to be from home. When I come back again, I ſhall knock at your door, with ſpeak Brother, ſpeak; is the deed done? [*Singing.*

VVood. Long ago, long ago; and then we come panting out together. Oh, I am raviſh'd with the imagination on't!

Jud. Well, I muſt retire; Good-morrow to you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Wood. Now do I humbly conceive, that this Miſtreſs in Matrimony, will give me more pleaſure than the former: for your coupled Spaniels, when they are once let looſe, are afterwards the higheſt Rangers.

Enter Mrs. Brainſick *running.*

Mrs. *Brain.* Oh dear Mr. *Woodall*, what ſhall I do?

Wood. Recover breath, and I'll inſtruct you in the next Chamber.

Mrs. *Brain.* But my Husband follows me at heels.

Wood. Has he ſeen you?

Mrs. *Bra.* I hope not: I thought I had left him ſure enough, at the *Exchange*; but, looking behind me, as I entred into the houſe, I ſaw him walking a round rate this way.

VVood. Since he has not ſeen you, there's no danger: you need but ſtep into my Chamber; and there we'll lock our ſelves up, and transform him in a twinkling.

Mrs. *Bra.* I had rather have got into my own; but *Judith* is gone out with the Key, I doubt.

VVood. Yes, by your appointment. But ſo much the better; for when the Cuckold finds no company, he will certainly go a ſantring again.

Mrs. *Bra.* Make haſte then.

VVood. Immediately.——(*Goes to open the door haſtily, and breaks his Key.*) What's the matter here? the Key turns round, and will not open! As I live, we are undone! with too much haſte 'tis broken!

Mrs. *Bra.* Then I am loſt; for I cannot enter into my own.

VVood. This next Room is *Limberham*'s. See! the door's open; and he and his Miſtreſs are both abroad.

Mrs. *Bra.* There's no remedy, I muſt venture in: for his knowing I am come back ſo ſoon, muſt be cauſe of jealouſie enough, if the Fool ſhou'd find me.

Wood. (*Looking in.*) See there! Mrs. *Trickſy* has left her *Indian* Gown upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your back: he will eaſily miſtake you for her, if he ſhou'd look in upon you.

Mrs. *Bra.* I'll put on my Vizor-Mask however, for more ſecurity. (*Noiſe*) Hark! I hear him. [*Goes in.*

Enter Brainſick.

Brain. What, in a muſty muſing, Monſieur *Woodall!* Let me enter into the Affair.

Wood. You may gueſs it, by the Poſt I have taken up.

Brain. O, at the door of the Damſel *Tricky!* your buſineſs is known by your abode: as the poſture of a Porter before a Gate, denotes to what Family he belongs. (*Looks in.*) 'Tis an Aſſignation I ſee: for yonder ſhe ſtands, with her back toward me, dreſt up for the Duel, with all the Ornaments of the *Eaſt*. Now for the Judges of the Field, to divide the Sun and Wind betwixt the Combatants, and a tearing Trumpeter to ſound the Charge.

Wood. 'Tis a private quarrel, to be decided without Seconds; and therefore you wou'd do me a favour to withdraw.

Brain. Your *Limberham* is nearer than you imagine: I left him almoſt entering at the door.

VVood. Plague of all impertinent Cuckolds! they are ever troubleſome to us honeſt Lovers: ſo intruding!

Brain. They are indeed, where their company is not deſir'd.

VVood. Sure he has ſome Tutelar Devil to guard his Brows! juſt when ſhe had bobb'd him, and made an Errand home, to come to me!

Brain. 'Tis unconſcionable done of him. But you ſhall not adjourn your love for this; the *Brainſick* has an Aſcendant over him: I am your *Garantee*; he's doom'd a Cuckold, in diſdain of Deſtiny.

VVood. What mean you?

Brain. To ſtand before the door with my brandiſh'd Blade, and defend the Entrance: he dies, upon the point, if he approaches.

VVood. If I durſt truſt it, 'tis Heroick.

Brain. 'Tis the Office of a Friend: I'll do't.

VVood. (*Aſide*) Shou'd he know hereafter his Wife were here, he wou'd think I had enjoy'd her, though I had not: 'tis beſt venturing for ſomething. He takes pains enough o' conſcience for his Cuckoldom; and, by my troth, has earn'd it fairly.——But, may a man venture upon your promiſe?

Brain. Bars of Braſs, and doors of Adamant, cou'd not more ſecure you.

VVood. I know it; but ſtill gentle means are beſt: you may come to force at laſt. Perhaps, you may wheedle him away: 'tis but drawing a Trope or two upon him.

Brain. He ſhall have it; with all the Artillery of Eloquence.

VVood. I, I; your Figure breaks no bones. With your good leave.—
[*Goes in.*

Brain. Thou haſt it, Boy. Turn to him, Madam; to her *VVoodall*; and S. *George* for merry *England*. *Tan ta ra ra ra, ra ra! Dub, a dub, dub; Tan ta ra ra ra.*

Enter Limberham.

Lim. How now, Bully *Brainſick!* What, upon the *Tan tara*, by your ſelf?

Brain. Clangor, *Taratantara*, Murmur.

Lim. Commend me to honeſt *Lingua Franca*. Why, this is enough to ſtun a Chriſtian, with your *Hebrew* and your *Greek*, and ſuch like *Latin*.

Brain. Out, Ignorance!

Lim. Then Ignorance, by your leave; for I muſt enter.

Brain. Why in ſuch haſte? the Fortune of *Greece* depends not on't.

Lim. But *Pug*'s Fortune does: that's dearer to me than *Greece*, and ſweeter than *Ambergriſe*.

Brain. You'l not find her here. Come, you are jealous: you're haunted with a raging Fiend, that robs you of your ſweet repoſe.

Lim. Nay, and you are in your Perbole's again! Look you, 'tis *Pug* is jealous of her Jewels: ſhe has left the Key of her Cabinet behind; and has deſir'd me to bring it back to her.

Brain. Poor Fool! he little thinks ſhe's here before him! Well, this pretence will never paſs on me; for I dive deeper into your affairs: you are jealous. But, rather than my Soul ſhou'd be concern'd for a Sex ſo inſignificant,——Ha! the Gods! If I thought my proper Wife were now within, and proſtituting all her Treaſures to the lawleſs love of an Adulterer, I wou'd ſtand as intrepid, as firm, and as unmov'd, as the Statue of a *Roman Gladiator*.

Lim (*In the ſame tone*) of a *Roman Gladiator!*——Now are you as mad as a *March* Hare; but I am in haſte, to return to *Pug*: yet, by your favour, I will firſt ſecure the Cabinet.

Brain. No, you muſt not.

Lim. Muſt not? what, may not a man come by you, to look upon his own Goods and Chattels, in his own Chamber?

Brain. No, with this *Sabre*, I defie the Deſtinies, and dam up the paſſage with my perſon; like a rugged Rock, oppos'd againſt the roaring of the boiſterous Billows. Your jealouſie ſhall have no courſe through me, though Potentates and Princes——

Lim. Prithee what have we to do with Potentates and Princes? Will you leave your Troping, and let me paſs?

Brain. You have your utmoſt anſwer.

Lim. If this Maggot bite a little deeper, we ſhall have you a Citizen of *Bet'lem* yet e're Dog-days. Well, I ſay little; but I'll tell *Pug* on't. [*Exit*

Brain. She knows it already, by your favour——[*Knocking*. Sound a Retreat, you luſty Lovers, or the Enemy will Charge you in the Flank with a freſh Reſerve: March off, March off upon the Spur, e're he can reach you.

Enter Woodall.

Wood. How now, Baron *Tell-clock*, is the paſſage clear?

Brain. Clear as a Level, without Hills or Woods, and void of Ambuſcade.

Wood. But *Limberham* will return immediately, when he finds not his Miſtreſs where he thought he left her.

Wood. Friendſhip, which has done much, will yet do more. (*Shows a Key.*) With this *Paſſe par tout*, I will inſtantly conduct her to my own Chamber, that ſhe may out-face the Keeper ſhe has been there; and when my Wife returns, who is my Slave, I will lay my Conjugal Commands upon her, to affirm, they have been all this time together.

Wood. I ſhall never make you amends for this kindneſs, my dear *Padron*: but wou'd it not be better, if you wou'd take the pains to run after *Limberham*, and ſtop him in his way e're he reach the place where he thinks he left his Miſtreſs; then hold him in diſcourſe as long as poſſibly you can, till you gueſs your Wife may be return'd, that ſo they may appear together?

Brain. I warrant you: *laiſſez faire a Marc Antoine.* [*Exit.*

Wood. Now, Madam, you may venture out in ſafety.

Mrs. *Bra.* (*Entring*) Pray Heav'n I may. [*Noiſe.*

Wood. Hark! I hear *Judith's* voice: it happens well that ſhe's return'd: ſlip into your Chamber immediately, and ſend back the Gown.

Mrs. *Bra.* I will: but are not you a wicked man, to put me into all this danger? [*Exit.*

Wood. Let what can happen, my comfort is, at leaſt, I have enjoy'd: But this is no place for conſideration. Be jogging, good Mr. *Woodall*, out of this Family, while you are well; and to Plant in ſome other Country, where your Virtues are not ſo famous. [*Going.*

Enter Trickſy, *with a Box of Writings.*

Trick. What, wandring up and down, as if you wanted an owner? Do you know that I am Lady of the Mannour, and that all Wefts and Strays belong to me?

Wood. I have waited for you above an hour; but Fryer *Bacon's* Head has been lately ſpeaking to me, that *Time is paſt.* In a word, your Keeper has been here, and will return immediately; we muſt defer our happineſs till ſome more favourable time.

Trick. I fear him not: he has, this morning, arm'd me againſt himſelf,

ſelf, by this Settlement: the next time he rebels, he gives me a fair occaſion of leaving him for ever.

Wood. But is this Conſcience in you? not to let him have his Bargain, when he has paid ſo dear for't.

Trick. You do not know him: he muſt perpetually be us'd ill, or he inſults. Beſides, I have gain'd an abſolute Dominion over him: he muſt not ſee, when I bid him wink. If you argue after this, either you love me not, or dare not.

Wood. Go in, Madam: I was never dar'd before. I'll but Scout a little, and follow you immediately. ——— (Trick. *goes in.*) I find a Miſtreſs is only kept for other men: and the Keeper is but her Man, in a green Livery, bound to ſerve a Warrant for the *Doe*, when er'e ſhe pleaſes, or is in ſeaſon.

Enter Judith, *with the Night-Gown.*

Jud. Still you're a lucky man! Mr. *Brainſick* has been exceeding honourable: he ran, as if a Legion of Bayliffs had been at his heels, and overtook *Limberham* in the Street. Here, take the Gown; lay it where you found it, and the danger's over.

Wood. Speak ſoftly: Mrs. *Trickſy* is return'd. (*Looks in.*) Oh, ſhe's gone into her Cloſet, to lay up her Writings: I can throw it on the Bed, e're ſhe perceive it has been wanting.—— [*Throws it in.*

Jud. Every Woman wou'd not have done this for you, which I have done.

Wood. I am ſenſible of it, little *Judith*: there's a time to come ſhall pay for all. I hear her a returning: not a word; away. [*Exit* Judith.

Re-enter Trickſy.

Trick. What, is a ſecond Summons needful? my Favours have not been ſo cheap, that they ſhou'd ſtick upon my hands. It ſeems, you ſlight your Bill of fare, becauſe you know it: or fear to be invited to your loſs.

Wood. I was willing to ſecure my happineſs from interruption: A true Souldier never falls upon the Plunder, while the Enemy is in the Field.

Trick. He has been ſo often baffled, that he grows contemptible. Where he here, ſhou'd he ſee you enter into my Cloſet; yet——

Wood. You are like to be put upon the tryal: for I hear his voice.

Trick. 'Tis ſo: go in, and mark the event now: be but as unconcern'd as you are ſafe, and truſt him to my management.

Wood. I muſt venture it: becauſe to be ſeen here, wou'd have the ſame effect, as to be taken within. Yet I doubt you are too confident. [*He goes in.*

Enter Limberham *and* Brainſick.

Lim. How now, *Pug?* return'd ſo ſoon!

Trick. When I ſaw you came not for me, I was loth to be long without you.

Lim. But which way came you, that I ſaw you not?

Trick. The back way; by the Garden door.

Lim. How long have you been here?

Trick. Juſt come before you.

Lim. O, then all's well. For, to tell you true, *Pug*, I had a kind of villanious apprehenſion that you had been longer: but what e're thou ſay'ſt, is an Oracle, ſweet *Pug*, and I am ſatisfi'd.

Brain. (*Aſide*) How infinitely ſhe gulls him! and he ſo ſtupid not to find it! (*to her*) If he be ſtill within Madam, (you know my meaning?) here's *Bilbo* ready to forbid your Keeper entrance.

Trick. (*Aſide*) *Woodall* muſt have told him of our appointment.— What think you of walking down, Mr. *Limberham*?

Lim. I'll but viſit the Chamber a little firſt.

Trick. What new Maggot's this? you dare not ſure be jealous!

Lim. No, I proteſt, ſweet *Pug*, I am not: only to ſatisfie my curioſity; that's but reaſonable, you know.

Trick. Come, what fooliſh curioſity?

Lim. You muſt know, *Pug*, I was going but juſt now, in obedience to your Commands, to enquire the health and ſafety of your Jewels, and my Brother *Brainſick* moſt barbarouſly forbade me entrance: (nay, I dare accuſe you, when *Pug*'s by to back me;) but now I am reſolv'd I will go ſee 'em, or ſome Body ſhall ſmoak for't.

Brain. But I reſolve you ſhall not. If ſhe pleaſes to command my Perſon, I can comply with the obligation of a *Cavalier*.

Trick. But what reaſon had you to forbid me then, Sir?

Lim. I, what reaſon had you to forbid me then, Sir?

Brain. 'Twas only my *Caprichio*, Madam. (Now muſt I ſeem ignorant, of what ſhe knows full well.)

Trick. We'll enquire the cauſe at better leiſure: Come down, Mr. *Limberham*.

Lim. Nay, if it were only his *Caprichio*, I am ſatisfi'd: though, I muſt tell you, I was in a kind of huff, to hear him *Tan ta ra, tan ta ra* a quarter of an hour together; for *Tan ta ra* is but an odd kind of ſound, you know, before a man's Chamber.

Enter Pleaſance.

Pleaſ. (*Aſide*) *Judith* has aſſur'd me he muſt be there; and, I'm reſolv'd, I'll ſatisfie my revenge at any rate upon my Rivals.

Trick. Mrs. *Pleaſance* is come to call us: pray let us go.

Pleaſ. Oh dear, Mr. *Limberham*, I have had the dreadful'ſt Dream to night, and am come to tell it you; I dream'd you left your Miſtreſs Jewels in your Chamber, and the Door open.

Lim. In good time be it ſpoken; and ſo I did, Mrs. *Pleaſance*.

Pleaſ. And that a great ſwinging Thief came in, and whipt 'em out.

Lim. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Trick. This is ridiculous: I'll ſpeak to your Mother, Madam, not to ſuffer you to eat ſuch heavy Suppers.

Lim. Nay, that's very true; for, you may remember, ſhe fed very much upon Larks and Pigeons; and they are very heavy meat, as *Pug* ſays.

Trick. The Jewels are all ſafe; I look'd on 'em.

Brain. Will you never ſtand corrected, Mrs. *Pleaſance*?

Pleaſ. Not by you: correct your Matrimony. And methought, of a ſudden, this Thief was turn'd to Mr *Woodall*; And that, hearing Mr. *Limberham* come, he ſlipt for fear into the Cloſet.

Trick. I look'd all over it; I'm ſure he is not there. Come away, Dear.

Brain. What, I think you are in a Dream too, Brother *Limberham*.

Lim. If her Dream ſhou'd come out now! 'tis good to be ſure however.

Trick. You are ſure: have not I ſaid it? you had beſt make Mr. *Woodall* a Thief, Madam.

Pleaſ. I make him nothing, Madam: but the Thief in my Dream was like Mr. *Woodall*; and that Thief may have made Mr. *Limberham* ſomething.

Lim. Nay, Mr. *Woodall* is no Thief, that's certain: but if a Thief ſhou'd be turn'd to Mr. *Woodall*, that may be ſomething.

Trick. Then I'll fetch out the Jewels: will that ſatisfie you?

Brain. That ſhall ſatisfie him.

Lim. Yes, that ſhall ſatisfie me.

Pleaſ. Then you are a Predeſtinated Fool, and ſomewhat worſe, that ſhall be nameleſs: do you not ſee how groſly ſhe abuſes you? My life on't, there's ſome-Body within, and ſhe knows it; otherwiſe ſhe wou'd ſuffer you to bring out the Jewels.

Lim. Nay, I am no Predeſtinated Fool; and therefore, *Pug*, give way.

Trick. I will not ſatisfie your humour.

Lim. Then I will ſatisfie it my ſelf: for my generous blood is up, and I'll force my Entrance.

Brain. Here's *Bilbo* then ſhall bar you: Atoms are not ſo ſmall, as I will ſlice the Slave. Ha! Fate and Furies!

Lim. I, for all your Fate and Furies, I charge you, in his Majeſties Name, to keep the Peace: now, diſobey Authority, if you dare.

Trick. Fear him not, ſweet Mr. *Brainſick.*

Pleaſ. to *Bra.* But, if you ſhou'd hinder him, he may trouble you at Law, Sir, and ſay you robb'd him of his Jewels.

Lim. That's well thought on. I will accuſe him hainouſly; there—and therefore fear and tremble.

Brain. My Allegiance Charms me; I acquieſce.—(*Aſide*) Th' occaſion's plauſible to let him paſs. Now let the burniſh'd Beams upon his Brow blaze broad, for the brand he caſt upon the *Brainſick.*

Trick. Dear Mr. *Limberham,* come back, and hear me.

Lim. Yes, I will hear thee, *Pug.*

Pleaſ. Go on; my life for yours, he's there.

Lim. I am deaf, as an Adder; I will not hear thee, nor have no commiſeration. [*Struggles from her, and ruſhes in.*

Trick. Then I know the worſt, and care not.

Limberham *comes running out with the Jewels, follow'd by* Woodall, *with his Sword drawn.*

Lim. O, ſave me, *Pug,* ſave me! [*Gets behind her.*

VVood. A Slave, to come and interrupt me at my Devotions! but I'll———

Lim. Hold, hold, ſince you are ſo devout, for Heav'n ſake, hold.

Brain. Nay, Mounſieur *Woodall!*

Trick. For my ſake, ſpare him.

Lim. Yes, for *Pug*'s ſake, ſpare me.

VVood. I did his Chamber the honour, when my own was not open, to retire thither; and he to diſturb me, like a prophane Raſcal as he was.

Lim. (*Aſide*) I believe he had the Devil for his Chaplain, and a man durſt tell him ſo.

VVood. What's that you mutter?

Lim. Nay, nothing; but that I thought you had not been ſo well given. I was only afraid of *Pug*'s Jewels.

Wood. What, does he take me for a Thief? nay then———

Lim. O, mercy, mercy.

Pleaſ. Hold, Sir; 'twas a fooliſh Dream of mine that ſet him on: I dreamt, a Thief, who had been juſt repriev'd for a former Robbery, was vent'ring his Neck a minute after in Mr. *Limberham*'s Cloſet.

Wood. Are you thereabouts, i'faith! A Pox of *Artemidorus!*

Trick. I have had a Dream too, concerning Mrs. *Brainſick,* and perhaps———

VVood. Mrs. *Trickſy,* a word in private with you, by your Keeper's leave.

Lim. Yes, Sir, you may ſpeak your pleaſure to her; and, if you have a mind to go to prayers together, the Cloſet is open.

Wood. to *Tr.* You but ſuſpect it at moſt, and cannot prove it: if you value me, you will not ingage me in a quarrel with her Huſband.

Trick. Well, in hope you'l love me, I'll obey.

Brain. Now, Damſel *Tricksy*, your dream, your Dream!

Trick. 'Twas ſomething of a *Flagelet* that a Shepherd play'd upon ſo ſweetly, that three Women follow'd him for his Muſick, and ſtill one of 'em ſnatch'd it from the other.

Pleaſ. (*Aſide*) I underſtand her; but I find ſhe's brib'd to ſecrecy.

Lim. That *Flagelet* was, by interpretation, but let that paſs; and Mr. *Woodall* there was the Shepherd that play'd the *Tan ta ra* upon't: but a generous heart, like mine, will endure the infamy no longer; therefore, *Pug*, I baniſh thee for ever.

Trick. Then farewel.

Lim. Is that all you make of me?

Trick. I hate to be tormented with your jealous humours, and am glad to be rid of 'em.

Lim. Bear witneſs, good People, of her ingratitude! Nothing vexes me, but that ſhe calls me jealous; when I found him as cloſe as a Butter-fly in her Cloſet.

Trick. No matter for that: I knew not he was there.

Lim. Wou'd I cou'd believe thee.

Wood. You have both our words for't.

Trick. Why ſhou'd you perſwade him againſt his will?

Lim. Since you won't perſwade me, I care not much: here are the Jewels in my poſſeſſion; and I'll fetch out the Settlement immediately.

Wood. (*Showing the Box*) Look you, Sir, I'll ſpare your pains: four hundred a year will ſerve to comfort a poor caſt Miſtreſs.

Lim. I thought what wou'd come of your Devils *Pater Noſters!*

Brain. Reſtore it to him for pity, *Woodall*.

Trick. I make him my Truſtee; he ſhall not reſtore it.

Lim. Here are Jewels that coſt me above two thouſand pound, a Queen might wear 'em; behold this Orient Neck-lace, *Pug!* 'tis pity any Neck ſhou'd touch it after thine, that pretty Neck! but, oh, 'tis the falſeſt Neck that e're was hang'd in Pearl.

Wood. 'Twou'd become your bounty to give it her at parting.

Lim. Never the ſooner for your asking. But, oh, that word *Parting!* can I bear it? if ſhe cou'd find in her heart but ſo much grace, as to acknowledge what a Traytreſs ſhe has been, I think in my Conſcience I cou'd forgive her.

Trick. I'll not wrong my Innocence ſo much, nor this Gentlemans: but, ſince you have accus'd us falſly, four hundred a year, betwixt us two, will make us ſome part of reperation.

Wood. I anſwer you not, but with my Leg, Madam.

Pleaſ. (*Aſide*) This mads me; but I cannot help it.

Lim. What, wilt thou kill me, *Pug*, with thy unkindneſs, when thou know'ſt I cannot live without thee? It goes to my heart, that this wicked Fellow——

Wood. How's that, Sir?

Lim. Under the Roſe, good Mr. *Woodall.* But I ſpeak it with all ſubmiſſion, in the bitterneſs of my ſpirit, that you, or any man, ſhou'd have the diſpoſing of my four hundred a year *gratis*: therefore, dear *Pug*, a word in private, with your permiſſion, good Mr. *Woodall.*

Trick. Alas, I know, by experience, I may ſafely truſt my Perſon with you. [*Ex.* Lim. Trick.

Enter Aldo.

Pleaſ. O, Father *Aldo*, we have wanted you! Here has been made the rareſt diſcovery!

Brain. With the moſt Comical Cataſtrophe!

Wood. Happily arriv'd, i'faith, my old Sub-fornicator: I have been taken upon ſuſpition here with Mrs. *Tricksy.*

Aldo. To be taken, to be ſeen! Before *George* that's a point next the worſt, Son *Woodall.*

Wood. Truth is, I wanted thy aſſiſtance old *Methuſalem*: but, my comfort is, I fell greatly.

Aldo. Well, young *Phaeton*, that's ſomewhat yet, if you made a blaze at your departure.

Enter Giles, *Mrs.* Brainſick, *and* Judith.

Giles. By your leave, Gentlemen. I have follow'd an old Maſter of mine, theſe two long hours, and had a fair Courſe at him up the Street: here he enter'd I'm ſure.

Aldo. Whoop Holiday! our truſty and well-beloved *Giles*, moſt welcome! Now, for ſome news of my ungracious Son.

Wood. (*Aſide*) *Giles* here! O Rogue, Rogue! Now, wou'd I were ſafe ſtow'd, over head and ears, in the Cheſt again.

Aldo. Look you now, Son *Woodall*, I told you I was not miſtaken; my Raſcal's in Town, with a vengeance to him.

Giles. Why, this is he, Sir; I thought you had known him.

Aldo. Known whom?

Giles. Your Son here, my young Maſter.

Aldo. Do I dote? or art thou drunk, *Giles*?

Giles. Nay, I am ſober enough, I'm ſure; I have been kept faſting almoſt theſe two days.

Aldo. Before *George*, 'tis ſo! I read it in that leering look: What a *Tartar* have I caught!

Brain. *VVoodall* his Son!

Pleaſ. What, young Father *Aldo*!

Aldo. (*Aſide*) Now cannot I for ſhame hold up my head, to think what this young Rogue is privy to!

Mrs. *Brain*. The moſt dumb interview I ever ſaw!

Brain. What, have you beheld the *Gorgon*'s head on either ſide?

Aldo. Oh, my ſins! my ſins! and he keeps my Book of Conſcience too! He can diſplay 'em, with a witneſs! Oh, treacherous young Devil!

VVood. (*Aſide*) Well, the Squibs run to the end of the Line, and now for the Cracker: I muſt bear up.

Aldo. I muſt ſet a face of Authority on the matter, for my credit.——Pray, who am I? do you know me, Sir?

VVood. Yes, I think I ſhou'd partly know, Sir: you may remember ſome private paſſages betwixt us.

Aldo. (*Aſide*) I thought as much; he has me already! ——— But pray, Sir, why this Ceremony amongſt Friends? Put on, put on, and let us hear what news from *France*: have you heard lately from my Son? does he continue ſtill the moſt hopeful and eſteem'd young Gentleman in *Paris*? does he manage his allowance with the ſame diſcretion? and laſtly, has he ſtill the ſame reſpect and duty for his good old Father?

Wood. Faith Sir, I have been too long from my Catechiſe, to anſwer ſo many queſtions; but, ſuppoſe there be no news of your *Quondam* Son, you may comfort up your heart for ſuch a loſs; Father *Aldo* has a numerous Progeny about the Town: Heav'n bleſs 'em.

Aldo. 'Tis very well, Sir; I find you have been ſearching for your Relations then, in *Whetſtone*'s Park!

Wood. No, Sir; I made ſome ſcruple of going to the foreſaid place, for fear of meeting my own Father there.

Aldo. Before *George*, I cou'd find in my heart to diſinherit thee.

Pleaſ. Sure you cannot be ſo unnatural.

Wood. I am ſure I am no Baſtard; witneſs one good quality I have: If any of your Children have a ſtronger Tang of the Father in 'em, I am content to be diſown'd.

Aldo. Well, from this time forward, I pronounce thee——no Son of mine.

Wood. Then you deſire I ſhou'd proceed, to juſtifie I am lawfully begotten? the Evidence is ready, Sir; and if you pleaſe, I ſhall relate before this Honourable Aſſembly, those excellent Leſſons of Morality you gave me at our firſt Acquaintance. As, in the firſt place,———

Aldo. Hold, hold; I charge thee, hold, on thy obedience. I forgive thee heartily: I have proof enough thou art my Son; but tame thee that can, thou art a mad one.

Pleaſ. Why, this is as it ſhou'd be.

Aldo. to him. Not a word of any paſſages betwixt us: 'tis enough we know each other; hereafter we'll baniſh all Pomp and Ceremony, and live familiarly together: I'll be *Pilades*, and thou mad *Oreſtes*, and we'll divide the Eſtate betwixt us, and have freſh Wenches, and *Ballum Rankum* every night.

Wood. A match, i'faith: and let the World paſs.

Aldo. But hold a little; I had forgot one point: I hope you are not marri'd, nor ingag'd?

Wood. To nothing but my pleaſures, I.

Aldo. A mingle of profit wou'd do well though. Come, here's a Girl; look well upon her; 'tis a metled Toad, *I* can tell you that ſhe'll make notable work betwixt two Sheets, in a lawful way.

Wood. What, my old Enemy, Mrs. *Pleaſance*!

Mr. *Brain.* Marry Mrs. *Saintly's* Daughter!

Aldo. The truth is, ſhe has paſt for her Daughter, by my appointment; but ſhe has as good blood runing in her veins, as the beſt of you: her Father, Mr. *Palms*, on his Death-bed, left her to my care and diſpoſal; beſides, a Fortune of twelve hundred a year; a pretty convenience, by my faith.

Wood. Beyond my hopes, if ſhe conſent.

Aldo. I have taken ſome care of her Eudcation, and plac'd her here with Mrs. *Saintly*, as her Daughter, to avoid her being blown upon by Fops, and younger Brothers. So now, Son, I hope I have match'd your concealment with my diſcovery! there's hit for hit, e're I croſs the Cudgels.

Pleaſ. You will not take 'em up, Sir?

Wood. I dare not againſt you, Madam: I'm ſure you'll worſt me at all Weapons. All I can ſay is, I do not now begin to Love you.

Aldo. Let me ſpeak for thee! Thou ſhalt be us'd, little *Pleaſance*, like a Soveraign Princeſs: thou ſhalt not touch a bit of Butchers meat in a twelve month; and thou ſhalt be treated ——

Pleaſ. Not with *Ballum Rankum* every night, I hope!

Aldo. Well, thou art a Wag; no more of that. Thou ſhalt want neither Man's meat, nor Woman's meat, as far as his proviſion will hold out.

Pleaſ. But I fear he's ſo horribly given to go a Houſe-warming abroad, that the leaſt part of the Proviſion will come to my ſhare at home.

Wood. You'll find me ſo much imployment in my own Family, that I ſhall have little need to look out for Journey-work.

Aldo. Before *George* he ſhall do thee *Reaſon*, e're thou ſleep'ſt.

Pleaſ. No, he ſhall have an Honourable Truce for one day at leaſt; for 'tis not fair, to put a freſh Enemy upon him.

Mrs. Bra. to *Pleaſ.* I beſeech you, Madam, diſcover nothing betwixt him and me.

Pleaſ. to her. I am contented to cancel the old Score; but take heed of bringing me an after-reckoning.

Enter Gervace *leading* Saintly.

Ger. Save you, Gentlemen; and you, my *Quondam* Maſter: you are welcome all, as I may ſay.

Aldo. How now, Sirrah? what's the matter?

Ger. Give good words, while you live, Sir: your *Landlord*, and Mr. *Saintly*, if you pleaſe.

Wood. Oh, I underſtand the buſineſs; he's marri'd to the Widow.

Saint. Verily, the good work is accompliſh'd.

Bram. But, why Mr. *Saintly*?

Ger. When a man is marri'd to his Betters, 'tis but decency to take her name. A pretty Houſe, pretty Scituation, and prettily furniſh'd! I have been unlawfully labouring at hard duty: but a Parſon has ſoder'd up the matter: thank your Worſhip, Mr. *Woodall*.—— How! *Giles* here!

Wood. The buſineſs is out, and I am now *Aldo*: my Father has forgiven me, and we are friends.

Ger. When will *Giles*, with his honeſty, come to this?

Wood. Nay, do not inſult too much, good Mr. *Saintly*: thou wert but my Deputy; thou know'ſt the Widow intended it to me.

Ger. But I am ſatisfi'd ſhe perform'd it with me, Sir. Well, there is much good will in theſe preciſe old Women: they are the moſt zealous Bed-fellows. Look and ſhe does not bluſh now! you ſee there's Grace in her.

Wood. Mr. *Limberham*, where are you? Come, chear up man: how go matters on your ſide of the Country? Cry him, *Gervaſe*.

Ger. Mr. *Limberham*, Mr. *Limberham*, make your appearance in the Court, and ſave your Recognizance.

Enter Limberham *and* Trickſy.

Wood. Sir, I ſhou'd now make a Speech to you in my own defence; but the ſhort of all is this; if you can forgive what's paſt, your hand, and I'll endeavour to make up the breach betwixt you and your Miſtreſs: if not, I am ready to give you the ſatisfaction of a Gentleman.

Lim. Sir, I am a peaceable man, and a good Chriſtian, though I ſay it, and deſire no ſatisfaction from any man: *Pug* and I are partly agreed upon the point already; and therefore lay thy hand upon thy heart, *Pug*, and if thou canſt from the bottom of thy Soul defie mankind, naming no body, I'll forgive thy paſt Enormities; and, to give good example to all Chriſtian Keepers, will take thee to my wedded Wife: And thy four hundred a year ſhall be ſettled upon thee, for ſeparate maintenance.

Trick. Why, now I can conſent with Honour.

Aldo. This is the firſt buſineſs that was ever made up without me.

Wood. Give you Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom.*

Lim. You may ſpare your breath, Sir, if you pleaſe: I deſire none from you. 'Tis true, I'm ſatisfi'd of her Vertue, in ſpight of Slander; but, to ſilence Calumny, I ſhall civilly deſire you henceforth, not to make a Chappel of Eaſe of *Pug's* Cloſet.

Pleaſ. (*Aſide*) I'll take care of falſe Worſhip, I'll warrant him: he ſhall have no more to do with *Bell* and the *Dragon.*

Brain. Come hither, Wedlock, and let me Seal my laſting Love upon thy Lips: *Saintly* has been ſeduc'd, and ſo has *Tricksy*: —— but thou alone art kind and conſtant. Hitherto I have not valu'd modeſty, according to its merit; but hereafter, *Memphis* ſhall not boaſt a Monument more firm, than my affection.

Wood. A moſt excellent Reformation, and at a moſt ſeaſonable time! The Moral on't is pleaſant, if well conſider'd. Now, let's to Dinner: Mr. *Saintly*, lead the way, as becomes you in your own Houſe. [*The reſt going off.*

Pleaſ. Your hand, ſweet moyety.

Wood. And heart too, my comfortable Importance.

Miſtreſs, and Wife, by turns, I have poſſeſs'd:
He who enjoys 'em both, in one, is bleſs'd.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *LIMBERHAM*.

I Beg a Boon, that e're you all diſband,
Some one would take my Bargain off my hand;
To keep a Punk is but a common evil,
To find her falſe, and Marry, that's the Devil.
Well, I ne're Acted Part in all my life,
But ſtill I was fobb'd off with ſome ſuch Wife:
I find the Trick; theſe Poets take no pity
Of one that is a Member of the City.
We Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades,
You Cheat us baſely with your Common Jades.
Now I am Married, I muſt ſit down by it;
But let me keep my Dear bought Spouſe in quiet:
Let none of you Damn'd Woodalls *of the Pit,*
Put in for Shares to mend our breed, in Wit;
We know your Baſtards from our Fleſh and Blood,
Not one in ten of yours e're comes to good.
In all the Boys their Fathers Vertues ſhine,
But all the Female Fry turn Pugs *like mine.*
When theſe grow up, Lord, with what Rampant Gadders
Our Counters will be throng'd and Roads, with Padders
This Town two Bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A Smithfield *Horſe, and Wife of* Covent-Garden.

FINIS.

OEDIPUS:

A
TRAGEDY
As it is ACTED at His
Royal Highneſs
THE
DUKE's Theatre.

The AUTHORS
Mr. *DRYDEN*, and Mr. *LEE*.

The Fifth Edition.

Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem
Ni teneant.——— Virgil.
Vos exemplaria Græca,
Nocturna verſate manu, verſate diurna. Horat.

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Chapman*, at the *Angel* in the
Pall-mall, over-againſt St. *James*'s Square. 1696.

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PREFACE.

T*HOUGH it be dangerous to raiſe too great an expectation, eſpecially in works of this Nature, where we are to pleaſe an unſatiable Audience, yet 'tis reaſonable to prepoſſeſs them in favour of an Author; and therefore both the* Prologue *and* Epilogue *inform'd you, that* Oedipus *was the moſt celebrated Piece of all Antiquity. That* Sophocles, *not only the greateſt Wit, but one of the greateſt Men in* Athens, *made it for the Stage, at the Publick Coſt; and that it had the Reputation of being his Maſter-piece, not only amongſt the Seven of his which are ſtill remaining, but of the greater Number which are periſh'd.* Ariſtotle *has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry;* Horace *has mentioned it:* Lucullus, Julius Cæſar, *and other noble* Romans, *have written on the ſame Subject, tho' their Poems are wholly loſt; but* Seneca's *is ſtill preſerv'd. In our own Age,* Corneille *has attempted it, and it appears by his Preface, with great ſucceſs: But a judicious Reader will eaſily obſerve, how much the Copy is inferior to the Original. He tells you himſelf, that he ows a great part of his ſucceſs to the happy Epiſode of* Theſeus *and* Dirce; *which is the ſame thing, as if we ſhould acknowledge, that we are indebted for our good Fortune, to the under-plot of* Adraſtus, Eurydice, *and* Creon. *The truth is, he miſerably failed in the Character of his Hero: if he deſir'd that* Oedipus *ſhould be pitied, he ſhould have made him a better man. He forgot that* Sophocles *had taken care to ſhew him in his firſt entrance a juſt, a merciful, a ſucceſsful, a Religious Prince, and in ſhort a Father of his Country: inſtead of theſe, he has drawn him ſuſpicious, deſigning, more anxious of keeping the* Theban *Crown, than ſolicitous for the ſafety of his People: Hector'd by* Theſeus, *contemn'd by* Dirce, *and ſcarce maintaining a ſecond part in his own Tradegy. This was an Error in the firſt Concoction; and therefore never to be mended in the ſecond or the third: He introduc'd a greater Heroe than* Oedipus *himſelf; for when* Theſeus *was once there, that Companion of* Hercules *muſt yield to none: The Poet was obliged to furniſh him with Buſineſs, to* *make him an Equipage ſuitable to his Dignity; and by following him too cloſe, to loſe his other King of* Branford *in the Crowd.* Seneca *on the other ſide, as if there were no ſuch thing as Nature to be minded in a Play, is always running after pompous Expreſſions, pointed Sentences, and Philoſophical Notions, more proper for the Study than the Stage: The* French-man *followed a wrong Scent; and the* Roman *was abſolutely at cold Hunting. All we cou'd gather out of* Corneille, *was, that an Epiſode muſt be, but not his way: And* Seneca *ſupply'd us with no new Hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his* Tireſias *raiſing the Ghoſt of* Lajus, *which is here perform'd in view of the Audience; the Rites and Ceremonies ſo far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the* Greeks; *but he himſelf was beholden to* Homer's Tireſias *in the* Odyſſes *for ſome of them; and the reſt have been collected from* Heliodore's Ethiopiques, *and* Lucan's Erictho. Sophocles, *indeed, is admirable every where; and therefore we have follow'd as cloſe as poſſibly we cou'd: But the* Athenian *Theatre (whether more perfect than ours, is not now diſputed) had a Perfection differing from ours. You ſee there in every Act a ſingle Scene, (or two at moſt) which manage the Buſineſs of the Play; and after that ſucceeds the* Chorus, *which commonly takes up more Time in ſinging, than there has been employ'd in ſpeaking. The principal Perſon appears almoſt conſtantly through the Play; but the inferior Parts ſeldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to loſe any conſiderable Character which we have once preſented. Cuſtom likewiſe has obtain'd, that we muſt form an Under-Plot of Second Perſons, which muſt be depending on the Firſt; and their By-Walks muſt be like thoſe in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em lead into the great* Parterre; *or like ſo many ſeveral Lodging-Chambers, which have their Out-lets into the ſame Gallery. Perhaps, after all, if we cou'd think ſo, the ancient Method, as 'tis the eaſieſt, is alſo the moſt natural, and the beſt: For Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often ſubject to breed Diſtraction; and while we wou'd pleaſe too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we pleaſe in none. But we have given you more already than was neceſſary for a Preface; and for ought we know, may gain no more by our Inſtructions, than that politick Nation is like to do, who have taught their Enemies to fight ſo long, that at laſt they are in a Condition to invade them.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Oedipus	Mr. *Betterton.*
Adraſtus	Mr. *Smith.*
Creon	Mr. *Sanford.*
Tireſias	Mr. *Harris.*
Hæmon	Mr. *Crosby.*
Alcander	Mr. *Williams.*
Diocles	Mr. *Norris.*
Pyracmon	Mr. *Boman.*
Phorbas	Mr. *Gillo.*
Dymas	
Ægeon	
Ghoſt of Lajus	Mr. *Williams.*

WOMEN.

Jocaſta	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Eurydice	Mrs. *Lee.*
Manto	Mrs. *Evans.*

Prieſts, Citizens, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE, *THEBES.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

W*HEN* Athens *all the* Grecian *State did guide,*
And Greece *gave Laws to all the World beſide,*
Then Sophocles *with* Socrates *did ſit,*
Supreme in Wiſdom one, and one in Wit:
And Wit from Wiſdom differ'd not in thoſe,
But as 'twas Sung in Verſe, or ſaid in Proſe.
Then Oedipus *on Crowned Theatres,*
Drew all admiring Eyes and liſt'ning Ears;
The pleas'd Spectator ſhouted every Line,
The Nobleſt, Manlieſt, and the Beſt Deſign!
And every Critick of each learned Age
By this juſt Model has reform'd the Stage.
Now, ſhould it fail, (as Heav'n avert our Fear!)
Damn it in Silence, leſt the World ſhould hear.
For were it known this Poem did not pleaſe,
You might ſet up for perfect Salvages:
Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men:
But think the Nation all turn'd Picts *agen.*
'Faith, as you manage Matters, 'tis not fit
You ſhould ſuſpect your ſelves of too much Wit.
Drive not the Jeſt too far, but ſpare this Piece;
And, for this once, be not more Wiſe than Greece.
See twice! Do not pell-mell to Damning fall,
Like true born Britains, *who ne'er think at all:*
Pray be adviſ'd; and though at Mons *you won,*
On pointed Cannon do not always run.
With ſome reſpect to ancient Wit proceed;
You take the four firſt Councils for your Creed.
But when you lay Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone rely,
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.
If notwithſtanding all that we can ſay,
You needs will have your pen'worths of the Play:
And come reſolv'd to Damn, becauſe you pay.
Record it, in memorial of the Fact,
The firſt Play bury'd ſince the Woollen Act.

OEDIPUS.

ACT I. SCENE *Thebes.*

The Curtain riſes to a plaintive Tune, representing the preſent Condition of Thebes; *Dead Bodies appear at a diſtance in the Streets; ſome faintly go over the Stage, others drop.*

Enter Alcander, Diocles, Pyracmon.

Alc. MEthinks we ſtand on Ruines; Nature ſhakes
About us; and the Univerſal Frame
So looſe, that it but wants another puſh
To leap from off its Hinges.
Dioc. No Sun to chear us, but a bloody Globe
That rowls above; a bald and beamleſs Fire;
His Face o're-grown with Scurf: the Sun's ſick too;
Shortly he'll be an Earth.
Pyr. Therefore the Seaſons
Lye all confus'd; and by the Heavens neglected,
Forget themſelves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Mid-way, and, ſeeing not his Livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: And the raw damps
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their Peſtilential Colds and Rhumes
Through all the lazy Air.
Alc. Hence Murrains follow,
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds;
At laſt, the Malady
Grew more domeſtick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Maſter's Feet.
Dioc. And next his Maſter:
For all thoſe Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
Firſt on inferiour Creatures try'd their force;
And laſt they ſeiz'd on Man.
Pyr. And then a thouſand deaths at once advanc'd,
And every Dart took place; all was ſo ſudden,
That ſcarce a firſt Man fell; one but began
To wonder, and ſtraight fell a wonder too;
A third, who ſtoop'd to raiſe his dying Friend,
Dropt in the pious Act. Heard you that groan? [*Groan within.*
Dioc. A Troop of Ghoſts took flight together there:

Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For ſingle Stakes, but Families and Tribes:
How are we ſure we breath not now our laſt,
And that next minute,
Our Bodies caſt into ſome common Pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
by half a People?

Alc. There's a Chain of Cauſes
Link'd to Effects; invincible Neceſſity
That what e're is, could not but ſo have been;
That's my ſecurity.

To them enter Creon.

Creon. So had it need, when all our Streets lie cover'd
With dead and dying Men,
And Earth expoſes Bodies on the Pavements
More than ſhe hides in Graves!
Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I ſeen
The Nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death.

Dioc. Now, *Oedipus*,
(If he return from War, our other Plague)
Will ſcarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble Pæan will be ſung before him.

Alc. He would do well to bring the Wives and Children
Of Conquer'd *Argians* to renew his *Thebes*.

Creon. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates
With their deteſted Omen.

Dioc. Of his Children.

Creon. Nay, though ſhe be my Siſter, of his Wife.

Alc. Oh that our *Thebes* might once again behold
A Monarch *Theban* born!

Dioc. We might have had one.

Pyr. Yes, had the People pleas'd.

Creon. Come, y'are my Friends:
The Queen my Siſter, after *Lajus* Death,
Fear'd to lie ſingle; and ſupply'd his place
With a young Succeſſor.

Dioc. He much reſembles
Her former Husband too.

Alc. I always thought ſo.

Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his black Locks
He will be a very *Lajus*.

Creon. So he will.
Mean time ſhe ſtands provided of a *Lajus*
More young and vigorous too, by twenty Springs.
Theſe Women are ſuch cunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,

The ſame reſemblance in a younger Lover
Lies brooding in their Fancies the ſame Pleaſures,
And urges their remembrance to deſire.
Dioc. Had merit, not her dotage, been conſider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *Oedipus*,
A ſtranger!
Creon. That word Stranger, I confeſs
Sounds harſhly in my Ears.
Dioc. We are your Creatures.
The People prone, as in all general ills,
To ſudden Change; the King in Wars abroad,
The Queen a Woman, weak and unregarded;
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
A Princeſs young and beauteous, and unmarried.
Methinks from theſe disjoynted Propoſitions
Something might be produc'd.
Creon. The Gods have done
Their part, by ſending this commodious Plague,
But oh the Princeſs! her hard Heart is ſhut
By Adamantine Locks againſt my Love.
Alc. Your claim to her is ſtrong; you are betroth'd.
Pyr. True! in her Nonage.
Alc. But that lett's remov'd.
Dioc. I heard the Prince of *Argos*, your *Adraſtus*,
When he was hoſtage here ———
Creon. Oh name him not! the bane of all my hopes;
That hot-brain'd, head-long Warriour, has the Charms
Of youth, and ſomewhat of a lucky Raſhneſs,
To pleaſe a Woman yet more Fool than he.
That thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward form
And empty noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man.
Alc. But ſince the War broke out about our Frontiers
He's now a Foe to *Thebes*!
Creon. But is not ſo to her; ſee, ſhe appears;
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: you inſinuate
Kind thoughts of me into the multitude;
Lay load upon the Court; gull 'em with Freedom;
And you ſhall ſee 'em toſs their Tails, and gad,
As if the Breeze had ſtung 'em.
Dioc. We'll about it. [*Exeunt* Alcander, Diocles, Pyracmon.

Enter Eurydice.

Creon. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Eurydice*!
A laviſh Planet reign'd when thou wert born;
And made thee of ſuch kindred-mold to Heaven,
Thou ſeem'ſt more Heaven's than ours.
Eur. Caſt round your Eyes;
Where late the Streets were ſo thick ſown with Men,

Like *Cadmus*'s Brood they juſtled for the Paſſage ;
Now look for thoſe erected heads, and ſee 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick Ways ;
When you have thought on this, anſwer this,
If theſe be hours of Courtſhip ?
Creon. Yes, they are ;
For when the Gods deſtroy ſo faſt, 'tis time
We ſhould renew the Race.
Euryd. What, in the midſt of horror !
Creon. Why not then ?
There's the more need of Comfort.
Euryd. Impious *Creon !*
Creon. Unjuſt *Eurydice !* can you accuſe me
Of love, which is Heaven's Precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you ſay purſues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries ?
Euryd. Still th' old Argument.
I bad you caſt your Eyes on other Men,
Now caſt 'em on your ſelf : think what you are.
Creon. A Man.
Euryd. A Man !
Creon. Why doubt you ? I'm a Man.
Euryd. 'Tis well you tell me ſo, I ſhould miſtake you ;
For any other part 'oth' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man : hence from my ſight,
Thou Poyſon to my Eyes.
Creon, 'Twas you firſt poyſon'd mine ; and yet methinks
My Face and Perſon ſhou'd not make you ſport.
Euryd. You force me, by your importunities,
To ſhew you what you are.
Creon. A Prince, who loves you :
And ſince your Pride provokes me, worth your Love,
Ev'n at his higheſt value.
Euryd. Love from thee ?
Why love renounc'd thee e're thou ſaw'ſt the light :
Nature her ſelf ſtart back when thou wert born,
And cry'd the Work's not mine——
The Midwife ſtood agaſt ; and when ſhe ſaw
Thy Mountain back, and thy diſtorted legs,
Thy face it ſelf,
Half minted with the Royal ſtamp of Man,
And half o'recome with Beaſt, ſtood doubting long,
Whoſe right in thee were more :
And knew not if to burn thee in the flames,
Were not the holier work.
Creon. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In ſo perverſe a mold ? yet when ſhe caſt

Her envious hand upon my ſupple joints,
Unable to reſiſt, and rumpled 'em
On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge
Her bungled work, ſhe ſtampt my mind more fair:
And as from Chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The Gods ſtruck fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautifie the Sky, ſo ſhe inform'd
This ill-ſhap'd Body with a daring Soul;
And making leſs than Man, ſhe made me more.
Euryd. No, thou art all one Error; Soul and Body;
The firſt young tryal of ſome unskill'd Pow'r,
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.
Thy crooked mind within, hunch'd out thy back,
And wander'd in thy limbs: to thy own kind
Make love, if thou canſt find it in the World;
And ſeek not from our Sex to raiſe an off-ſpring,
Which, mingled with the reſt, would tempt the Gods
To cut of Human Kind.
Creon. No; let 'em leave
The *Argian* Prince for you: that Enemy
Of *Thebes* has made you falſe, and break the Vows
You made to me.
Euryd. They were my Mother's Vows,
Made when I was at Nurſe.
Creon. But hear me, Maid;
This Blot of Nature, this deform'd loath'd *Creon*,
Is Maſter of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young *Minion*, ſpoil the Gods fine work,
And ſtab you in his heart.
Euryd. This when thou doeſt,
Then may'ſt thou ſtill be curſt with loving me:
And, as thou art, be ſtill unpitied, loath'd;
And let his Ghoſt——— No, let his Ghoſt have reſt;
But let the greateſt, fierceſt, fouleſt Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himſelf. [*Exit* Eurydice.
Creon. 'Tis true, I am
What ſhe has told me, an offence to ſight:
My Body opens inward to my Soul,
And lets in day to make my Vices ſeen,
By all diſcerning Eyes, but the blind vulgar.
I muſt haſte e'er *Oedipus* return,
To ſnatch the Crown and her; for I ſtill love;
But love with malice; as an angry Cur
Snarls while he feeds, ſo will I ſeize and ſtanch
The hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the ſcraps for Slaves.

Enter Tireſias, *leaning on a Staff, and led by his Daughter* Manto.

What makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad?
Wou'd his *Apollo* had him, he's too holy
For Earth and me; I'll ſhun his walk, and ſeek
My popular Friends. [*Exit* Creon.

Tireſias A little farther, yet a little farther;
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old Man,
Conduct my weary ſteps; and thou who ſeeſt
For me and for thy ſelf, beware thou tread not
With impious ſteps upon dead Corps;——Now ſtay
Methinks I draw more open, vital Air,
Where are we?

Manto. Under Covert of a Wall:
The moſt frequented once, and noiſy part
Of *Thebes*, now midnight ſilence reigns even here;
And graſs untrodden ſprings beneath our feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this place a Sunny bank,
There let me reſt a while: a Sunny bank!
Alas how can it be, where no Sun ſhines!
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and ſcarce holds up his drowſie head
To glimmer through the damps. { [*A noiſe within, follow, Follow, follow, A* Creon, *A* Creon, *A* Creon,

Hark! a tumultuous noiſe, and *Creon*'s name
Thrice eccho'd.

Man. Fly, the Tempeſt drives this way.

Tir. Whither can Age and Blindneſs take their flight?
If I could fly, what cou'd I ſuffer worſe,
Secure of great Ill! [*Noiſe again*, Creon, Creon, Creon.

Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon, *follow'd by the Crowd.*

Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen; but muſt refuſe
The honours you intend me, they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think agen,
And make a better Choice.

1 *Cit.* Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in all my life:
That's double work.

2 *Cit.* My firſt word is always my ſecond; and therefore Ill have
No ſecond word; and therefore once again I ſay, A *Creon.*

All. A *Creon*, a *Creon*, a *Creon.*

Creon Yet here me, Fellow Citizens.

Dioc. Fellow Citizens! there was a word of kindneſs.

Alc. When did *Oedipus* ſalute you by that familiar name?

1 *Cit.* Never, never; he was too proud.

Creon. Indeed he could not, for he was a ſtranger:
But under him our *Thebes* is half deſtroyed.
Forbid it Heav'n the reſidue ſhould periſh
Under a *Theban* born.

'Tis true, the Gods might ſend this Plague among you,
Becauſe a Stranger rul'd. But what of that?
Can I redreſs it now?

3. *Cit.* Yes, you or none.
'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us
Becauſe he reigns.

Creon. Oedipus may return: You may be cur'd.

1 *Cit.* Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2 *Cit.* Half of us that are here preſent, were living Men but
Yeſterday; and we that are abſent do but drop and drop,
And no Man knows whether he be dead or living. And
Therefore, while we are ſound and well, let us ſatisfie our
Conſciences, and make a new King.

3 *Cit.* Ha, if we were but worthy to ſee another Coronation!
And then, if we muſt die, we'll go merrily together.

All. To the Queſtion, to the Queſtion.

Dioc. Are you content *Creon* ſhall be your King?

All. A *Creon*, a *Creon*, a *Creon*.

Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans*: And thou *Creon*, hear me.

1 *Cit.* Who's that would be heard? We'll hear no Man:
We can ſcarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.

2 *Cit.* Oh, 'tis *Apollo*'s Prieſt, we muſt hear him: 'Tis the old blind
Prophet, that ſees all things.

3 *Cit.* He comes from the Gods too; and they are our Betters;
And therefore in good Manners we muſt hear him. Speak, Prophet.

2 *Cit.* For coming from the Gods, that's no great matter;
They can all ſay that: But he's a great Scholar, he can make
Almanacks, and he were put to't; and therefore I ſay, hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n ſcatters its Plagues among you,
Is it for nought, ye *Thebans*? Are the Gods
Unjuſt in puniſhing? Are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?

1 *Cit.* Yes, yes; No doubt, there are ſome Sins ſtirring,
That are the Cauſe of all.

3 *Cit.* Yes, There are Sins, or we ſhould have no Taxes.

2 *Cit.* For my part, I can ſpeak it with a ſafe Conſcience,
I ne'er ſin'd in all my Life.

1 *Cit.* Nor I.

3 *Cit.* Nor I.

2 *Cit.* Then we are all juſtified: The Sin lies not at our Doors.

Tir. All juſtified alike, and yet all guilty.
Were every Man's Falſe-dealing brought to light;
His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
His Weights and Meaſures, th'other Man's Extortions,
With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n,
You had not ſin'd?

2 *Cits.*

2 Cit. Nay, if theſe be Sins, the Caſe is alter'd; For my part, I never
Thought any thing but Murder had been a Sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all theſe were leſs than nothing,
You add Rebellion to 'em. Impious *Thebans!*
Have you not ſworn before the Gods, to ſerve
And to obey this *Oedipus*, your King,
By publick Voice elected? Anſwer me,
If this be true.

2 Cit. This is true: But it's a hard World, Neighbours,
If a Man's Oath muſt be his Maſter.

Creon. Speak *Diocles*; All goes wrong.

Dioc. How are you Traytors, Countrymen of *Thebes?*
This holy Sir, who preſſes you with Oaths,
Forgets your firſt. Were you not ſworn before
To *Lajus*, and his Blood?

All. We were, we were.

Dioc. While *Lajus* has a lawful Succeſſor,
Your firſt Oath ſtill muſt bind: *Eurydice*
Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon*:
Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd,
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Lajus*,
A Stranger to his Blood.

All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus*.

1 Cit. He puts the Prophet in a Mouſe-hole.

2 Cit. I knew it would be ſo: The laſt Man ever ſpeaks the beſt Reaſon.

Tir. Can Benefits thus die? Ungrateful *Thebans!*
Remember yet, when, after *Lajus's* Death,
The Monſter *Sphynx* laid your rich Country waſte,
Your Vineyards ſpoil'd, your labouring Oxen ſlew;
Your ſelves, for fear, mew'd up within your Walls;
She, taller than your Gates, o'er-look'd your Town;
But when ſhe rais'd her Bulk to ſail above you,
She drove the Air around her, like a Whirl-wind,
And ſhaded all beneath; till ſtooping down,
She clap'd her Leathern Wing againſt your Tow'rs,
And thruſt out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.

Dioc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir. You durſt not meet in Temple,
T'invoke the Gods for Aid; the proudeſt he
Who leads you now, then crow'd like a dar'd Lark:
This *Creon* ſhook for fear,
The Blood of *Lajus* cruddled in his Veins;
Till *Oedipus* arriv'd,
Call'd by his own high Courage, and the Gods;
Himſelf to you a God: Ye offer'd him
Your Queen and Crown; (but what was then your Crown!)
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his Succeſs.
Speak then; Who is your lawful King?

All. 'Tis *Oedipus.*

Tir. 'Tis *Oedipus*, your King more lawful
That yet you dream; for ſomething ſtill there lies
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read through Miſts:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful Birth
Of wondrous Fate; and now, juſt now diſcloſing.
I ſee, I ſee how terrible it dawns,
And my Soul ſickens with it.

1 *Cit.* How the God ſhakes him!

Tir. He comes, he comes! Victory! Conqueſt! Triumph!——
But, Oh! Guiltleſs and Guilty: Murder! Parricide!
Inceſt! Diſcovery! Puniſhment——'tis ended,
And all your Sufferings o'er.

A Trumpet within; Enter Hemon.

Hem. Rouze up, ye *Thebans*; tune your *Io Pæans*;
Your King returns; the *Argives* are o'ercome;
Their Warlike Prince in ſingle Combat taken,
And led in Bands by God-like *Oedipus.*

All. Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus.

Creon. Furies confound his Fortune!—— [*Aſide.*
Haſte, all haſte, [*To them.*
And meet with Bleſſings our victorious King;
Decree Proceſſions; bid new Holy-days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raiſe a Brazen Collumn, thus inſcrib'd,
To *Oedipus*, now twice a Conqueror; Deliverer of his *Thebes.*
Truſt me, I weep for Joy to ſee this Day.

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows how thou weep'ſt:—— Go Country men,
And, as you us'd to ſupplicate your Gods,——
So meet your King, with Bays, and Olive-branches:
Bow down, and touch his Knees, and beg from him
An End of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you. [*Exit* Tireſias, *the People following.*

Enter Oedipus *in Triumph;* Adraſtus *Priſoner;* Dymas, *Train.*

Creon. All hail, great *Oedipus*;
Thou mighty Conqueror, hail; welcome to *Thebes*,
To thy own *Thebes*, to all that's left of *Thebes*:
For half thy Citizens are ſwept away,
And wanting to thy Triumphs,
And we, the happy Remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and die.

Oedipus. Thus Pleaſure never comes ſincere to Man;
But lent by Heaven, upon hard Uſury;
And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis daſh'd with Gall
By ſome Left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!
O Conqueſt gain'd abroad, and loſt at home!

O *Argos*, now rejoyce, for *Thebes* lies low;
Thy ſlaughter'd Sons now ſmile, and think they won,
When they can count more *Theban* Ghoſts than theirs.
Adraſt. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes*: you temper'd ſo
Your Courage while you fought, that Mercy ſeem'd
The Manlier Vertue, and much more prevail'd.
While *Argos* is a People, think your *Thebes*
Can never want for Subjects: Every Nation
Will crowd, to ſerve where *Oedipus* commands.
Creon. to Hæm. How mean it ſhews, to fawn upon the Victor!
Hæm. Had you beheld him fight, you had ſaid otherwiſe:
Come, 'tis brave Bearing in him, not to envy
Superiour Virtue.
Oed. This, indeed, is Conqueſt,
To gain a Friend like you. Why were we Foes?
Adraſt. 'Cauſe we were Kings, and each diſdain'd an Equal.
I fought to have it in my power to do
What thou haſt done; and ſo to uſe my Conqueſt,
To ſhew thee, Honour was my only Motive.
Know this, that were my Army at thy Gates,
And *Thebes* thus waſte, I would not take the Gift,
Which, like a Toy, drop'd from the Hands of Fortune,
Lay for the next Chance-comer.
Oed. Embracing. No more Captive,
But Brother of the War: 'Tis much more pleaſant,
And ſafer, truſt me, thus to meet thy Love,
Than when hard Gantlets clench'd our Warlike Hands,
And kept 'em from ſoft Uſe.
Adraſt. My Conqueror.
Oed. My Friend! That other Name keeps Enmity alive.
But longer to detain thee, were a Crime
To Love, and to *Eurydice*; go free:
Such Welcome as a ruin'd Town can give,
Expect from me; the reſt let her ſupply.
Adraſt. I go without a Bluſh, though conquer'd twice;
By you, and by my Princeſs. [*Exit* Adraſtus.
Creon aſide. Then I am conquer'd thrice; by *Oedipus*,
And her, and even by him, the Slave of both.
Gods, I am beholding to you for making me your Image:
Would I could make you mine. [*Exit* Creon.

Enter the People with Branches in their Hands, holding them up, and kneeling: Two Prieſts before them.

Oed. Alas, my People!
What means this ſpeechleſs Sorrow, down-caſt Eyes,
And lifted Hands? If there be one among you,
Whom Grief has left a Tongue, ſpeak for the reſt.
1 Pr. O Father of thy Country!

To thee theſe Knees are bent, theſe Eyes are lifted,
As to a viſible Divinity.
A Prince, on whom Heav'n ſafely might repoſe
The Buſineſs of Mankind: For Providence
Might on thy Boſom ſleep ſecure,
And leave her Task to thee.
But where's the Glory of thy former *Acts*?
Ev'n that's deſtroy'd when none ſhall live to ſpeak it.
Millions of Subjects ſhalt thou have, but mute.
A People of the Dead; a crowded Deſart!
A Midnight-ſilence at the Noon of Day.
Oed. Oh! Were our Gods as ready with their Pity,
As I with mine, this Preſence ſhould be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my ſad Eyes
Not ſearch in vain for Friends, whoſe promiſ'd Sight
Flatter'd my Toyls of War.
1 *Pr.* Twice our Deliverer!
Oed. Nor are now your Vows
Addreſs'd to one who ſleeps:
When this unwelcome News firſt reach'd my Ears,
Dymas was ſent to *Delphos*, to enquire
The Cauſe and Cure of this Contagious Ill;
And is this Day return'd: But ſince his Meſſage
Concerns the Publick, I refuſ'd to hear it,
But in this general Preſence: Let him ſpeak.
Dymas. A dreadful Anſwer from the hallow'd Urn,
And ſacred *Tripos* did the Prieſteſs give,
In theſe myſterious Words,
The Oracle. *Shed in a curſed Hour, by curſed Hand,*
Blood-Royal unreveng'd, has curſ'd the Land.
When Lajus's *Death is expiated well,*
Your Plague ſhall ceaſe: The reſt let Lajus *tell.*
Oed. Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a King's Blood too!
And ſuch a King; and by his Subjects ſhed!
(Elſe, by this Curſe on *Thebes*!) No wonder then
If Monſters, Wars and Plagues revenge ſuch Crimes.
If Heav'n be juſt, its whole Artillery,
All muſt be empty'd on us: Not one Bolt
Shall err from *Thebes*; but more be call'd for, more:
New-moulded Thunder, of a larger Size,
Driv'n by whole *Jove*. What! Touch Anointed Pow'r!
Then Gods beware; *Jove* would himſelf be next,
Cou'd you but reach him too.
2 *Pr.* We mourn the ſad Remembrance.
Oed. Well you may.
Worſe than a Plague infects you: Y'are devoted
To Mother Earth, and to th'Infernal Pow'rs:

Hell has a Right in you: I thank you Gods,
That I'm no *Theban* born: How my Blood cruddles!
As if this Curſe touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer
Than all this Preſence!——— Yes, 'tis a King's Blood;
And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper Bonds
To expiate this Blood: But where, from whom,
Or how muſt I atone it? Tell me, *Thebans*,
How *Lajus* fell; for a confus'd Report
Paſs'd through my Ears, when firſt I took the Crown;
But full of Hurry, like a Morning-Dream,
It vaniſh'd in the Buſineſs of the Day.

1 *Pr.* He went in private forth, but thinly follow'd;
And ne'er return'd to *Thebes*.

Oed. Nor any from him? Came there no Attendant?
None to bring News?

2 *Pr.* But one; and he ſo wounded,
He ſcarce drew Breath to ſpeak ſome few faint Words.

Oed. What were they? Something may be learnt from thence.

1 *Pr.* He ſaid, a Band of Robbers watch'd their Paſſage,
Who took Advantage of a narrow Way,
To murder *Lajus* and the reſt; himſelf
Left too for dead.

Oed. Made you no more Enquiry,
But took this bare Relation?

2 *Pr.* 'Twas neglected:
For then the Monſter *Sphynx* began to rage;
And preſent Cares ſoon buried the remote:
So was it huſh'd, and never ſince reviv'd.

Oed. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
Juſt then the *Sphynx* began to rage among you;
The Gods took hold ev'n of th' offending Minute,
And dated thence your Woes: Thence will I trace 'em.

1 *Pr.* 'Tis juſt thou ſhouldſt.

Oed. Hear then this dread Imprecation, hear it:
'Tis laid on all, not any one except:
Bear witneſs, Heav'n, avenge it on the Perjur'd.
If any *Theban* born, if any Stranger
Reveal this Murder, or produce its Author,
Ten Antique Talents be his juſt Reward:
But if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire,
The Murder he conceal, the Curſe of *Thebes*
Fall heavy on his Head: Unite our Plagues,
Ye Gods, and place 'em there: From Fire and Water,
Converſe, and all things common, be he baniſh'd.
But for the Murderer's ſelf, unfound by Man,
Find him, ye Pow'rs Celeſtial and Infernal;
And the ſame Fate, or worſe than *Lajus* met,

Let be his Lot: His Children be accurs'd;
His Wife and Kindred, all of his be curs'd.
Both Pr. Confirm it, Heav'n.
Enter Jocaſta; *Attended by Women.*
Joc. At your Devotions! Heav'n ſucceed your Wiſhes;
And bring th'Effect of theſe your pious Pray'rs
On you, and me, and all.
Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!
Oed. O fatal Sound! Unfortunate *Jocaſta!*
What haſt thou ſaid! An ill Hour haſt thou choſen
For theſe fore-boding words: Why, we were curſing.
Joc. Then may that Curſe fall only where you laid it.
Oed. Speak no more,
For all thou ſay'ſt is ominous: We were curſing;
And that dire Imprecation haſt thou faſten'd
On *Thebes*, and thee, and me, and all of us.
Joc. Are then my Bleſſings turn'd into a Curſe?
O unkind *Oedipus!* My former Lord
Thought me his Bleſſing: Be thou like my *Lajus.*
Oed. What, yet again! The third time haſt thou curs'd me?
This Imprecation was for *Lajus*'s Death;
And thou haſt wiſh'd me like him.
Joc. Horrour ſeizes me!
Oed. Why doſt thou gaze upon me? Prithee, Love,
Take off thy Eye; it burdens me too much.
Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Lajus*;
His Speech, his Garb, his Action; nay, his Frown;
(For I have ſeen it;) but ne'er bent on me.
Oed. Are we ſo like?
Joc. In all things but his Love.
Oed I love thee more: So well I love, Words cannot ſpeak how well;
No pious Son e'er lov'd his Mother more,
Than I my dear *Jocaſta.*
Joc. I love you too
The ſelf-ſame way: And when you chid, methought
A Mother's Love ſtart up in your Defence,
And bad me not be angry: Be not you:
For I love *Lajus* ſtill as Wives ſhould love;
But you more tenderly, as part of me:
And when I have you in my Arms, methinks
I lull my Child aſleep.
Oed. Then we are bleſs'd:
And all theſe Curſes ſweep along the Skies,
Like empty Clouds, but drop not on our Heads.
Joc. I have not joy'd an Hour ſince you departed,
For publick Miſeries, and for private Fears;
But this bleſs'd Meeting has o'er-pay'd 'em all.

Good

Good Fortune that comes ſeldom, comes more welcome:
All I can wiſh for now, is your Conſent
To make my Brother happy.

Oed. How, *Jocaſta?*

Joc. By Marriage with his Neece *Eurydice.*

Oed. Uncle and Neece! they are too near, my Love;
'Tis too like Inceſt; 'tis Offence to Kind:
Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adraſtus*,
No Choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,
They ſhou'd not marry. Speak no more of it;
The Thought diſturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bleſs
A Vow ſo broken, which I made to *Creon*:
Remember he's my Brother.

Oed. That's the Bar:
And ſhe thy Daughter: Nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon her ſelf,
And, like a Whirl-pool, ſwallow her own Streams.

Joc. Be not diſpleas'd: I'll move the Suit no more.

Oed. No, do not; for, I know not why, it ſhakes me
When I but think on Inceſt: Move we forward
To thank the Gods for my Succeſs, and pray
To waſh the Guilt of Royal Blood away. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Gallery. A Royal Bed-Chamber being ſuppos'd behind.

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Hæmon, Alcander, Pyracmon.

Hæm. SURE 'tis the End of all things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The gaſtly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you theſe Peals of Thunder, but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? by *Jove*, they ſeem to me
The World's laſt Groans; and thoſe vaſt Sheets of Flame
Are its laſt Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like Waxen Globes;
The ſhooting Stars end all in purple Jellies;
And Chaos is at hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* ſleeps,
But ſuch as ne'er muſt wake. All crowd about
the Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King; who, from the Battlement,

By the red Lightning's glare, deſcry'd afar,
Atones the angry Powers.

Hæm. Ha! *Pyracmon*, look;
Behold, *Alcander*, from yon' Weſt of Heav'n,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman:
A Scepter bright with Gems in each right hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazling purple made,
Diſtinctly yonder in that point they ſtand,
Juſt Weſt: a bloody red ſtains all the place:
And ſee, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Cluſters of golden Stars hang o'er their Heads,
And ſeem ſo crouded, that they burſt upon 'em:
All dart at once their baleful influence,
In leaking fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets ſtick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their left ſides,
As they would ſhoot their Quills into their hearts.

Ham. But ſee! the King, and Queen, and all the Court!
Did ever Day or Night ſhew ought like this? [*Thunders again.*

The Scene draws, and diſcovers the Prodigies.

Enter Oedipus, Jocaſta, Eurydice, Adraſtus, *all coming forward with Amazement.*

Oed. Anſwer, you Powr's Divine; ſpare all this noiſe,
This rack of Heav'n; and ſpeak your fatal pleaſure,
Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monſtrous Night,
Burſt forth ſuch Miriads of abortive Stars?
Ha! my *Jocaſta*, look! the Silver Moon!
A ſetling Crimſon ſtains her beauteous Face!
She's all o're Blood! and look, behold again,
What mean the myſtick Heav'ns ſhe journies on?
A vaſt Eclipſe darkens the labouring Planet:
Sound there, ſound all our Inſtruments of War;
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Braſs, and Iron,
And beat a thouſand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain; you ſee the Prodigies continue;
Let's gaze no more, the Gods are Humorous.

Oed. Forbear, raſh Man —— Once more I ask your pleaſure.
If that the glow-worm light of human Reaſon
Might dare to offer at Immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this ſtorm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks ſplit, and why rowls the Sea?
Why theſe Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?
Why yon' Gigantick Forms, Ethereal Monſters?
Alas! Is all this but to fright the Dwarfs,
Which your own hands have made, then be it ſo;
Or if the Fates reſolve ſome Expiation

For murder'd *Lajus*; Here me, hear me, Gods!
Hear me thus proſtrate: ſpare this groaning Land,
Save Innocent *Thebes*, ſtop the Tyrant Death;
Do this, and lo I ſtand up an Oblation
To meet your ſwifteſt and ſevereſt anger,
Shoot all at once, and ſtrike me to the Center.

The Cloud draws that veil'd the heads of the Figures in the Skie, and ſhews 'em Crown'd, with the Names of Oedipus *and* Jocaſta *written above in great Characters of Gold.*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler Senſes
Are vaniſh'd with that Cloud that fleets away:
Or, juſt above thoſe two Majeſtick Heads,
I ſee, I read diſtinctly in large Gold,
Oedipus and *Jocaſta*.

Alc. I read the ſame.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not Man to wade
Too far in the vaſt deep of Deſtiny. [*Thunder; and the Prodigies vaniſh.*

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods
Had ſome new Monſters made! will you not turn,
And bleſs your People, who devour each word
You breathe?

Oed. It ſhall be ſo.
Yes, I will die, O *Thebes*, to ſave thee!
Draw from my Heart my Blood with more content
Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yet, O *Jocaſta*!
By all the indearments of miraculous love,
By all our Languiſhings, our Fears in Pleaſure,
Which oft have made us wonder; hear I ſwear
On thy fair hand, upon thy Breaſt I ſwear
I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood
To blooming Youth, a Crime by me committed,
For which the awful Gods ſhould doom my Death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd *Laius* frees the Land:
Were you, which is impoſſible, the Man,
Perhaps my Ponyard firſt ſhould drink your Blood;
But you are Innocent, as your *Jocaſta*,
From Crimes like thoſe. This made me violent
To ſave your life, which you unjuſt would loſe:
Nor can you comprehend with deepeſt thought,
The horrid Agony you caſt me in,
When you reſolv'd to die.

Oed. Is't poſſible?

Joc. Alas! why ſtart you ſo? Her ſtiffning grief,
Who ſaw her Children ſlaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine: Methinks I ſhould have made

My boſom bare againſt the armed God,
To ſave my *Oedipus.*
Oed. I pray, no more.
Joc. You've ſilenc'd me, my Lord.
Oed. Pardon me, dear *Jocaſta*;
Pardon a heart that ſinks with Sufferings,
And can but vent it ſelf in ſobs and murmurs:
Yet to reſtore my peace, I'll find him out.
Yes, yes, you Gods! you ſhall have ample vengeance
On *Lajus*'s Murderer. O, the Traytor's Name!
I'll know't, I will: Art ſhall be conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravel'd.
Joc. Sacred Sir——
Oed. Rage will have way, and 'tis but juſt; I'll fetch him,
Tho' lodg'd in Air upon a Dragon's Wing,
Tho' Rocks ſhould hide him: Nay he ſhould be dragg'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:
His Ghoſt ſhall be by ſage *Tireſias* Pow'r,
(*Tireſias*, that rules all beneath the Moon)
Confin'd to fleſh, to ſuffer Death once more;
And then be plung'd in his firſt fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,
Tireſias attends your Pleaſure.
Oed. Haſte and bring him in.
O, my *Jocaſta*, *Eurydice*, *Adraſtus*,
Creon, and all ye *Thebans*, now the end
Of Plagues, of Madneſs, Murders, Prodigies,
Draws on: This Battel of the Heav'ns and Earth
Shall by his Wiſdom be reduc'd to peace.

Enter Tireſias, *leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter* Manto, *follow'd by other* Thebans.

O thou, whoſe moſt aſpiring Mind
Knoweſt all the Buſineſs of the Courts above,
Open'ſt the Cloſets of the Gods, and dares
To mix with *Jove* himſelf and Fate at Council;
O Prophet, anſwer me, declare aloud
The Traytor who conſpir'd the Death of *Lajus*,
Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
Have drawn this Plague that blaſts unhappy *Thebes*.
Tir. We muſt no more than Fate commiſſions us
To tell; yet ſomething, and of moment, I'll unfold,
If that the God would wake; I feel him now,
Like a ſtrong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The rouz'd God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, ſtarts and dilates himſelf;

He ſtruggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burſt,
My rivel'd Skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd fire;
I ſhall be young again: *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou haſt a Voice that might have ſav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to liſten to thy Airs:
O charm this God, this Fury in my Boſom,
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With pow'rful ſtrains; *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly God-head to be mild.

SONG to *Apollo*.

PHœbus, *God belov'd by Men;*
At thy dawn, every Beaſt is rouz'd in his Den;
At thy ſetting, all the Birds of thy abſence complain,
And we die, all die till the morning comes again,
Phœbus, *God belov'd by Men,*
Idol of the Eaſtern Kings,
Awful as the God who flings
His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings;
God of Songs, and Orphean *Strings,*
Who to this mortal Boſom brings,
All harmonous heavenly Things;
Thy drowzy Prophet to revive,
Ten thouſand thouſand forms before him drive;
With Chariots and Horſes all o'fire awake him,
Convulſions, and Furies, and Propheſies ſhake him,
Let him tell it in groans, tho' he bend with the Load,
Tho' he burſt with the weight of the terrible God.

Tir. The Wretch, who ſhed the blood of old *Labdacides*,
Lives, and is great;
But cruel greatneſs ne'er was long:
The firſt of *Lajus*'s blood his Life did ſeize,
And urg'd his Fate,
Which elſe had laſting been and ſtrong.
The Wretch, who *Lajus*'s kill'd, muſt bleed, or fly;
Or *Thebes*, conſum'd with Plagues, in ruins lie.

Oed. The firſt of *Lajus*'s blood! pronounce the perſon;
May the God roar from thy Prophetic mouth,
That even the dead may ſtart up, to behold:
Name him, I ſay, that moſt accurſed Wretch,
For by the Stars he dies:

Speak, I command thee;
By *Phœbus*, ſpeak! for ſudden Death's his doom:
Here ſhall he fall, bleed on this very ſpot;
His Name, I charge thee once more, ſpeak.
Tir. 'Tis loſt,
Like what we think can never ſhun remembrance;
Yet of a ſudden's gone beyond the Clouds.
Oed. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where e'er it be.
Creon. Let me intreat you, ſacred Sir, be calm,
And *Creon* ſhall point out the great Offender.
'Tis true, reſpect of Nature might injoyn
My ſilence at another time; but oh,
Much more the pow'r of my eternal Love!
That, that ſhould ſtrike me dumb: yet *Thebes*, my Country———
I'll break through all, to ſuccour thee, poor City
O, I muſt ſpeak.
Oed. Speak then, if ought thou knoweſt:
As much thou ſeem'd to know, delay no longer.
Cre. O Beauty! O illuſtrious Royal Maid!
To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
And with ſuch modeſt, chaſt, and pure affection,
The coldeſt Nymph might read 'em without bluſhing;
Art thou the Murdreſs then of wretched *Lajus*?
And I, muſt i accuſe thee, O my Tears!
Why will you fall in ſo abhorr'd a Cauſe?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous, hand deſtroy'd
Thy Father (O monſtrous act!) both Gods
And Men at once take notice.
Oed. *Eurydice!*
Euryd. Traytor, go on; I ſcorn thy little malice,
And knowing more my perfect Innocence,
Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee,
Who art their oppoſite, and form'd a Lyar,
I thus diſdain thee! Thou once didſt talk of Love;
Becauſe I hate thy love,
Thou doſt accuſe me.
Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain,
And Traytor, double damn'd, who durſt blaſpheme
The ſpotleſs Virtue of the brighteſt Beauty;
Thou dy'ſt: nor ſhall the ſacred Majeſty, [*Draws and wounds him.*
That guards this place, preſerve thee from my Rage.
Oed. Diſarm 'em both; Prince, I ſhall make you know
That I can tame you twice. Guards, ſeize him.
Adr. Sir.
I muſt acknowledge in another Cauſe
Repentance might abaſh me; but I glory
In this, and ſmile to ſee the Traytor's Blood.

Oed. Creon, you ſhall be ſatisfied at full.
Cre. My hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
To wiſe *Tireſias*, if my accuſation
Be not moſt true. The firſt of *Lajus* blood
Gave him his Death. Is there a Prince before her?
Then ſhe is faultleſs, and I ask her Pardon.
And may this Blood ne'er ceaſe to drop, O *Thebes*,
If pity of thy Sufferings did not move me
To ſhew the Cure which Heav'n it ſelf preſcrib'd.
Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will die to ſave your lives,
More willingly than you can wiſh my Fate;
But let this good, this wiſe, this holy Man
Pronounce my Sentence: For to fall by him,
By the vile breath of that prodigious Villain,
Would ſink my Soul, tho' I ſhould die a Martyr.
Adr. Unhand me, Slaves. O mightieſt of Kings,
See at your Feet a Prince not us'd to kneel;
Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
As you would ſave your *Thebes*, but take my life:
For, ſhould ſhe periſh, Heav'n would heap Plagues on Plagues,
Rain Sulphur down, hurle kindled bolts
Upon your guilty Heads.
Cre. You turn to Gallantry, what is but Juſtice.
Proof will be eaſie made. *Adraſtus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhappy King
Of life; becauſe he flatly had deny'd
To make ſo poor a Prince his Son-in-law:
Therefore 'twere fit that both ſhould periſh.
1 Theb. Both let both die.
All Theb. Both, both; let 'em die.
Oed. Hence you wild Herd! For your Ring-leader here,
He ſhall be made an Example. *Heavens* take him.
1 Theb. Mercy, O Mercy.
Oed. Mutiny in my Preſence!
Hence, let me ſee that buſie Face no more.
Tir. Thebans, what Madneſs makes you drunk with rage?
Enough of guilty Death's already acted:
Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice*,
With Prince *Adraſtus*; which the God reproves
By inward Checks, and leaves their Fate in doubt.
Oed. Therefore inſtruct us what remains to do,
Or ſuffer; for I feel a ſleep like Death
Upon me, and I ſigh to be at reſt.
Tir. Since that the Pow'rs Divine refuſe to clear
The myſtic Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;
There I can force th' Infernal Gods to ſhew
Their horrid Forms;

Each trembling Ghoſt ſhall riſe,
And leave their griſly King without a waiter.
For Prince *Adraſtus* and *Eurydice*,
My life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane;
Till the dark Myſteries of Hell are done.
Follow me, Princeſs; *Thebans*, all to reſt.
O, *Oedipus*, to morrow —— but no more,
If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,
Indulge thy Brain this Night with ſofter ſlumbers:
To morrow, O to morrow! —— ſleep, my Son;
And in prophetic Dreams thy Fate be ſhown. [Ex. Tireſ. Adraſt.
Euryd. Manto, Thebans. *Manent* Oed. Jocaſt. Creon, Pyrac. Hæm. Alcan.

Oed. To bed, My Fair, my Dear, my beſt *Jocaſta*.
After the toils of War, 'tis wondrous ſtrange
Our loves ſhould thus be daſh'd. One moment's thought,
And I'll approach the Arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Conſume whole Years in care, ſo now and then
I may have leave to feed my famiſh'd Eyes
With one ſhort paſſing glance, and ſigh my Vows:
This, and no more, my Lord, is all the paſſion
Of languiſhing *Jocaſta*. [Exit.

Oed. Thou ſofteſt, ſweeteſt of the World! good night.
Nay, ſhe is beauteous too; yet, mighty Love!
I never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
But an unuſual chillneſs came upon me;
An unknown hand ſtill check'd my forward joy,
Daſh'd me with bluſhes, tho' no light was near;
That ev'n the act became a violation.

Pyr. He's ſtrangely thoughtful.

Oed. Hark! who was that? Ha! *Creon*, didſt thou call me?

Creon. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here.

Oed. That's ſtrange! methought I heard a doleful Voice
Cry'd *Oedipus*. —— The Prophet bad me ſleep,
He talk of Dreams and Viſions, and to morrow!
I'll muſe no more on't, come what will or can;
My thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;
And with thoſe thoughts I'll reſt. *Creon*, good night. [Ex. with Hæm.

Cre. Sleep ſeal your Eyes, Sir, eternal ſleep.
But if he muſt ſleep and wake again, O all
Tormenting Dreams, wild horrors of the Night,
And Hags of Fancy wing him through the air:
From precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and Death be ſet before him.

Alc. Your Curſes have already ta'en effect;
For he looks very ſad.

Cre. May he be rooted, where he ſtands for ever;

His Eye-balls never move, brows be unbent,
His Blood, his, Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wiſh him, Hell.

Pyr. No more: you tear your ſelf, but vex not him.
Methinks 'twere brave this Night to force the Temple,
While blind *Tireſias* conjures up the Fiends,
And paſs the time with nice *Eurydice.*

Alc. Try promiſes, and threats, and if all fail,
Since Hell's broke looſe, why ſhould not you be mad?
Raviſh, and leave her dead with her *Adraſtus.*

Cre. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly
For ſuch another thought. Luſt, and Revenge!
To ſtab at once the only Man I hate,
And to enjoy the Woman whom I love!
I ask no more of my auſpicious Stars,
The reſt as Fortune pleaſe; ſo but this Night
She play me fair, why let her turn for ever.

Enter Hemon.

Hemon. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to reſt;
Yet, e'er he ſlept, commanded me to clear
The Antichambers: none muſt dare be near him.

Creon. Hemon, you do your Duty; ———— *Thunder.*
And we obey. —— The night grows yet more dreadful!
'Tis juſt that all retire to their Devotions;
The Gods are angry: but to morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lye, will make all clear. [*As they go off.*

Oedipus *Enters, walking aſleep in his ſhirt, with a Dagger in his right hand, and a Taper in his left.*

Oed. O, my *Jocaſta!* 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all night on the cold ground;
For this he bears the Storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms:
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever! —— Ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholly light, that ſeems
The gloom of glowing Embers?
The Curtain's drawn; and ſee ſhe's here again!
Jocaſta? Ha! what, fall'n aſleep ſo ſoon?
How fares my Love? this Taper will inform me.
Ha! Lightning blaſt me, Thunder
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus* Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my Inceſtuous heart,
By all the Gods! my Mother *Merope!*
My Sword, a Dagger; Ha! who waits there? Slaves,
My Sword: what, *Hemon,* dar'ſt thou, Villain, ſtop me?
With thy own Ponyard periſh. Ha! who's this?

Or is't a Change of Death? By all thy Honours,
New Murder; thou haſt ſlain old Polybus:
Inceſt and Parricide, thy Father's Murderer!
Out thou Infernal Flame! Now all is dark,
All blind and diſmal: Moſt triumphant Miſchief!
And now, while thus I ſtalk about the Room,
I challenge Fate to find another Wretch
Like *Oedipus*.

Enter Jocaſta, *attended with Lights, in a Night Gown.*

Oed. Night, Horrour, Death, Confuſion, Hell and Furies!
Where am I? O *Jocaſta*, let me hold thee,
Thus to my Boſom, Ages; let me graſp thee:
All that the hardeſt temper'd weather'd Fleſh,
With fierceſt Humane Spirit inſpir'd can dare
Or do, I dare: But, O you Pow'rs, this was
By infinite degrees too much for Man.
Methinks my deafn'd Ears
Are burſt; my Eyes, as if they had been knock'd
By ſome tempeſtuous Hand, ſhoot flaſhing Fire.
That Sleep ſhould do this!

Joc. Then my Fears were true.
Methought I heard a Voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
Fight with the Waves; now in a ſtill ſmall Tone
Your dying Accents fell, as racking Ships,
After the dreadful Yell, ſink murmuring down,
And bubble up a Noiſe.

Oed, Truſt me, thou faireſt, beſt of all thy Kind,
None e'er in Dreams was tortur'd ſo before;
Yet what moſt ſhocks the niceneſs of my Temper,
Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,
And my own Death, is, that this horrid Sleep
Daſh'd my ſick Fancy with an Act of Inceſt:
I dreamt, *Jocaſta*, that thou wert my Mother;
Which, though impoſſible, ſo damps my Spirits,
That I cou'd do a Miſchief on my ſelf,
Leſt I ſhould ſleep, and dream the like again.

Joc. O *Oedipus*, too well I underſtand you!
I know the Wrath of Heav'n, the Care of *Thebes*,
The Cries of its Inhabitants, War's Toils,
And Thouſand other Labours of the State,
Are all referr'd to you, and ought to take you
For ever from *Jocaſta*.

Oed. Life of my Life, and Treaſure of my Soul!
Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. Oh! You think me vile,
And of an Inclination ſo ignoble,

That I muſt hide me from your Eyes for ever.
Be witneſs, Gods; and ſtrike *Jocaſta* dead,
If an immodeſt Thought, or low Deſire
Inflam'd my Breaſt, since firſt our Loves were lighted. [*Kneeling.*
Oed. Oh, riſe; and add not, by thy cruel Kindneſs,
A Grief more ſenſible than all my Torments.
Thou think'ſt my Dreams are forg'd: But, By thy ſelf,
the greateſt Oath, I ſwear, they are moſt true.
But be they what they will, I here diſmiſs 'em:
Be gone *Chimera's*, to your Mother Clouds;
Is there a Fault in us? Have we not ſearch'd
The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
Of Birds and Beaſts, and tir'd the Prophet's Art?
Yet what avails? He, and the Gods together,
Seem, like Phyſicians, at a loſs to help us:
Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
We'll ſnatch the ſtrongeſt Cordial of our Love.
To bed, my Fair.
Ghoſt within. Oedipus!
Oed. Ha! Who calls?
Didſt thou not hear a Voice?
Joc. Alas! I did.
Ghoſt. Jocaſta!
Joc. O my Love, my Lord, ſupport me!
Oed. Call lowder, till you burſt your Airy Forms:
Reſt on my Hand. Thus arm'd with Innocence,
I'll face theſe babling *Dæmons* of the Air:
In ſpight of Ghoſts, I'll on.
Though round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
I'll break 'em, with *Jocaſta* in my Arms:
Claſp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
And act my Joys, though Thunder ſhake the Room. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Dark Grove.

Enter Creon.

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than to be unhappy.
Dio. What mean you by theſe Words?
Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon*.
A thinking Soul is Puniſhment enough:
But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
Then every Thought draws Blood.
Dio. You are not wretched.

Cre. I am: My Soul's ill married to my Body.
I wou'd be young, be handſom, be belov'd:
Cou'd I but breath my ſelf into *Adraſtus*——
Dio. You rave: Call home your Thoughts.
Cre. I prithee, let my Soul take Air a while:
Were ſhe in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
Then I had kill'd a Monſter, gain'd a Battel,
And had my Rival Pris'ner; Brave, brave Actions!
Why have not I done theſe?
Dio. Your Fortune hinder'd.
Cre. There's it; I have a Soul to do 'em all;
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young, handſom Fools: Body and Brawn
Do all her Work, *Hercules* was a Fool,
And ſtreight grew famous; a mad boyſterous Fool;
Nay worſe, a Woman's Fool.
Fool is the Stuff, of which Heav'n makes a Hero.
Dio. A Serpent ne'er becomes a flying Dragon,
Till he has eat a Serpent.
Cre. Goes it there!
I underſtand thee; I muſt kill *Adraſtus*.
Dio. Or not enjoy your Miſtreſs:
Eurydice and he are Pris'ners here,
But will not long be ſo; this Tell-tale Ghoſt,
Perhaps, will clear 'em both.
Cre. Well, 'tis reſolv'd.
Dio. The Princeſs walks this Way;
You muſt not meet her,
Till this be done.
Cre. I muſt.
Dio. She hates your Sight:
And more ſince you accus'd her.
Cre. Urge it not.
I cannot ſtay to tell thee my Deſign;
For ſhe's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your Thoughts employ'd?
Eur. On Death, and thee.
Cre. Then were they not well ſorted: Life and me
Had been the better Match.
Eur. No; I was thinking
On two the moſt deteſted things in Nature;
And they are Death and thee.
Cre. The Thought of Death, to one near Death, is dreadful:
Oh, 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.
Or if to be, to wander after Death;
To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day;

And when the Darkneſs comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves; and in the ſilent Vault,
Where lies your own pale Shrowd, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps;
And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghoſt
Into your lifeleſs Lips:
Then, like a lone, benighted Traveller,
Shut out from Lodging, ſhall your Groans be anſwer'd
By whiſtling Winds, whoſe every Blaſt will ſhake
Your tender Form to Atoms.
Eur. Muſt I be this thin Being? and thus wander!
No Quiet after Death!
Cre. None: You muſt leave
This beauteous Body; all this Youth and Freſhneſs
Muſt be no more the Object of Deſire,
But a cold Lump of Clay;
Which then your diſcontented Ghoſt will leave,
And loath its former Lodging.
This is the beſt of what comes after Death,
Ev'n to the beſt.
Eur. What then ſhall be thy Lot?
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur;
Viciſſitudes of Fires, and then of Froſts;
And an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy Ears at every Laſh,
This for *Eurydice*, theſe for her *Adraſtus*.
Cre. For her *Adraſtus!*
Eur. Yes; for her *Adraſtus:*
For Death ſhall ne'er divide us. Death! What's Death?
Dio. You ſeem'd to fear it.
Eur. But I more fear *Creon:*
To take that hunch-back'd Monſter in my Arms;
Th' Excreſcence of a Man.
Dio. to Cre. See what you've gain'd.
Eur. Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear, dreſs'd
To fright'n Children; Pull but off his Maſque,
And he'll appear a Friend.
Cre. You talk too ſlightly
Of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.
Eur. You beſt can tell the News of your own Country.
Dio. Nay, now you are too ſharp.
Eur. Can I be ſo to one who has accus'd me
Of Murder, and of Parricide?
Cre. You provok'd me.
And yet I only did thus far accuſe you,
As next of Blood to *Lajus*: Be adviſ'd,
And you may live.

Eur. The Means?

Cre. 'Tis offer'd you.
The Fool *Adrastus* has accus'd himself.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the Guilt from me.

Cre. He says he loves you; if he does, 'tis well:
He ne'er cou'd prove it in a better time.

Eur. Then Death must be his Recompence for Love!

Cre. 'Tis a Fool's just Reward;
The Wise can make a better use of Life:
But 'tis the Young Man's Pleasure, his Ambition:
I grudge him not that Favour.

Eur. When he's dead,
Where shall *I* find his Equal?

Cre. Every where.
Fine empty things, like him,
The Court swarms with 'em.
Fine fighting things; in Camps they are so common,
Crows feed on nothing else: Plenty of Fools;
A Glut of 'em in *Thebes.*
And Fortune still takes care they shou'd be seen:
She places 'em aloft, o' th' topmost Spoke
Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation: If she form
A Man, she loses by't; 'tis too expensive;
'Twou'd make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.

Eur. That is, a *Creon.* O thou black Detractor,
Who spitt'st thy Venom against Gods and Man!
Thou Enemy of Eyes!
Thou who lov'st nothing, but what nothing loves;
And that's thy self! Who hast conspired against
My Life and Fame, to make me loath'd by all,
And only fit for thee.
But for *Adrastus*'s Death, good Gods! his Death!
What Curse shall I invent?

Dio. No more; he's here.

Eur. He shall be ever here.
He wou'd give his Life, give up his Fame——

Enter Adrastus.

If all the Excellence of Womankind
Were mine;— No, 'tis too little all for him.
Were I made up of endless, endless Joys——

Adrast. And so thou art.
The Man who loves like me,
Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worst of Ills,
Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy Love the Prize:
Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left but Honour;
'Tis the last thing a Prince shou'd throw away;

E But

But when the Storm grows loud, and threatens Love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel;
And laſt it muſt be kept.
Cre. to Dio. Work him, be ſure,
To Rage; he's paſſionate:
Make him th' Aggreſſor.
Dio. O falſe Love! Falſe Honour!
Cre. Diſſembled both, and falſe!
Adraſt. Dar'ſt thou ſay thus to me?
Cre. To you! Why, what are you, that I ſhould fear you?
I am not *Lajus*: Hear me, Prince of *Argos*;
You give what's nothing, when you give your Honour;
'Tis gone; 'tis loſt in Battel. For your Love,
Vows made in Wine are not ſo falſe as that:
You kill'd her Father; you confeſs'd you did:
A mighty Argument to prove your Paſſion to the Daughter!
Adraſt. aſide. Gods! Muſt I bear this Brand, and not retort
The Lye to his foul Throat!
Dio. Baſely, you kill'd him.
Adraſt. aſide. Oh, I burn inward; my Blood's all o' fire!
Alcides, when the poyſon'd Shirt ſate cloſeſt,
Had but an Ague-fit to this my Fever.
Yet, for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll ſuffer,
To free my Love———— Well then, I kill'd him baſely.
Cre. Fairly, I'm ſure you cou'd not.
Dio. Nor alone.
Cre. You had your Fellow-Thieves about you, Prince;
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.
Adraſt. aſide. Down, ſwelling Heart!
'Tis for thy Princeſs all,—— O my *Eurydice!*—— [*To her.*
Euryd. to him. Reproach not thus the Weakneſs of my Sex;
As if I cou'd not bear a ſhameful Death,
Rather than ſee you burden'd with a Crime,
Of which I know you free.
Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o'er Nature.
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer?
Eur. You know he kill'd him not.
Cre. Let him ſay ſo.
Dio. See, he ſtands mute.
Cre. O Pow'r of Conſcience, ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it ſtings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, no to clear himſelf
From the moſt baſe, deteſted, horrid Act
That e'er cou'd ſtain a Villain, not a Prince.
Adraſt. Ha! Villain!
Dio. Eccho to him, Groves; Cry Villain.

Adraſt. Let me conſider: Did I murder *Lajus*
Thus like a Villain?
Cre. Beſt revoke your Words,
And ſay, you kill'd him not.
Adraſt. Not like a Villain: Prithee change me that,
For any other Lye.
Dio. No, Villain, Villain.
Cre. You kill'd him not: Proclaim your Innocence;
Accuſe the Princeſs: So I knew 'twou'd be.
Adraſt. I thank thee, thou inſtruct'ſt me:
No matter how I kill'd him.
Cre. aſide. Cool'd again.
Eur. Thou who uſurp'ſt the ſacred Name of Conſcience,
Did not thy own declare him innocent?
To me declare him ſo? The King ſhall know it.
Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forſwear it.
Eur. What's now thy Conſcience?
Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my ſupple Glove;
My Upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think beſt: 'Tis my obedient Conſcience.
Adraſt. Infamous Wretch!
Cre. My Conſcience ſhall not do me the ill Office
To ſave a Rival's Life: When thou art dead,
(As dead thou ſhalt be, or be yet more baſe
Than thou think'ſt me,
By forfeiting her Life, to ſave thy own:——)
Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
She ſhall be mine; (ſhe is, if Vows were binding:)
Mark me; the Fruit of all thy Faith and Paſſion,
Ev'n of thy fooliſh Death, ſhall all be mine.
Adraſt. Thine, ſay'ſt thou, Monſter?
Shall my Love be thine?
Oh! I can bear no more!
Thy cunning Engines have with Labour rais'd
My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
To fall, and puſh thee dead.
See here thy Nuptials; ſee, thou raſh *Ixion*, [*Draws.*
Thy promis'd *Juno* vaniſh'd in a Cloud;
And in her room avenging Thunder rolls,
To blaſt thee thus —— Come both. ——
Cre. 'Tis what I wiſh'd: [*Both draw.*
Now ſee whoſe Arm can launch the ſurer Bolt,
And who's the better *Jove*.————
Eur. Help; Murder; help! [*Fight.*

Enter Hæmon *and Guards, run betwixt them, and beat down their Swords.*

Hæm. Hold, hold your impious Hands: I think the Furies,
To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inſpir'd you:

Now, by my Soul, the holieſt Earth of *Thebes*
You have prophan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant
Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice;
All full of Humane Souls, that cleave their Barks,
To dance at Midnight, by the Moon's pale Beams:
At leaſt Two Hundred Years theſe reverend Shades
Have known no Blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,
Shed by the Prieſt's own Hand, to *Proſerpine.*

Adraſt. Forgive a Stranger's Ignorance: I knew not
The Honours of the Place.

Hæm. Thou, *Creon*, didſt.
Not *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,
Durſt violate the Religion of theſe Groves,
To touch one ſingle Hair; but muſt, unarm'd,
Parle, as in Truce, or ſurlily avoid
What moſt he long'd to kill.

Cre. I drew not firſt;
But in my own Defence.

Adraſt. I was provok'd
Beyond Man's Patience: All Reproach cou'd urge,
Was us'd, to kindle one not apt to bear.

Hæm. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I, muſt judge this Act:
Lord *Creon*, you and *Diocles* retire;
Tireſias, and the Brotherhood of Prieſts,
Approach the place: None at theſe Rites aſſiſt,
But you th' Accus'd; who, by the Mouth of *Lajus*,
Muſt be abſolv'd, or doom'd.

Adraſt. I bear my Fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my Trial.

Hæm. 'Tis at hand:
For, ſee, the Prophet comes, with Vervain crown'd;
The Prieſts with Yeugh; a venerable Band:
We leave you to the Gods. [*Exit* Hæmon, *with* Creon *and* Diocles.

Enter Tireſias, *led by* Manto: *The Prieſts follow; all cloathed in long black Habits.*

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers;
Ill-fated Pair! whom ſeeing not, I know:
This Day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were joyn'd;
When, loe, an envious Planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with Death. I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no God ſo much a Friend to Love,
Who can control the Malice of our Fate?
Are they all deaf? Or have the Giants Heav'n?

Tir. The Gods are juſt.——
But how can Finite meaſure Infinite?
Reaſon! alas, it does not know it ſelf!
Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this ſhort-lin'd Plummet,

Fathom the vaſt Abyſs of Heav'nly Juſtice.
Whatever is, is in its Cauſes juſt,
Since all things are by Fate. But purblind Man
Sees but a part o' th' Chain, the neareſt Links;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poizes all above.
Eur. Then we muſt die!
Tir. The Danger's imminent this Day.
Adraſt. Why then there's one Day leſs for Humane Ills;
And who would moan himſelf for ſuffering that,
Which in a Day muſt paſs? Something, or nothing——
I ſhall be what I was again, before
I was *Adraſtus.*——
Penurious Heav'n! Canſt thou not add a Night
To our one Day? Give me a Night with her,
And I'll give all the reſt.
Tir. She broke her Vow,
Firſt made to *Creon.* But the Time calls on;
And *Lajus's* Death muſt now be made more plain.
How loth I am to have recourſe to Rites
So full of Horrour, that I once rejoyce
I want the Uſe of Sight!——
1 Pr. The Ceremonies ſtay.
Tir. Chuſe the darkeſt part o' th' Grove,
Such as Ghoſts at Noon-day love.
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Lajus* lie:
Altars rais'd, of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Anſwer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pit:
Draw the barren Heyfer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full betwixt her Horns and Brows:
And turn your Faces from the Sun:
Anſwer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Pour in Blood, and Blood like Wine,
To Mother Earth, and *Proſerpine*:
Mingle Milk into the Stream;
Feaſt the Ghoſts that love the Steam:
Snatch a Brand from Funeral pile;
Toſs it in to make 'em boil:

And turn your Faces from the Sun;
Anſwer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done. { *Peal of Thunder; and flaſhes of Lightning; then groaning below the Stage.*

Manto. O what Laments are thoſe?

Tir. The Groans of Ghoſts, that cleave the Earth with pain:
And heave it up: they pant and ſtick half way.

[*The Stage wholly darkned.*

Manto. And now a ſudden darkneſs covers all,
True genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heaven.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd? Infernal Gods,
Muſt you have Muſick too? then tune your Voices,
And let 'em have ſuch ſounds as Hell ne'er heard,
Since *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades.

Muſick firſt. Then Sing. { *This to be ſet through.*

1. *Hear, ye ſullen Pow'rs below;*
Hear, ye taskers of the dead.
2. *You that boiling Cauldrons blow,*
You that ſcum the molten Lead.
3. *You that Pinch with red-hot Tongs;*
1. *You that drive the trembling Hoſts*
Of poor, poor Ghoſts,
With your ſharpen'd Prongs;
2. *You that thruſt 'em off the brim;*
3. *You that plunge 'em when they ſwim:*
1. *Till they drown;*
Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down,
Ten thouſand thouſand, thouſand Fadoms low.

Chorus. *Till they drown,* &c.

1. *Muſick for a while*
Shall your Cares beguile:
Wondring how your Pains were eas'd.
2. *And diſdaining to be pleas'd;*
3. *Till* Alecto *free the dead*
From their eternal bands;
Till the Snakes drop from her head,
And whip from out her hands.
1. *Come away,*
Do not ſtay,
But obey
While we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghoſts have holy-day.

Chorus. *Come away,* &c. [A flaſh

[A flaſh of Lightning: the Stage is made bright; and the Ghoſts are ſeen paſſing betwixt the Trees.

1. *Lajus!* 2. *Lajus!* 3. *Lajus!*
1. *Hear!* 2. *Hear!* 3. *Hear!*
Tir. *Hear and appear:*
By the Fates that ſpun thy thread;
Cho. *Which are three.*
Tir. *By the Furies fierce, and dread!*
Cho. *Which are three.*
Tir. *By the Judges of the dead;*
Cho. *Which are three.*
Three times three!
Tir. *By Hell's blue flame;*
By the Stigian *Lake;*
And by Demogorgon'*s name*
At which Ghoſts quake,
Hear and appear.

[*The Ghoſt of* Lajus *riſes arm'd in his Chariot, as he was ſlain. And behind his Chariot ſit the three who were Murder'd with him.*

Ghoſt of Lajus. Why haſt thou drawn me from my Pains below,
To ſuffer worſe above: to ſee the Day,
And *Thebes* more hated? Hell is Heav'n to *Thebes.*
For pity ſend me back, where I may hide,
In willing night, this ignominious head:
In Hell I ſhun the publick Scorn; and then
They hunt me for their Sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd ſide,
And chatter at my wounds.
Tir. I pity thee:
Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy Death accurſt,
And I'll unbind the Charm.
Ghoſt. O ſpare my ſhame.
Tir. Are theſe two innocent?
Ghoſt. Of my Death they are.
But he who holds my Crown, Oh, muſt I ſpeak!
Was doom'd to do what Nature moſt abhors.
The Gods foreſaw it; and forbad his Being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their Laws,
And cloath'd with Fleſh his pre-exiſting Soul.
Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for deſtiny,
Took pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Maſs
With Temperance, Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every Kingly Vertue; but in vain.
For Fate, that ſent him hood-wink'd to the World,
Perform'd its Work by his miſtaking hands.
Asks thou who murder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus*,

Who ſtains my Bed with Inceſt? *Oedipus*:
For whom then are you curſt, but *Oedipus!*
He comes; the Parricide: I cannot bear him:
My Wounds ake at him: Oh his Murd'rous breath
Venoms my aiery ſubſtance! hence with him,
Baniſh him; ſweep him out; the Plague he bears
Will blaſt your fields, and mark his way with ruine.
From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driven;
Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heaven. [*Ghoſt deſcends.*

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Hæmon, *&c.*

Oed. What's this! Methought ſome peſtilential blaſt
Strook me juſt entring; and ſome unſeen hand
Struggled to puſh me backward? tell me why
My hair ſtands briſtling up, why my fleſh trembles!
You ſtare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And ſome lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.

Tir. What Omen ſaw'ſt thou entring?

Oed. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his back;
Till weary with the weight, he ſhook him off,
And peck'd out both his Eyes.

Adr. Oh, *Oedipus!*

Eur. Oh, wretched *Oedipus!*

Tir. Oh, fatal King!

Oed. What mean this Exclamations on my Name?
I thank the Gods, no ſecret thoughts reproach me:
No, I dare challenge Heaven to turn me outward,
And ſhake my Soul quite empty in your ſight.
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
Theſe fix'd regards, and ſilent threats of Eyes:
A generous fierceneſs dwells with innocence,
And conſcious Vertue is allow'd ſome pride.

Tir. Thou know'ſt not what thou ſay'ſt.

Oed. What mutters he! tell me, *Eurydice*:
Thou ſhak'ſt; thy Soul's a Woman. Speak, *Adraſtus*
And boldly, as thou met'ſt my Arms in fight;
Dar'ſt thou not ſpeak, why then 'tis bad indeed:
Tireſias, thee I ſummon by the Prieſt-hood,
Tell me what news from Hell; where *Lajus* points,
And who's the guilty head?

Tir. Let me not anſwer.

Oed. Be dumb then, and betray thy native Soil
To farther Plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Oed. Dar'ſt thou converſe with Hell, and canſt thou fear
An humane name?

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known

Wou'

Wou'd make thee more unhappy: 'twill be found
Tho I am ſilent.

Oed. Old and Obſtinate! Then thou thy ſelf
Art Author or Accomplice of this Murther,
And ſhun'ſt the Juſtice, which by publick ban
Thou haſt incurr'd.

Tir. O, if the guilt were mine
It were not half ſo great: know, wretched Man,
Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own Curſe
Falls heavy on thy ſelf.

Oed. Speak this again:
But ſpeak it to the Winds when they are loudeſt;
Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as ſoon,
And ſooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me Heav'n,
For bluſhing thou haſt ſeen it: hear me Earth,
Whoſe hollow Womb could not contain this Murder,
But ſent it back to light: and thou Hell, hear me,
Whoſe own black Seal has 'firm'd this horrid truth,
Oedipus murther'd *Lajus*.

Oed. Rot the tongue,
And blaſted be the mouth that ſpoke that Lye.
Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul.

Tir. Thy Parents thought not ſo.

Oed. Who were my Parents?

Tir. Thou ſhalt know too ſoon.

Oed. Why ſeek I truth from thee?
The ſmiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots tears,
The Tradeſmens Oaths, and mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Prieſts tell.
O why has Prieſthood Priviledge to lye,
And yet to be believ'd! —— thy age protects thee ——

Tir. Thou canſt not kill me; 'tis not in thy Fate,
As 'twas to kill thy Father, wed thy Mother,
And beget Sons, thy Brothers.

Oed. Riddles, Riddles!

Tir. Thou art thy ſelf a Riddle; a perplext
Obſcure *Enigma*, which when thou unty'ſt,
Thou ſhalt be found and loſt.

Oed. Impoſſible!
Adraſtus, ſpeak and as thou art a King,
Whoſe Royal word is ſacred, clear my Fame.

Adr. Wou'd I could!

Oed. Ha, wilt thou not? can that Plebeian Vice
Of Lying mount to Kings! can they be tainted!
Then truth is loſt on Earth.

Cre. The Cheat's too groſs.

Adraſtus is his Oracle, and he,
The pious Jugler, but *Adraſtus* Organ.
Oed. 'Tis plain the Prieſt's ſuborn'd to free the Pris'ner.
Cre. And turn the guilt on you.
Oed. O, honeſt *Creon*, how haſt thou been bely'd?
Eur. Hear me.
Cre. She's brib'd to ſave her Lovers Life.
Adr. If *Oedipus* thou think'ſt——
Cre. Hear him not ſpeak.
Adr. Then hear theſe holy men.
Cre. Prieſts, Prieſts, all brib'd, all Prieſts.
Oed. *Adraſtus* I have found thee:
The malice of a vanquiſh'd man has ſeiz'd thee.
Adr. If Envy and not Truth——
Oed. I'll hear no more: away with him.
[Hæmon *takes him off by force;* Creon *and* Eurydice *follow*.
To Tir. Why ſtand'ſt thou here, Impoſtor!
So old, and yet ſo wicked——Lye for gain,
And gain ſo ſhort as age can promiſe thee!
Tir. So ſhort a time as I have yet to live
Exceeds thy pointed hour: remember *Lajus*:
No more; if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual darkneſs; we ſhall feel before us
To reach each others hand; Remember *Lajus*.
[Ex. Tireſias: *Prieſts follow*.

Oedipus Solus.

Remember *Lajus*! that's the burthen ſtill:
Murther and Inceſt! but to hear 'em nam'd,
My Soul ſtarts in me: the good Sentinel
Stands to her weapons; takes the firſt Alarm
To guard me from ſuch Crimes.——Did I kill *Lajus*?
Then I walk'd ſleeping, in ſome frightful dream,
My Soul then ſtole my body out by night;
And brought me back to bed, ere Morning-wake.
It cannot be ev'n this remoteſt way,
But ſome dark hint would juſtle forward now;
And goad my memory.——Oh my *Jocaſta*!

Enter Jocaſta.

Joc. Why are you thus diſturb'd?
Oed. Why would'ſt thou think it?
No leſs than Murder?
Joc. Murder? what of Murder?
Oed. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,
And Inceſt; bear not theſe a frightful ſound?
Joc. Alas!
Oed. How poor a pity is Alas,
For two ſuch Crimes!——was *Lajus* us'd to dye?

Joc. Oh no: the moſt ſincere, plain, honeſt man,
One who abhorr'd a lye?
Oed. Then he has got that Quality in Hell.
He charges me———but why accuſe I him?
I did not hear him ſpeak it: they accuſe me;
The Prieſt, *Adraſtus* and *Eurydice*,
Of Murdering *Lajus*———Tell me while I think on't,
Has old *Tireſias* practis'd long this Trade?
Joc. What Trade?
Oed. Why this foretelling Trade.
Joc. For many years.
Oed. Has he before this day accus'd me?
Joc. Never.
Oed. Have you e'er this inquir'd, who did this Murder?
Joc. Often; but ſtill in vain.
Oed. I am ſatisfy'd.
Then'tis an infant lye; but one day old.
The Oracle takes place before the Prieſt;
The blood of *Lajus* was to Murder *Lajus*:
I'm not of *Lajus*'s blood.
Joc. Ev'n Oracles
Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:
Lajus had one, which never was fulfil'd,
Nor ever can be now!
Oed. And what foretold it?
Joc. That he ſhou'd have a Son by me, fore-doom'd
The Murderer of his Father: true indeed,
A Son was born; but to prevent that Crime,
The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,
Bore'd through his untyr'd feet, and bound with cords,
On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd:
The King himſelf liv'd many, many years,
And found a different Fate; by Robbers murder'd,
Where three ways meet: yet theſe are Oracles,
And this the Faith we owe 'em.
Oed. Say'ſt thou, Woman?
By Heav'n thou haſt wak'd ſomewhat in me,
That ſhakes my very Soul!
Joc. What, new diſturbance!
Oed. Methought thou ſaid'ſt,——(or do I dream thou ſaid'ſt it!)
This Murder was on *Lajus*'s Perſon done,
Where three ways meet!
Joc. So common fame reports.
Oed. Wou'd it had ly'd.
Joc. Why, good my Lord?
Oed. No queſtions:
'Tis buſie time with me; diſpatch mine firſt;

Say where, where was it done?
Joc. Mean you the Murder?
Oed. Coud'ſt thou not anſwer without naming Murder?
Joc. They ſay in *Phocide*; on the Verge that parts it
From *Daulia* and from *Delphos*.
Oed. So! ——How long! when happen'd this?
Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.
Oed. What will the Gods do with me!
Joc. What means that thought?
Oed. Something: but 'tis not your turn to ask:
How old was *Lajus*, what his ſhape, his ſtature,
His Action and his mien? quick, quick, your anſwer ——
Joc. Big made he was, and tall: his port was fierce,
Erect his countenance: Manly Majeſty
Sate in his front, and darted from his eyes,
Commanding all he viewed: his hair juſt grizled,
As in a green old age: bate but his years,
You are his Picture?
Oed. aſide. Pray Heav'n he drew me not? am I his Picture?
Joc. So I have often told you.
Oed. True, you have;
Add that to the reſt: how was the King
Attended when he travell'd?
Joo. By four Servants:
He went out privately.
Oed. Well counted ſtill.
One ſcap'd I hear; what ſince became of him?
Joc. When he beheld you firſt, as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling, beg'd I wou'd diſmiſs him:
He had my leave; and now he lives retir'd.
Oed. This Man muſt be produc'd; he muſt, *Jocaſta*.
Joc. He ſhall—— yet have I leave to ask you why?
Oed. Yes, you ſhall know; for where ſhou'd I repoſe
The Anguiſh of my Soul, but in your breaſt!
I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my birth;
My Parents *Polybus* and *Merope*,
Two Royal Names; their only Child am I.
It happen'd once; 'twas at a Bridal Feaſt,
One warm with Wine, told me I was a Foundling,
Not the King's Son. I ſtung with this reproach,
Strook him: my Father heard of it: the man
Was made ask pardon; and the buſineſs huſht.
Joc. 'Twas ſomewhat odd.
Oed. And ſtrangely it perplext me.
I ſtole away to *Delphos*, and implor'd
The God, to tell my certain Parentage.
He bade me ſeek no farther, a 'twas my Fate

To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,
By marrying her who bore me.
Joc. Vain, vain Oracles!
Oed. But yet they frighted me;
I lookt on *Corinth* as a place accurſt,
Reſolv'd my deſtiny ſhould wait in vain;
And never catch me there.
Joc. Too nice a fear.
Oed. Suſpend your thoughts; and flatter not too ſoon.
Juſt in the place you nam'd, where three ways meet,
And near that time, five perſons I encounter'd;
One was too like, (Heav'n grant it prove not him)
Whom you deſcribe for *Lajus*: inſolent
And fierce they were, as men who liv'd on ſpoil,
I judg'd 'em Robbers, and by force repell'd
The force they us'd: in ſhort, four men I ſlew:
The fifth upon his knees demanding Life,
My mercy gave it——bring me comfort now,
If I ſlew *Lajus*, what can be more wretched!
From *Thebes* and you my curſe has baniſh'd me:
From *Corinth* Fate.
Joc. Perplex not thus your mind;
My Husband fell by multitudes oppreſs'd,
So *Phorbas* ſaid: this Band you chanc'd to meet;
And murder'd not my *Lajus*, but reveng'd him.
Oed. There's all my hope: Let *Phorbas* tell me this,
And I ſhall live again!——
To you good Gods, I make my laſt appeal,
Or clear my Virtues or my Crime reveal:
If wandring in the maze of Fate I run,
And backward trod the paths I ſought to ſhun,
Impute my Errours to your own Decree;
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free. [*Ex. Ambo.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pyracmon, Creon.

Pyr. SOME buſineſs of import that Triumph weare
You ſeem to go with; nor is it hard to gueſs
When you are pleas'd by a malicious joy;
Whoſe Red and Fiery Beams caſt through your Viſage
A glowing pleaſure. Sure you ſmile revenge,
And I cou'd gladly hear.

Cre. Woul'ſt thou believe
This giddy hair brain'd King, whom old *Tireſias*
Has Thunder-ſtrook, with heavy accuſation,
Thô conſcious of no inward guilt, yet fears;
He fears *Jocaſta*, fears himſelf, his ſhadow;
He fears the multitude; and, which is worth
An Age of laughter, out of all mankind,
He chuſes me to be his Orator:
Swears that *Adraſtus* and the lean-look'd Prophet,
Are joint conſpirators; and wiſh't me to
Appeaſe the raving *Thebans*; which I ſwore
To do.

Pri. A dangerous undertaking;
Directly oppoſite to your own intereſt.

Cre, No, dull *Pyracmon*; when I left his preſence,
With all the Wings with which revenge could imp
My flight, I gain'd the mid'ſt o'th' City;
There, ſtanding on a Pile of dead and dying,
I to the mad and ſickly multitude,
With interrupting ſobs, cry'd out, O *Thebes*,
O wretched *Thebes*, thy King, thy *Oedipus*,
This barbarous ſtranger, this Uſurper, Monſter,
Is by the Oracle the Wiſe *Tireſias*,
Proclaim'd the Murderer of the Royal *Lajus*:
Jocaſta too, no longer now my Siſter,
Is found Comptroller in the Horrid deed.
Here I renounce all tye of Blood and Nature,
For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes*!
And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thouſand antick mouths
Gabbled Revenge, Revenge was all the cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail: I ſee you on the Throne;
And *Oedipus* caſt out.

Cre. Then ſtraight came on
Alcander, with a Wild and bellowing Croud,
Whom when he had wrought; I whiſper'd him to joyn,
And head the Forces while the heat was in 'em:
So to the Palace I return'd, to meet
The King and greet him with another ſtory.
But ſee, he enters.

Enter Oedipus, Jocaſta, *attended.*

Oed. Said you that *Phorbas* is return'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concern'd what we have diſcover'd?

Joc. He ſtarted when I told him your intent,
Replying, what he knew of that affair
Would give no ſatisfaction to the King;

Then, falling on his knees, begg'd as for life,
To be diſmiſs'd from Court; he trembled too,
As if Concluſive death had ſeiz'd upon him,
And ſtammer'd in his abrupt Pray'r ſo wildly,
That, had he been the murderer of *Lajus*,
Guilt and diſtraction could not have ſhook him more.
Oed. By your deſcription, ſure as Plagues and death
Lay waſt our *Thebes*, ſome deed that ſhuns the light
Begot thoſe fears: If thou reſpect'ſt my peace,
Secure him, dear *Jocaſta*; for my Genius
Shrinks at his name.
Joc. Rather let him go:
So my poor boding heart would have it be,
Without a reaſon.
Oed. Hark, the *Thebans* come!
Therefore retire: and, once more, if thou lov'ſt me,
Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.
Joc. You ſhall, while I
Have life, be ſtill obey'd:
In vain you ſooth me with your ſoft endearments,
And ſet the faireſt countenance to view,
Your gloomy eyes, my Lord, betray a deadneſs
And inward languiſhing: that Oracle
Eats like a ſubtile Worm its venom'd way,
Preys on your heart, and rots the noble Core,
Howe'er the beauteous out-ſide ſhews ſo lovely.
Oed. O, thou wilt kill me with thy love's exceſs!
All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come. [Ex. Jocaſta.
Ghoſt, Oedipus!
Oed. Ha! again that ſcream of woe!
Thrice have I heard, thrice ſince the morning dawn'd
It hollow'd loud, as if my Guardian Spirit
Call'd from ſome vaulted Manſion, *Oedipus*!
Or is it but the work of melancholly?
When the Sun ſets, ſhadows, that ſhow'd at noon
But ſmall, appear moſt long and terrible;
So when we think Fate hovers o're our heads,
Our apprehenſions ſhoot beyond all bounds,
Owls, Ravens, Crickets ſeem the watch of death,
Nature's worſt Vermine ſcare her God-like Sons.
Ecchoes, the very leavings of a Voice,
Grow babling Ghoſts, and call us to our Graves:
Each Mole-hill thought ſwells to a huge *Olympus*,
While we fantaſtick dreamers heave and puff,
And ſweat with an Imagination's weight;
As if, like *Atlas*, with theſe mortal Shoulders
We could ſuſtain the burden of the World. [Creon *comes forward.*

Cre. O Sacred Sir, My Royal Lord——

Oed. What now?
Thou ſeem'ſt affrighted at ſome dreadful Action,
Thy breath comes ſhort, thy darted eyes are fixt
On me for aid, as if thou wert purſu'd:
I ſent thee to the *Thebans*, ſpeak thy wonder;
Fear not, this Palace is a Sanctuary,
The King himſelf's thy Guard.

Cre. For me, alas,
My Life's not worth a thought, when weigh'd with yours!
But fly, my Lord, fly as your life is ſacred,
Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
Who therefore, on his knees, thus proſtrate begs
You would remove from *Thebes* that vows your ruine.
When I but offer'd at your Innocence,
They gather'd ſtones, and menac'd me with death,
And drove me through the Streets with imprecations
Againſt your Sacred Perſon, and thoſe Traytors
Which juſtify'd your guilt: which curs'd *Tireſias*
Told, as from Heav'n, was cauſe of their deſtruction.

Oed. Riſe, worthy *Creon*, haſte and take our Guard,
Rank 'em in equal part upon the Square,
Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes, [*Shout.*
I hear 'em roar: begone and break down all:
The dams that would oppoſe their furious paſſage.
[*Ex.* Creon *with Guards.*

Enter Adraſtus, *his Sword drawn.*

Adr. Your City
Is all in Arms, all bent to your deſtruction:
I heard but now, where I was cloſe confin'd,
A Thundring ſhout, which made my Jaylors vaniſh,
Cry, Fire the Palace; where's the Cruel King?
Yet, by th' Infernal Gods, thoſe awful Powers
That have accus'd you, which theſe Ears have heard,
And theſe Eyes ſeen, I muſt believe you guiltleſs;
For, ſince I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
I have obſerv'd in all his Acts ſuch truth
And God-like clearneſs; that to the laſt guſh
Of Blood and Spirits, I'll defend his life,
And here have ſworn to periſh by his ſide.

Oed. Be witneſs, Gods, how near this touches me, [*Embracing him.*
O what recompence can Glory make?

Adr. Defend your innocence, ſpeak like your ſelf,
And awe the Rebels with your dauntleſs virtue.
But hark! the ſtorm comes nearer.

Oed. Let it come.]

The force of Majeſty is never known
But in a General wrack: Then, then is ſeen
The difference 'twixt a Threſhold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tireſias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
There ſtands your Plague, the ruine, deſolation
Of this unhappy —— ſpeak; ſhall I kill him?
Or ſhall he be caſt out to baniſhment?

All Theb. To baniſhment, away with him.

Oed. Hence, you Barbarians, to your ſlaviſh diſtance,
Fix to the Earth your ſordid looks; for he
Who ſtirs, dares more than mad-men, Fiends, or Furies:
Who dares to face me, by the Gods, as well
May brave the Majeſty of thundring *Jove*.
Did I for this relieve you when beſieg'd
By this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Walls,
And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
When lean jaw'd famine made more havock of you
Than does the Plague? But I rejoyce I know you,
Know the baſe ſtuff that temper'd your vile Souls:
The Gods be prais'd, I needed not your Empire,
Born to a greater, nobler of my own;
Nor ſhall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
To rule ſuch Brutes, ſo barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I ſee a ſad Repentance,
A general conſternation ſpread among 'em.

Oed. My reign is at an end; yet e'er I finiſh——
I'le do a Juſtice that becomes a Monarch,
A Monarch who i'th' midſt of Swords and Javelins,
Dares act as on his Throne encompaſs'd round
With Nations for his Guard. *Alcander*, you
Are nobly born, therefore ſhall loſe your head: [*Seizes him.*
Here, *Hæmon*, take him: but for this, and this,
Let cords diſpatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

Tir. O Sacred Prince, pardon diſtracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if ſhe acts by Heav'ns award;
If that the Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May ſpeak, O do not too ſeverely deal,
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at leaſt complain:
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
If Innocent, then let *Tireſias* dye.

Oed. I take thee at thy word. Run, haſte, and ſave *Alcander*;
I ſwear the Prophet or the King ſhall dye.
Be witneſs, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath,
And *Phœbus* be the Umpire.

Tir. I ſubmit. [*Trumpets ſound.*

Tir.

Oed. What mean thoſe Trumpets?
Hæm. From your Native Country.
Enter Hæmon *with* Alcander.
Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd,
That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father;
He comes as an Ambaſſador from *Corinth*,
And ſues for Audience.
Oed. Haſte, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
T'embrace him.
Hæm. The Queen, my Lord, at preſent holds him
In private Conference; but behold her here.
Enter Jocaſta, Eurydice, *&c.*
Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happieſt of Kings;
Henceforth be bleſt, bleſt as thou canſt deſire,
Sleep without fears the blackeſt nigts away;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou ſhalt ſleep
Secure, thy ſlumbers ſhall be ſoft and gentle
As Infants dreams.
Oed. What does the Soul of all my joys intend?
And whither would this rapture?
Joc. O, I could rave,
Pull down thoſe lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,
From whence reſounded thoſe falſe Oracles,
That robb'd my Love of reſt: If we muſt pray,
Rear in the ſtreets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a grey-beard forging Prieſt come near,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with his dotage mad the gaping World.
But ſee, the Oracle that I will truſt,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men.
Enter Ægeon, *Kneels.*
Oed. O, to my Arms, welcome, my dear *Ægeon*;
Ten thouſand welcomes. O, my Foſter Father,
Welcome as mercy to a man condemn'd!
Welcome to me,
As to a ſinking Marriner,
The lucky Plank that bears him to the ſhore!
But ſpeak, O tell me what ſo mighty joy
Is this thou bring'ſt, which ſo tranſports *Jocaſta*?
Joc. Peace, peace *Ægeon*; let *Jocaſta* tell him!
O that I could for ever charm, as now,
My deareſt *Oedipus*: Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinth*, is no more.
Oed. Ha! can it be? *Ægeon*, anſwer me,
And ſpeak in ſhort, what my *Jocaſta*'s tranſport
May over do.
Æge. Since in few words, my Royal, Lord you ask

To know the truth; King *Polybus* is dead.

Oed. O all you Pow'rs, is't poſſible? what, dead!
But that the Tempeſt of my joy may riſe
By juſt degrees, and hit at laſt the Stars:
Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by Sword, by Fire,
Or Water? by Aſſaſſinates, or Poyſon? ſpeak:
Or did he languiſh under ſome diſeaſe?

Æge. Of no diſtemper, of no blaſt he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-Fruit that mellow'd long:
Ev'n wonder'd at, becauſe he dropt no ſooner.
Fate ſeem'd to wind him up for fourſcore years;
Yet freſhly ran he on ten Winters more:
Till, like a Clock worn out with eating time,
The Wheels of weary life at laſt ſtood ſtill.

Oed. O, let me preſs thee in my youthful arms,
And ſmother thy old age in my embraces.
Yes *Thebans*, yes *Jocaſta*, yes *Adraſtus*,
Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
Fires ſhall be kindled in the midſt of *Thebes*:
I'th' midſt of Tumults, Wars, and Peſtilence,
I will rejoyce for *Polybus* his death.
Know, be it known to the limits of the World;
Yet farther let it paſs yon dazling roof,
The manſion of the Gods, and ſtrike 'em deaf
With everlaſting peals of Thundring joy.

Tir. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this World?

Oed. Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old wizard Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghoſts, your Altars now,
Your birds of knowledge, that in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity; and where are now
Your Oracles, that call'd me Parricide?
Is he not dead? deep laid in's Monument?
And was not I in *Thebes* when Fate attacht him?
Avant, begon, you Vizors of the Gods!
Were I as other Sons, now I ſhould weep;
But as I am? Iv'e reaſon to rejoyce:
And will, thô his cold ſhade ſhould riſe and blaſt me.
O, for this death, let Waters break their bounds,
Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with ſplitting *Io*'s ring:
Io, Jocaſta, Io pæan ſing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude an happy end?
But all Fate's turns are ſwift and unexpected.

Æge. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
She had no Soul ſince you forſook the Land,
Waves all the neighbouring Princes that adore her.

Oed. Waves all the Princes! Poor heart! for what, O ſpeak.

Æge. She, thô in full blown flow'r of glorious beauty,

Grows

Grows cold, ev'n in the Summer of her Age:
And for your ſake has ſworn to dye unmarry'd.

Oed. How! for my ſake, dye and not marry! O,
My fit returns.

Æge. This Diamond with a thouſand kiſſes bleſt,
With thouſand ſighs and wiſhes for your ſafety,
She charg'd me give you, with the general homage
Of our *Corinthian* Lords.

Oed. Ther's Magick in it, take it from my ſight;
There's not a beam it darts, but carries hell,
Hot flaſhing luſt, and Necromantick inceſt:
Take it from the ſick eyes, Oh hide it from me.
No, my *Jocaſta*, thô *Thebes* caſt me out,
While *Merope*'s alive, I'll ne'er return!
O, rather let me walk round the wide World
A begger, than accept a Diadem
On ſuch abhorr'd conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own unhappineſs,
By theſe extravagant and needleſs fears.

Oed. Needleſs! O, all you Gods! by Heav'n I'd rather
Embrue my arms up to my very Shoulders
In the dear entrals of the beſt of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable act
Of damned Inceſt: therefore no more of her.

Æge. And why, O Sacred Sir, if Subjects may
Preſume to look into their Monarch's breaſt,
Why ſhould the chaſt and ſpotleſs *Merope*
Infuſe ſuch thoughts as I muſt bluſh to name?

Oed. Becauſe the God of *Delphos* did forewarn me?
With thundring Oracles.

Æge. May I intreat to know 'em?

Oed. Yes, my *Ægeon*; but the ſad remembrance
Quite blaſts my Soul: ſee then the ſwelling Prieſt!
Methinks I have his Image now in view,
He mounts the *Tripos* in a minutes ſpace,
His clouded head knocks at the Temple roof,
While from his mouth
Theſe diſmal words are heard:
" Fly, wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's blood to ſpill,
" And with prepoſtrous Births thy Mother's Womb to fill.

Æge. Is this the cauſe
Why you refuſe the Diadem of *Corinth*?

Oed. The Cauſe! why is it not a monſtrous one?

Æge. Great Sir, you may return, and tho' you ſhould
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)
The act would prove no inceſt,

Oed. How, *Ægeon*?

Tho' I enjoy'd my Mother, not inceſtuous!
Thou rav'ſt, and ſo do I, and theſe all catch
My madneſs; look, they're dead with deep diſtraction:
Not Inceſt! what, not inceſt with my Mother?
Æge. My Lord, Queen *Merope* is not your Mother.
Oed. Ha! did I hear thee right? not *Merope*
My Mother!
Æge. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.
Oed. Then all my days and nights muſt now be ſpent
In curious ſearch, to find out thoſe dark Parents
Who gave me to the World; ſpeak then *Ægeon*,
By all the Gods Cœleſtial and Infernal,
By all the tyes of Nature, Blood and Friendſhip,
Conceal not from this rack'd deſpairing King
A point or ſmalleſt grain of what thou know'ſt:
Speak then, O anſwer to my doubts directly.
If Royal *Polybus* was not my Father,
Why was I call'd his Son?
Æge. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the faireſt gift of Nature.
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could beſtow in coſtly mantles
Upon its Infant Heir.
Oed. But was I made the Heir of *Corinthia's* Crown,
Becauſe *Ægeon's* hand preſented me a [illegible]
Æge. By my advice,
Being paſt all hope of Children,
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.
Oed. Perhaps I then am yours; inſtruct me, Sir:
If it be ſo, i'll kneel and weep before you,
With all the obedience of a penitent child,
Imploring pardon.
Kill me if you pleaſe,
I will not writhe my Body at the wound:
But ſink upon your feet with a laſt ſigh,
And ask forgiveneſs with my dying hands.
Æge. O riſe, and call not to this aged cheek
The little blood which ſhould keep warm my heart;
You are not mine, nor ought I to be bleſt
With ſuch a God-like offspring. Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount *Cithæron*.
Oed. O ſpeak, go on, the Air grows ſenſible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm:
The hurry'd Orbs, with ſtorms ſo rack'd of late,
Seem to ſtand ſtill, as if that *Jove* were talking.
Cithæron! ſpeak, the valley of *Cithæron*!
Æge. Oft-times before I thither did reſort,

Charm'd with the Converſation of a Man
Who led a rural life, and had command
O're all the Shepherds who about thoſe Vales
Tended their numerous Flocks: in this Man's Arms
I ſaw you ſmiling at a fatal Dagger
Whoſe point he often offer'd at your throat;
But then you ſmil'd, and then you drew it back;
Then lifted it again, you ſmil'd again:
Till he at laſt in fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy death.
Then I ruſh'd in, and, after ſome diſcourſe,
To me he did bequeath your innocent life;
And I, the welcome care to *Polybus*.

Oed. To whom belongs the Maſter of the Shepherds?

Æge. His name I knew not, or have I forgot,
That he was of the Family of *Laius*,
I will remember.

Oed. And is your Friend alive? for if he be
I'll buy his preſence tho' it coſt my Crown.

Æge. Your menial attendants beſt can tell
Whether he lives, or not; and who has now
His place.

Joc. Winds bear me to ſome barren Iſland,
Where print of human Feet was never ſeen,
O'er-grown with Weeds of ſuch a monſtrous height,
Their baleful tops are waſh'd with bellying clouds,
Beneath whoſe venomous ſhade I may have vent
For horrour that would blaſt the barbarous World.

Oed. If there be any here that knows the perſon
Whom he deſcrib'd, I charge him on his life
To ſpeak; concealment ſhall be ſudden death;
But he who brings him forth, ſhall have reward
Beyond Ambition's luſt.

Tyr. His name is *Phorbas*:
Jocaſta knows him well; but if I may
Adviſe, Reſt where you are, and ſeek no farther.

Oed. Then all goes well, ſince *Phorbas* is ſecur'd
By my *Jocaſta*. Haſte, and bring him forth;
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Ha! what means
Theſe tears and Groans, and Strugglings? ſpeak my Fair,
What are thy troubles?

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:
Let me conjure you take the Prophet's counſel,
And let this *Phorbas* go.

Oed. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my birth, though death
Attends the ſearch: I have already paſt

The middle of the ſtream; and to to return
Seems greater labour than to venture o'er.
Therefore produce him.
Joc. Once more, by the Gods,
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,
My Love, my all, my only utmoſt hope,
I beg you baniſh *Phorbas*: O, the Gods,
I kneel, that you may grant this firſt requeſt.
Deny me all things elſe; but for my ſake,
And as you prize your own eternal quiet,
Never let *Phorbas* come into your preſence.
Oed. You muſt be rai'ſd, and *Phorbas* ſhall appear,
Tho' his dead eyes were *Baſiliſks*. Guards, haſte,
Search the Queens Lodgings; find and force him hither.
[*Exeunt Guards.*

Joc. O, *Oedipus*, yet ſend,
And ſtop their Entrance, e'er it be too late;
Unleſs you wiſh to ſee *Jocaſta* rent
With Furies, ſlain out-right with meer diſtraction,
Keep from your eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas*.
Forbear this ſearch, I'll think you more than mortal:
Will you yet hear me?
Oed. Tempeſts will be heard,
And Waves will daſh tho' Rocks their Baſis keep——
But ſee, they enter. If thou truly lov'ſt me,
Either forbear this ſubject, or retire.

Enter Hæmon, *Guards, with* Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
A ſtory, that ſhall turn thee into Stone,
Could there be hewn a monſtrous Gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the Center, by ſome God,
Through which the Groans of Ghoſts might ſtrike thy ears,
They would not wound thee, as this ſtory will.
Hark, hark! a hollow voice calls out aloud,
Jocaſta: yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where firſt the Myſteries of our loves were acted,
And double dye it with imperial Crimſon;
Tear of this curling hair,
Be gorg'd with Fire, ſtab every vital part,
And when at laſt I'm ſlain, to Crown the horrour,
My poor tormented Ghoſt ſhall cleave the ground,
To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound.
Oed. She's gone; and as ſhe went, methought her eyes
Grew larger, while a thouſand frantick Spirits
Seething, like riſing bubbles, on the brim,
Peep'd from the Watry brink, and glow'd upon me.
I'll ſeek no more; but huſh my Genius up

That throws me on my Fate— — Impoſſible!
O wretched Man, whoſe too too buſy thoughts
Ride ſwifter than the galloping Heav'ns round,
With an Eternal hurry of the Soul:
Nay there's a time when ev'n the rowling year
Seems to ſtand ſtill, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a breath diſturbs the drowzy Waves:
But Man, the very Monſter of the World,
Is ne'er at reſt, the Soul for ever wakes,
Come then, ſince Deſtiny thus drives us on,
Let's know the bottom. *Hæmon*, you I ſent:
Where is that *Phorbas*?
  Ham. Here, my Royal Lord.
  Oed. Speak firſt, *Ægeon*, ſay, is this the Man?
  Æge. My Lord it is: tho' time has plough'd that face,
With many furrows ſince I ſaw it firſt;
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground, quite to forget it.
  Oed. Peace; ſtand back a while.
Come hither Friend; I hear thy name is *Phorbas.*
Why doſt thou turn thy face? I charge thee anſwer
To what I ſhall enquire: Wert thou not once
The Servant of King *Lajus* here in *Thebes*?
  Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
Born and bred up in Court, no Forreign Slave.
  Oed. What Office hadſt thou? what was thy Employment?
  Phor. He made me Lord of all his Rural pleaſures;
For much he lov'd 'em: oft I entertain'd
With ſporting *Swains*, o'er whom I had command.
  Oed. Where was thy Reſidence? to what part o'th' Country
Didſt thou moſt frequently reſort?
  Phor. To Mount *Cithæron* and the pleaſant Vallies
Which all about lye ſhadowing its large feet.
  Oed. Come forth *Ægeon.* Ha! why ſtarts thou, *Phorbas*?
Forward, I ſay, and Face to Face confront him,
Look wiſtly on him, through him if thou canſt,
And tell me on thy Life, ſay, doſt thou know him;
Did'ſt thou e'er ſee him? converſe with him,
Near Mount *Cithæron*?
  Phor. Who, my Lord, this Man?
  Oed. This Man, this old, this venerable Man;
Speak, didſt thou ever meet him there?
  Phor. Where, Sacred Sir?
  Oed. Near Mount *Cithæron*; anſwer to the purpoſe;
'Tis a King ſpeaks; and Royal minutes are
Of much more worth than thouſand Vulgar years:
Didſt thou e'er ſee this Man near *Cithæron*?
  Phor. Moſt ſure, my Lord, I have ſeen lines like thoſe

His Viſage bears; but know not where nor when.
Æge. Is't poſſible you ſhould forget your ancient Friend?
There are perhaps
Particulars which may excite your dead remembrance.
Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale;
The Swadling-bands were Purple, wrought with Gold,
Have you forgot too how you wept and begg'd
That I ſhould breed him up, and ask no more?
Phor. What-e're I begg'd; thou, like a Dotard, ſpeak'ſt
More than is requiſite: and what of this?
Why is it mention'd now? and why, O why
Doſt thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?
Æge. Be not too raſh. That Infant grew at laſt
A King: and here the happy Monarch ſtands.
Phor. Ha! Whither would'ſt thou? O what haſt thou utter'd!
For what thou haſt ſaid, Death ſtrike thee dumb for ever.
Oed. Forbear to curſe the innocent; and be
Accurſt thy ſelf, thou ſhifting Traytor, Villain,
Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.
Phor. O Heaven's! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?
Oed. Why ſpeak you not according to my Charge?
Bring forth the Rack: ſince Mildneſs cannot win you,
Torments ſhall force.
Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir;
You will not Rack an innocent old Man.
Oed. Speak then.
Phor. Alas, what would you have me ſay?
Oed. Did this old Man take from your Arms an Infant?
Phor. He did: And, Oh! I wiſh to all the Gods,
Phorbas had periſh'd in that very moment.
Oed. Moment, Thou ſhalt be Hours, Days, Years a dying.
Here, bind his hands; he dallies with my Fury:
But I ſhall find a way——
Phor. My Lord, I ſaid
I gave the Infant to him.
Oed. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?
Phor. He was not mine; but given me by another.
Oed. Whence? and from whom? what City? of what Houſe?
Phor. O, Royal Sir, I bow me to the ground,
Would I could ſink beneath it: by the Gods,
I do conjure you to enquire no more.
Oed. Furies and Hell! *Hæmon*, bring forth the Rack;
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and ſulphurous Flames:
He ſhall be bound, and gaſh'd, his Skin flead off,
And burnt alive.
Phor. O ſpare my Age.

Oed. Riſe then, and ſpeak.

Phor. Dread Sir, I will.

Oed. Who gave that Infant to thee?

Phor. One of King *Lajus*'s Family.

Oed. O, you immortal Gods! but ſay, who was't?
Which of the Family of *Lajus* gave it?
A Servant; or one of the Royal Blood?

Phor. O Wretched State! I dye, unleſs I ſpeak;
And, if I ſpeak, moſt certain death attends me!

Oed. Thou ſhalt not dye. Speak then, who was it, ſpeak,
While I have ſenſe to underſtand the horror;
For I grow cold.

Phor. The Queen *Jocaſta* told me
It was her Son by *Lajus*.

Oed. O you Gods! But did ſhe give it thee?

Phor. My Lord, ſhe did.

Oed. Wherefore, for what? —O break not yet my Heart,
Tho' my Eyes burſt, no matter; wilt thou tell me,
Or muſt I ask for ever? for what end?
Why gave ſhe thee her Child?

Phor. To murder it.

Oed. O more than ſavage! murder her own Bowels!
Without a cauſe!

Phor. There was a dreadful one,
Which had foretold that moſt unhappy Son
Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.

Oed. But, one thing more,
Joccaſta told me thou wert by the Chariot
When the old King was ſlain? Speak, I conjure thee,
For I ſhall never ask thee aught again,
What was the number of the Aſſaſſinates?

Phor. The dreadful deed was acted but by one;
And ſure that one had much of of your reſemblance.

Oed. 'Tis well! I thank you Gods! 'tis wondrous well!
Daggers and Poiſon, O there is no need
For my diſpatch; and you, you mercileſs Pow'rs,
Hoard up your Thunder-ſtones; keep, keep your Bolts
For Crimes of little note. [*Falls.*

Adr. Help, *Hæmon*, help, and bow him gently forward;
Chafe, chafe his Temples: how the mighty Spirits,
Half ſtrangl'd with the damp his Sorrows rais'd,
Struggle for vent: but ſee, he breaths again,
And vigorous Nature breaks through all oppoſition.
How fares my Royal Friend?

Oed. The worſe for you.
O barbarous Men, and oh the hated light,
Why did you force me back to curſe the day;

To curſe my Friends; to blaſt with this dark breath
The yet untainted Earth and circling Air?
To raiſe new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,
Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a hand that graſps this Hell
But ſhould run up like Flax all blazing Fire.
Stand from this ſpot, I wiſh you as my Friends,
And come not near me, leſt the gaping Earth
Swallow you too——Lo, I am gone already.

Draws, and claps his Sword to his Breaſt, which Adraſtus *ſtrikes away with his Foot.*

Adr. You ſhall no more be truſted with your Life:
Creon, *Alcander*, *Hæmon*, help to hold him.

Oed. Cruel *Adraſtus*! Wilt thou, *Hæmon* too?
Are theſe the obligations of my Friends,
O worſe than worſt of my moſt barbarous Foes!
Dear, dear *Adraſtus*, look with half an Eye
On my unheard of woes, and judge thy ſelf,
If it be fit that ſuch a wretch ſhould live!
O, by theſe melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
With all the low ſubmiſſions of a Slave,
I do conjure thee give my horrors way;
Talk not of Liſe, for that will make me rave:
As well thou may'ſt adviſe a tortur'd wretch,
All mangled o'er from head to foot with wounds,
And his bones broke, to wait a better day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impoſſible;
And I with Juſtice ſhould be thought your Foe,
To leave you in this Tempeſt of your Soul.
Thô baniſh'd *Thebes*, in *Corinth* you may Reign
Th' Infernal Pow'rs themſelves exact no more:
Calm then your rage, and once more ſeek the Gods.

Oed. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men:
Hence from my Arms, avant. Enjoy thy Mother!
What, violate, with Beſtial appetite,
The ſacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn,
This is not to be born; hence; off, I ſay!
For they who lett my Vengeance, make themſelves
Accomplices in my moſt horrid guilt.

Adr. Let it be ſo; we'll fence Heav'ns fury from you,
And ſuffer altogether: This perhaps,
When ruin comes, may help to break your fall.

Oed. O that, as oft I have at *Athens* ſeen
The Stage ariſe, and the big Clouds deſcend;
So now in very deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yon marble Roof
Meet, like the hands of *Jove*, and cruſh Mankind:

For all the Elements, and all the Powers
Celeſtial, nay, Terreſtrial and Infernal,
Conſpire the Rack of out-caſt *Oedipus*.
Fall darkneſs then, and everlaſting night
Shadow the Globe; may the Sun never dawn,
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
And for an univerſal rout of Nature
Through all the inmoſt Chambers of the sky,
May there not be a glimpſe, one Starry ſpark,
But Gods meet Gods, and juſtle in the dark.
That jars may riſe, and wrath Divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms ſhake the ſolid World. [*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Creon, Alcander, Pyracmon.

Cre. THEBES is at length my own; and all my wiſhes,
Which ſure were great as Royalty e're form'd,
Fortune and my auſpicious Stars have Crown'd.
O Diadem, thou Center of Ambition,
Where all its different Lines, are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the burning-glaſs of Glory!
Pyr. Might I be Counſellor, I wou'd intreat you
To cool a little, Sir;
Find out *Eurydice*;
And, with the reſolution of a Man
Mark'd out for greatneſs, give the fatal choice
Of Death or Marriage.
Alc. Survey curs'd *Oedipus*,
As one who, thô unfortunate, 's belov'd,
Thought innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you muſt mark him dead:
Since nothing but his death, not baniſhment,
Can give aſſurance to your doubtful Reign.
Cre. Well have you done to ſnatch me from the ſtorm
Of racking Tranſport, where the little ſtreams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the under Paſſions,
As Waters are by ſucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vaſt Gulph of Empire:
Therefore *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice ſhall dye, or be my Bride.
Alcander, Summon to their Maſter's aid

My Menial Servants, and all thoſe whom change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's Favour,
Can win to take our part: Away. What now? *Ex. Alcander.*

Enter Hæmon.

When *Hæmon* weeps, without the help of Ghoſts,
I may foretell there is a fatal Cauſe.
Hæm. Is't poſſible you ſhould be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the deſperate King?
Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Cloſet, where I ſaw him fling
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed:
All left him there, at his deſire, alone:
But ſure no ill, unleſs he dy'd with grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.
Hæm. I did; and, having lock'd the door, I ſtood,
And through a chink I found, not only heard,
But ſaw him, when he thought no Eye beheld him:
At firſt, deep ſighs heav'd from his woful Heart,
Murmurs and groans, that ſhook the outward Rooms,
And art thou ſtill alive, O wretch! he cry'd?
Then groan'd again, as if his ſorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the ſtrings of Life, and burſt away.
Cre. I weep to hear; how then ſhould I have griev'd
Had I beheld this wondrous heap of Sorrow!
But, to the fatal period.
Hæm. Thrice he ſtruck,
With all his force, his hollow groaning Breaſt,
And thus, with out-cries, to himſelf complain'd.
But thou canſt weep then, and thou thinkſt 'tis well,
Theſe bubbles of the ſhalloweſt emptieſt ſorrow,
Which Children vent for toys, and Women rain
For any trifle their fond Hearts are ſet on;
Yet theſe thou think'ſt are ample ſatisfaction
For bloodieſt Murder, and for burning Luſt:
No, Patricide, if thou muſt weep, weep bloud;
Weep Eyes, inſtead of Tears: O, by the Gods,
'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my woes.
Which ſaid, he ſmil'd revengefully, and leapt
Upon the floor; thence gazing at the Skies,
His Eye-balls fiery Red, and glowing vengeance,
Gods, I accuſe you not, tho I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable glaſſes,
The mighty Soul's immortal Perſpectives,
I find your dazling Beings: Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your laſt, your fatal farewel-view.

When with a groan that ſeem'd the call of Death,
With horrid force lifting his impious hands,
He ſnatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
The Balls of ſight, and daſh't 'em on the ground.

Cre. A Maſter-piece of horror; new and dreadful!

Hem. I ran to ſuccour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant ſtrings away.
What then remains, but that I find *Tireſias*,
Who, with his Wiſdom, may allay thoſe Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul? *Ex.*

Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy care; moſt honeſt, faithful, fooliſh *Hæmon*?
But ſee, *Alcander* enters, well attended.

Enter Alcander, *attended.*

I ſee thou haſt been diligent.

Alc. Nothing theſe
For number to the Crouds that ſoon will follow;
Be reſolute,
And call your utmoſt Fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou haſt given
Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
Theſe Eyes be clos'd, till they behold *Adraſtus*
Stretch'd at the feet of falſe *Eurydice*.

Enter Adraſtus, Eurydice, *attended.*

Adr. Alas *Eurydice*, what fond raſh Man,
What inconſiderate and ambitious Fool,
That ſhall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*,
Will dare, with his frail hand, to graſp a Scepter?

Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown ſeems dreadful, and I wiſh
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might paſs
Our ſofter hours in humble Cells away:
Not but I love you to that infinite height,
I could (O wondrous proof of fierceſt Love)
Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.

Adr. Take then this moſt lov'd innocence away;
Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*,
From Blood and Murder,
Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
Rapes, Death, and Treaſon, from that Fury *Creon*;
Vouchſafe that I, o're-joyd, may bear you hence,
And at your feet preſent the Crown of *Argos*.

Creon *and Attendants come up to him.*

Cre. I have o're-heard thy black deſign, *Adraſtus*:
And therefore, as a Traytor to this State,
Death ought to be thy Lot: let it ſuffice
That *Thebes* ſurveys thee as a Prince; abuſe not
Her proffer'd mercy, but retire betimes,

Leſt ſhe repent and haſten on thy Doom.
Adr. Think not, moſt abject,
Moſt abhorr'd of Men,
Adraſtus will vouchſafe to anſwer thee;
Thebans, to you I juſtifie my Love:
I have addreſs'd my Prayers to this fair Princeſs;
But, if I ever meant a violence,
Or thought to Raviſh, as that Traitor did,
What humbleſt Adorations could not win;
Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul diſhonour,
And let Men curſe me by the name of *Creon*.
Eur. Hear me, O *Thebans*, if you dread the wrath
Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your lives,
To take the part of that Rebellious Traitor.
By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
By Queen *Jocaſta*'s order, by what's more,
My own dear Vows of everlaſting Love,
I here reſign to Prince *Adraſtus* Arms
All that the World can make me Miſtreſs of.
Cre. O perjur'd Woman!
Draw all; and when I give the word, fall on.
Traytor, reſign the Princeſs, or this moment
Expect, with all thoſe moſt unfortunate wretches,
Upon this ſpot ſtraight to be hewn in pieces.
Adr. No, Villain, no;
With twice thoſe odds of Men,
I doubt not in this Cauſe
To vanquiſh thee.
Captain, remember to your Care I give
My Love; Ten thouſand thouſand times more dear
Than Life, or Liberty.
Cre. Fall on, *Alcander*.
Pyracmon, you and I muſt wheel about
For nobler Game, the Princeſs.
Adr. Ah, Traitor doſt thou ſhun me?
Follow, follow,
My brave Companions; ſee, the Cowards fly.
[*Exit fighting; Creon's Party beaten off by* Adraſtus.
Enter Oedipus.
Oed. O, 'tis too little this! thy loſs of Sight,
What has it done? I ſhall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, There goes the Monſter?
Nor have I hid my horrors from my ſelf;
For tho' corporeal Light be loſt for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, through glaring Opticks,
Preſents in larger ſize her black Idea's,

Doating

Doubling the bloody proſpect of my Crimes;
Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
With Wife, and Mother; Tortures, Hell, and Furies.
Ha! now the baleful off-ſpring's brought to light!
In horrid form they rank themſelves before me;
What ſhall I call this Medly of Creation?
Here one, with all th' obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocaſta*'s look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father, there a ſturdy Boy,
Reſembling *Lajus* juſt as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold Hand graſping mine,
Cries out, How fares my Brother *Oedipus*?
What, Sons and Brothers! Siſters and Daughters too?
Fly all, begon, fly from my whirling Brain;
Hence, Inceſt, Murder; hence, you ghaſtly Figures!
O Gods! Gods, anſwer; is there any mean?
Let me go mad, or dye.

Enter Jocaſta.

Joc. Where, where is this moſt wretched of Mankind,
This ſtately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
Whoſe ſtory told, whoſe very name but mention'd,
Would cool the rage of Feavers, and unlock
The hand of Luſt from the pale Virgins Hair,
And throw the Raviſher before her Feet?

Oed. By all my fears, I think *Jocaſta*'s voice!
Hence; fly; begon: O thou far worſe than worſt
Of damning Charmers! O abhorr'd, loath'd Creature!
Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the Eaſt, Weſt, North, or South of Heav'n;
But think not thou ſhalt ever enter there:
The Golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
'Gainſt thee, and me; and the Celeſtial Guards,
Still as we riſe, will daſh our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two Worlds of Woe!

Oed. Art thou not gone then? Ha!
How dar'ſt thou ſtand the Fury of the Gods?
Or com'ſt thou in the Grave to reap new pleaſures?

Joc. Talk on! till thou mak'ſt mad my rowling Brain;
Groan ſtill more Death; and may theſe diſmal ſources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears.
Methinks at ſuch a meeting, Heav'n ſtands ſtill;
The Sea nor Ebbs, nor Flows: this Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: the buſie Emmets ceaſe;
Yet hear me on ———

Oed. Speak then, and blaſt my Soul.

Joc. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I reſolve a Ruine

To match my Crimes; by all my Miſeries,
'Tis horror, worſe than thouſand thouſand deaths,
To ſend me hence without a kind farewel.
Oed. Gods, how ſhe ſhakes me! ſtay thee, O *Jocaſta*,
Speak ſomething e'r thou goeſt for ever from me.
Joc. 'Tis Woman's weakneſs that I would be pity'd;
Pardon me then, O greateſt, tho' moſt wretched
Of all thy Kind: my Soul is on the brink,
And ſees the boiling Furnace juſt beneath:
Do not thou puſh me off, and I will go
With ſuch a willingneſs, as if that Heav'n
With all its Glories glow'd for my reception.
Oed. O, in my Heart, I feel the pangs of Nature;
It works with kindneſs o'r: Give, give me way;
I feel a melting here, a tenderneſs,
Too mighty for the anger of the Gods:
Direct me to thy knees, yet oh forbear,
Leſt the dead Embers ſhould revive,
Stand off —— and at juſt diſtance
Let me groan my horrors —— here
On the Earth, here below my utmoſt Gale;
Here ſob my ſorrows, till I burſt with ſighing:
Here gaſp and Languiſh out my wounded Soul.
Joc. In ſpight of all thoſe Crimes the cruel Gods
Can charge me with, I know my Innocence;
Know yours: 'tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,
For you are ſtill my Husband.
Oed. Swear I am,
And I'll believe thee; ſteal into thy Arms,
Renew endearments, think 'em no pollutions,
But chaſte as Spirits joys: gently I'll come,
Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,
And fold thee ſoftly in my Arms to ſlumber.
[*The Ghoſt of* Lajus *aſcends by degrees, pointing at* Jocaſta.
Joc. Begone, my Lord! alas, what are we doing!
Fly from my Arms! Whirl-winds, Seas, Continents,
And Worlds, divide us! O thrice happy thou,
Who haſt no uſe of Eyes; for here's a ſight
Would turn the melting Face of Mercy's ſelf
To a wild Fury.
Oed. Ha! what ſeeſt thou there?
Joc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
How wan he looks!
Oed. Thou rav'ſt; thy Husband's here.
Joc. There, there he mounts
In circling fire, amongſt the bluſhing Clouds!
And ſee, he waves *Jocaſta* from the World!

Ghoſt. *Jocaſta*, *Oedipus*. [*Vaniſh with Thunder.*

Oed. What wouldſt thou have?
Thou know'ſt I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In darkneſs here, and kept from means of death.
I've heard a Spirits force is wonderful;
At whoſe approach when ſtarting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does ſhake, and the old Ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and Towers are Thundred down;
And walls of Braſs, and Gates of Adamant,
Are paſſable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Joc. Was that a Raven's Croak, or my Son's voice?
No matter which; I'll to the Grave and hide me:
Earth open or I'll tear thy bowels up.
Hark! he goes on, and blabs the deed of Inceſt.

Oed. Strike then, Imperial Ghoſt; daſh all at once
This houſe of Clay into a thouſand pieces:
That my poor lingring Soul may take her flight
To your immortal Dwellings.

Joc. Haſte thee then,
Or I ſhall be before thee: See, thou canſt not ſee;
Then I will tell thee that my wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a port Divine
Glide all along the gaudy Milky ſoil,
To find my *Lajus* out; ask every God
In his bright Palace, if he knows my *Lajus*,
My Murder'd *Lajus*!

Oed. Ha! how's this, *Jocaſta*?
Nay, if thy brain be ſick, then thou art happy.

Joc. Ha! will you not? ſhall I not find him out?
Will you not ſhow him? are my tears deſpis'd?
Why, then I'll thunder, yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my cries; yes, cruel Gods,
Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my heart,
I'll ſnatch Celeſtial flames, fire all your dwellings,
Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your doors
Of Cryſtal fly from off their Diamond Hinges;
Drive you all out from your Ambroſial Hives,
To ſwarm like Bees about the field of Heav'n:
This will I do unleſs you ſhew me *Lajus*,
My dear, my Murder'd Lord. O *Lajus*! *Lajus*! *Lajus*!
[*Ex.* Jocaſta.

Oed. Excellent grief! why, this is as it ſhould be!
No Mourning can be ſuitable to Crimes
Like ours, but what death makes, or madneſs forms.
I cou'd have wiſh'd methought for ſight again,
To mark the gallantry of her diſtraction;
Her blazing Eyes darting the wandring Stars,

T'have

I have ſeen her mouth the Heav'ns and mate the Gods,
While with her Thundring Voice ſhe menac'd high,
And every Accent twang'd with ſmarting ſorrow;
But what's all this to thee? thou Coward yet
Art living, canſt not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
Tho' thouſand ways lead to his thouſand doors,
Which day and night are ſtill unbarr'd for all.
[*Claſhing of Swords: Drums and Trumpets without.*
Hark! 'tis the noiſe of claſhing Swords! the ſound
Comes near: O, that a Battle would come o'er me!
If I but graſp a Sword, or wreſt a Dagger,
I'll make a ruine with the firſt that falls.

Enter Hæmon, *with Guards.*

Hæm. Seize him, and bear him to the Weſtern Tow'r.
Pardon me, Sacred Sir; I am inform'd
That *Creon* has deſigns upon your life:
Forgive me then, if, to preſerve you from him,
I order your Confinement.

Oed. Slaves unhand me.
I think thou haſt a Sword: 'twas the wrong ſide.
Yet, cruel *Hæmon*, think not I will live;
He that could tear his Eyes out, ſure can find
Some deſperate way to ſtifle this curſt breath;
Or if I ſtarve! but that's a lingring Fate;
Or if I leave my brains upon the wall!
The Aiery Soul can eaſily o'er ſhoot
Thoſe bounds with which thou ſtriv'ſt to pale her in:
Yes, I will periſh in deſpight of thee;
And, by the rage that ſtirs me, if I meet thee,
In the other World I'll curſe thee for this uſage. [*Exit.*

Hæm. Tireſias, after him! and with your counſel
Adviſe him humbly; charm, if poſſible,
Theſe feuds within: while I without extinguiſh,
Or periſh in th' Attempt, the Furious *Creon*,
That Brand which ſets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n proſper your intent, and give a period
To all your Plagues: what old *Tireſias* can
Shall ſtraight be done. Lead, *Manto* to the Tow'r. [*Ex.* Tir. Manto.

Hæm. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray, [*Trumpets again.*
Or fall together in the bloody broil. [*Ex.*

Enter Creon *with* Euridice, Pyracmon *and his Party giving ground to* Adraſtus.

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adraſtus* Prince of *Argos*,
Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Priſoner.

Adr. What would'ſt thou, Hell-hound?

Cre. See this brandiſh'd Dagger:

Forgo

Forgo th'advantage which thy Arms have won,
Or, by the Blood, which trembles through the Heart
Of her whom more than life I know thou lov'ſt,
I'll bury to the haft, in her fair Breaſt,
This Inſtrument of my Revenge.
Ad. Stay thee, damn'd wretch; hold, ſtop thy bloody hand.
Cre. Give order then, that on this inſtant now,
This moment, all thy Soldiers ſtraight disband.
Adr. Away my Friends, ſince Fate has ſo allotted;
Begone, and leave me to the Villain's mercy.
Eur. Ah, my *Adraſtus*! call 'em, call 'em back!
Stand there; come back! O, cruel barbarous Men!
Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After ſo bravely having fought his Cauſe,
To periſh by the hand of this baſe Villain?
Why rather ruſh you not at once together
All to his ruine? drag him through the Streets,
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
Nor let my death affright you.
Cre. Dye firſt thy ſelf then.
Adr. O, I charge thee, hold.
Hence, from my preſence all: he's not my Friend
That diſobeys: See, art thou now appeas'd? *Ex. Attendants.*
Or, is there ought elſe yet remains to do
That can atone to thee? ſlake thy thirſt of Blood
With mine: but ſave, O ſave that innocent wretch.
Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy ſelf my Priſoner.
Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of hope to ſave
Thy precious life, my dear *Adraſtus*,
What e'er thou doſt, deliver not thy Sword;
With that thou may'ſt get off, tho' odds oppoſe thee:
For me, O, fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
His horrid love, will ſpare me. Keep thy Sword;
Leſt I be raviſh'd after thou art ſlain.
Adr. Inſtruct me, Gods! What ſhall *Adraſtus* do?
Cre. Do what thou wilt, when ſhe is dead: my Soldiers
With numbers will o'er-pow'r thee. Is't thy wiſh
Eurydice ſhould fall before thee?
Adr. Traitor, no;
Better, that thou and I, and all Mankind
Should be no more.
Creon. Then caſt thy Sword away,
And yield thee to my mercy, or I ſtrike.
Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a moments pauſe.
My Father, when he bleſt me, gave me this;
My Son, ſaid he, let this be thy laſt refuge;
If thou forgot'ſt it, miſery attends thee;

Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all
The hazards of my life I never loſt.
'Tis thine, my faithful Sword, my only Truſt;
Thô my Heart tells me that the Gift is fatal.
Cre. Fatal! Yes, fooliſh Love-ſick Prince, it ſhall:
Thy Arrogance, thy Scorn,
My wounds remembrance,
Turn all at once the fatal point upon thee.
Pyracmon to the Palace, diſpatch
The King: hang *Hæmon* up, for he is Loyal,
And will oppoſe me: Come, Sir, are you ready?
Adr. Yes, Villain, for whatever thou canſt dare.
Eur. Hold *Creon*, or through me, through me you wound.
Adr. Off, Madam, or we periſh both; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my Ponyard's in my hand:
Therefore away.
Eur. I'll guard your life with mine.
Cre. Dye both then; there is now no time for dallying.
[*Kills* Eurydice.
Eur. Ah, Prince, farewell! farewell, my dear *Adraſtus.* [*Dies.*
Adr. Unheard of Monſter! eldeſt born of Hell!
Down, to thy Primitive Flames. [*Stabs* Creon.
Cre. Help, Soldiers, help:
Revenge me.
Adr. More, yet more: a thouſand wounds!
I'll ſtamp thee ſtill, thus, to the gaping Furies.
[Adraſtus *falls, kill'd by the Soldiers.*

Enter Hæmon, *Guards with* Alcander, *and* Pyracmon *bound:*
the Aſſaſſins are driven off.

O *Hæmon*, I am ſlain; nor need I name
The inhumane Author of all Villanies;
There he lies gaſping.
Cre. If I muſt plunge in Flames,
Burn firſt my Arm; baſe Inſtrument, unfit
To act the dictates of my daring Mind:
Burn, burn for ever, O weak ſubſtitute
Of that, the God, Ambition. [*Dies.*
Adr. She's gone; O deadly Marks-man, in the Heart!
Yet in the pangs of death ſhe graſps my Hand:
Her Lips too tremble, as if ſhe would ſpeak
Her laſt Farewel. O, *Oedipus*, thy fall
Is great; and nobly now thou go'ſt attended!
They talk of Heroes, and Celeſtial Beauties,
And wondrous pleaſures in the other World;
Let me but find her there, I ask no more. [*Dyes.*
Enter

Enter a Captain to Hæmon: *with* Tireſias *and* Manto.

Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocaſta*, ſwift and wild,
As a robb'd Tygreſs bounding o're the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze mankind:
In twiſted Gold I ſaw her Daughters hang
On the Bed Royal; and her little Sons
Stabb'd through the breaſts upon the bloody Pillows.

Hæm. Relentleſs Heav'ns! is then the Fate of *Lajus*
Never to be Aton'd? How ſacred ought
Kings lives be held, when but the death of one
Demands an Empire's blood for Expiation?
But ſee! the furious mad *Jocaſta's* here.

Scene draws, and diſcovers Jocaſta *held by her Women, and ſtabb'd in many places of her boſom, her hair diſhevel'd, her Children ſlain upon the Bed.*

Was ever ſuch a ſight of ſo much horror,
And pity, brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel Women!
Will you not let me take my laſt farewel
Of thoſe dear Babes? O let me run and ſeal
My melting Soul upon their bubling wounds!
I'll print upon their Coral mouths ſuch kiſſes,
As ſhall recall their wandring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal.
Help, *Hæmon*, help:
Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocaſta* dyes.

Enter Oedipus *above.*

Oed. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods,
'Tis quite unbarr'd: ſure by the diſtant noiſe,
The height will fit my Fatal purpoſe well.

Joc. What hoa, my *Oedipus*; ſee where he ſtands!
His groping Ghoſt is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount my Soul;
I'll wrap thy ſhivering Spirit in Lambent Flames! and ſo we'll ſail:
But ſee! we're landed on the happy coaſt;
And all the Golden Strands are cover'd o'er
With glorious Gods, that come to try our cauſe:
Jove, Jove, whoſe Majeſty now ſinks me down,
He who himſelf burns in unlawful Fires,
Shall judge, and ſhall acquit us. O, 'tis done;
'Tis fixt by Fate, upon Record Divine:
And *Oedipus* ſhall be now ever mine. [*Dyes.*

Oed. Speak, *Hæmon*; what has Fate be doing there?
What dreadful deed has mad *Jocaſta* done?

Hæm. The Queen her ſelf, and all your wretched Offſpring,
Are by her Fury ſlain.

Oed. By all my woes,

She has out-done me, in revenge and murder
And I ſhould envy her the ſad applauſe:
But, Oh! my Children! Oh! what have they done?
This was not like the mercy of the Heavens,
To ſet her madneſs on ſuch Cruelty:
This ſtirs me more than all my ſufferings,
And with my laſt breath I muſt call you Tyrants.

Hæm. What mean you, Sir?

Oed. *Jocaſta*! lo, I come.
O, *Laius*, *Labdacus*, and all you Spirits
Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me,
All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore;
Extend your Arms t'embrace me; for I come;
May all the Gods too from their Battlements
Behold and wonder at a Mortal's daring;
And, when I knock the Goal of dreadful death,
Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder:
Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
Swiſt as a falling Meteor; lo, I flye,
And thus go downwards, to the darker Sky.

[*Thunder. He flings himſelf from the Window. The* Thebans *gather about his Body.*

Hæmon. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now no more!
O curs'd effect of the moſt deep deſpair!

Oed, Ceaſe your complaints, and bear his body hence:
The dreadful ſight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
Whom Heav'n decrees to raiſe with Peace and Glory:
Yet by theſe terrible examples warn'd,
The ſacred Fury that alarms the World.
Let none, tho ne'er ſo virtuous, Great, and High,
Be judg'd entirely bleſt before they Dye.

Books Printed for *Thomas Chapman*.

Cæſar's Commentaries. Fol.
Plutarchs Morals.
Kettlewell on the Sacrament.
Ld. *Hallifax's Advice to a Daughter*.
Dr. *Horneck's Fire of the Altar*.
Rule of Behaviour.

Plays.

Theodoſius } By Mr. *Lee*.
Sophoniſba }

Oedipus, by Mr. *Dryden*.
Abdelazer.
Country Wit.
Ibrahim the Illuſtrious Baſſa.
Heir of Morocco.
Paſtor Fido or the Faithful Shepherd.
Country Wife.
Cheats.
With all ſorts of Plays.

EPILOGUE.

W*Hat* Sophocles *could undertake alone,*
Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the pondrous Maſs from Greece.
A weight that bent even Seneca's *ſtrong Muſe,*
And which Corneille's *Shoulders did refuſe.*
So hard it is th' Athenian *Harp to ſtring!*
So much Two Conſuls yield to one juſt King.
Terror and Pity this whole Poem ſway;
The mightieſt Machines that can mount a Play;
How heavy will thoſe vulgar Souls be found,
Whom Two ſuch Engines cannot move from ground?
When Greece *and* Rome *have ſmil'd upon this Birth,*
You can but damn for one poor ſpot of Earth;
And when your Children find your judgment ſuch,
They'll ſcorn their Sires, and wiſh themſelves born Dutch;
Each haughty Poet will infer with eaſe,
How much his Wit muſt under-write to pleaſe.
As ſome ſtrong Churle would brandiſhing advance
The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
So you by judging this, your Judgments teach
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the Vote of full Two Thouſand Years
Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs;
Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own defence, let this Play live.
Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles *is ſhown,*
To praiſe his worth, they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each others Pow'r aſſure,
Weak Poets by conjunction are ſecure.
Their Treat is what your Pallats reliſh moſt,
Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder, and a Ghoſt!
We know not what you can deſire or hope,
To pleaſe you more, but burning of a Pope.

FINIS.

TROILUS
AND
CRESSIDA,
OR,
TRUTH Found too Late.

A
TRAGEDY
As it is Acted at the
Dukes Theatre.

To which is Prefix'd, A Preface Containing the Grounds of Criticiſm in Tragedy.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Rectius, Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus, Hor.

London, Printed by *I. Dawks,* for *Jacob Tonſon* at the *Judges-Head,* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet.* 1695.

TO THE
Right Honorable
ROBERT
EARL OF
Sunderland,
Principal Secretary of State, One of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Council, &c.

My Lord,

SInce I cannot promiſe you much of Poetry in my Play, 'tis but reaſonable that I ſhou'd ſecure you from any part of it in my Dedication. And indeed I cannot better diſtinguiſh the exactneſs of your taſte from that of other men, than by the plainneſs and ſincerity of my Addreſs. I muſt keep my Hyperboles in reſerve for men of other underſtandings: An hungry Appetite after praiſe: and a ſtrong digeſtion of it, will bear the groſsneſs of that diet: But one of ſo critical a judgement as your Lordſhip, who can ſet the bounds of juſt and proper in every ſubject, would give me ſmall encouragement for ſo bold an undertaking. I more than ſuſpect, my Lord, that you wou'd not do common Juſtice to your ſelf: and therefore, were I to give that Character of you, which I think you truly merit, I wou'd make my appeal from your Lordſhip to the Reader, and wou'd juſtify my ſelf from flattery by the publick voice, whatever proteſtation you might enter to the contrary. But I find I am to take other meaſures with your Lordſhip; I am to ſtand upon my guard with you, and to approach you as warily as *Horace* did *Auguſtus*.

Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

An ill tim'd, or an extravagant commendation, wou'd not paſs upon you: but you wou'd keep off ſuch a Dedicator at arms end; and ſend him back with his *Encomiums*, to this Lord, or that Lady, who ſtood in need of ſuch trifling merchandiſe. You ſee, my Lord, what an awe you have upon me, when I dare not offer you that incenſe, which wou'd be acceptable to other Patrons: but am forc'd to curb my ſelf, from aſcribing to you thoſe honours, which even an Enemy cou'd not deny you. Yet I muſt confeſs I never practis'd that virtue of moderation (which is properly your Character) with ſo much reluctancy as now. For it hinders me from being true to my own knowledge, in not witneſſing your worth; and deprives me of the only means which I had left to ſhew the world that true honour and unintereſſed reſpect which I have always payed you. I would ſay ſomewhat, if it were poſſible, which might diſtinguiſh that veneration I have for you, from the flatteries of thoſe who adore your fortune. But the eminence of your condition, in this particular, is my unhappineſs: for it renders whatever I would ſay ſuſpected. Profeſſions of Service, ſubmiſſions and attendance, are the practiſe of all men to the great: and commonly they who have the leaſt ſincerity, perform them beſt; as they who are leaſt ingag'd in love, have their tongues the freeſt to counterfeit a paſſion: for my own part, I never cou'd ſhake off the ruſtique baſhfulneſs which hangs upon my nature; but valuing my ſelf, at as little as I am worth, have been afraid to render even the common duties of reſpect to thoſe who are in power. The Ceremonious viſits which are generally paid on ſuch occaſions, are not my talent. They may be real even in Courtiers; but they appear with ſuch a face of intereſt, that a modeſt man wou'd think himſelf in danger of having his ſincerity miſtaken for his deſign. My congratulations keep their diſtance, and paſs no farther than my heart. There it is, that I have all the joy imaginable when I ſee true worth rewarded; and virtue uppermoſt in the world.

If therefore there were one to whom I had the honour to be known; and to know him ſo perfectly, that I could ſay without flattery, he had all the depth of underſtanding that was requiſite in any able Stateſman, and all that honeſty which commonly is wanting; that he was brave without vanity, and knowing without poſitiveneſs; that he was loyal to his Prince, and a lover of his Country; that his principles were full of moderation, and all his Councils ſuch as tended to heal and not to widen the breaches of the Nation: that in all his converſation there appear'd a native candour, and a deſire of doing good in all his actions; if ſuch an one whom I have deſcrib'd, were at the helm, if he had riſen by his merits, and were choſen out in the neceſſity and preſſure of affairs, to remedy our confuſions by the ſeaſonableneſs of his advice, and to put a ſtop to our ruine, when we were juſt rowling downward to the precipice, I ſhou'd then congratulate the Age in which I liv'd, for the common ſafety; I ſhould not deſpair of the Republique though *Hannibal* were at the gates; I ſhould ſend up my vows for the ſucceſs of ſuch an action as *Virgil* did on the like occaſion for his Patron, when he was raiſing up his country from the deſolations of a civil war.

Hunc ſaltem everſo juvenem ſuccurrere ſeclo,
Ne ſuperi prohibete.

I know not whether I am running, in this extaſy which is now upon me: I am almoſt ready to reaſſume the ancient rights of Poetry; to point out, and Prophecy the man, who was born for no leſs an undertaking, and whom poſterity ſhall bleſs for its accompliſhment. Methinks I am already taking fire from ſuch a Character, and making room for him, under a borrow'd name amongſt the Heroes of an *Epique* Poem. Neither could mine, or ſome more happy Genius, want encouragement under ſuch a Patron.

Pollio amat noſtram, quamvis ſit ruſtica Muſam.

But theſe are conſiderations afar off my Lord: the former part of the Prophecy muſt be firſt accompliſh'd: the quiet of the Nation muſt be ſecur'd, and a mutual truſt, betwixt Prince and people be renew'd: and then this great and good man will have leiſure for the ornaments of peace: and make our language as much indebted to his care, as the French is to the memorie of their famous *Richelieu*. You know My Lord, how low he laid the foundations of ſo great a work: That he began it with a *Grammar* and a *Dictionary*, without which all thoſe Remarques and Obſervations, which have ſince been made, had been perform'd to as little purpoſe as it wou'd be to conſider the furniture of the Rooms before the contrivance of the Houſe. Propriety muſt firſt be ſtated, ere any meaſures of elegance can be taken. Neither is one *Vaugelas* ſufficient for ſuch a work. 'Twas the employment of the whole Academy for many years, for the perfect knowledge of a Tongue, was never attain'd by any ſingle perſon. The Court, the Colledge, and the Town, muſt be joyn'd in it. And as our Engliſh is a compoſition of the dead and living Tongues, there is requir'd a perfect knowledge, not onely of the Greek and Latine, but of the Old German, the French and the Italian: and to help all theſe, a converſation with thoſe Authours of our own, who have written with the feweſt faults in proſe and verſe. But how barbarouſly we yet write and ſpeak, your Lordſhip knows, and I am ſufficiently ſenſible in my own Engliſh. For I am often put to a ſtand, in conſidering whether what I write be the Idiom of the Tongue, or falſe *Grammar*, and nonſence couch'd beneath that ſpecious Name of *Anglicisme*. And have no other way to clear my doubts, but by tranſlating my Engliſh into Latine, and thereby trying what ſence the words will bear in a more ſtable language. I am deſirous if it were poſſible, that we might all write with the ſame certainty of words and purity of phraſe, to which the Italians firſt arriv'd, and after them the French: At leaſt that we might advance ſo far, as our Tongue is capable of ſuch a ſtandard. It wou'd mortify an Engliſh man to conſider, that from the time of *Boccace* and of *Petrarche*, the Italian has varied very little: And that the Engliſh of *Chaucer* their contemporary is not to be underſtood without the help of an Old *Dictionary*. But their Goth and Vandall had the fortune to be graffed on a Roman ſtock: Ours has the diſadvantage, to be founded on the Dutch. We are full of Monoſyllables, and thoſe clog'd with Conſonants, and our pronunciation is effeminate. All which are enemies to a ſounding language: 'Tis true that to ſupply our poverty, we have trafficqued with our Neighbour Nations; by which means we abound as much in words, as *Amſterdam* does in Religions; but to order them, and make them uſeful after their admiſſion is the difficulty. A greater progreſs has been made in this, ſince his Majeſties return, then perhaps ſince the conqueſt to his time. But the better part of the work remains unfiniſh'd: And that which has been done already, ſince it has only been in the practiſe of ſome few writers, muſt be digeſted into Rules and Method, before it can be profitable to the General. Will your Lordſhip give me leave to ſpeak out at laſt? and to acquaint the world, that from your ecouragement and patronage, we may one day expect to ſpeak and write a language, worthy of the Engliſh wit, and which foreigners may not diſdain to learn. Your birth, your Education, your natural endowments, the former Employments which you have had abroad, and that which to the joy of good men you now exerciſe at home, ſeem all to conſpire to this deſign: the Genius of the Nation ſeems to call you out as it were by name, to poliſh and adorn your native language, and to take from it the reproach of its barbarity. 'Tis upon this encouragement that I have adventur'd tur'd on the following Critique, which I humbly preſent you together with the Play: In which, though I have not had the leiſure, nor indeed the encouragement to proceed to the Principal Subject of it, which is the words and thoughts that are ſutable to Tragedie; yet the whole diſcourſe has a tendency that way, and is preliminary to it. In what I have already done, I doubt not but I have contradicted ſome of my former opinions, in my looſe Eſſays of the like nature: but of this, I dare affirm, that it is the fruit of my riper age and experience, and that ſelf-love, or envy have no part in it. The application to Engliſh Authours is my own, and therein perhaps I may have err'd unknowingly: But the foundation of the rules is reaſon, and the authority of thoſe living Critiques who have had the honour to be known to you abroad, as well as of the Ancients, who are not leſs of your acquaintance. Whatſoever it be, I ſubmit it to your Lordſhips Judgment, from which I never will appeal, unleſs it be to your good nature, and your candour. If you can allow an hour of leiſure to the peruſal of it, I ſhall be fortunate that I cou'd ſo long entertain you; if not, I ſhall at leaſt have the ſatisfaction to know, that your time was more uſefully employ'd upon the publique. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

John Dryden.

The PREFACE to the Play.

T*He Poet* Æſchylus *was held in the ſame veneration by the* Athenians *of after Ages as* Shakeſpear *is by us; and* Longinus *has judg'd, in favour of him, that he had a noble boldneſs of expreſſion, and that his imaginations were lofty and Heroick: but on the other ſide* Quintilian *affirms, that he was daring to extravagance. 'Tis certain, that he affected pompous words, and that his ſence too often was obſcur'd by Figures: Notwithſtanding theſe imperfections, the value of his Writings after his deceaſe was ſuch, that his Countrymen ordain'd an equal reward to thoſe Poets who could alter his Plays to be Acted on the Theater, with thoſe whoſe productions were wholly new, and of their own. The caſe is not the ſame in* England*; though the difficulties of altering are greater, and our reverence for* Shakeſpear *much more juſt, than that of the* Grecians *for* Æſchylus. *In the Age of that Poet, the* Greek *tongue was arriv'd to its full perfection; they had then amongſt them an exact Standard of Writing, and of Speaking: The* Engliſh *Language is not capable of ſuch a certainty; and we are at preſent ſo far from it, that we are wanting in the very Foundation of it, a perfect Grammar. Yet it muſt be allow'd to the preſent Age, that the tongue in general is ſo much refin'd ſince* Shakeſpear's *time, that many of his words, and more of his Phraſes, are ſcarce intelligible. And of thoſe which we underſtand, ſome are ungrammatical, others courſe; and his whole ſtile is ſo peſter'd with Figurative expreſſions, that it is as affected as it is obſcure. 'Tis true, that in his later Plays he had worn off ſomewhat of the ruſt; but the Tragedy which I have undertaken to correct, was, in all probability, one of his firſt endeavours on the Stage.*

The Original ſtory was Written by one Lollius *a* Lombard, *in Latin verſe, and Tranſlated by* Chaucer *into Engliſh: intended I ſuppoſe a Satyr on the Inconſtancy of Women: I find nothing of it among the ancients; not ſo much as the name once* Creſſida *mention'd.* Shakeſpear, *(as I hinted) in the Apprenticeſhip of his Writing, model'd it into that Play, which is now called by the name of* Troilus *and* Creſſida; *but ſo lamely is it left to us, that it is not divided into Acts: which fault I aſcribe to the Actors, who Printed it after* Shakeſpear's *death; and that too, ſo careleſly, that a more uncorrect Copy I never ſaw. For the Play it ſelf, the Author ſeems to have begun it with ſome fire; the Characters of* Pandarus *and* Therſites, *are promiſing enough; but as if he grew weary of his task, after an Entrance or two, he lets 'em fall: and the later part of the Tragedy is nothing but a confuſion of Drums and Trumpets, Excurſions and Alarms. The chief perſons, who give name to the Tragedy, are left alive:* Creſſida *is falſe, and is not puniſh'd. Yet after all, becauſe the Play was* Shakeſpear's, *and that there appear'd in ſome places of it, the admirable Genius of the Author; I undertook to remove that heap of Rubbiſh, under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly bury'd. Accordingly, I new model'd the Plot; threw out many unneceſſary perſons; improv'd thoſe Cha-*

racters which were begun, and left unfiniſh'd: as Hector, Troilus, Pandarus and Therſites; and added that of Andromache. After this, I made with no ſmall trouble, an Order and Connexion of all the Scenes; removing them from the places where they were inartificially ſet: and though it was impoſſible to keep' em all unbroken, becauſe the Scene muſt be ſometimes in the City, and ſometimes in the Camp, yet I have ſo order'd them that there is a coherence of 'em with one another, and a dependence on the main deſign: no leaping from Troy to the Grecian Tents, and thence back again in the ſame Act; but a due proportion of time allow'd for every motion. I need not ſay that I have refin'd his Language, which before was obſolete; but I am willing to acknowledg, that as I have often drawn his Engliſh nearer to our times, ſo I have ſomtimes conform'd my own to his: and conſequently, the Language is not altogether ſo pure, as it is ſignificant. The Scenes of Pandarus and Creſſida, of Troilus and Pandarus, of Andromache with Hector and the Trojans, in the ſecond Act, are wholly New: together with that of Neſtor and Ulyſſes with Therſites; and that of Therſites with Ajax and Achilles. I will not weary my Reader with the Scenes which are added of Pandarus and the Lovers, in the Third; and thoſe of Therſites, which are wholly alter'd: but I cannot omit the laſt Scene in it, which is almoſt half the Act, betwixt Trolius and Hector. The occaſion of raiſing it was hinted to me by Mr. Betterton: the contrivance and working of it was my own. They who think to do me an injury, by ſaying that it is an imitation of the Scene betwixt Brutus and Caſſius, do me an honour, by ſuppoſing I could imitate the incomparable Shakeſpear: but let me add, that if Shakeſpears Scene, or that faulty Copy of it in Amintor and Melantius had never been, yet Euripides had furniſh'd me with an excellent example in his Iphigenia, between Agamemnon and Menelaus: and from thence indeed, the laſt turn of it is borrow'd. The occaſion which Shakeſpear, Euripides, and Fletcher, have all taken, is the ſame; grounded upon Friendſhip: and the quarrel of two virtuous men, rais'd by natural degrees, to the extremity of paſſion, is conducted in all three, to the declination of the ſame paſſion; and concludes with a warm renewing of their Friendſhip. But the particular groundwork which Shakeſpear has taken, is incomparably the beſt: Becauſe he has not only choſen two the greateſt Heroes of their Age; but has likewiſe intereſted the Liberty of Rome, and their own honors, who were the redeemers of it, in this debate. And if he has made Brutus who was naturally a patient man, to fly into exceſs at firſt; let it be remembred in his defence, that juſt before, he has received the news of Portia's death: whom the Poet on purpoſe neglecting a little Chronology, ſuppoſes to have dy'd before Brutus, only to give him an occaſion of being more eaſily exaſperated. Add to this, that the injury he had receiv'd from Caſſius, had long been brooding in his mind; and that a melancholy man, upon conſideration of an affront, eſpecially from a Friend, would be more eager in his paſſion, than he who had given it, though naturally more cholerick. Euripedes whom I have follow'd, has rais'd the quarrel betwixt two Brothers who were friends. The foundation of the Scene was this. The Grecians were wind-bound at the Port of Aulis, and the Oracle had ſaid, that they could not

Sail, unleſs Agamemnon *deliver'd up his Daughter to be Sacrific'd: he refuſes; his Brother* Menelaus *urges the publick ſafety, the Father defends himſelf, by arguments of natural affection, and hereupon they quarrel.* Agamemnon *is at laſt convinc'd, and promiſes to deliver up* Iphigenia, *but ſo paſſionately laments his loſs, that* Menelaus *is griev'd to have been the occaſion of it, and by a return of kindneſs offers to intercede for him with the* Grecians, *that his Daughter might not be ſacrific'd. But my friend Mr.* Rymer *has ſo largely, and with ſo much judgment deſcrib'd this Scene, in comparing it with that of* Melantius *and* Amintor, *that it is ſuperfluous to ſay more of it: I only nam'd the heads of it, that any reaſonable man might judge it was from thence I model'd my Scene betwixt* Troilus *and* Hector. *I will conclude my reflexions on it, with a paſſage of* Longinus, *concerning* Plato's *imitation of* Homer: ‘*We ought not to regard a good imitation as a theft; but as a beautiful Idea of him who undertakes to imitate, by forming himſelf on the invention and the work of another man; for he enters into the liſts like a new wreſtler, to diſpute the prize with the former Champion. This ſort of emulation ſays* Heſiod, *is honourable,* Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσι — *When we combat for Victory with a Hero, and are not without glory even in our overthrow. Those great men whom we purpoſe to our ſelves as patterns of our imitation, ſerve us as a Torch, which is lifted up before us, to enlighten our paſſage; and often elevate our thoughts as high, as the conception we have of our Authors Genius.*

I have been ſo tedious in three Acts, that I ſhall contract my ſelf in the two laſt. The beginning Scenes of the fourth Act are either added, or chang'd wholly by me; the middle of it is Shakeſpear *alter'd, and mingled with my own, three or four of the laſt Scenes are altogether new. And the whole Fifth Act, both the Plot and the Writing are my own Additions.*

But having written ſo much for imitation of what is excellent, in that part of the Preface *which related only to my ſelf; methinks it would neither be unprofitable nor unpleaſant, to enquire how far we ought to imitate our own Poets,* Shakeſpear *and* Fletcher *in their Tragedies: And this will occaſion another enquiry, how theſe two Writers differ between themſelves: but ſince neither of theſe queſtions can be ſolv'd unleſs ſome meaſures be firſt taken, by which we may be enabled to judge truly of their Writings: I ſhall endeavor as briefly as I can, to diſcover the grounds and reaſon of all Criticiſm, applying them in this place only to Tragedy.* Ariſtotle *with his Interpreters, and* Horace, *and* Longinus, *are the Authors to whom I owe my lights; and what part ſoever of my own Plays, or of this, which no mending could make regular, ſhall fall under the condemnation of ſuch Judges, it would be impudent in me to defend. I think it no ſhame to retract my errors, and am well pleas'd to ſuffer in the cauſe, if the Art may be improv'd at my expence: I therefore proceed to,*

The Grounds of Criticiſm in Tragedy.

Tragedy is thus defin'd by Ariſtotle, *(omitting what I thought unneceſſary in his Definition.) 'Tis an imitation of one intire, great, and probable action; not told but repreſented, which by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive*

conducive to the purging of theſe two paſſions in our minds. More largely thus, Tragedy deſcribes or paints an Action, which Action muſt have all the proprieties above nam'd. Firſt, it muſt be one or ſingle, that is, it muſt not be a Hiſtory of one Mans life: Suppoſe of Alexander *the Great, or* Julius Cæſar, *but one ſingle action of theirs. This condemns all* Shakeſpears *Hiſtorical Plays, which are rather Chronicles repreſented, than Tragedies, and all double action of Plays. As to avoid a Satyr upon others, I will make bold with my own* Marriage-A-la-Mode, *where there are manifeſtly two Actions, not depending on one another: but in* Oedipus *there cannot properly be ſaid to be two Actions, becauſe the love of* Adraſtus *and* Euridice *has a neceſſary dependance on the principal deſign, into which it is woven. The natural reaſon of this Rule is plain, for two different independant actions, diſtract the attention and concernment of the Audience, and conſequently deſtroy the intention of the Poet: If his buſineß be to move terror and pity, and one of his Actions be Comical, the other Tragical, the former will divert the people, and utterly make void his greater purpoſe. Therefore as in Perſpective, ſo in Tragedy, there muſt be a point of ſight in which all the lines terminate: Otherwiſe the eye wanders, and the work is falſe. This was the practice of the* Grecian *Stage. But* Terence *made an innovotion in the* Roman: *all his Plays have double Actions; for it was his cuſtome to Tranſlate two Greek Comedies, and to weave them into one of his, yet ſo, that both the Actions were Comical; and one was principal, the other but ſecondary or ſubſervient. And this has obtain'd on the* Engliſh *Stage, to give us the pleaſure of variety.*

As the Action ought to be one, it ought as ſuch, to have Order in it, that is, to have a natural beginning, a middle, and an end: A natural beginning ſays Ariſtotle, *is that which could not neceſſarily have been plac'd after another thing, and ſo of the reſt. This conſideration will arraign all Plays after the new model of* Spaniſh *Plots, where accident is heap'd upon accident, and that which is firſt might as reaſonably be laſt: an inconvenience not to be remedied, but by making one accident naturally produce another, otherwiſe 'tis a Farce, and not a Play. Of this nature, is the* Slighted Maid; *where there is no Scene in the firſt Act, which might not by as good reaſon be in the fifth And if the Action ought to be one, the Tragedy ought likewiſe to conclude with the Action of it. Thus in* Muſtapha, *the Play ſhould naturally have ended with the death of* Zanger, *and have given us the grace Cup after Dinner, of* Solyman's *divorce from* Roxolana.

The following properties of the Action are ſo eaſy, that they need not my explaining. It ought to be great, and to conſiſt of great Perſons, to diſtinguiſh it from Comedy; where the Action is trivial, and the perſons of inferior rank. The laſt quality of the action is, that it ought to be probable, as well as admirable and great. 'Tis not neceſſary that there ſhould be Hiſtorical truth in it; but always neceſſary that there ſhould be a likeneß of truth, ſomething that is more then barely poſſible, probable being that which ſucceds or happens oftner than it miſſes. To invent therefore a probability, and to make it wonderfull, is the moſt difficult undertaking in the Art of Poetry: for that which is not won-

derfull, is not great, and that which is not probable, will not delight a reaſonable Audience. This action thus deſcrib'd, muſt be repreſented and not told, to diſtinguiſh Dramatic Poetry from Epic: but I haſten to the end, or ſcope of Tragedy; which is to rectify or purge our paſſions, fear and pity.

To inſtruct delightfully is the general end of all Poetry: Philoſophy inſtructs, but it performs its work by precept: which is not delightfull, or not ſo delightfull as Example. To purge the paſſions by Example, is therefore the particular inſtruction which belongs to Tragedy. Rapin *a judicious Critic, has obſerv'd from* Ariſtotle, *that pride and want of commiſeration are the moſt predominant vices in Mankind: therefore to cure us of theſe two, the inventors of Tragedy, have choſen to work upon two other paſſions, which are fear and pity. We are wrought to fear, by their ſetting before our eyes ſome terrible example of misfortune, which hapned to perſons of the higheſt Quality; for ſuch an action demonſtrates to us, that no condition is priviledg'd from the turns of Fortune: this muſt of neceſſity cauſe terror in us, and conſequently abate our pride. But when we ſee that the moſt virtuous, as well as the greateſt, are not exempt from ſuch misfortunes, that conſideration moves pity in us: and inſenſibly works us to be helpfull to, and tender over the diſtreſs'd which is the nobleſt and moſt God-like of moral virtues. Here 'tis obſervable, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to make a man virtuous, if we deſire he ſhould be pity'd: We lament not, but deteſt a wicked man, we are glad when we behold his crimes are puniſh'd, and that Poetical juſtice is done upon him.* Euripides *was cenſur'd by the Critics of his time, for making his chief characters too wicked: for example,* Phædra *though ſhe lov'd her Son-in-law with reluctancy, and that it was a curſe upon her Family for offending* Venus; *yet was thought too ill a pattern for the Stage. Shall we therefore baniſh all characters of villany? I confeſs I am not of that opinion; but it is neceſſary that the Hero of the Play be not a Villain; that is, the characters which ſhould move our pity ought to have virtuous inclinations, and degrees of morall goodneſs in them. As for a perfect character of virtue, it never was in Nature; and therefore there can be no imitation of it: but there are allays of frailty to be allow'd for the chief Perſons, yet ſo that the good which is in them, ſhall outweigh the bad; and conſequently leave room for puniſhment on the one ſide, and pity on the other.*

After all, if any one will ask me, whether a Tragedy cannot be made upon any other grounds, than thoſe of exciting pity and terror in us? Boſſu, *the beſt of modern Critics, anſwers thus in general: That all excellent Arts, and particularly that of Poetry, have been invented and brought to perfection by men of a tranſcendent Genius; and that therefore they who practice afterwards the ſame Arts, are oblig'd to tread in their footſteps, and to ſearch in their Writings the foundation of them: for it is not juſt that new Rules ſhould deſtroy the authority of the old. But* Rapin *writes more particularly thus: That no paſſions in a ſtory are ſo proper to move our concernment as Fear and Pity; and that it is from our concernment we receive our pleaſure, is undoubted; when the Soul becomes agitated with fear for one character, or hope for another; then it is that we are pleas'd in Tragedy, by the intereſt which we take in their adventures.*

Here therefore the general anſwer may be given to the firſt queſtion, how far we ought to imitate Shakeſpear *and* Fletcher *in their Plots; namely that we ought to follow them ſo far only, as they have Copy'd the exellencies of thoſe who invented and brought to perfection Dramatic Poetry: thoſe things only excepted which Religion, cuſtoms of Countries, Idioms of Languages,* &c. *have alter'd in the Superſtructures, but not in the foundation of the deſign.*

How defective Shakeſpear *and* Fletcher *have been in all their Plots, Mr.* Rymer *has diſcover'd in his* Criticiſms: *neither can we, who follow them, be excus'd from the ſame or greater errors; which are the more unpardonable in us, becauſe we want their beauties to counterveil our faults. The beſt of their deſigns, the moſt approaching to Antiquity, and the moſt conducing to move pity, is the* King and no King; *which if the Farce of* Beſſus *were thrown away, is of that inferior ſort of Tragedies, which end with a proſperous event. 'Tis probably deriv'd from the ſtory of* OEdipus, *with the character of* Alexander the Great, *in his extravagancies, given to* Arbaces. *The taking of this Play, amongſt many others, I cannot wholy aſcribe to the excellency of the action: for I find it moving when it is read: 'tis true, the faults of the Plot are ſo evidently prov'd, that they can no longer be deny'd. The beauties of it muſt therefore lie either in the lively touches of the paſſions: or we muſt conclude, as I think we may, that even in imperfect Plots, there are leſs degrees of Nature, by which ſome faint emotions of pity and terror are rais'd in us: as a leſs Engine will raiſe a leſs proportion of weight, though not ſo much as one of* Archimedes *making; for nothing can move our nature, but by ſome natural reaſon, which works upon paſſions. And ſince we acknowledge the effect, there muſt be ſomething in the cauſe.*

The difference between Shakeſpear *and* Fletcher *in their Plotting ſeems to be this, that* Shakeſpear *generally moves more terror, and* Fletcher *more compaſſion: For the firſt had a more Maſculine, a bolder and more fiery Genius; the Second a more ſoft and Womaniſh. In the mechanic beauties of the Plot, which are the Obſervation of the three Unities, Time, Place, and Action, they are both deficient; but* Shakeſpear *moſt.* Ben. Johnſon *reform'd thoſe errors in his Comedies, yet one of* Shakeſpear's *was Regular before him: which is,* The Merry Wives of Windſor. *For what remains concerning the deſign, you are to be refer'd to our Engliſh Critic. That method which he has preſcrib'd to raiſe it from miſtake, or ignorance of the crime, is certainly the beſt though 'tis not the only: for amongſt all the Tragedies of of* Sophocles, *there is but one,* OEdipus, *which is wholy built after that model.*

After the Plot, which is the foundation of the Play, the next thing to which we ought to apply our Judgment is the manners, for now the Poet comes to work above ground: the ground-work indeed is that which is moſt neceſſary, as that upon which depends the firmneſs of the whole Fabric; yet it ſtrikes not the eye ſo much, as the beauties or imperfections of the manners, the thoughts and the expreſſions.

The firſt Rule which Boſſu, *preſcribes to the Writer of an Heroic Poem, and which holds too by the ſame reaſon in all Dramatic Poetry, is to make the* *moral of the work; that is, to lay down to your ſelf what that precept of morality ſhall be, which you would inſinuate into the people: as namely,* Homer's, *(which I have Copy'd in my* Conqueſt of Granada) *was, that Union preſerves a Commou-wealth, and diſcord deſtroys it.* Sophocles, *in his* Odipus, *that no man is to be accounted happy before his death. 'Tis the Moral that directs the whole action of the Play to one center; and that action or Fable, is the example built upon the moral, which confirms the truth of it to our experience: when the Fable is deſign'd, then and not before, the Perſons are to be introduc'd with their manners, characters and paſſions.*

The manners in a Poem, are underſtood to be theſe inclinations, whether natural or acquired, which move and carry us to actions: good, bad, or indifferent in a Play; or which incline the perſons to ſuch, or ſuch actions: I have anticipated part of this diſcourſe already, in declaring that a Poet ought not to make the manners perfectly good in his beſt perſons, but neither are they to be more wicked in any of his characters, than neceſſity requires. To produce a Villain, without other reaſon than a natural inclination to villany, is in Poetry to produce an effect without a cauſe: and to make him more a Villain than he has juſt reaſon to be, is to make an effect which is ſtronger than the cauſe.

The manners ariſe from many cauſes: and are either diſtinguiſh'd by complexion, as choleric and phlegmatic, or by the difference of Age or Sex, of Climates, or Quality of the perſons, or their preſent condition: they are likewiſe to be gather'd from the ſeveral Virtues, Vices, or Paſſions, and many other common-places, which a Poet muſt be ſuppos'd to have learn'd from natural Philoſophy, Ethics, and Hiſtory; of all which whoſoever is ignorant, does not deſerve the Name of Poet.

But as the manners are uſefull in this Art, they may be all compriſ'd under theſe general heads: Firſt, they muſt be apparent, that is in every character of the Play, ſome inclinations of the Perſon muſt appear: and theſe are ſhown in the actions and diſcourſe. Secondly, the manners muſt be ſuitable or agreeing to the Perſons; that is, to the Age, Sex, dignity, and the other general heads of Manners: thus when a Poet has given the Dignity of a King to one of his perſons, in all his actions and ſpeeches, that perſon muſt diſcover Majeſty, Magnanimity, and jealouſy of power; becauſe theſe are ſuitable to the general manners of a King. The third property of manners is reſemblance; and this is founded upon the particular characters of men, as we have them deliver'd to us by relation or Hiſtory: that is, when a Poet has the known character of this or that man before him, he is bound to repreſent him ſuch, at leaſt not contrary to that which Fame has reported him to have been: thus it is not a Poets choice to make Ulyſſes *choleric, or* Achilles *patient, becauſe* Homer *has deſcrib'd'm quite otherwiſe. Yet this is a Rock, on which ignorant Writers daily ſplit: and the abſurdity is as monſtrous, as if a Painter ſhould draw a Coward running from a Battel, and tell us it was the Picture of* Alexander the Great.

The laſt property of manners is, that they be conſtant, and equal, that is, maintain'd the ſame through the whole deſign: thus when Virgil *had once given the name of* Pious *to* Æneas, *he was bound to ſhow him ſuch, in all his* *words and actions through the whole Poem. All theſe properties* Horace *has hinted to a judicious obſerver.* 1. Notandi ſunt tibi mores, 2. aut famam ſequere, 3. aut ſibi convenientia finge. 4. Servetur ad imum, qualis ab incæpto proceſſerat, & ſibi conſtet.

From the manners, the Characters of perſons are deriv'd, for indeed the characters are no other than the inclinations, as they appear in the ſeveral perſons of the Poem. A character being thus defin'd, that which diſtinguiſhes one man from another. Not to repeat the ſame things over again which have been ſaid of the manners, I will only add what is neceſſary here. A character, or that which diſtinguiſhes one man from all others, cannot be ſuppos'd to conſiſt of one particular Virtue, or Vice, or paſſion only; but 'tis a compoſition of qualities which are not contrary to one another in the ſame perſon: thus the ſame man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous; ſo in a Comical character, or humor (which is an inclination to this, or that particular folly) Falſtaff *is a lyar, and a coward, a Glutton, and a Buffoon, becauſe all theſe qualities may agree in the ſame man; yet it is ſtill to be obſerv'd, that one virtue, vice, and paſſion, ought to be ſhown in every man, as predominant over all the reſt: as covetouſneſs in* Craſſus, *love of his Country in* Brutus; *and the ſame in characters which are feign'd.*

The chief character or Hero in a Tragedy, as I have already ſhown, ought in prudence to be ſuch a man, who has ſo much more in him of Virtue than of Vice, that he may be left amiable to the Audience, which otherwiſe cannot have any concernment for his ſufferings: and 'tis on this one character that the pity and terror muſt be principally, if not wholly founded. A Rule which is extreamly neceſſary, and which none of the Critics that I know have fully enough diſcover'd to us. For terror and compaſſion work but weakly, when they are divided into many perſons. If Creon *hath been the chief character in* OEdipus, *there had neither been terror nor compaſſion mov'd; but only deteſtation of the man, and joy for his puniſhment; if* Adraſtus *and* Euridice *had been made more appearing characters, then the pity had been divided, and leſſen'd on the part of* OEdipus: *but making* OEdipus *the beſt and braveſt perſon, and even* Jocaſta *but an underpart to him; his virtues and the puniſhment of his fatal crime, drew both the pity and the terror to himſelf.*

By what had been ſaid of the manners, it will be eaſy for a reaſonable man to judge, whether the characters be truly or falſely drawn in a Tragedy; for if there be no manners appearing in the characters, no concernment for the perſons can be rais'd: no pity or horror can be mov'd, but by vice or virtue, therefore without them, no perſon can have any buſineſs in the Play. If the inclinations be obſcure, 'tis a ſign the Poet is in the dark, and knows not what manner of man he preſents to you; and conſequently you can have no Idea, or very imperfect, of that man: nor can judge what reſolutions he ought to take; or what words or actions are proper for him: Moſt Comedies made up of accidents, or adventures, are liable to fall into this error: and Tragedies with many turns are ſubject to it: for the manners never can be evident where the ſurpriſes of Fortune take up all the buſineſs of the Stage; and where the Poet is *more in pain, to tell you what hapned to ſuch a man, than what he was. 'Tis one of the excellencies of* Shakeſpear, *that the manners of his perſons are generally apparent; and you ſee their bent and inclinations.* Fletcher *comes far ſhort of him in this, as indeed he does almoſt in every thing: there are but glimmerings of manners in moſt of his Comedies, which run upon adventures: and in his Tragedies,* Rollo, Otto, *the* King and No King, Melantius, *and many others of his beſt, are but Pictures ſhown you in the twi-light; you know not whether they reſemble vice, or virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the preſent Scene requires it. But of all Poets, this commendation is to be given to* Ben. Johnſon, *that the manners even of the moſt inconſiderable perſons in his Plays are every where apparent.*

By conſidering the Second qualitie of manners, which is that they be ſutable to the Age, Quality, Country, Dignity, &c. *of the character, we may likewiſe judge whether a Poet has follow'd Nature. In this kind* Sophocles *and* Euripides, *have more excell'd among the Greeks than* Æſchylus: *and* Terence, *more than* Plautus *among the Romans. Thus* Sophocles *gives to* OEdipus *the true qualities of a King, in both thoſe Plays which bear his Name: but in the latter which is the* OEdipus Colonœus, *he lets fall on purpoſe his Tragic Stile, his Hero ſpeaks not in the Arbitrary tone; but remembers in the ſoftneſs of his complaints, that he is an unfortunate blind Old-man, that he is baniſh'd from his Country, and perſecuted by his next Relations. The preſent French Poets are generally accus'd that whereſoever they lay the Scene, or in whatſoever Age, the manners of their Heroes are wholly French:* Racin's Bajazet *is bred at* Conſtantinople; *but his civilities are convey'd to him by ſome ſecret paſſage, from* Verſailles *into the* Seraglio. *But our* Shakeſpear, *having aſcrib'd to* Henry the Fourth *the character of a King, and of a Father, gives him the perfect manners of each Relation, when either he tranſacts with his Son, or with his Subjects.* Fletcher, *on the other ſide gives neither to* Arbaces, *nor to his King in the* Maids Tragedy, *the qualities which are ſutable to a Monarch: though he may be excus'd a little in the latter; for the King there is not uppermoſt in the character; 'tis the Lover of* Evadne, *who is King only, in a ſecond conſideration; and though he be unjuſt, and has other faults which ſhall be nameleſs, yet he is not the Hero of the Play: 'tis true we find him a lawful Prince, (though I never heard of any King that was in* Rhodes) *and therefore Mr.* Rymers *Criticiſm ſtands good; that he ſhould not be ſhown in ſo vicious a character.* Sophocles *has been more judicious in his* Antigona, *for though he repreſent in* Creon *a bloody Prince, yet he makes him not a lawful King, but an Uſurper, and* Antigona *her ſelf is the Heroin of the Tragedy: But when* Philaſter *wounds* Arethuſa *and the Boy; and* Perigot *his Miſtreſs, in the faithfull Shepherdeſs, both theſe are contrary to the character of Manhood: Nor is* Valentinian *manag'd much better, for though* Fletcher *has taken his Picture truly, and ſhown him as he was, an effeminate voluptuous man, yet he has forgotten that he was an Emperor, and has given him none of thoſe Royal marks, which ought to appear in a lawfull Succeſſor of the Throne. If it be enquir'd, what* Fletcher *ſhould have done on this occaſion; ought he not to have* *represented* Valentinian *as he was?* Boſſu *ſhall anſwer this queſtion for me, by an inſtance of the like nature:* Mauritius *the Greek Emperor, was a Prince far ſurpaſſing* Valentinian, *for he was endued with many Kingly virtues; he was Religious, Mercifull, and Valiant, but withall he was noted of extream covetouſneſs, a vice which is contrary to the character of a Hero, or a Prince: therefore ſays the Critic, that Emperor was no fit perſon to be repreſented in a Tragedy, unleſs his good qualities were only to be ſhown, and his covetouſneſs (which ſullyed them all) were ſlurr'd over by the artificer of the Poet. To return once more to* Shakeſpear; *no man ever drew ſo many characters, or generally diſtinguiſhed 'em better from one another, excepting only* Jonſon: *I will inſtance but in one, to ſhow the copiouſneſs of his Invention, 'tis that of* Calyban, *or the Monſter in the* Tempeſt. *He ſeems there to have created a perſon which was not in Nature, a boldneſs which at firſt ſight would appear intolerable: for he makes him a Species of himſelf, begotten by an* Incubus *on a Witch; but this as I have elſewhere prov'd, is not wholy beyond the bounds of credibility, at leaſt the vulgar ſtill believe it. We have the ſeparated notions of a ſpirit, and of a Witch; (and Spirits according to* Plato, *are veſted with a ſubtil body; according to ſome of his followers, have different Sexes) therefore as from the diſtinct apprehenſions of a Horſe, and of a Man, Imagination has form'd a* Centaur, *ſo from theſe of an* Incubus *and a* Sorcereſs, Shakeſpear *has produc'd his Monſter. Whether or no his Generation can be defended, I leave to Philoſophy; but of this I am certain, that the Poet has moſt judiciouſly furniſh'd him with a perſon, a Language, and a character, which will ſuit him, both by Fathers and Mothers ſide: he has all the diſcontents, and malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; beſides a convenient proportion of the deadly ſins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Luſt, are manifeſt; the dejectedneſs of a ſlave is likewiſe given him, and the ignorance of one bred up in a Deſart Iſland. His perſon is monſtrous, as he is the product of unnatural Luſt; and his language is as hobgoblin as his perſon: in all things he is diſtinguiſh'd from other mortals. The characters of* Fletcher *are poor and narrow, in compariſon of* Shakeſpears; *I remember not one which is not borrowed from him; unleſs you will except that ſtrange mixture of a man in the* King and no King: *So that in this part* Shakeſpear *is generally worth our Imitation; and to imitate* Fletcher *is but to Copy after him who was a Copyer.*

Under this general head of Manners, the paſſions are naturally included, as belonging to the Characters. I ſpeak not of pity and of terror, which are to be mov'd in the Audience by the Plot; but of Anger, Hatred, Love, Ambition, Jealouſy, Revenge, &c. *as they are ſhown in this or that perſon of the Play. To deſcribe theſe naturally, and to move them artfully, is one of the greateſt commendations which can be given to a Poet: to write pathetically, ſays* Longinus, *cannot proceed but from a lofty* Genius. *A Poet muſt be born with this quality; yet unleſs he help himſelf by an acquir'd knowledg of the Paſſions, what they are in their own nature, and by what ſprings they are to be mov'd, he will be ſubject either to raiſe them where they ought not to be rais'd, or not to raiſe them by the juſt degrees of Nature, or to amplify them beyond the natural* bounds, or not to obſerve the criſis and turns of them, in their cooling and decay; all which errors proceed from want of Judgment in the Poet, and from being unskill'd in the Principles of Moral Philoſophy. Nothing is more frequent in a Fanciful Writer, than to foil himſelf by not managing his ſtrength: therefore as in a Wreſtler, there is firſt requir'd ſome meaſure of force, a well-knit body, and active Limbs, without which all inſtruction would be vain; yet, theſe being granted, if he want the skill which is neceſſary to a Wreſtler, he ſhall make but ſmall advantage of his natural robuſtuouſneſs: So in a Poet, his inborn vehemence and force of ſpirit, will only run him out of breath the ſooner, if it be not ſupported by the help of Art. The roar of paſſion indeed may pleaſe an Audience, three parts of which are ignorant enough to think all is moving which is noiſe, and it may ſtretch the lungs of an ambitious Actor, who will dye upon the ſpot for a thundring clap; but it will move no other paſſion than indignation and contempt from judicious men. Longinus, whom I have hitherto follow'd, continues thus: If the paſſions be Artfully employ'd, the diſcourſe becomes vehement and lofty; if otherwiſe, there is nothing more ridiculous than a great paſſion out of ſeaſon: And to this purpoſe he animadverts ſeverely upon Æſchylus, who writ nothing in cold blood, but was always in a rapture, and in fury with his Audience: the Inſpiration was ſtill upon him, he was ever tearing it upon the Tripos; or (to run off as madly as he does, from one ſimilitude to another) he was always at high flood of Paſſion, even in the dead Ebb, and loweſt Water-mark of the Scene. He who would raiſe the paſſion of a judicious Audience, ſays a Learned Critic, muſt be ſure to take his hearers along with him; if they be in a Calm, 'tis in vain for him to be in a huff: he muſt move them by degrees, and kindle with 'em; otherwiſe he will be in danger of ſetting his own heap of Stuble on a fire, and of burning out by himſelf without warming the company that ſtand about him. They who would juſtify the madneſs of Poetry from the Authority of Ariſtotle, have miſtaken the text, and conſequently the Interpretation: I imagine it to be falſe read, where he ſays of Poetry, that it is Εὐφυοῦς ἢ μανικοῦ, that it had always ſomewhat in it either of a genius, or of a madman. 'Tis more probable that the Original ran thus, that Poetry was Εὐφυοῦς οὐ μανικοῦ, That it belongs to a Witty man, but not to a madman. Thus then the Paſſions, as they are conſider'd ſimply and in themſelves, ſuffer violence when they are perpetually maintain'd at the ſame height; for what melody can be made on that Inſtrument, all whoſe ſtrings are ſcrew'd up at firſt to their utmoſt ſtretch, and to the ſame ſound? But this is not the worſt; for the Characters likewiſe bear a part in the general calamity, if you conſider the Paſſions as embody'd in them: for it follows of neceſſity, that no man can be diſtinguiſh'd from another by his diſcourſe, when every man is ranting, ſwaggering, and exclaiming with the ſame exceſs: as if it were the only buſineſs of all the Characters to contend with each other for the prize at Billingſgate; or that the Scene of the Tragedy lay in Bet'lem. Suppoſe the Poet ſhould intend this man to be Cholerick, and that man to be patient; yet when they are confounded in the Writing, you cannot diſtinguiſh them from one another: for the man who was call'd patient and tame, is only ſo before he ſpeaks; but let his clack be ſet a going, and he ſhall tongue it as *impetuouſly, and as loudly as the erranteſt Hero in the Play. By this means, the characters are only diſtinct in name; but in reality, all the men and women in the Play are the ſame perſon. No man ſhould pretend to write, who cannot temper his fancy with his Judgment: nothing is more dangerous to a raw horſe-man, than a hot-mouth'd Jade without a curb.*

'Tis neceſſary therefore for a Poet, who would concern an Audience by deſcribing of a Paſſion, firſt to prepare it, and not to ruſh upon it all at once. Ovid *has judiciouſly ſhown the difference of theſe two ways, in the ſpeeches of* Ajax *and* Ulyſſes: Ajax *from the very beginning breaks out into his exclamations, and is ſwearing by his Maker.*——Agimus proh Jupiter inquit. Ulyſſes *on the contrary, prepares his Audience with all the ſubmiſſiveneſs he can practice, and all the calmneſs of a reaſonable man; he found his Judges in a tranquillity of ſpirit, and therefore ſet out leaſurely and ſoftly with 'em, till he had warmed 'em by degrees; and then he began to mend his pace, and to draw them along with his own impetuouſneſs: yet ſo managing his breath, that it might not fail him at his need, and reſerving his utmoſt proofs of ability even to the laſt. The ſucceſs you ſee was anſwerable; for the croud only applauded the ſpeech of* Ajax;——

Vulgique ſecutum ultima murmur erat:——

But the Judges awarded the prize for which they contended to Ulyſſes.

Mota manus Procerum eſt, & quid facundia poſſit
Tum patuit, fortiſque viri arma Diſertus.

The next neceſſary rule is to put nothing into the diſcourſe which may hinder your moving of the paſſions. Too many accidents as I have ſaid, incumber the Poet, as much as the Arms of Saul *did* David; *for the variety of paſſions which they produce, are ever croſſing and juſtling each other out of the way. He who treats of joy and grief together, is in a fair way of cauſing neither of thoſe effects. There is yet another obſtacle to be remov'd, which is pointed Wit, and Sentences affected out of ſeaſon; theſe are nothing of kin to the violence of paſſion: no man is at leiſure to make ſentences and ſimiles, when his ſoul is in an Agony. I the rather name this fault, that it may ſerve to mind me of my former errors; neither will I ſpare my ſelf, but give an example of this kind from my Indian Emperor.* Montezuma, *purſu'd by his enemies, and ſeeking Sanctuary, ſtands parlying without the Fort, and deſcribing his danger to* Cydaria, *in a ſimile of ſix lines;*

As on the ſands the frighted Traveller
Sees the high Seas come rowling from afar, &c.

My Indian Potentate was well skill'd in the Sea for an Inland Prince, and well improv'd ſince the firſt Act, when he ſent his ſon to diſcover it. The Image had not been amiſs from another man, at another time: Sed nunc non erat hiſce locus: *he deſtroy'd the concernment which the Audience might otherwiſe have had for him; for they could not think the danger near, when he had the leiſure to invent a Simile.*

If Shakeſpear *be allow'd, as I think he muſt, to have made his Characters diſtinct, it will eaſily be infer'd that he underſtood the nature of the Paſſions: becauſe it has been prov'd already, that confus'd paſſions make undiſtingui-*

ſible Characters: yet I cannot deny that he has his failings; but they are not ſo much in the paſſions themſelves, as in his manner of expreſſion: he often obſcures his meaning by his words, and ſometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not ſay of ſo great a Poet, that he diſtinguiſh'd not the blown puffy ſtile, from true ſublimity; but I may venture to maintain that the fury of his fancy often tranſported him, beyond the bounds of Judgment, either in coyning of new words and phraſes, or racking words which were in uſe, into the violence of a Catachreſis: 'Tis not that I would explode the uſe of Metaphors from paſſions, for Longinus *thinks 'em neceſſary to raiſe it; but to uſe 'em at every word, to ſay nothing without a Metaphor, a Simile, an Image, or deſcription, is I doubt to ſmell a little too ſtrongly of the Buskin. I muſt be forc'd to give an example of expreſſing paſſion figuratively; but that I may do it with reſpect to* Shakeſpear, *it ſhall not be taken from any thing of his: 'tis an exclamation againſt Fortune, quoted in his* Hamlet, *but written by ſome other Poet.*

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune; all you Gods.
In general Synod, take away her Power,
Break all the ſpokes and fallys from her Wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the hill of Heav'n
As low as to the Fiends.

And immediately after, ſpeaking of Hecuba, *when* Priam *was kill'd before her eyes:*

The mobbled Queen ran up and down,
Threatning the flame with biſſon rheum: a clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood; and for a Robe
About her lank and all o're-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd
'Gainſt Fortune's ſtate would Treaſon have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her Husband's Limbs,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made
(Unleſs things mortal meant them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of Heav'n,
And paſſion in the Gods.

What a pudder is here kept in raiſing the expreſſion of trifling thoughts. Would not a man have thought that the Poet had been bound Prentice to a Wheel-right, for his firſt Rant? and had follow'd a Ragman, for the clout and blanket, in the ſecond? Fortune is painted on a wheel; and therefore the Writer in a rage, will have Poetical Juſtice done upon every member of *that Engin: after this execution, he bowls the Nave downhill, from Heaven, to the Fiends: (an unreaſonable long mark, a man would think;) 'tis well there are no ſolid Orbs to ſtop it in the way, or no Element of fire to conſume it: but when it came to the earth, it muſt be monſtrous heavy to break ground as low as to the Center. His making milch the burning eyes of Heaven, was a pretty tollerable flight too; and I think no man ever drew milk out of eyes before him: yet to make the wonder greater, theſe eyes were burning. Such a ſight indeed were enough to have raiſed paſſion in the Gods, but to excuſe the effects of it, he tells you perhaps they did not ſee it. Wiſe men would be glad to find a little ſence couch'd under all thoſe pompous words; for Bombaſt is commonly the delight of that Audience, which loves Poetry, but underſtands it not: and as commonly has been the practice of thoſe Writers, who not being able to infuſe a natural paſſion into the mind, have made it their buſineſs to ply the ears, and to ſtun their Judges by the noiſe. But* Shakeſpear *does not often thus; for the paſſions in his Scene between* Brutus *and* Caſſius *are extreamly natural, the thoughts are ſuch as ariſe from the matter, and the expreſſion of 'em not viciouſly figurative. I cannot leave this Subject before I do juſtice to that Divine Poet, by giving you one of his paſſionate deſcriptions: 'tis of* Richard *the Second when he was depos'd, and led in Triumph through the Streets of* London *by* Henry *of* Bullingbrook: *the painting of it is ſo lively, and the words ſo moving, that I have ſcarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language. Suppoſe you have ſeen already the fortunate Uſurper paſſing through the croud, and follow'd by the ſhouts and acclamations of the people; and now behold King* Richard *entring upon the Scene: conſider the wretchedneſs of his condition, and his carriage in it; and refrain from pity if you can.*

As in a Theatre, the eyes of men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowl on *Richard:* no man cry'd God ſave him:
No joyful tongue gave him his welcom home,
But duſt was thrown upon his Sacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles
(The badges of his grief and patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſm it ſelf have pitty'd him.

To ſpeak juſtly of this whole matter; 'tis neither height of thought that is diſcommended, nor pathetic vehemence, nor any nobleneſs of expreſſion in its proper place; but 'tis a falſe meaſure of all theſe, ſomthing which is like 'em, and is not them: 'tis the Briſtol-ſtone, *which appears like a Diamond; 'tis an extravagant thought, inſtead of a ſublime one; 'tis roaring madneſs in-*

ſtead of vehemence; and a ſound of words, inſtead of ſence. If Shakeſpear *were ſtript of all the Bombaſt in his paſſions, and dreſs'd in the moſt vulgar words, we ſhould find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would ſtill be ſilver at the bottom of the melting-pot: but I fear (at leaſt, let me fear it for my ſelf) that we who Ape his ſounding words, have nothing of his thought, but are all out-ſide; there is not ſo much as a dwarf within our Giants cloaths. Therefore, let not* Shakeſpear *ſuffer for our ſakes; 'tis our fault, who ſucceed him in an Age which is more refin'd, if we imitate him ſo ill, that we coppy his failings only, and make a virtue of that in our Writings, which in his was an imperfection.*

For what remains, the excellency of that Poet was, as I have ſaid, in the more manly paſſions; Fletcher's *in the ſofter:* Shakeſpear *writ better betwixt man and man;* Fletcher, *betwixt man and woman: conſequently, the one deſcrib'd friendſhip better; the other love: yet* Shakeſpear *taught* Fletcher *to write love; and* Juliet, *and* Deſdemona, *are Originals. 'Tis true, the Scholar had the ſofter ſoul; but the Maſter had the kinder. Friendſhip is both a virtue, and a Paſſion eſſentially; love is a paſſion only in its nature, and is not a virtue but by Accident: good nature makes Friendſhip; but effeminacy Love.* Shakeſpear *had an Univerſal mind, which comprehended all Characters and Paſſions;* Fletcher *a more confin'd, and limited: for though he treated love in perfection, yet Honor, Ambition, Revenge, and generally all the ſtronger Paſſions, he either touch'd not, or not Maſterly. To conclude all; he was a Limb of* Shakeſpear.

I had intended to have proceeded to the laſt property of manners, which is, that they muſt be conſtant; and the characters maintain'd the ſame from the begining to the end; and from thence to have proceeded to the thoughts. and expreſſions ſutable to a Tragedy: but I will firſt ſee how this will reliſh with the Age. 'Tis I confeſs but curſorily written; yet the Judgment which is given here, is generally founded upon Experience: But becauſe many men are ſhock'd at the name of Rules, as if they were a kind of Magiſterial preſcription upon Poets, I will conclude with the words of Rapin, in his reflections on Ariſtotles *work of Poetry: If the Rules be well conſider'd, we ſhall find them to be made only to reduce Nature into Method, to trace her ſtep by ſtep, and not to ſuffer the leaſt mark of her to eſcape us: 'tis only by theſe, that probability in Fiction is maintain'd, which is the Soul of Poetry: they are founded upon good Sence, and Sound Reaſon, rather than on Authority; for though* Ariſtotle *and* Horace *are produc'd, yet no man muſt argue, that what they write is true, becauſe they writ it; but 'tis evident, by the ridiculous miſtakes and groſs abſurdities, which have been made by thoſe Poets who have taken their Fancy only for their guide, that if this Fancy be not regulated, 'tis a meer caprice, and utterly incapable to produce a reaſonable and judicious Poem.*

To

To Mr. *Dryden* on his Play, Called,

Truth Found too Late.

AND will our Maſter Poet then admit
A young beginner in the Trade of Wit,
To bring a plain and ruſtick Muſe to wait,
On His in all her glorious Pomp and ſtate?
Can an unknown unheard of private Name,
Add any Luſtre to ſo bright a Fame?
No! ſooner Planets to the Sun may give
That Light which they themſelves from him derive.
Nor could my ſickly fancy entertain,
A thought ſo fooliſh, or a pride ſo vain.
But as when Kings through Crowds in Triumph go,
The meaneſt Wretch that gazes at the ſhow,
Though to that Pomp his voice can add no more,
Than when we Drops into the Ocean pour,
Has leave his Tongue in praiſes to employ:
(Th' accepted Language of officious joy:)
So I, in loud applauſes may reveal
To you, great King of Verſe, my Loyal Zeal,
May tell with what Majeſtic grace and miene
Your *Muſe* diſplays her ſelf in every Scene;
In what rich robes ſhe has fair *Creſſid* dreſt,
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breſt.
How when thoſe fading eyes her aid implor'd
She all their ſparkling Luſtre has reſtor'd,
Added more charms, freſh Beautys on 'em ſhed
And to new Youth recall'd the Lovely maid.
How nobly ſhe the Royal Brothers draws;
How great their quarrel and how great their cauſe:

How juſtly raiſed! and by what juſt degrees,
In a ſweet calm does the rough tempeſt ceaſe!
Envy not now *the God-like Romans rage,*
Hector and *Troilus* darlings of our Age
Shall hand in hand with *Brutus* tread the ſtage.

Shakeſpear 'tis true this tale of *Troy* firſt told,
But, as with *Ennius Virgil* did of old,
You found it Dirt but you have made it Gold.
A dark and undigeſted heap it lay,
Like *Chaos* ere the dawn of Infant day,
But you did firſt the cheerful Light diſplay.
Confus'd it was as *Epicurus* World
Of *Atoms* by blind chance together hurl'd,
But you have made ſuch Order through it ſhine
As loudly ſpeaks the Workmanſhip divine.

Boaſt then O *Troy!* and triumph in thy flames
That make thee ſung by three ſuch mighty names.
Had *Ilium* ſtood, *Homer* had ne'r been read,
Nor the ſweet *Mantuan* Swan his Wings diſplay'd,
Nor Thou the third, but equal in renown
Thy matchleſs ſkill in this great ſubject ſhown:
Not *Priams* ſelf, nor all the *Trojan* State
Was worth the ſaving at ſo dear a rate.
But they now flouriſh by you mighty three
In Verſe more laſting than their Walls could be.
Which never, never ſhall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they;
Never, till our great *Charles* being ſung by You,
Old *Troy* ſhall grow leſs famous than the new.

R. Duke

The Prologue ſpoken by Mr. *Betterton*,
Repreſenting the Ghoſt of *Shakeſpear*.

SEE *my lov'd* Britons, *ſee your* Shakeſpeare *riſe*,
An awfull ghoſt confeſs'd to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, diſtinguiſh'd I had been
From other ſhades, by this eternal green,
About whoſe wreaths the vulgar Poets ſtrive,
And with a touch, their wither'd Bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd in a barbarous Age,
I found not but created firſt the Stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek *or* Latin *ſtore,*
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more.
On foreign trade I needed not rely
Like fruitfull Britan, *rich without ſupply.*
In this my rough-drawn Play, you ſhall behold
Some Maſter-ſtrokes, ſo manly and ſo bold
That he, who meant to alter, found 'em ſuch
He ſhook; and thought it Sacrilege to touch.
Now where are the Succeſſors to my name?
What bring they to fill out a Poets fame?
Weak, ſhort-liv'd iſſues of a feeble Age;
Scarce living to be Chriſten'd on the Stage!
For Humor farce, for love they rhyme diſpence,
That tolls the knell for their departed ſence.
Dulneſs might thrive in any trade but this:
'T wou'd recommend to ſome fat Benefice.
Dulneſs, that in a Playhouſe meets diſgrace
Might meet with Reverence, in its proper place.
The fulſome clench that nauſeats the Town
Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down!
Such virtue is there in a Robe and gown!
And that inſipid ſtuff which here you hate
Might ſomewhere elſe be call'd a grave debate:
Dulneſs is decent in the Church and State.
But I forget that ſtill 'tis underſtood
Bad Plays are beſt decry'd by ſhowing good:
Sit ſilent then, that my pleas'd Soul may ſee
A Judging Audience once, and worthy me:
My faithfull Scene from true Records ſhall tell
How Trojan *valour did the* Greek *excell;*
Your great forefathers ſhall their fame regain,
And Homers *angry Ghoſt repine in vain.*

Perſons Repreſented,

By

Hector.	Mr. *Smith.*
Troilus.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Priam.	Mr. *Percivall.*
Æneas.	Mr. *Joſeph Williams.*
Pandarus.	Mr. *Leigh.*
Calchas.	Mr. *Percivall.*
Agamemnon.	Mr. *Gillo*
Ulyſſes.	Mr. *Harris.*
Achilles.	Mr. *David Williams.*
Ajax.	Mr. *Bright.*
Neſtor.	Mr. *Norris.*
Diomedes.	Mr. *Crosby.*
Patroclus.	Mr. *Boman.*
Menelaus.	Mr. *Richards.*
Therſites.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Creſſida.	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Andromache.	Mrs. *Betterton.*

TRUTH found too late.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor.

Agam. PRinces, it ſeems not ſtrange to us nor new,
That after Nine Years Siege *Troy* makes defence,
Since every Action of Recorded Fame
Has with long difficulties been involv'd,
Not Anſwering that Idea of the thought
Which gave it Birth, why then you Grecian Chiefs,
With ſickly Eyes do you behold our labours,
And think 'em our diſhonour, which indeed
Are the protractive Tryals of the Gods,
To prove heroic Conſtancy in Men?
Neſtor. With due obſervance of thy Soveraign Seat
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply,
Thy well-weigh'd words: In ſtrugling with miſfortunes,
Lyes the true proof of Virtue: on ſmooth Seas,
How many bawble Boats dare ſet their Sails,
And make an equal way with firmer Veſſels!
But let the Tempeſt once inrage that *Sea*,
And then behold the ſtrong rib'd *Argoſie*,
Bounding between the Ocean and the Air
Like *Perſeus* mounted on his *Pegaſus*.
Then where are thoſe weak Rivals of the Maine?

Or to avoid the Tempeſt fled to Port,
Or made a Prey to *Neptune*: even thus
Do empty ſhow, and true-priz'd worth divide
In ſtorms of Fortune.
Ulyſſes. Mighty *Agamemnon*!
Heart of our Body, Soul of our deſigns,
In whom the tempers, and the minds of all
Shou'd be incloſ'd: hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Agam.——You have free leave.
Ulyſſes. Troy had been down ere this, and *Hectors* Sword
Wanted a Maſter but for our diſorders:
The obſervance due to rule has been neglected;
Obſerve how many *Grecians* Tents ſtand void
Upon this plain; ſo many hollow factions:
For when the General is not like the Hive
To whom the Foragers ſhould all repair,
What Hony can our empty Combs expect?
O when Supremacy of Kings is ſhaken,
What can ſucceed? How cou'd communities
Or peacefull traffick from divided ſhores,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrells,
But by degree ſtand on their ſolid baſe?
Then every thing reſolves to brutal force
And headlong force is led by hoodwink'd will,
For wild Ambition, like a ravenous Woolf,
Spurd on by will and ſeconded by power,
Muſt make an univerſal prey of all,
And laſt devour it ſelf.
Neſt. Moſt prudently *Ulyſſes* has diſcover'd
The malady whereof our ſtate is ſick.
Diom. 'Tis truth he ſpeaks, the General's diſdain'd,
By him one ſtep beneath, he by the next:
That next by him below: So each degree
Spurns upward at Superiour eminence:
Thus our diſtempers are their ſole ſupport;
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.
Agam, The Nature of this ſickneſs found, inform us
From whence it draws its birth?
Ulyſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crowns,
The chief of all our Hoſt—
Having his ears buzz'd with his noiſy Fame,
Diſdains thy Sovereign charge, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſigns, with him *Patroclus*
Upon a lazy Bed, breeks ſcurril Jeſts
And with ridiculous and awkard action,

Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls
Mimicks the Grecian chiefs.

Agam. As how *Ulyſſes*?

Ulyſſes. Ev'n thee the King of men he do's not ſpare
(The monkey Author) but thy greatneſs Pageants
And makes of it Rehearſals: like a Player
Bellowing his Paſſion till he break the ſpring,
And his rack'd Voice jar to his Audience;
So repreſents he Thee, though more unlike
Than *Vulcan* is to *Venus*.
And at this fulſom ſtuff, this wit of Apes,
The large *Achilles* on his preſt Bed lolling,
From his deep Cheſt roars out a loud Applauſe,
Tickling his ſpleen, and laughing till he wheeze.

Neſtor: Nor are you ſpar'd *Ulyſſes*, but as you ſpeak in Council
He hems ere he begins, then ſtrokes his Beard,
Caſts down his looks, and winks with half an Eye;
'Has every action, cadence, motion, tone,
All of you but the ſence.

Agam. Fortune was merry.
When he was born, and plaid a trick on Nature
To make a mimick Prince: he ne're acts ill
But when he would ſeem wiſe:
For all he ſays or do's from ſerious thought
Appears ſo wretched, that he mocks his title
And is his own Buffoon.

Ulyſſes. In imitation of this ſcurril fool
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd as broad *Achilles*,
He keeps a Table too, makes Factious Feaſts,
Rails on our State of War, and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlanderous ſlave of an ore-flowing gall)
To level us with low Compariſons:
They tax our Policy with Cowardiſe,
Count Wiſdom of no moment in the War,
In brief, eſteem no Act, but that of hand;
The ſtill and thoughtful parts which move thoſe hands,
With them are but the tasks cut out by fear
To be perform'd by Valour.

Agam. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Is more of uſe than he: but you grave pair
Like time and wiſdom marching hand in hand,
Muſt Put a ſtop to theſe incroaching ills:
To you we leave the care:
You who cou'd ſhow whence the diſtemper ſprings
Muſt vindicate the Dignity of Kings. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus.

Troil. Why ſhould I fight without the Trojan Walls;
Who, without fighting, am ore'thrown within:
The Trojan who is Maſter of a Soul
Let him to battel, *Troilus* has none.

Pand. Will this never be at an end with you?

Troil. The Greeks are ſtrong, and skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſs wary;
But I am weaker than a Womans tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than Ignorance;
And Artleſs as unpractic'd infancy.

Pand. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part I'll not meddle nor make any further in your Love: He that will eat of the Roaſtmeat, muſt ſtay for the kindling of the fire.

Troil. Have I not ſtay'd?

Pand, I, the kindling; but you muſt ſtay the ſpitting of the meat.

Troil. Have I not ſtay'd?

Pand. I, the ſpitting; but there's two words to a bargain, you muſt ſtay the roaſting too.

Troil. Still have I ſtay'd, and ſtill the farther off.

Pand. That's but the roaſting, but there's more in this word ſtay; there's the taking off the Spit, the making of the Sawce, the Diſhing, the ſetting on the Table, and the ſaying Grace; nay you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your chaps.

Troil. At *Priams* table penſive do I ſit,
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts
(Can ſhe be ſaid to come, who ne'r was abſent?)

Pand. Well, ſhe's a moſt raviſhing creature; and ſhe look'd Yeſterday moſt killingly, ſhe had ſuch a ſtroke with her eyes, ſhe cut to the quick with every glance of 'em.

Troil. I was about to tell thee, when my heart
Was ready with a ſigh to cleave in two
Leſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceive me,
I have with mighty anguiſh of my Soul
Juſt at the Birth ſtifled this ſtill-born-ſigh,
And forc'd my face into a painful ſmile.

Pand. I meaſur'd her with my girdle Yeſterday, ſhe's not half a yard about the waſte, but ſo taper a ſhape did I never ſee, but when I had her in my arms, Lord thought I, and by my troth I could not forbear ſighing, if Prince *Troilus* had her at this advantage, and I were holding

of the door —. And ſhe were a thought taller, but as ſhe is, ſhe wants not an inch of *Hellen* neither; but there's no more compariſon between the Women — there was wit, there was a ſweet tongue: How her words melted in her mouth! *Mercury* wou'd have been glad to have had ſuch a tongue in his mouth I warrant him.
I wou'd ſome body had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did.

Troil. Oh *Pandarus*, when I tell thee I am mad
In *Creſſid's* Love, thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is fair;
Praiſeſt her eyes, her ſtature and her wit;
But praiſing thus, inſtead of oyl and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every wound her Love has giv'n me,
The Sword that made it.

Pand. I give her but her due.

Troil. Thou give'ſt her not ſo much.

Pand. Faith I'le ſpeak no more of her, let her be as ſhe is:
If ſhe be a beauty 'tis the better for her, and ſhe be not
She has the mends in her own hands for *Pandarus*.

Troil. In ſpight of me thou wilt miſtake my meaning.

Pand. I have had but my labour for my pains,
Ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you:
Gone between and between, and am ground in the Millſtones
For my Labour.

Troil. What art thou angry *Pandarus* with thy friend?

Pand. Becauſe ſhe's my Niece, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Hellen*; and ſhe were not my Niece, ſhew me ſuch another piece of Womans fleſh; take her limb by limb, I ſay no more, but if *Paris* had ſeen her firſt, *Menelaus* had been no Cuckold: but what care I if ſhe were a Black-moore, what am I the better for her face.

Troil. Said I ſhe was not beautiful?

Pand. I care not if you did, ſhe's a fool to ſtay behind her Father *Calchas*, let her go to the Greeks; and ſo I'le tell her: for my part I am reſolute, I'le meddle no more in your affairs.

Troil. But hear me!

Pand. Not I.

Troil. Dear *Pandarus* ———

Pand. Pray ſpeak no more on't, I'le not burn my fingers in another bodys buſineſs, I'l leave it as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Troil. O Gods, how do you torture me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by him,
And he's as peeviſh to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is to be won.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas. How now, Prince *Troilus*, why not in the battel?

Troil. Becauſe not there, this Womans anſwer ſuites me;

For Womanniſh it is to be from thence:
What news *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æn. Paris is hurt.

Troil By whom?

Æn. By *Menelaus.* Hark what good ſport [*Alarum within.*
Is out of Town to day, when I hear ſuch Muſick
I cannot hold from dancing.

Troil. I'le make one,
And try to loſe an anxious thought or two
In heat of action.
[*Aſide*] Thus Coward-like from love to War I run,
Seek the leſs dangers, and the greater ſhun. [*Exit* Troil.

Enter Creſſida.

Creſſid. My Lord *Æneas*, who were thoſe went by? I mean the Ladys!

Æn: Queen *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Creſſi. and whither go they?

Æn. Up the Weſtern Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject, all the vale;
To ſee the battle, *Hector* whoſe patience
Is fix'd like that of Heaven, to day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtroke his Armourer,
And as there were good Husbandry in War,
Before the Sun was up he went to field,
Your pardon Lady that's my buſineſs too. [*Exit* Æneas.

Creſſi. Hectors a gallant Wariour.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. What's that, what's that?

Creſſi. Good morrow Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pand. Good morrow Couſin *Creſſida*: when were you at Court?

Creſſi. This morning Uncle!

Pand. What were you a talking when I came? was *Hector* arm'd, and gone ere ye came? *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Creſſi. That I was talking of; and of his anger!

Pand. Was he angry ſay you? true, he was ſo, and I know the cauſe: He was ſtruck down yeſterday in the battel, but he'll lay about him; he'll cry quittance with 'em to day I'le anſwer for him: and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let 'em take heed of *Troilus*, I can tell 'em that too.

Creſſi. What was he ſtruck down too?

Pand. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Creſſi. Oh *Jupiter!* There's no compariſon, *Troilus* the better man!

Pand. What, no compariſon between *Hector* and *Troilus*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Creſſi. No, for he may look like a man, and not be one.

Pand. Well, I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus.*

Creſſi. That's what I ſay, for I am ſure he is not *Hector.*

Pand. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus,* make your beſt of that Neece!

Creſſi. 'Tis true, for each of 'em is himſelf.

Pand. Himſelf! alas poor *Troilus*! I wou'd he were himſelf, well the Gods are all ſufficient, and time muſt mend or end: I wou'd he were himſelf, and wou'd I were a Lady for his ſake. I would not anſwer for my Maidenhead,——No, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus.*

Creſſi. Excuſe me.

Pand. Pardon me: *Troilus* is in the bud, 'tis early day with him, you ſhall tell me another tale when *Troilus* is come to bearing: and yet he'll not bear neither in ſome ſence. No, *Hector* ſhall never have his virtues.

Creſſi. No matter.

Pand. Nor his beauty, nor his faſhion, nor his wit, he ſhall have nothing of him.

Creſſi. They would not become him, his own are better.

Pand. How, his own better! you have no judgment Neece, *Hellen* her ſelf ſwore t'other day, that *Troilus* for a manly brown complexion, (for ſo it is, I muſt confeſs;) not brown neither.

Creſſi. No, but very brown.

Pand. Faith to ſay truth, brown and not brown: come I ſwear to you, I think *Hellen* loves him better than *Paris.* Nay I'm ſure ſhe does; ſhe comes me to him t'other day, into the bow window, and you know *Trolius* has not above three or four hairs on his chin.

Creſſi. That's but a bare commendation.

Pand. But to prove to you that *Hellen* loves him, ſhe comes, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin!

Creſſi. Has he been fighting then? how came it cloven?

Pand. Why, you know it is dimpled. I cannot chooſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his cloven chin: She has a marvellons white hand I muſt needs confeſs.
But let that paſs, for I know who has a whiter:
'Well Couſin I told you a thing yeſterday, think on't, think on't.

Creſſi. So I do Uncle.

Pand. I'le be ſworn 'tis true; he will weep ye, and 'twere a man born in *April.* [*A Retreat ſounded.*
Hark, they are returning from the field; ſhall we ſtay and ſee 'em as they come by, ſweet Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida.*

Creſſi. For once you ſhall command me.

Pand. Here, here, here's an excellent place; we may ſee 'em here moſt bravely, and I'le tell you all their names as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt, mark *Troilus*, he's worth your marking.

Æneas *paſſes over the Stage.*

Creſſi. Speak not ſo loud then.

Pand. That's *Æneas*, is't not a brave man that? he's a Swinger, many a *Grecian* he has laid with his face upward; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Enter Anthenor *paſſing.*

That's *Anthenor*, he has a notable head-piece I can tell you, and he's the ableſt man for judgment in all *Troy*; you may turn him looſe i'faith, and by my troth a proper perſon: When comes *Troilus*? I'le ſhow you *Troilus* anon, if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Hector *paſſes over.*

That's *Hector*, that, that, look you that, there's a fellow! go thy way *Hector*, there's a brave man Neece: O brave *Hector*, look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man Neece?

Creſſi. I always told you ſo.

Pand. Is a not? it does a mans heart good to look on him; look you, look you there, what hacks are on his Helmet! this was no boys play i'faith, he laid it on with a vengeance, take it off who will as they ſay, there are hacks Neece!

Creſſi. Where thoſe with Swords?

Pand. Swords, or Bucklers, Faulchions, Darts, and Lances! any thing he cares not! and the devil come 'tis all one to him, by *Jupiter* he looks ſo terribly that I am half afraid to praiſe him.

Enter Paris.

Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, look ye yonder Neece; is't not a brave young Prince too? He draws the beſt bow in all *Troy*, he hits you to a ſpan twelve ſcore level; who ſaid he came home hurt to day? why this will do *Hellens* heart good now! Ha! that I cou'd ſee *Troilus* now!

Enter Helenus.

Creſſi. Who's that black man Uncle?

Pand. That's *Helenus*, I marvel where *Troilus* is all this while? that's *Helenus*, I think *Troilus* went not forth to day; that's *Helenus*.

Creſſi. Can *Helenus* fight Uncle?

Pand. Helenus! No, yes, he'll fight indifferently well, I marvel in my heart what's become of *Troilus*? Hark! do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Prieſt and keeps a whore; he'll fight for's whore, or he's no true Prieſt I warrant him.

Enter Troilus *paſſing over.*

Creſſi. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Pand. Where, yonder! that's *Deiphobus*: No I lye, I lye, that's *Troilus*, there's a man Neece! hem! O brave *Troilus!* the Prince of chivalry, and flower of fidelity!

Creſſi. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Nay but mark him then! O brave *Troilus*! there's a man of men Neece! look you how his Sword is bloody, and his Helmet more hack'd then *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he nere ſaw two and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way! had I a ſiſter were a Grace, and a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhou'd take his choice of 'em. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change, wou'd give all the ſhooes in her ſhop to boot.

Enter Common Souldiers paſſing over.

Creſſi. Here come more.

Pand. Aſſes, fools, dolts, dirt and dung, ſtuff and lumber: porredg after meat? but I cou'd live and dye with *Troilus*. Nere look Neece, nere look, the Lyons are gone; Apes and Monkeys, the fag end of the creation. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, then *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Creſſi. There's *Achilles* among the Greeks, he's a brave man!

Pand. *Achilles*! a Carman, a beaſt of burthen; a very Camel, have you any eyes Neece, do you know a man? is he to be compar'd with *Troilus*?

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, my Lord *Troilus* wou'd inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pand. Where boy, where?

Page. At his own houſe, if you think convenient.

Pand. Good boy tell him I come inſtantly, I doubt he's wounded, farewell good Neece! But I'le be with you by and by.

Creſſi. To bring me Uncle!

Pand. I, a token from Prince *Troilus*.

Creſſi. By the ſame token you are a procuror Uncle. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Creſſida *alone.*

A ſtrange diſſembling Sex we Women are,
Well may we Men, when we our ſelves deceive.
Long has my ſecret Soul lov'd *Troilus*.
I drunk his praiſes from my Uncles mouth,
As if my ears cou'd nere be ſatiſfi'd,
Why then, why ſaid I not, I love this Prince?
How cou'd my tongue conſpire againſt my heart,
To ſay I lov'd him not, O childiſh love!
'Tis like an Infant, froward in his play,
And what he moſt deſires, he throws away. [*Exit* Creſſida.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I. *Troy.*

Priam, Hector, Troilus, Æneas.

Priam. After th' expence of ſo much time and blood,
Thus once again the Grecians ſend to *Troy*,
Deliver *Hellen*, and all other loſs
Shall be forgotten *Hector*, what ſay you to't?
Hect. Though no man leſs can fear the Greeks than I,
Yet there's no Virgin of more tender heart
More ready to cry out, who knows the conſequence,
Than *Hector* is; for modeſt doubt is mix'd
With manly courage beſt, let *Hellen* go.
If we have loſt ſo many lives of ours
To keep a thing not ours; not worth to us
The value of man, what reaſon is there
Still to retain the cauſe of ſo much ill?
Troil. Fy, fy, my noble Brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King,
So great as *Aſia's* Monarch, in a ſcale
Of common ounces thus?
Are fears and reaſons fit to be conſider'd,
When a Kings fame is queſtion'd?
Hect. Brother, ſhe's not worth
What her defence has coſt us.
Troil. What's ought, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in opinion only:
It holds the dignity and eſtimation,
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the prizer, 'tis Idolatry
To make the Service greater than the God.
Troil. We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant
When we have worn 'em: the remaining food
Throw not away becauſe we now are full.
If you confeſs 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
As you muſt needs; for you all cry'd go, go,
If you'll confeſs he brought home noble prize,
As you muſt needs, for you all clapt your hands,
And cry'd ineſtimable: why do you now
So under-rate the value of your purchaſe?
For let me tell you, 'tis unmanly theft
When we have taken what we fear to keep!
Æne. There's not the meaneſt Spirit in our party

Without a heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Hellen* is defended : none ſo noble
Whoſe life were ill beſtowed, or death unfam'd,
When *Hellen* is the Subject.

Priam. So ſays *Paris*,
Like one beſotted on effeminate joys,
He has the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall.

Æneas. He not propoſes meerly to himſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it ;
But he would have the ſtain of *Hellen's* rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.

Hect. *Troilus* and *Æneas* you have ſaid ;
If ſaying ſuperficial things be reaſon.
But if this *Hellen* be anothers wife,
The Moral laws of Nature and of Nations
Speak loud ſhe be reſtor'd : thus to Perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more ſo : *Hectors* opinion
Is this, in way of truth ; yet ne'rtheleſs
My ſprightly Brother I encline to you
In reſolution to defend her ſtill ;
For 'tis a cauſe on which our *Trojan* honour,
And common reputation will depend.

Troil. Why there you touch'd the life of our deſign :
Were it not glory that we covet more
Than war and vengeance (beaſts and womens pleaſure)
I wou'd not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence ; But oh my Brother,
She is a ſubject of renown and honour,
And I preſume brave *Hector* wou'd not loſe
The rich advantage of his future fame
For the wide worlds revenue : —— I have buſineſs ;
But glad I am to leave you thus reſolv'd:
When ſuch arms ſtrike, near doubt of the ſucceſs.

Æneas. May we not gueſs ?

Troil. You may, and be deceiv'd. [*Exit* Troil.

Hect. A woman on my life : ev'n ſo it happens,
Religion, ſtate affairs, whate'rs the theme
It ends in women ſtill.

Enter Andromache.

Priam. See here's your wife
To make that maxim good.

Hect. Welcome *Andromache* : your looks are cheerfull;
You bring ſome pleaſing news.

Andro. Nothing that's ſerious.
Your little Son *Aſtyanax* has employ'd me
As his Ambaſſadreſs.

Hect. Upon what Errand?

Andro. No leſs than that his Grandfather this day
Would make him Knight: he longs to kill a *Grecian*:
For ſhou'd he ſtay to be a Man, he thinks
You'll kill 'em all; and leave no work for him.

Priam. Your own blood, *Hector*.

Andro. And therefore he deſigns to ſend a challenge
To *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, or *Achilles*.
To prove they do not well to burn our fields;
And keep us coop'd like priſners in a Town:
To lead this lazy life.

Hect. What ſparks of honour
Fly from this child! the God's ſpeak in him ſure:
——It ſhall be ſo——I'le do't.

Priam. What means my Son?

Hect. To ſend a challenge to the boldeſt *Greek*;
Is not that Countrey ours? thoſe fruitful Fields
Waſh'd by yon Silver Flood, are they not ours?
Thoſe teeming Vines that tempt our longing eyes,
Shall we behold e'm? ſhall we call e'm ours
And dare not make e'm ſo? by Heavens I'le know
Which of theſe haughty *Grecians*, dares to think
He can keep *Hector* priſner here in *Troy*.

Priam. If *Hector* only were a private Man,
This wou'd be courage, but in him 'tis madneſs.
The general ſafety on your life depends;
And ſhou'd you periſh in this raſh attempt,
Troy with a groan, would feel her Soul go out:
And breath her laſt in you.

Æneas. The task you undertake is hazardous:
Suppoſe you win, what wou'd the profit be?
If *Ajax* or *Achilles* fell beneath
Your thundring Arm, wou'd all the reſt depart?
Wou'd *Agamemnon*, or his injur'd Brother
Set ſail for this? then it were worth your danger:
But, as it is, we throw our utmoſt ſtake
Againſt whole heaps of theirs.

Priam. He tells you true.

Æneas. Suppoſe one, *Ajax*, or *Achilles* loſt.
They can repair with more that ſingle loſs:
Troy has but one, one *Hector*.

Hect. No, *Æneas*.

What then art thou; and what is *Troilus*?
What will *Aſtyanax* be?
Priam. An *Hector* one day,
But you muſt let him live to be a *Hector*.
And who ſhall make him ſuch when you are gone?
Who ſhall inſtruct his tenderneſs in arms,
Or give his childhood leſſons of the war?
Who ſhall defend the promiſe of his youth
And make it bear in Manhood? the young Sappling
Is ſhrowded long beneath the Mother tree
Before it be tranſplanted from its Earth,
And truſt it ſelf for growth.
Hect. Alas, my Father!
You have not drawn one reaſon from your ſelf,
But publick ſafety, and my Sons green years:
In this neglecting that main argument,
Truſt me, you chide my filial piety:
As if I cou'd be won from my reſolves
By *Troy*, or by my Son, or any name
More dear to me than yours.
Priam. I did not name my ſelf, becauſe I know
When thou art gone, I need no *Grecian* Sword,
To help me die, but only *Hectors* loſs.
Daughter, why ſpeak not you? why ſtand you ſilent?
Have you no right in *Hector*, as a wife?
Andro. I would be worthy to be *Hectors* wife:
And had I been a Man, as my Soul's one,
I had aſpir'd a nobler name, his friend.
How I love *Hector*, (need I ſay I love him?)
I am not but in him:
But when I ſee him arming for his Honour,
His Country and his Gods, that martial fire
That mounts his courage, kindles ev'n to me:
And when the Trojan Matrons wait him out
With pray'rs, and meet with bleſſings his return;
The pride of Virtue, beats within my breaſt,
To wipe away the ſweat and duſt of War:
And dreſs my Heroe, glorious in his wounds.
Hect. Come to my Arms, thou manlier Virtue come; [*Embrace.*
Thou better Name than Wife! wou'dſt thou not bluſh
To hug a coward thus?
Priam. Yet ſtill I fear!
Andro. There ſpoke a woman, pardon Royal Sir;
Has he not met a thouſand lifted Swords,
Of thick rank'd *Grecians*, and ſhall one affright him?

There's not a day but he encounters Armies,
And yet as ſafe, as if the broad brim'd Shield
That *Pallas* wears, were held 'twixt him and death.

Hect. Thou know'ſt me well; and thou ſhalt praiſe me more;
Gods make me worthy of thee!

Andro. You ſhall be
My Knight this day, you ſhall not wear a cauſe
So black as *Hellens* rape upon your breaſt,
Let *Paris* fight for *Hellen*, guilt for guilt;
But when you fight for Honor and for me,
Then let our equal Gods behold an Act,
They may not bluſh to Crown.

Hect. *Æneas* go,
And bear my Challenge to the Grecian Camp,
If there be one amongſt the beſt of *Greeks*,
Who holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
Who knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
Who loves his Miſtreſs more than in confeſſion:
And dares avow her beauty and her worth,
In other Arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
I have a Lady of more truth and beauty,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to morrow, with the Trumpets call,
Mid-way, between their Tents and theſe our Walls,
Maintain what I have ſaid, if any come
My Sword ſhall honor him, if none ſhall dare,
Then ſhall I ſay at my return to *Troy*,
The Grecian dames, are Sun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance.

Æneas. It ſhall be told 'em,
As boldly as you gave it.

Priam. Heav'n protect thee. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus, Creſſida.

Pand. YOnder he ſtands poor wretch! there ſtands he, with ſuch a look, and ſuch a face, and ſuch begging eyes; there he ſtands poor priſoner.

Creſſi. What a deluge of words do you pour out Uncle, to ſay juſt nothing?

Pand. Nothing do you call it, is that nothing, do you call it nothing? why he looks for all the World, like one of your raſcally Malefactors, juſt thrown off the Gibbet, with his cap down, his arms ty'd down, his feet ſprunting, his body ſwinging, nothing do you call it? this is nothing with a vengeance.

Creſſi. Or, what think you of a hurt bird, that flutters about with a broken wing?

Pand. Why go to then, he cannot fly away then, then that's certain, that's undoubted: there he lies to be taken up: but if you had ſeen him, when I ſaid to him, take a good heart man, and follow me, and fear no colours, and ſpeak your mind man: ſhe can never ſtand you: ſhe will fall, and 'twere a leaf in Autumn.

Creſ. Did you tell him all this without my conſent?

Pand. Why you did conſent, your eyes conſented; they blabb'd, they leer'd, their very corners blabb'd. But you'll ſay your tongue ſaid nothing. No I warrant it: your tongue was wiſer; your tongue was better bred: your tongue kept its own counſell: Nay I'le ſay that for you, your tongue ſaid nothing. Well ſuch a ſhamefac'd couple did I never ſee days o' my life: ſo fraid of one another, ſuch ado to bring you to the buſineſs: well if this job were well over, if ever I loſe my pains again with an awkard couple, let me be painted in the ſign-poſt for the *Labour in vain*: fye upon't fye upon't; there's no conſcience in't: all honeſt people will cry ſhame on't.

Creſ. Where is this Monſter to be ſhown? what's to be given for a ſight of him?

Pand. Why ready money, ready money; you carry it about you: give and take is ſqare-dealing; for in my conſcience he's as errant a maid as you are: I was fain to uſe violence to him, to pull him hither: and he pull'd: and I pull'd: for you muſt know he's abſolutely the ſtrongeſt youth in *Troy*: t'other day he took *Hellen* in one hand, and *Paris* in t'other, and danc'd 'em at one another at arms-end, and 'twere two Moppets: there was a back, there were bone and Sinews: there was a back for you.

Creſſi. For theſe good procuring Offices you'l be damn'd one day Uncle.

Pand. Who I damn'd? faith I doubt I ſhall: by my troth I think I ſhall, nay if a man be damn'd for doing good as thou ſai'ſt, it may go hard with me.

Creſſi. Then I'le not ſee Prince *Troilus*, I'le not be acceſſary to your damnation.

Pand. How, not ſee Prince *Troilus*? why I have engag'd, I have promis'd, I have paſt my word, I care not for damning, let me alone for damning; I value not damning in compariſon with my word. If I am damn'd it ſhall be a good damning to thee girl, thou ſhalt be my heir, come 'tis a virtuous girl, thou ſhalt help me to keep my word, thou ſhalt ſee Prince *Troilus*.

Creſſi. The venture's great.

Pand. No venture in the World, thy Mother ventur'd it for thee, and thou ſhalt venture it for my little Couſin that muſt be.

Creſſi. Weigh but my fears, Prince *Troilus* is young.——

Pand. Marry is he, there's no fear in that I hope, the fear were, if he were old and feeble.

Creſſi. And I a woman!

Pand. No fear yet, thou art a Woman, and he's a Man, put them two together, put 'em together.

Creſſi. And if I ſhou'd be frail.——

Pand. There's all my fear that thou art not frail: thou ſhou'dſt be frail, all fleſh is frail.

Creſſi. Are you my Uncle, and can give this counſel to your own Brothers daughter.

Pand. If thou wert my own daughter a thouſand times over; I cou'd do no better for thee, what wou'dſt thou have girl, he's a Prince, and a young Prince, and a loving young Prince! an Uncle doſt thou call me, by *Cupid* I am a father to thee; get thee in, get thee in girl, I hear him coming. And do you hear Niece! I give you leave [*Exit Creſſida.* to deny a little, 'twill be decent: but take heed of obſtinacy, that's a vice; no obſtinacy my dear Niece.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Now *Pandarus.*

Pand. Now, my ſweet Prince! have you ſeen my Niece? no I know you have not.

Troilus. No *Pandarus*, I ſtalk about your doors,
Like a ſtrange Soul upon the ſtygian banks
Staying for waſtage: O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me a ſwift tranſportance to *Elyſium*,
And fly with me to *Creſſida*.

Pand. Walk here a moment more: I'le bring her ſtraight.

Troil. I fear ſhe will not come: moſt ſure ſhe will not.

Pand. How, not come, and I her Uncle! why I tell you Prince, ſhe twitters at you. Ah poor ſweet Rogue, ah little Rogue, now does ſhe think, and think, and think again of what muſt be betwixt you two. Oh ſweet,—oh ſweet—O——what not come, and I her Uncle?

Troil. Still thou flatter'ſt me; but prithee flatter ſtill, for I wou'd hope; I wou'd not wake out of my pleaſing dream: oh hope how ſweet thou art! but to hope always, and have no effect of what we hope!

Pand. Oh faint heart, faint heart! well there's much good matter in theſe old proverbs! No, ſhe'll not come I warrant her; ſhe has no

bloud

blood of mine in her, not ſo much as will fill a flea: but if ſhe does not come, and come, and come with a ſwing into your arms, I ſay no more, but ſhe has renounc'd all grace, and there's an end.

Troil. I will believe thee: go then, but be ſure:

Pand. No, you wou'd not have me go; you are indifferent: ſhall I go ſay you: ſpeak the word then: — yet I care not: you may ſtand in your own light, and loſe a ſweet young Ladies heart: well, I ſhall not go then!

Troil. Fly, fly, thou tortur'ſt me.

Pand. Do I ſo, do I ſo! do I torture you indeed! well, I will go.

Troil. But yet thou doſt not go.

Pand. I go immediately, directly, in a twinkling, with a thought; yet you think a man never does enough for you: I have been labouring in your buſineſs like any Moyle. I was with Prince *Paris* this morning, to make your excuſe at night for not ſupping at Court: and I found him, faith how do you think I found him; it does my heart good to think how I found him: yet you think a man never does enough for you.

Troil. Will you go then, what's this to *Creſſida*?

Pand. Why, you will not hear a Man; what's this to *Creſſida*? why I found him abed, abed with *Hellena* by my troth: 'tis a ſweet Queen, a ſweet Queen, a very ſweet Queen; —— but ſhe's nothing to my Couſin *Creſſida*; ſhe's a blowſe, a gipſie, a Tawney-moor to my Couſin *Creſſida*: And ſhe lay with one white arm underneath the whoreſons neck: oh ſuch a white, lilly white, round plump arm it was —— and you muſt know it was ſtript up to th'elbows: and ſhe did ſo kiſs him, and ſo huggle him: —— as who ſhou'd ſay ——

Troil. But ſtill thou ſtay'ſt: what's this to *Creſſida*?

Pand. Why I made your excuſe to your Brother *Paris*; that I think's to *Creſſida*; but ſuch an arm, ſuch a hand, ſuch taper fingers, t'other hand was under the bedcloaths, that I ſaw not, I confeſs, that hand I ſaw not.

Troil. Agaid thou tortureſh me.

Pand Nay I was tortur'd too; old as I am, I was tortur'd too: but for all that, I cou'd make a ſhift, to make him, to make your excuſe, to make your father; —— by *Jove* when I think of that hand, I am ſo raviſh'd, that I know not what I ſay: I was tortur'd too.

[Troilus *turns away diſcontented.*

Well, I go, I go; I fetch her, I bring her, I conduct her; not come quoth a, and I her Uncle! *Exit Pandarus.*

Troilus. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round:
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe: what will it be
When I ſhall taſte that Nectar?
It muſt be either death, or joy too fine

For the capacity of humane powers.
I fear it much: and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As does a battel, when they charge on heaps
A flying Enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pand. She's making her ready: ſhe'l come ſtreight, you muſt be witty now; ſhe does ſo bluſh, and fetches her breath ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were frighted with a ſpright: 'tis the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort, as 'twere a new ta'ne Sparrow.

Troil. Juſt ſuch a paſſion, does heave up my breaſt:
My heart beats thicker than a feaveriſh pulſe:
I know not where I am, nor what I do;
Juſt like a ſlave, at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty: —— Lead on, I'l follow.

Exeunt together.

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Neſtor, Ulyſſes.

Ulyſſ. I have conceiv'd an embryo in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't, *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſſ. The ſeeded pride,
That has to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like ill,
To overtop us all.

Neſt. That's my opinion.

Ulyſſ. This challenge which *Æneas* brings from *Hector*,
However it be ſpred in general terms,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.
And will it wake him to the anſwer think you?

Neſt. It ought to do: whom can we elſe oppoſe?
Who cou'd from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? the Succeſs of this
Although particular, will give an Omen
Of good or bad, ev'n to the general cauſe.

Ulyſſ. Pardon me *Neſtor*, if I contradict you.
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us like Merchants ſhow our fouleſt wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell: but if they do not,
The luſtre of our better, yet unſhown,
Will ſhow the better; let us not conſent,

Our greateſt warriour ſhou'd be match'd with *Hector*,
For both our honour and our ſhame in this,
Shall be attended with ſtrange followers.
Neſt. I ſee 'em not with my old eyes; what are they?
Ulyſſ. What glory our *Achilles* gains from *Hector*,
Were he not proud we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent:
And we had better parch in *Affrick* Sun
Than in his pride, ſhou'd he ſcape *Hector* fair.
But grant he ſhou'd be foil'd;
Why then our common reputation ſuffers,
In that of our beſt Man: No, make a Lottery;
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The chance to fight with *Hector*: among our ſelves
Give him allowance as the braver Man;
For that will Phyſick the great Myrmidon,
Who ſwells with loud applauſe; and make him fall
His Creſt, if brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off.
If not, we yet preſerve a fair opinion,
That we have better men.
Neſt. Now I begin to reliſh thy advice:
Come, let us go to *Agamemnon* ſtraight,
T'inform him of our project.
Ulyſſ. 'Tis not ripe.
The skilful Surgeon will not lance a ſore
Till Nature has digeſted and prepar'd
The growing humours to her healing purpoſe:
Elſe muſt he often grieve the Patient's ſenſe,
When one inciſion once well-tim'd wou'd ſerve:
Are not *Achilles* and dull *Ajax* friends?
Neſt. As much as fools can be.
Ulyſſ. That knot of friendſhip firſt muſt be unty'd
'Ere we can reach our ends; for while they love each other,
Both hating us, will draw too ſtrong a Byaſs,
And all the Camp will lean that way they draw:
For brutal courage is the Soldiers Idol:
So, if one prove contemptuous, back'd by t'other,
'Twill give the law to cool and ſober ſence,
And place the power of War in Mad-mens hands.
Neſt. Now I conceive you; were they once divided,
And one of them made ours, that one would check
The others towring growth: and keep both low,
As Inſtruments, and not as Lords of War:
And this muſt be by ſecret coals of envy,
Blown in their Breſt: compariſons of worth;

Great actions weigh'd of each: and each the beſt,
As we ſhall give him voice.
Ulyſſ. Here comes *Therſites*.

Enter Therſites.

Who feeds on *Ajax*, yet loves him not, becauſe he cannot love.
But as a *Species*, differing from mankind,
Hates all he ſees, and rails at all he knows;
But hates them moſt, from whom he moſt receives,
Diſdaining that his lot ſhou'd be ſo low,
That he ſhou'd want the kindneſs which he takes.
Neſt. There's none ſo fit an Engine: Save ye *Therſites*.
Ulyſſ. Hail noble *Grecian*, thou relief of toils,
Soul of our mirth, and joy of ſullen war;
In whoſe converſe our winter-nights are ſhort,
And ſummer-days not tedious.
Therſ. Hang you both.
Neſt. How! hang us both!
Therſ. But hang thee firſt, thou very reverend fool!
Thou ſapleſs Oak, that liv'ſt by wanting thought,
And now in thy three hundreth year repin'ſt
Thou ſhould'ſt be fell'd: hanging's a civil death,
The death of men: thou canſt not hang; thy trunk
Is only fit for gallows to hang others.
Neſt. A fine greeting.
Therſ. A fine old Dotard, to repine at hanging
At ſuch an Age! what ſaw the Gods in thee
That a Cock-Sparrow ſhou'd but live three years,
And thou ſhou'dſt laſt three Ages? he's thy better;
He uſes life; he treads himſelf to death.
Thou haſt forgot thy uſe ſome hundred years,
Thou ſtump of Man, thou worn-out broom, thou lumber.
Neſt. I'l hear no more of him, his Poyſon works;
What, curſe me for my age!
Ulyſſ. Hold, you miſtake him *Neſtor*, 'tis his cuſtom;
What malice is there in a mirthful Scene?
'Tis but a keen-edg'd Sword, ſpread o'r with balm,
To heal the wound it makes.
Therſ. Thou beg'ſt a curſe!
May'ſt thou quit ſcores then, and be hang'd on *Neſtor*,
Who hangs on thee; thou lead'ſt him by the noſe,
Thou play'ſt him like a puppet, ſpeak'ſt within him,
And when thou haſt contriv'd ſome dark deſign
To looſe a thouſand *Greeks*, make dogs meat of us,
Thou lay'ſt thy Cuckows egg within his neſt,

And mak'ſt him hatch it; teacheſt his remembrance
To lye; and ſay, the like of it was practis'd
Two hundred years ago; thou bring'ſt the brain,
And he brings only beard to vouch thy plots.
Neſt. I'm no mans fool.
Therſ. Then be thy own, that's worſe.
Neſt. He'll rail all day.
Ulyſſ. Then we ſhall learn all day.
Who forms the body to a graceful carriage
Muſt imitate our awkard motions firſt;
The ſame preſcription does the wiſe *Therſites*
Apply to mend our minds. The ſame he uſes
To *Ajax*, to *Achilles*, to the reſt;
His Satyrs are the phyſick of the Camp.
Therſ. Wou'd they were poyſon to't, Rats-bane and Hemlock,
Nothing elſe can mend you; and thoſe two brawny fools.
Ulyſſ. He hits 'em right;
Are they not ſuch my *Neſtor*?
Therſ. Dolt-heads, Aſſes,
And beaſts of burthen; *Ajax* and *Achilles*——
The pillars! no, the porters of the war.
Hard-headed Rogues! Engines, meer wooden Engines,
Puſh'd on to do your work.
Neſt. They are indeed.
Therſ. But what a Rogue art thou
To ſay they are indeed: Heaven made 'em horſes,
And thou put'ſt on their harneſs, rid'ſt and ſpur'ſt em;
Uſurp'ſt upon heav'ns fools, and mak'ſt 'em thine.
Neſt. No: they are headſtrong fools, to be corrected
By none but by *Therſites*: thou alone
Canſt tame, and train 'em to their proper uſe;
And doing this may'ſt claim a juſt reward
From *Greece*, and Royal *Agamemnons* hands.
Therſ. Ay, when you need a man, you talk of giving;
For wit's a dear commodity among you;
But when you do not want him, then ſtale porridge,
A ſtarv'd dog wou'd not lap; and furrow water
Is all the wine we taſte, give drabs and pimps:
I'l have no gifts with hooks at end of 'em.
Ulyſſ. Is this a Man, O *Neſtor* to be bought?
Aſia's not price enough! bid the World for him.
And ſhall this man, this *Hermes*, this *Apollo*,
Sit lagg of *Ajax* table? almoſt minſtrell,
And with his preſence grace a brainleſs feaſt?
Why they con ſence from him, grow wits by rote,

And yet, by ill repeating, libell him ;
Making his wit their nonſenſe : nay they ſcorn him ;
Call him bought rayler, mercenary tongue !
Play him for ſport at meals, and kick him off.

Thers. Yes they can kick ; my buttocks feel they can :
They have their Aſſes tricks : but I'le eat pebbles,
Ile ſtarve ; 'tis brave to ſtarve, 'tis like a Soldier ;
Before I'le feed thoſe wit-ſtarv'd rogues with ſence.
They ſhall eat dry, and choak for want of wit,
Ere they be moiſten'd with one drop of mine.
Ajax, and *Achilles*, two mudd-walls of fool,
That only differ in degrees of thickneſſe.

Ulyſs. I'de be reveng'd of both, when wine fumes high,
Set e'm to prate, to boaſt their brutall ſtrength,
To vye their ſtupid courage, till they quarrell
And play at hard-head with their empty Skulls.

Thers. Yes ; they ſhall butt and kick ; and all the while
I'le think they kick for me : they ſhall fell timber
On both ſides ; and then log-wood will be cheap.

Neſt. And *Agamemnon*——

Thers. Pox of *Agamemnon* ;
Cannot I do a miſchief for my ſelf
But he muſt thank me for't ?

Ulyß. to *Neſtor*.

Away ; our work is done,

Exeunt Ulyſſes, Neſtor.

Thers. This *Agamemnon* is a King of Clouts :
A chip in porredge.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Therſites* !

Thers. Set up to frighen Daws from Cherry trees.

Ajax. Dogg !

Thers. A ſtandard to march under !

Ajax. Thou bitch-woolf ! canſt thou not hear ? feel then.

Strikes him.

Thers. The plague of *Greece*, and *Hellens* Pox light on thee,
Thou mungrill maſtiffe ; thou beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, thou mouldy leaven of the Camp.
Speak or Ile beat the into handſomneſs.

Thers. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit : thou canſt kick, canſt thou ?
A red murrayn on thy Jades tricks !

Ajax. Tell me the Proclamation :

Thers. Thou art proclaim'd a fool I think.

Ajax. You whorſon Curr take that. [*Strikes him*.

Thers. Thou Scurvy valiant Aſs.

Ajax. Thou ſlave.

Thers. Thou Lord! ——I, do, do,——won'd my buttocks were Iron for thy ſake.

Enter Achilles. Patroclus.

Achill. Why how now *Ajax!* wherefore do you this?
How now *Therſites*, what's the matter man!

Thers. I ſay this *Ajax* wears his wit in's belly, and his guts in's brains.

Achill. Peace fool.

Thers. I would have peace; but the fool will not.

Prtrocl. But what's the quarrell?

Ajax. I bad him tell me the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Thers. I ſerve thee not:

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue!

Thers. 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much ſence as thou afterwards: I'll ſee you hang'd ere I come any more to your Tent: I'll keep where there's wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools.—— [*going.*

Achill. Nay, thou ſhalt not go *Therſites*, till we have ſquees'd the venom out of thee: prithee inform us of this Proclamation.

Thers. Why you empty fuz-balls, your heads are full of nothing elſe but Proclamations

Ajax. Tell us the news I ſay.

Thers. You ſay! why you never ſaid any thing in all your life! But ſince you will know, 'tis proclaim'd through the Army, that *Hector* is to cudgell you to morrow.

Achilles. How cudgell him, *Therſites*!

Therſ. Nay you may take a childs part on't if you have ſo much courage, for *Hector* has challeng'd the tougheſt of the *Greeks*: and 'tis in diſpute which of your two heads is the ſoundeſt timber.
A knotty piece of work he'll have betwixt your noddles,

Achil. If *Hector* be to fight with any *Greek*,
He knows his Man.

Ajax. Yes; he may know his man, without Art *Magick*.

Therſ. So he had need: for to my certain knowledge neither of you two are conjurers to inform him.

Achill. to *Ajax.* You do not mean your ſelf, ſure.

Ajax. I mean nothing

Thers. Thou mean'ſt ſo always.

Achill. Until I mean nothing!

Thers, *aſide.* *Jove* if it be thy will, let theſe tho fools quarrell about nothing: 'tis a cauſe that's worthy of 'em.

Ajax. You ſaid he knew his Man: is there but one?
One Man amongſt the *Greeks*!

Achill. Since you will have it,
but one to fight with *Hector*.

Ajax. Then I am he;

Achill. Weak *Ajax*.

Ajax. Weak *Achilles*.

Thers. Weak indeed: God help you both!

Patroc. Come, this muſt be no quarrell.

Thers. There's no cauſe for't.

Patroc. He tells you true; you are both equall

Thers. Fools.

Achill. I can brook no compariſons.

Ajax. Nor I.

Achill. Well *Ajax*.

Ajax. Well *Achilles*.

Thers. So now they quarrell in *Monoſyllables*: A word and a blow, and 't be thy will.

Achill. You may hear more.

Ajax. I wou'd.

Achill. Expect,

Ajax. Farewell. *Exeunt ſeverally*.

Therſ. Curſe on them, they want wine: your true fool will never fight without it. Or a drab, a drab: Oh for a commodious Drabb betwixt 'em! wou'd *Hellen* had been here! then it had come to ſomething.
Dogs, Lions, Bulls, for Females tear and gore:
And the Beſt Man, is valiant for his whore. *Exit Therſites*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Therſites.

Therſ. SHall the Idiot *Ajax* uſe me thus! he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! wou'd I cou'd beat him and he rail'd at me! Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer: if *Troy* be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves: Now the Plague on the whole Camp, or rather the Pox: for that's a curſe dependent on thoſe that fight as we do for a Cuckolds queen.--- What ho, my Lord *Achilles*.

Enter Patroclus.

Patroc. Who's there, *Therſites*? Good *Therſites* come in and rail.

Thers. aſide. If I cou'd have remembred an Aſs with gilt trappings, thou hadſt not ſlip'd out of my contemplation. But 'tis no mater; thy ſelf upon thy ſelf, the common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance be thine in great abundance: Heavens bleſs thee from a Tutor; and diſcipline come not near thee.
I have ſaid my prayers; and the devil Envy ſay Amen.
Where's *Achilles*?

Enter **Achilles.**

Who's there, *Therſites?* why my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thy ſelf to my table, ſo many meals? come begin, what's *Agamemnon*?

Thers. Thy Commander, *Achilles*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patro. Thy Benefactor *Therſites*; then tell me prithee what's thy ſelf?

Thers. Thy knower, *Patroclus*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patroc. Thou mayſt tell that know'ſt.

Achill. O, tell, tell. This muſt be very fooliſh: and I dye to have my ſpleen tickled.

Thers. I'le decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Benefactor, I am *Patroclus* knower; and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patroc. You Raſcal.

Achill. He's a priviledg'd man, proceed *Therſites*. Ha! ha! ha! prithee proceed while I am in the vein of laughing.

Therſit. And all theſe foreſaid men are fools: *Agamemnon's* a fool to offer to command *Achilles*: *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded by him, I am a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patroc. Why am I a fool?

Therſi. Make that demand to Heaven, it ſuffices me thou art one.

Achill. Ha, ha, ha! O give me ribs of ſteel, or I ſhall ſplit with pleaſure: now play me *Neſtor* at a Night alarm: Mimick him rarely, make him cough and ſpet, and fumble with his gorget, and ſhake the rivet with his palſey hand; in and out, in and out, gad that's exceeding fooliſh.

Patroc. *Neſtor* ſhall not ſcape ſo, he has told us what we are; come what's *Neſtor*?

Therſi. Why he's an old wooden top, ſet up by father Time three hundred years ago, that hums to *Agamemnon* and *Ulyſſes*, and ſleeps to all the world beſides.

Achill. So let him ſleep for I'le no more of him: O my *Patroclus*, I but force a ſmile, *Ajax* has drawn the lot, and all the praiſe of *Hector* muſt be his.

Therſi. I hope to ſee his praiſe upon his ſhoulders, in blows and bruiſes, his arms, thighs, and body, all full of fame; ſuch fame as he gave me, and a wide hole at laſt full in his boſome, to let in day upon him, and diſcover the inſide of a fool.

Patroc. How he ſtruts in expectation of honour! he knows not what he does.

Therſi. Nay that's no wonder, for he never did.

Achill. Prithee ſay how he behaves himſelf?

Therſi. O you would be learning to practice, againſt ſuch another time. —— Why he toſſes up his head as he had built Caſtles i'th ayr; and he treads upward to 'em, ſtalks into th'Element, he ſurveys himſelf, as'twere to look for *Ajax*: he wou'd be cry'd, for he has loſt himſelf, nay he knows no body; I ſaid good morrow *Ajax*, and he replyed thanks *Agamemnon*.

Achill. Thou ſhalt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites*.

Therſi. No, I'l put on his perſon, let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, and ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achill. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax* to invite the Noble *Hector* to my Tent; and to procure ſafe conduct for him from our Captain General *Agamemnon*.

Patroc. *Jove* bleſs the mighty *Ajax*!

Therſi. Humh!

Patroc. I come from the great *Achilles*.

Therſi. Ha!

Patroc. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Therſi. Humh!

Patroc. And to procure him ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Therſi. *Agamemnon*?

Patroc. I, my Lord.

Therſi. Ha!

Patroc. What ſay you to't?

Therſi. Farewell with all my heart.

Patroc. Your anſwer Sir!

Therſi. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or t'other, however he ſhall buy me dearly, fare you well with all my heart.

Achill. Why, but he is not in this tune is he?

Therſi. No, but he's thus out of tune, what Muſick will be in him when *Hector* has knocked out his brains I know not, nor I care not, but if emptineſs makes noiſe, his head will make melody.

Achill. My mind is troubled like a Fountain ſtir'd:
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom on't.

Therſi. Wou'd the Fountain of his mind were clear; that he might ſee an Aſs in't. [*Aſide.*] I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomedes, Menelaus.

Patroc. Look, who comes here.

Achill. *Patroclus*, I'le ſpeak with no body, come in after me *Therſites*.

Agam. Where's *Achilles*? [*Exeunt* Achill. Therſites.

Patro. Within, but ill diſpos'd my Lord.

Menel. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

Patroc. I ſhall ſay ſo to him. [*Exit* Patroclus.

Diom. I know he is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, Lyon ſick, ſick of a proud heart, you may call it melancholy if you'll humor him: but on my honour 'tis no more than pride: and why ſhou'd he be proud?

Menel. Here comes *Patroclus*; but no *Achilles* with him.

Enter Patroclus.

Patroc. *Achilles* bids me tell you he is ſorry
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move you to this viſit: he's not well,
And begs you wou'd excuſe him, as unfit
For preſent buſineſs.

Agam. How! how's this *Patroclus*?
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers
Though he has much deſert, yet all his vertues
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs.
We came to ſpeak with him; you ſhall not err
If you return we think him over-proud
And under-honeſt. Tell him this; and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much
We'll none of him: but let him like an Engine
Not portable, lye lagg of all the Camp.
A ſtirring Dwarf is of more uſe to us
Than is a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Patroc. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently.

Agam. I'le not be ſatisfi'd but by himſelf.
So tell him, *Menelaus*. *Exeunt Menelaus Patroclus.*

Ajax. What's he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks himſelf.

Ajax. Is he ſo much! do you not think he thinks himſelf a better Man than me?

Diom. No doubt he does.

Ajax. Do you think ſo?

Agam. No, noble *Ajax*; you are as ſtrong, as valiant; but much more courteous.

Ajax. Why ſhou'd a man be proud? I know not what pride is: I hate a proud man as I hate the ingendring of toads.

Diom: Aſide. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould; and love himſelf ſo well.

Re-enter Menel.

Men. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. What's his excuſe?

Men Why he relies on none
But his own will; poſſeſt he is with vanity:
What ſhou'd I ſay, he is ſo plaguy proud
That the death tokens of it are upon him;
And bode there's no recovery.

Enter Ulyſſes, Neſtor.

Agam. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Ulyſſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes
When they go from *Achilles*: ſhall that proud man
Be worſhip'd by a greater than himſelf,
One whom we hold our Idoll?
Shall *Ajax* go to him? No, *Jove* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, go to him *Achilles*.

Neſt. [*Aſide.*] O this is well; he rubs him where it itches.

Ajax. If I go to him with my Gauntlet clench'd,
I'le daſh him or'e the face.

Agam. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. And he be proud with me I'le cure his pride: a paltry inſolent fellow!

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf?

Ulyſſ. *Aſide.* The crow chides blackneſs.——here is a man, but 'tis before his face, and therefore I am ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore are you? He is not envious as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſſ. Know all the world he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorſon dog that ſhall palter thus with us! wou'd a were a *Trojan*.

Ulyſſ. Thank Heav'n my Lord, you're of a gentle nature,
Praiſe him that got you, her that brought you forth;
But he who taught you firſt the uſe of Arms,
Let *Mars* divide Eternity in two,
And give him half. I will not praiſe your wiſedom,
Neſtor ſhall do't; but pardon father *Neſtor*,
Were you as green as *Ajax*, and your brain
Temper'd like his, you never ſhou'd excell him;
But be as *Ajax* is.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulyſſ. I, my good Son.

Diom. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax*.

Ulyſſ. There is no ſtaying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket, pleaſe it our great General,
I ſhall impart a counſell, which obſerv'd
May cure this Madmans pride.

Agam. In my own tent our talk will be more private.

Ulyſſ. But nothing without *Ajax*:
He is the ſoul and ſubſtance of my councels,
And I am but his ſhadow.

Ajax. You ſhall ſee
I am not like *Achilles*,
Let us confer; and I'l give counſel too. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus, Troilus, Creſſida.

Pand. Come, come, what need you bluſh? ſhame's a babie; ſware the oaths now to her, that you ſwore to me: what are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you are made tame muſt you? why don't you ſpeak to her firſt!——Come draw this Curtain, and lets ſee your picture: alas a day, how loath you are to offend day-light!——(they kiſſe) that's well, that's well, nay you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you.——ſo ſo——ſo ſo——

Troil. You have bereft me of all words, fair *Creſſida.*

Pand. Words, pay no debts; give her deeds!—what billing again! here's in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably——come in, come in, you loſe time both:

Troil. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſh'd me here?

Creſſi. Wiſh'd my Lord!——the Gods grant! O my Lord.——

Troil. What ſhou'd they grant? what makes this pretty interruption in thy words?

Creſſi. I ſpeak I know not what!

Troil. Speak ever ſo; and if I anſwer you
I know not what, it ſhews the more of love.
Love is a child that talks in broken language,
Yet then he ſpeaks moſt plain.

Creſſi. I finde it true, that to be wiſe and love
Are inconſiſtent things.

Pand. what bluſhing ſtill, have you not done talking yet!

Creſs. Well Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a boy of you, you'l give him me. Be true to my Lord, if he flinch I'll be hang'd for him.—— (Now am I in my kingdom!) [*aſide*]

Troil. You know your pledges now, your Uncles word and my firm faith.

Pand. Nay I'll give my word for her too: our kindred are conſtant: they are burrs I can aſſure you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Creſſi. Boldneſs comes to me now, and I can ſpeak:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you long.

Troil. Why was my *Creſſida* then ſo hard to win?

Creſs. Hard to ſeem wonn; but I was wonn my Lord.
What have I blabb'd, who will be true to us,
When we are ſo unfaithfull to our ſelves!
O bid me hold my tongue; for in this rapture
Sure I ſhall ſpeak what I ſhou'd ſoon repent.
But ſtop my mouth.

Troil. A ſweet command; and willingly obey'd. [*kiſſes*]

Pand. Pretty, I'faith!

Creſ. My Lord I do beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs.
I am aſham'd: O heavens what have I done?
For this time let me take my leave, my Lord.

Pand. Leave! and you take leave till to morrow morning, call me Cut.

Creſ. Pray let me go.

Troil. Why what offends you, Madam?

Creſ. My own company.

Troil. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Creſ. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides in you;

Troil. Oh that I thought truth cou'd be in a Woman!
(As if it can, I will preſume in you)
That my integrity and faith might meet
The ſame return from her who has my heart,
How ſhou'd I be exalted! but alas
I am more plain than dull ſimplicity!
And artleſs, as the infancy of truth.

Creſ. In that I muſt not yield to you my Lord.

Troil. All conſtant Lovers ſhall, in future Ages,
Approve their truth by *Troilus*: when their verſe
Wants *ſimiles*, as turtles to their mates:
Or true as flowing tides are to the Moon;
Earth to the Center: Iron to Adamant:
At laſt when truth is tir'd with repetition;
As true as *Troilus* ſhall ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the Numbers.

Creſ. Prophet may you be!
If I am falſe, or ſwerve from truth of love,
When time is old, and has forgot it ſelf,
In all things elſe, let it remember me;
And after all compariſons of falſhood
To ſtabb the heart of perjury in Maids;
Let it be ſaid as falſe as *Creſſida*.

Pand. Go to, little ones: a bargain made: here I hold your hand, and here my Couſins: if ever you prove falſe to one another, after I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together: let all pitifull goers between, be call'd to the worlds end after my name, *Pandars*.

Creſ. And will you promiſe that the holy Prieſt
Shall make us one for ever?

Pand. Prieſts! marry hang 'em! they make you one; go in, go in; and make your ſelves one without a Prieſt: I'll have no Prieſts work in my houſe.

Creſſi. I'll not conſent unleſs you ſwear.

Pand. I, do, do, ſwear; a pretty Woman's worth an Oath at any time. Keep or break as time ſhall try; but 'tis good to ſwear, for the ſaving of her credit: Hang 'em ſweet Rogues they never expect a Man ſhou'd keep it. Let him but ſwear, and that's all they care for.

Troil. Heavens proſper me as I devoutly ſwear,
Never to be but yours.

Pand. Whereupon I will lead you into a chamber: and ſuppoſe there be a bed in't; as I'fack, I know not: but you'll forgive me, if there be: away, away, you naughty hildings: get you together, get you together. Ah you wags, do you leer indeed at one another! do the neyes twinkle at him? get you together, get you together.

[*Leads them out.*

Enter at one door Æneas *with a Torch, at another* Hector, Diomede *with Torches.*

Hect. So ho; who goes there? *Æneas!*

Æneas. Prince *Hector!*

Diom. Good morrow Lord *Æneas.*

Hect. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*; take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomede* a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æneas. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all buſineſs of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Diom. Both one and t'other, *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and ſo long health;
But when contention, and occaſion meets,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life.

Æneas. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lion that will fly
With his face backward: welcome *Diomede*,
Welcome to *Troy*: now by *Anchiſes* Soul,
No man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We know each other well.

Æne. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
To *Hect.* my Lord, the King has ſent for me in haſte:
Know you the reaſon?

Hect. Yes: his purpoſe meets you.
It was to bring this *Greek* to *Calchas's* houſe,

Where *Pandarus* his Brother, and his Daughter
Fair *Creſſida* reſide: and there to render
For our *Anthenor*, now redeem'd from priſon,
The Lady *Creſſida*:

Æne. What! Has the King reſolv'd to gratifie
That Traitor *Colchos*; who forſook his Country,
And turn'd to them, by giving up this Pledge?

Hect. The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Is ſuch, though *Colchos* as a Fugitive
Deſerve it not, that we muſt free *Anthenor*
On whoſe wiſe Counſels, we can moſt rely:
And therefore *Creſſida* muſt be return'd.

Æne. A word my Lord——(Your pardon *Diomede*)
Your Brother *Troilus*, to my certain knowledge,
Does lodge this night in *Pandarus* his houſe:

Hect. Go you before: tell him of our approach
Which will I fear be much
Unwelcome to him.

Æne. I aſſure you
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſida* from *Troy*.

Hect. I know it well: and how he is beſide,
Of haſty blood.

Æne. He will not hear me ſpeak:
But I have noted long betwixt you two
A more than Brothers love: an awful homage
The fiery youth pays to your elder vertue:

Hect. Leave it to me; I'le manage him alone:
Attend you *Diomede*; my Lord good morrow: [to *Diomede*.
An urgent buſineſs takes me from the pleaſure
Your company affords me; but *Æneas*
With joy will undertake to ſerve you here.
And to ſupply my room.

Æneas to Diomed. My Lord, I wait you. *Exeunt ſeverally.*
[Diomede *with* Æneas; Hector *at another door*.

Enter Pandarus: *a Servant*: *Muſick*.

Pand. Softly, Villain, ſoftly; I would not for half *Troy* the Lovers ſhould be diſturb'd under my Roof, liſten Rogue, liſten, do they breathe?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I hear by ſome certain ſignes, they are both awake.

Pand. That's as it ſhould be: that's well aboth ſides: [*liſtens*]
Yes faith they are both alive:——there was a creak! there was a creak: they are both alive and alive like; there was a creak: a ha boyes!——Is the Muſick ready?

Serv. Shall they ſtrike up, Sir?

Pand. Art thou ſure they do not know the parties?

Servs. They play to the Man in the Moon, for ought they know.

Pand. To the Man in the Moon, ah Rogue! do they ſo? indeed Rogue! I underſtand thee: thou art a wag; thou art a wag. Come towze rowze! in the name of love, ſtrike up boys!

Muſick, and then Song: during which Pandarus *liſtens.*

Song.

Can life be a bleſſing,
Or worth the poſſeſſing,
Can life be a bleſſing if love were away?
Ah no! though our love all night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with cares all the day,
Yet he ſweetens he ſweetens our pains in the taking;
There's an hour at the laſt, there's an hour to repay.

2.

In every poſſeſſing,
The raviſhing bleſſing,
In every poſſeſſing the fruit of our pain,
Poor lovers forget long ages of anguiſh,
Whate're they have ſuffer'd and done to obtain;
'Tis a pleaſure, a pleaſure to ſigh and to languiſh,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

Pand. Put up, and vaniſh; they are coming out; what a ſerrup, will you play when the dance is done? I ſay vaniſh. *Exit Muſick.*

Peeping. Good I'faith; good I'faith! what hand in hand? ——— a fair quarrel, well ended! do do, walk him, walk him; A good girl, a diſcreet girl: I ſee ſhe'll make the moſt of him.

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troil. Farewell my life! leave me, and back to bed;
Sleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes;
And tie thy ſenſes in as ſoft a band
As Infants void of thought.

Pandar. ſhewing himſelf. How now, how now, how go matters? hear you Maid, hear you; where's my Couſin *Creſſida*?

Creſ. Go hang your ſelf you naughty mocking Uncle:
You bring me to do ill, and then you jeer me!

Pand. What ill have I brought you to do? ſay what if you dare now!
My Lord, have I brought her to do ill?

Creſ. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll neither be good your ſelf, nor ſuffer others.

Pand. Alas poor Wench; alas poor Devil; haſt not ſlept to night? wou'd anot (a naughty Man) let it ſleep one twinkle! Ah bugbear take him!

Knock within. Creſ. Who's that at door? good Uncle go and ſee:
My Lord come you again into my chamber;
You ſmile and mock as if I meant naughtily.

Troil. Indeed, indeed!

Creſſi. Come, y'are deceiv'd; I think of no ſuch thing:
Knock again. How earneſtly they knock, pray come in:
I wou'd not for all *Troy*, you were ſeen here. *Exeunt Troil. Creſſida.*

Pand. Who's there? what's the matter?
Will you beat down the houſe there?

Enter Hector.

Hect. Good morrow my Lord *Pandarus*; good morrow.

Pand. Who's there, Prince *Hector?* what news with you ſo early?

Hect. Is not my Brother *Troilus* here?

Pand. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Hect. Come, he is here my Lord, do not deny him:
It does import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pand. Is he here ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; For my own part I came in late:——what ſhou'd he do here?

Hect. Come, come, you do him wrong ere y'are aware; you'll be ſo true to him, that you'll be falſe to him: you ſhall not know he's here; but yet go fetch him hither:—go. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Enter Troilus.

I bring you Brother, moſt unwelcome news;
But ſince of force you are to hear it told,
I thought a Friend and Brother beſt might tell it:
Therefore, before I ſpeak, arm well your mind
And think y'are to be touch'd ev'n to the quick;
That ſo, prepar'd for ill you may be leſs
Surpris'd to hear the worſt.

Troil. See *Hector*, what it is to be your Brother,
I ſtand prepar'd already.

Hect. Come, you are not,
I know you, *Troilus*, you are hot and fiery:
You kindle at a wrong; and catch it quick
As ſtubble does the flame.

Troil. 'Tis heat of blood,
And raſhneſs of my youth; I'll mend that errour:
Begin and try my temper.

Hect. Can you think
Of that one thing which moſt cou'd urge your anger
Drive you to madneſs, plunge you in deſpair,

And make you hate even me ?
Troil. There can be nothing.
I love you, Brother, with that awful Love
I bear to Heav'n, and to ſuperiour Vertue,
And when I quit this Love, you muſt be that
Which *Hector* ne'r can be.
Hect. Remember well
What you have ſaid : for when I claim your Promiſe,
I ſhall expect performance.
Troil. I am taught :
I will not rage.
Hect. Nor grieve beyond a Man.
Troil. I wo'not be a Woman.
Hect. Do not, Brother :
And I will tell my news, in terms ſo mild,
So tender, and ſo fearful to offend,
As Mothers uſe to ſooth their froward Babes ;
Nay I will ſwear as you have ſworn to me,
That if ſome guſt of paſſion ſwell your Soul
To words intemperate, I will bear with you.
Troil. What wou'd this pomp of preparation mean ?
Come you to bring me news of *Priams* death,
Or *Hecuba's* ?
Hect. The Gods forbid I ſhou'd ;
But what I bring is nearer you, more cloſe,
An ill more yours.
Troil. There is but one that can be.
Hect. Perhaps 'tis that.
Troil. I'll not ſuſpect my Fate
So far, I know I ſtand poſſeſt of that.
Hect. 'Tis well : conſider at whoſe houſe I find you.
Troil. Ha !
Hect. Does it ſtart you ? I muſt wake you more :
Anthenor is exchang'd.
Troil. For whom ?
Hect. Imagin.
Troil. It comes like thunder grumbling in a cloud,
Before the dreadful break : if here it fall,
The ſubtile flame will lick up all my blood,
And in a moment turn my heart to aſhes.
Hect. That *Creſſida* for *Anthenor* is exchang'd,
Becauſe I knew 'twas harſh, I wou'd not tell ;
Not all at once ; but by degrees and glimpſes
I let it in, leſt it might ruſh upon you
And quite o'repower your Soul : In this I think

I ſhow'd a friend : your part muſt follow next ;
Which is to curb your choler, tame your grief,
And bear it like a Man.
Troil. I think I do,
That I yet live to hear you ; but no more :
Hope for no more : for ſhou'd ſome Goddeſs offer
To give her ſelf and all her Heaven in change,
I wou'd not part with *Creſſida* : ſo return
This Anſwer as my laſt.
Hect. 'Twill not be taken :
Nor will I bear ſuch News.
Troil. You bore me worſe.
Hect. Worſe for your ſelf ; not for the general State,
And all our common Safety, which depends
On free'd *Authenors* Wiſdom.
Troil. You wou'd ſay,
That I'm the Man mark'd out to be unhappy ;
And made the publick Sacrifice for *Troy*.
Hect. I wou'd ſay ſo indeed ; for can you find
A Fate more glorious, than to be that Victim ?
If parting from a Miſtreſs can procure
A Nations Happineſs, ſhow me that Prince
Who dares to truſt his future Fame ſo far
To ſtand the ſhock of Annals, blotted thus,
He ſold his Country for a Womans Love ?
Troil. O, ſhe's my Life, my Being, and my Soul !
Hect. Suppoſe ſhe were, which yet I will not grant,
You ought to give her up.
Troil. For whom ?
Hect. The Publick.
Troil. And what are they that I ſhou'd give up her
To make them happy ? let me tell you, Brother,
The Publick is the Lees of vulgar Slaves :
Slaves with the minds of Slaves : ſo born, ſo bred ;
Yet ſuch as theſe, united in a Herd,
Are call'd the Public : Millions of ſuch Cyphers
Make up the publick Sum : an Eagles life
Is worth a world of Crows : are Princes made
For ſuch as theſe ? who, were one Soul extracted
From all their beings, cou'd not raiſe a Man.——
Hect. And what are we, but for ſuch men as theſe ?
'Tis Adoration, ſome ſay, makes a God :
And who ſhou'd pay it ? where wou'd be their Altars,
Were no inferiour Creatures here on Earth ?
Ev'n thoſe who ſerve, have their Expectances ;

Degrees of Happineſs, which they muſt ſhare,
Or they'll refuſe to ſerve us.
Troil. Let e'm have it.
Let e'm eat, drink, and ſleep; the only uſe
They have of Life:
Hect. You take all theſe away,
Unleſs you give up *Creſſida*.
Troil. Forbear;
Let *Paris* give up *Hellen*: ſhe's the cauſe,
And root of all this miſchief.
Hect. Your own Suffrage
Condemns you there: you voted for her ſtay.
Troil. If one muſt ſtay, the other ſha'not go.
Hect. She ſha'not?
Troil. Once again, I ſay, ſhe ſhall not.
Hect. Our Father has decree'd it otherwiſe.
Troil. No matter.
Hect. How! no matter *Troilus*?
A King, and Fathers Will!
Troil. When 'tis unjuſt.
Hect. Come, ſhe ſhall go.
Troil. She ſhall? then I am dar'd.
Hect. If nothing elſe will do.
Troil. Anſwer me firſt;
And then I'll anſwer that: be ſure I will;
Whoſe hand ſeal'd this exchange?
Hect. My Fathers firſt;
Then all the Council's after.
Troil. Was yours there?
Hect. Mine was there too.
Troil. Then you'r no more my Friend:
And for your ſake, now mark me what I ſay,
She ſhall not go.
Hect. Go to, you are a Boy.
Troil. A Boy! I'm glad I am not ſuch a Man,
Not ſuch as thou; a Traitor to thy Brother:
Nay more, thy Friend: but Friend's a ſacred Name,
Which none but brave and honeſt men ſhou'd wear;
In thee 'tis vile; 'tis proſtitute: 'tis Air;
And thus I puff it from me.
Hect. Well, young Man,
Since I'm no Friend (and oh that e're I was
To one ſo far unworthy) bring her out,
Or by our Fathers Soul, of which no part
Did e'r deſcend to thee, I'll force her hence.

Troil. I laugh at thee.
Hect. Thou dar'ſt not.
Troil. I dare more,
If urg'd beyond my temper: prove my daring,
And ſee which of us has the larger ſhare
Of our great Father's Soul
Hect. No more, thou know'ſt me.
Troil. I do; and know my ſelf.
Hect. All this, ye Gods,
And for the Daughter of a Fugitive,
A Traitor to his Country?
Troil. 'Tis too much.
Hect. By Heaven too little; for I think her common.
Troil. How, Common!
Hect. Common as the tainted Shambles,
Or as the duſt we tread.
Troil. By Heaven as chaſte as thy *Andromache.*

Hector *lays his Hand on* Troilus *his Arm;*
and Troilus *does the ſame to him.*

Hect. What! nam'ſt thou them together?
Troil. No; I do not:
For *Creſſida* is firſt: as chaſt as ſhe,
But much more fair.
Hect. O patience, patience, Heaven!
Thou tempt'ſt me ſtrangely, ſhou'd I kill thee now,
I know not if the Gods can be offended
Or think I ſlew a Brother; but be gone,
Be gone, or I ſhall ſhake thee into Atomes:
Thou know'ſt I can.
Troil. I care not if you cou'd.
Hect. walking off. I thank ye Gods for calling to my mind
My promiſe, that no words of thine ſhou'd urge me,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon: but in thee
'Twas brutal baſeneſs, ſo forewarn'd to fall
Beneath the name of Man: to ſpurn my kindneſs;
And when I offer'd thee (thou know'ſt how loth!)
The wholſom bitter cup o' friendly counſel
To daſh it in my face: farewel, farewel.
Ungrateful as thou art: hereafter uſe
The name of Brother; but of Friend no more. [*going out.*
Troil. Wilt thou not break yet Heart? ſtay, Brother, ſtay;
I promis'd too, but I have broke my Vow,
And you keep yours too well.

Hect. What wouldſt thou more?
Take heed, young man how you too far provoke me!
For Heaven can witneſs, 'tis with much conſtraint
That I preſerve my faith.
Troil. Elſe you wou'd kill me?
Hect. By all the Gods I wou'd.
Troil. I'm ſatisfied!
You have condemn'd me, and I'll do't my ſelf;
What's life to him, who has no uſe of life?
A barren purchaſe, held upon hard terms!
For I have loſt (oh what have I not loſt!)
The faireſt, deareſt, kindeſt of her Sex,
And loſt her ev'n by him, by him, ye Gods,
Who only cou'd and only ſhou'd protect me;
And if I had a joy beyond that love,
A friend, have loſt him too!
Hect. Speak that again:
(For I cou'd hear it ever) ſaidſt thou not
That if thou hadſt a joy beyond that love,
It was a friend? O ſaidſt thou not a friend?
That doubting if was kind: then thou'rt divided;
And I have ſtill ſome part.
Troil. If ſtill you have
You do not care to have it!
Hect. How, not care!
Troil. No Brother, care not.
Hect. Am I but thy Brother?
Troil. You told me I muſt call you friend no more.
Hect. How far my words were diſtant from my heart!
Know then I told thee ſo I lov'd thee moſt.
Alas! it is the uſe of humane frailty
To fly to worſt extremities with thoſe
To whom we moſt are kind.
Troil. Is't poſſible?
Then you are ſtill my friend!
Hect. Heaven knows I am.
Troil. And can forgive the Sallies of my paſſion;
For I have been to blame: oh much too blame:
Have ſaid ſuch words, nay done ſuch actions too,
(Baſe as I am) that my aw'd, conſcious Soul
Sinks in my breſt, nor dare I lift an eye
On him I have offended.
Hect. Peace be to thee,
And calmneſs ever there. I blame thee not:

I know thou lov'ſt; and what can love not do!
I caſt the wild diſorderly account
Of all thy words and deeds on that mad paſſion;
I pity thee, indeed I pity thee:

Troil. Do; for I need it: let me lean my head
Upon thy boſome; all my peace dwells there;
Thou art ſome God, or much much more than man!

Hect. Alas! to looſe the joys of all thy youth,
One who deſerv'd thy love!

Troil. Did ſhe deſerve?

Hect. She did.

Troil. Then ſure ſhe was no common creature.

Hect. I ſaid it in my rage, I thought not ſo.

Troil. That thought has bleſs'd me! but to loſe this love
After long pains, and after ſhort poſſeſſion.

Hect. I feel it for thee: Let me go to *Priam*,
I'le break this treaty off, or let me fight;
I'le be thy champion; and ſecure both her,
And thee, and *Troy*.

Troil. It muſt not be my Brother!
For then your errour would be more than mine:
I'le bring her forth, and you ſhall bear her hence;
That you have pitied me is my reward.

Hect. Go then; and the good gods reſtore her to thee,
And with her all the quiet of thy mind;
The triumph of this kindneſs be thy own:
And heaven and earth this teſtimony yield,
That Friendſhip never gain'd a nobler field. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pandarus, Creſſida *meeting.*

Pand. IS't poſſible ! no ſooner got but loſt ?
The devil take *Antenor* : the young Prince will go mad ;
A plague upon *Anthenor* ! wou'd they had broke's neck.

Creſſi. How now ! what's the matter ! who was here ?

Pand. Oh, oh !

Creſſi. Why ſigh you ſo ? O where's my *Troilus* ? tell me ſweet Uncle what's the matter ?

Pand. Wou'd I were as deep under the earth, as I am above it !

Creſſi. Oh the Gods, what's the matter ?

Pand. Prithee get thee in, wou'd thou hadſt never been born !
I knew thou wou'dſt be his death ; oh poor Gentleman !
A plague upon *Antenor* ?

Creſſi. Good Uncle, I beſeech you on my knees, tell me what's the matter ?

Pand Thou muſt be gone girl, thou muſt be gone, to the fugitive Rogue Prieſt thy father, (and he's my brother too, but that's all one at this time :) a Pox upon *Antenor.*

Creſſi. O ye Immortal Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou muſt, thou muſt.

Creſſi. I will not : I have quite forgot my father ;
I have no touch of birth ; no ſpark of Nature :
No kin , no blood, no life ; nothing ſo near me
As my dear *Troilus* ?

Enter Troilus.

Pand. Here, here, here, he comes ſweet Duck !

Creſſi. O *Troilus, Troilus !* [*They both weep over each other, ſhe runing into his arms.*

Pand. What a pair of Spectacles is here ! let me embrace too ; Oh heart, *ſings* (as the ſaying is) O heart, heavy heart, why ſighſt thou without breaking (*where he anſwers again*) becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart, by friendſhip nor by ſpeaking , there was never a truer rhime ; let us caſt away nothing ; for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe : we ſee it, we ſee it, how now lambs ?

Troil. Creſſida, I love thee with ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, angry with my devotions,
More bright in zeal, than that I pay their Altars,
Will take thee from my ſight ?

Creſſi. Have the Gods envy ?

Pand. I, I, I, 'tis too plain a caſe !

Creſs. And is it true that I muſt go from *Troy*?
Troil. A hateful truth.
Creſs. What, and from *Troilus* too?
Troil. From *Troy* and *Troilus*: and ſuddenly,
So ſuddenly 'tis counted but by minutes.
Creſs. What not an hour allow'd for taking leave?
Troil. Ev'n that's bereft us too: our envious fates
Juſtle betwixt, and part the dear adieu's
Of meeting lips, claſp'd hands, and lock'd embraces.

Æneas *within.*

My Lord, is the Lady ready yet?
Troil. Hark, you are call'd: ſome ſay the Genius ſo
Cries come, to him who inſtantly muſt die.
Pand. Where are my tears? ſome rain to 'lay this wind;
Or my heart will be blown up by th' roots.
Troil. Hear me, my Dove; be thou but true like me.
Creſſi. I true! how now, what wicked thought is this?
Troil. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I ſpoke not, be thou true, as fearing thee;
But be thou true, I ſaid to introduce
My following Proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
Creſſi. You'll be expos'd to dangers.
Troil. I care not: but be true.
Creſſi. Be true again?
Troil. Hear why I ſpeak it, Love:
The *Grecian* Youths are full of *Grecian* Arts:
Alas, a kind of holy jealouſie
Which I beſeech you, call a vertuous ſin,
Makes me afraid, how far you may be tempted.
Creſſi. O Heavens! you love me not.
Troil. Die I a Villain then.
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion
But my own merit.
Creſſi. Fear not, I'll be true.
Troil. Then Fate, thy worſt; for I will ſee thee, Love,
Not all the *Grecian* Hoſt ſhall keep me out,
Nor *Troy*, though wall'd with fire, ſhou'd hold me in.

Æneas *within.*

My Lord, My Lord *Troilus*: I muſt call you.

Pand. A miſchief call him: nothing but Schreechowls? do, do, call again; you had beſt part 'em now in the ſweetneſs of their Love: I'll be hang'd if this *Æneas* be the Son of *Venus*, for all his bragging.

Honeſt *Venus* was a Punk: wou'd ſhe have parted Lovers: no, he has not a drop of *Venus* blood in him: honeſt *Venus* was a Punk.

Troil. To *Pand.* Prithee go out, and gain one minute more.

Pand. Marry and I will: follow you your buſineſs; loſe no time, 'Tis very precious; go, *Bill* again: 'I'll tell the Rogue his own I warrant him. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Creſſ. What, have we gain'd by this one minute more?

Troil. Only to wiſh another, and another,
A longer ſtruggling with the pangs of death.

Creſſi. O thoſe who do not know what parting is,
Can never learn to die!

Troil. When I but think this ſight may be our laſt,
If *Jove* cou'd ſet me in the place of *Atlas*,
And lay the weight of Heav'n and God's upon me,
He cou'd not preſs me more.

Creſſi. Oh let me go that I may know my grief;
Grief is but gueſs'd, while thou art ſtanding by:
But I too ſoon ſhall know what abſence is.

Troil. Why 'tis to be no more: another name for death.
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North;
And I, methinks, ſtand on ſome Icy Cliff,
To watch the laſt low Circles that he makes;
Till he ſink down from Heav'n! O only *Creſſida*,
If thou depart from me, I cannot live:
I have not Soul enough to laſt for grief;
But thou ſhalt hear what grief has done with me.

Creſſ. If I could live to hear it, I were falſe,
But as a careful Traveller, who fearing
Aſſaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind,
I truſt my Heart with thee; and to the *Greeks*
Bear but an empty Casket.

Troil. Then, I will live; that I may keep that Treaſure:
And arm'd with this aſſurance, let thee go
Looſe, yet ſecure as is the gentle Hawk,
When whiſtled off ſhe mounts into the wind:
Our Love's, like Mountains high above the clouds,
Though winds and tempeſts beat their aged feet,
Their peaceful heads nor ſtorm nor thunder know,
But ſcorn the threatning rack that rowls below,

Exeunt Ambo.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Achilles and Patroclus, ſtanding in their Tent.

Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Neſtor, Ajax, paſſing over the Stage.

Vlyſſ. Achilles in th'entrance of his Tent:
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot, and Princes all
Look on him with neglectful eyes and ſcorn:
Pride muſt be cur'd by Pride.
Agam. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along,
So do each Prince, either ſalute him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which will ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on: I will lead the way.
Achill. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind; I'll fight no more with *Troy.*
Agam. What ſays *Achilles*, wou'd he ought with us?
Neſt. Wou'd you, my Lord, ought with the General?
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing my Lord.
Agam. The better.
Menel. How do you? how do you?
Achill. What, does the Cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now *Patroclus*?
Achill. Good morrow *Ajax*.
Ajax. Ha!
Achill. Good morrow.
Ajax. I, and good next day too.
[*Exeunt all but* Achilles, *and* Patroclus.
Achill. What mean theſe Fellows, know they not *Achilles*?
Patroc. Thy paſs by ſtrangely; they were us'd to bow,
And ſend their ſmiles before 'em to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.
Achill. Am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fall'n out with Fortune
Muſt fall out with Men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: For men like Butter-flies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the Summer.
Patroc. 'Tis known you are in love with *Hector's* Siſter,
And therefore will not fight: and your not fighting

Draws on you this contempt: I oft have told you,
A Woman impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man
In time of Action: I'm condemn'd for this:
They think my little Appetite to War
Deads all the fire in you: but rowſe your ſelf,
And love ſhall from your neck unlooſe his folds;
Or like a dew drop from a Lions Mane
Be ſhaken into Air.

Achill. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

Patroc. Yes, and perhaps ſhall gain much honour by him.

Achill. I ſee my Reputation is at ſtake.

Patroc. O then beware, thoſe wounds heal ill that Men have giv'n themſelves, becauſe they give 'em deepeſt.

Achill. I'll do ſomething:
But what I know not yet,——No more our Champion.

Re-enter Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor,]
Diomede, Trumpet.

Agam. Here art thou daring Combatant, valiant *Ajax*.
Give with thy Trumpet, a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou Noble Champion, that the ſounding Air
May pierce the Ears of the great Challenger,
And call him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, take that Purſe:
Now crack thy Lungs, and ſplit the ſounding Braſs;
Tho blow'ſt for *Hector*.

[*Trumpet ſounds, and is anſwer'd from within.*

Enter Hector, Æneas, *and other Trojans.*

Agam. Yonder comes the Troop.

Æneas, *coming to the Greeks.*

Health to the Grecian Lords; what ſhall be done
To him that ſhall be vanquiſh'd? or do you purpoſe,
A Victor ſhould be known? will you the Knights,
Shall to the edge of all extremity,
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any Voice, or Order of the Field;
Hector bad ask.

Agam. Which way wou'd *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Achill. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done;
A little proudly, and too much deſpiſing
The Knight oppos'd, he might have found his match.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?

Achill. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*, but whoe'r knew this;
Great *Hector* knows no Pride, but weigh him well.
And that which looks like Pride is Courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hectors* blood,
In love whereof half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Achill. A Maiden battel! I perceive you then.
Agam. Go *Diomede*, and ſtand by valiant *Ajax*:
As you and Lord *Æneas* ſhall conſent,
So let the Fight proceed or terminate.

[*The Trumpets ſound on both ſides, while* Æneas *and* Diomede *take their places, as Judges of the Field: The Trojans and Grecians rank themſelves on either ſide.*

Ulyſſ. They are oppos'd already.

[*Fight equal at firſt: then* Ajax *has* Hector *at diſadvantage: at laſt* Hector *cloſes,* Ajax *falls on one knee,* Hector *ſtands over him but ſtrikes not, and* Ajax *riſes.*

Æneas *throwing his Gauntlet betwixt them.*

Princes enough, you both have ſhown much valour.
Diomede. And we as Judges of the Field declare;
The Combat here ſhall ceaſe.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Æne. Then let it be as *Hector* ſhall determine.
Hect. If it be left to me, I will no more.
Ajax, thou art my Aunt *Heſion's* Son;
The Obligation of our blood forbids us.
But were thy mixture Greek and Trojan ſo,
That thou cou'dſt ſay, this part is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan, hence thou ſhou'dſt not bear
One Grecian Limb, wherein my pointed Sword
Had not impreſſion made, but Heav'n forbid
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from my Mother,
Shou'd ere be drain'd by me, let me embrace thee Couſin:
By him who thunders, thou haſt ſinewy Arms,
Hector wou'd have 'em fall upon him thus:—— [*Embrace*]
Thine be the honour, *Ajax*,
Ajax. I thank thee *Hector*,
Thou art too gentle, and to free a Man:
I came to kill thee, Couſin, and to gain
A great addition from that glorious Act:
But thou haſt quite diſarm'd me.
Hect. I am glad.

For 'tis the only way I cou'd diſarm thee.
Ajax. If I might in intreaty find ſucceſs,
I wou'd deſire to ſee thee at my Tent.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wiſh, and great *Achilles*,
Both long to ſee the valiant *Hector* there.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me;
And you two ſign this friendly enterview.
[Agamemnon, *and the chief of both ſides approach.*
Agam. to *Hect.* Worthy of Arms, as welcome as to one
Who wou'd be rid of ſuch an Enemy.
To *Troil.* My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan* ſeen thee often
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way,
Through ranks of *Grecian* Youth, and I have ſeen thee
As ſwift as lightning ſpur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And ſeen thee ſcorning many forfeit lives,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd Sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on proſtrate foes;
That I have ſaid to all the ſtanders by,
Lo *Jove* is yonder, diſtributing life.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
Who haſt ſo long walkt hand in hand with time;
Moſt Reverend *Neſtor* I am glad to claſp thee.
Ulyſſ. I wonder now, how yonder City ſtands,
When we have here, her baſe and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your count'nance, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well;
Ah Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*,
In *Ilion*, on your Greekiſh Embaſſy.
Achill. Now *Hector* I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achill. I am *Achilles*,
Hect. Stand fair, I prithee let me look on thee.
Achill. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achill. Thou art too brief, I will the ſecond time
As I wou'd buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a Book of ſport thou read'ſt me o'r;
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Achill. Tell me ye Heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? there, or there, or there?
That I may give th' imagin'd wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout

Hectors great Spirit flew! anſwer me Heavens!

Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me this,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
I'll kill thee every where.
Ye Noble Grecians pardon me this boaſt,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips,
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words;
Elſe may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Couſin,
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone;
You may have every day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach, the General State I fear
Can ſcarce intreat you to perform your boaſt.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the Field;
We have had paltry Wars, ſince you refus'd
The Grecian cauſe.

Achill. Doſt thou entreat me *Hector*?
To morrow will I meet thee fierce as death,
To Night all peace.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. Firſt all you Grecian Princes go with me,
And entertain great *Hector*, afterwards,
As his own leaſure ſhall concur with yours,
You may invite him to your ſeveral Tents.

[*Exeunt* Agam. Hect. Menel. Neſtor, Diomede, *together.*

Troil. My Lord *Ulyſſes*,
Tell me, I beſeech you;
In what part of the Field does *Calchas* lodge?

Ulyſſ. At *Menelaus* Tent;
There *Diomede* does Feaſt with him to Night;
Who neither looks on Heaven or on Earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view,
On *Creſſida* alone.

Troil. Shall I, brave Lord, be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither.

Ulyſſ. I ſhall wait on you.
As freely tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*? had ſhe no Lovers there
Who mourn her abſence?

Troil. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhow their ſcars,
Reproof is due; ſhe lov'd and was belov'd;
That's all I muſt impart. Lead on my Lord.

Exeunt Ulyſſes, Troilus.

Achill. to *Patro.* I'll heat his blood with Greekiſh Wine to Night,

Which with my Sword I mean to cool to morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Enter Therſites.

Patro. Here comes *Therſites.*

Achill. How now thou core of Envy;
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Therſ. Why thou Picture of what thou ſeemeſt, thou Idol of Ideot worſhippers, there's a Letter for thee.

Achill. From whence, Fragment?

Therſ. Why thou full diſh of Fool, from *Troy.*

Patroc. Well ſaid Adverſity; what makes thee ſo keen to day?

Therſ. Becauſe a Fool's my Whetſtone.

Patro. Meaning me?

Therſ. Yes, meaning thy no meaning; prithee be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk: Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, Gut-gripings, Ruptures, Catarrhs, Loads of Gravel in the Back, Lethargies, cold palſies, and the like, take thee, and take thee again; thou greeen Sarcenet flap for a ſore Eye, thou taſſel of a prodigals purſe, thou: Ah how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies: ſuch diminutives of Nature.

Achill. My dear *Patroclus*, I am quite prevented
From my great purpoſe, bent on *Hector's* life:
Here is a Letter from my Love *Polixena*,
Both taxing and ingaging me to keep
An Oath that I have ſworn: and will not break it
To ſave all Greece: let honour go or ſtay,
There's more Religion in my Love than Fame.

Exeunt Achilles, Patroclus.

Therſ. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two are running mad before the Dog-days. There's *Agamemnon* too, an honeſt fellow enough, and loves a brimmer heartily; but he has not ſo much brains as an old gander. But his brother *Menelaus*, there's a fellow; the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* when he lov'd *Europa*: the primitive Cuckold, a vile Monkey ty'd eternally to his brothers table, to be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a Toad, an Owl, a Lizard, a Herring without a roe, I wou'd not care; but to be *Menelaus* I wou'd conſpire againſt deſtiny —— Hey day! will with a wiſpe, and Jack a Lanthorn!

Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Diomede, Ulyſſes, Troilus, *going with Torches over the Stage.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. Not at all Couſin; here comes *Achilles* himſelf to guide us.

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now, brave Prince of *Troy* I take my leave;
Ajax commands the guard to wait on you.

Men. Good night my Lord.

Hect. Good night Sweet Lord *Menelaus.*

Therſ. aſide. Sweet quoth a! ſweet Sink, ſweet Shore, ſweet Jakes!

Achill. *Neſtor* will ſtay; and you Lord *Diomede*
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Diom. I cannot Sir, I have important buſineſs.

Achill. Enter my Lords.

Ulyſſ. to Troil. Follow his torch: he goes to *Calchas's* tent.

[*Exeunt* Achill. Hect. Ajax *at one way,* Diomede, *another, and after him* Ulyſſes, Troilus.

Therſ. This *Diomede's* a moſt falſe-hearted rogue, an unjuſt Knave: I will no more truſt him when he winks with one eye, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like Brabbler the Hound: but when he performs, Aſtronomers ſet it down for a Prodigy; though I long to ſee *Hector*, I cannot forbear dogging him: they ſay he keeps a *Trojan* Drab, and uſes *Calchas* Tent, that fugitive Prieſt of *Troy*, that Canonical Rogue of our ſide. I'l after him, nothing but Whoring in this Age; all incontinent Raſcals. *Exit* Therſites.

Enter Calchas, Creſſida.

Calch. O, what a bleſſing is a vertuous Child!
Thou haſt reclaim'd my mind, and calm'd my paſſions
Of anger and revenge: my love to *Troy*
Revives within me, and my loſt *Tyara*
No more diſturbs my mind.

Creſſ. A vertuous Conqueſt.

Calch. I have a womans longing to return;
But yet which way without your aid I know not.

Creſſ. Time muſt inſtruct us how.

Calch. You muſt diſſemble love to *Diomede* ſtill:
Falſe *Diomede*, bred in *Ulyſſes* School,
Can never be deceiv'd
But by ſtrong Arts and blandiſhments of love,
Put 'em in practice all, ſeem loſt and won,
And draw him on, and give him line again;
This *Argus* then may cloſe his hundred eyes,
And leave our flight more eaſy.

Creſſ. How can I anſwer this to love and *Troilus*?

Calchas. Why, 'tis for him you do it, promiſe largely;
That Ring he ſaw you wear, he much ſuſpects.

Was given you by a Lover; let him have it.

Diom. within. Hoa, *Calchas, Calchas!*

Calch. Hark! I hear his voice:
Purſue your project, doubt not the ſucceſs.

Creſſ. Heaven knows againſt my will; and yet my hopes
This night to meet my *Troilus*, while 'tis truce
Afford my mind ſome eaſe.

Calch. No more, retire. [*Exit* Creſſida.

Enter Diomede; Troilus *and* Ulyſſes *appear liſtening at one door, and* Therſites *watching at another.*

Diom. I came to ſee your Daughter, worthy *Calchas.*

Calch. My Lord I'll call her to you. *Exit* Calchas.

Ulyſſes to Troil. Stand where the Torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troil. *Creſſida* comes forth to him!

Diom. How now my charge?

Creſſ. Now my ſweet Guardian, hark a word with you. *Whiſper.*

Troil. I, ſo familiar!

Diom. Will you remember?

Creſſ. Remember, yes.

Troil. Heav'ns! what ſhou'd ſhe remember? plague and madneſs!

Ulyſſes. Prince, you are mov'd; let us depart in time,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous,
The time unfit, 'beſeech you let us go.

Troil. I pray you ſtay; by Hell, and by Hell torments
I will not ſpeak a word.

Diom. I'll hear no more; good night.

Creſſ. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troil. Does that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Diom. Farewell Couſener.

Creſſ. Indeed I am not: pray come back again.

Ulyſſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething: will you go?
You will break out.

Troil. By all the Gods I will not.
There is between my will and all my actions,
A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.

Therſ. aſide. How the Devil Luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles theſe together! put him off a little, you fooliſh Harlot, 'twill ſharpen him the more.

Diom. But will you then?

Creſſ. I will as ſoon as e'r the War's concluded.

Diom. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it,
The Ring I ſaw you wear.

Creſſ. Giving it. If you muſt have it.

Troil. The Ring! nay then 'tis plain, O beauty where's thy faith?

Ulyſſ. You have ſworn patience.

Therſi. That's well, that's well, the pledge is given, hold her to her word good Devil, and her ſoul's thine I warrant thee.

Diom. Whoſe was't?

Creſſ. By all *Dianas* waiting train of ſtars,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Diom. Why then thou lov'ſt him ſtill, farewel for ever;
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.

Creſſ. You ſhall not go, one cannot ſpeak a word
But ſtraight it ſtarts you.

Diom. I do not like this fooling.

Therſ. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that which likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.

Diom. I ſhall expect your promiſe.

Creſſ. I'll perform it,
Not a word more; good night —— I hope for ever; [*aſide.*
Thus to deceive deceivers is no fraud.

[*Exeunt* Diomede, Creſſida *ſeverally.*

Ulyſſ. All's done my Lord.

Troil. Is it?

Ulyſſ. Pray let us go.

Troil. Was *Creſſida* here?

Ulyſſ. I cannot Conjure *Trojan.*

Troil. She was not ſure! ſhe was not.
Let it not be believ'd for womanhood:
Think we had Mothers, do not give advantage
To biting Satyr, apt without a theme,
For defamation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid's* rule, rather think this not *Creſſida.*

Therſ. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?

Troil. This ſhe! no, this was *Diomedes Creſſida.*
If beauty have a Soul, this is not ſhe:
I cannot ſpeak for rage, that Ring was mine,
By Heaven I gave it in that point of time
When both our joys were fulleſt! —— if he keeps it
Let Dogs eat *Troilus.*

Therſ. He'll tickle it for his Concupy: this will be ſport to ſee! *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this Whore; a Parrot will not do more for an Almond, than he will for a commodious drab: I wou'd I cou'd meet with this Rogue *Diomede* too; I wou'd croke like a Raven to him; I wou'd bode: it ſhall go hard but I'll find him out. *Exit* Therſites.

Enter Æneas.

Æn. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.

Ulyſſ. Commend me gallant *Troilus* to your Brother:
Tell him I hope he ſhall not need to arm:
The fair *Polixena* has by a letter
Diſarm'd our great *Achilles* of his rage.

Troil. This I ſhall ſay to *Hector*.

Ulyſſ. So I hope;
Pray Heaven *Therſites* have inform'd me true, ——— [*aſide.*

Troil. Good night, my Lord; accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Hear ye, my Lord, hear ye; I have been ſeeing yon poor girl.
There have been old doings there i'faith.

Troil. aſide. Hold yet, my Spirits; let him pour it in,
The Poyſon's kind, the more I drink of it
The ſooner 'twill diſpatch me.

Æne. to Pand. Peace you babbler!

Pand. She has been mightily made on by the *Greeks*: ſhe takes moſt wonderfully among 'em: *Achilles* kiſs'd her, and *Patroclus* kiſs'd her: Nay, and old *Neſtor* put aſide his gray beard and bruſh'd her with his whiskers. Then comes me *Agamemnon* with his Generals Staff diving with a low bow e'en to the ground, and riſing again, juſt at her lips: And after him came *Ulyſſes*, and *Ajax*, and *Menelaus*: and they ſo pelted her i'faith: pitter patter, pitter patter, as thick as hail-ſtones. And after that a whole rout of 'em: Never was woman in *Phrygia* better kiſs'd.

Troil. aſide. Hector ſaid true: I find, I find it now!

Pand. And laſt of all comes me *Diomede* ſo demurely: that's a notable ſly Rogue I warrant him! mercy upon us, how he laid her on upon the lips! for as I told you, ſhe's moſt mightily made on among the *Greeks*. What, cheer up I ſay Man! ſhe has every ones good word. I think in my conſcience, ſhe was born with a caull upon her head.

Troil. aſide. Hell, death, confuſion, how he tortures me!

Pand. And that Rogue-Prieſt my Brother, is ſo courted and treated for her ſake: the young Sparks do ſo pull him about, and hale him by the Caſſock: nothing but invitations to his Tent, and his Tent, and his Tent. Nay, and one of 'em was ſo bold, as to ask him if ſhe were a Virgin, and with that the Rogue my Brother, takes me up a little God in his hand, and kiſſes it, and ſwears devoutly that ſhe was, then was I ready to burſt my ſides with laughing, to think what had paſs'd betwixt you two.

Troil. O I can bear no more, ſhe's falſhood all;
Falſe by both kinds, for with her mothers milk

She ſuck'd th'infuſion of her Fathers Soul:
She only wants an opportunity,
Her Soul's a Whore already.

Pand. What wou'd you make a Monopoly of a Womans Lips; a little conſolation or ſo, might be allow'd one wou'd think, in a lovers abſence!

Troil. Hence from my ſight, let ignominy brand thy hated name:
Let Modeſt Matrons at thy mention ſtart;
And bluſhing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'r the guilty page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble work.

Pand. O world, world; thou art an ungrateful patch of Earth: Thus the poor Agent is deſpis'd, he labours painfully in his calling, and trudges between parties: but when their turns are ſerv'd, come out's too good for him. I am mighty melancholy: I'll e'n go home, and ſhut up my doors; and dye o'th ſullens like an old bird in a Cage.

Exit Pandarus.

Enter Diomede *and* Therſites.

Therſ. aſide. There, there he is; now let it work: now play thy part jealouſy, and twinge 'em; put 'em between thy milſtones, and grinde the Rogues together.

Diom. My Lord I am by *Ajax* ſent to inform you
This hour muſt end the truce.

Æneas to *Troil.* Contain your ſelf;
Think where we are.

Diom. Your ſtay will be unſafe.

Troil. It may for thoſe I hate.

Therſ. aſide. Well ſaid *Trojan*: there's the firſt hit.

Diom. Beſeech you Sir make haſte, my own affairs
Call me another way.

Therſ. aſide. What affairs? what affairs? demand that Dolthead: the Rogue will loſe a quarrel for want of wit to ask that queſtion.

Troil. May I enquire where your affairs conduct you?

Therſ. aſide. Well ſaid again, I beg thy pardon.

Diom. Oh, it concerns you not.

Troil. Perhaps it does.

Diom. You are too inquiſitive; nor am I bound
To ſatisfy an Enemies requeſt.

Troil. You have a Ring upon your finger *Diomede*,
And given you by a Lady.

Diom. If it were; 'twas given to one who can defend her gift.

Therſ. aſide. So, ſo, the Boars begin to gruntle at one another: ſet up your briſtles now a' both ſides: whet and foam Rogues.

Troil. You muſt reſtore it *Greek*, by Heaven you muſt:
No ſpoil of mine ſhall grace a Traitors hand.

And with it, give me back this broken vow
Of my falſe fair; which, perjur'd as ſhe is,
I never will reſign, but with my Soul.

Diom. Then thou it ſeems art that forſaken fool,
Who wanting merit to preſerve her heart,
Repines in vain to ſee it better plac'd;
But know, (for now I take a pride to grieve thee)
Thou art ſo loſt a thing in her eſteem,
I never heard thee nam'd, but ſome ſcorn follow'd:
Thou wert our table talk for laughing meals:
Thy name our ſportful theme for Evening walks:
And intermiſſive hours of cooler love:
When hand in hand we went. [*Troil.*] Hell and furies!

Therſi. *Aſide.* O well ſtung, Scorpion!
Now *Menelaus* his Greek horns are out o' doors, there's a new Cuckold
ſtart up on the Trojan ſide.

Troil. Yet this was ſhe, ye Gods, that very ſhe,
Who in my arms lay melting all the Night;
Who kiſs'd and ſigh'd, and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd again,
As if her Soul flew upward to her lips,
To meet mine there, and panted at the paſſage,
Who loth to find the breaking day, look'd out,
And ſhrunk into my boſom, there to make
A little longer darkneſs.

Diom. Plagues and tortures!

Therſi. Good, good, by *Pluto*! their fool's mad to looſe his harlot: and our fool's mad that t'other fool had her firſt: if I ſought peace now, I cou'd tell 'em there's punk enough to ſatisfie 'em both: whore ſufficient! but let 'em worry one another, the fooliſh curs; they think they can never have enough of carrion.

Æneas. My Lords, this fury is not proper here,
In time of truce; if either ſide be injur'd,
To morrow's Sun will riſe apace, and then——

Troil. And then! but why ſhould I defer till then?
My blood calls now, there is no truce for Traytors,
My vengeance rowls within my breaſt, it muſt,
It will have vent.—— [*Draws*

Diom Hinder us not *Æneas*,
My blood rides high as his, I truſt thy honour;
And know thou art to brave a foe to break it.—— [*Draws*

Therſi. Now Moon! now ſhine ſweet Moon! let 'em have juſt light enough to make their paſſes: and not light enough to ward 'em.

Æne. *Drawing too.* by Heav'n he comes on this who ſtrikes the firſt,
You both are mad, is this like gallant men
To fight at midnight; at the Murderers hour?

When only guilt and rapin draws a ſword:
Let night enjoy her dues of ſoft repoſe;
But let the Sun behold the brave mans courage.
And this I dare engage for Diomede,
Foe though I am, he ſhall not hide his head,
But meet you in the very face of danger.

Diom. putting up. Be't ſo: and were it on ſome precipice
High as *Olympus*, and a Sea beneath;
Call when thou dar'ſt, juſt on the ſharpeſt point
I'le meet, and tumble with thee to deſtruction.

Troil. A gnawing conſcience haunt not guilty men
As I'le haunt thee, to ſummon thee to this;
Nay, ſhould'ſt thou take the *Stygian lake* for refuge,
I'le plunge in after, through the boiling flames
To puſh thee hiſſing down the vaſt Abyſs.

Diom. Where ſhall we meet?

Troil. Before the Tent of *Calchas*:
Thither, through all your Troops, I'll fight my way;
And in the ſight of perjur'd *Creſſida*
Give death to her through thee.

Diom. 'Tis largely promis'd:
But I diſdain to anſwer with a boaſt;
Be ſure thou ſhalt be met.

Troil. And thou be found. [*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *one way*: Diomede *the other*.

Therſ. Now the furies take *Æneas*, for letting 'em ſleep upon their quarrell: who knows but reſt may cool their brains, and make 'em riſe maukiſh to miſchief upon conſideration? May each of 'em dream he ſees his Cockatrice in t'others arms and be ſtabbing one another in their ſleep, to remember 'em of their buſineſs when they wake: let 'em be punctual to the point of honour; and if it were poſſible let both be firſt at the place of Execution. Let neither of 'em have cogitation enough, to conſider 'tis a whore they fight for: and let 'em value their lives at as little as they are worth. And laſtly let no ſucceeding fools take warning by 'em; but in imitation of them when a Strumpet is in queſtion,
Let 'em beneath their feet all reaſon trample;
And think it great to periſh by Example. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hector, Troilus, Andromache.

Hect. THe blew miſts riſe from off the nether grounds,
And the Sun mounts apace: to arms, to arms:
I am reſolv'd to put to th' utmoſt proof
The fate of *Troy* this day.
Andro. aſide. Oh, wretched woman, oh!
Hect. Methought I heard you ſigh, *Andromache*!
Andro. Did you my Lord?
Hect. Did you my Lord? you anſwer indirectly.
Juſt when I ſaid that I wou'd put our fate
Upon th' extreameſt proof, you fetch'd a groan:
And, as you check'd your ſelf, for what you did
You ſtifl'd it, and ſtopt. Come you are ſad.
Andro. The Gods forbid?
Hect. What ſhould the Gods forbid?
Andro. That I ſhou'd give you cauſe of juſt offence.
Hect. You ſay well: but you look not cheerfully.
I mean this day to waſte the ſtock of war,
And lay it prodigally out in blows:
Come gird my ſword, and ſmile upon me, love;
Like victory come flying to my arms;
And give me earneſt of deſir'd ſucceſs.
Andro. The Gods protect you; and reſtore you to me.
Hect. What, grown a Coward? thou wert us'd, *Andromache*,
To give my courage, courage: thou wouldſt cry
Go *Hector*; day grows old; and part of Fame
Is raviſh'd from thee, by thy ſlothfull ſtay.
Andro. aſide. What ſhall I do, to ſeem the ſame I was?
Come let me gird thy fortune to thy ſide;
And conqueſt ſit as cloſe, and ſure as this.
[*She goes to gird his Sword, and it falls.*
Now mercy, Heaven! the Gods avert this omen!
Hect. A fooliſh omen! take it up again;
And mend thy errour.
Andro. I cannot: for my hand obeys me not.
But as in ſlumbers, when we fain wou'd run
From our imagin'd fears, our idle feet
Grow to the ground, our ſtruggling voice dyes inward,
So now, when I wou'd force my ſelf to chear you,
My faltring tongue can give no glad preſage:
Alas, I am no more *Andromache*.

Hect. Why then thy former Soul is flown to me:
For I, methinks, am lifted into air:
As if my mind, maſtring my mortal part
Wou'd bear my exalted body to the Gods.
Laſt night I dreamt *Jove* ſate on *Ida*'s top,
And beckoning with his hand divine from far,
He pointed to a quire of Demi-gods,
Bacchus, and *Hercules*, and all the reſt,
Who free from humane toils had gain'd the pitch
Of bleſt eternity: lo there, he ſaid,
Lo there's a place for *Hector*.
Andro. Be to thy Enemies this boding dream.
Hect. Why it portends me honour and renown.
Andro. Such honour, as the brave gain after death.
For I have dreamt all night of horrid ſlaughters,
Of trampling horſes, and of Chariot wheels
Wading in blood up to their Axle-trees.
Of fiery *Demons* gliding down the Skyes,
And *Ilium* brighten'd with a midnight blaze:
O therefore, if thou lov'ſt me, go not forth.
Hect. Go to thy bed again, and there dream better.
Ho, bid my Trumpet Sound.
Andro. No notes of ſally for the Heavens ſake.
'Tis not for nothing when my Spirits droop:
This is a day when thy ill Stars are ſtrong,
When they have driv'n thy helpleſs genius down
The ſteep of Heaven to ſome obſcure retreat.
Hect. No more; ev'n as thou lov'ſt my fame, no more,
My honour ſtands ingag'd to meet *Achilles*.
What will the *Grecians* think, or what will he,
Or what will *Troy*, or what wilt thou thy ſelf,
When once this ague fit of fear is o're,
If I ſhould loſe my honour for a dream?
Andro. Your Enemies too well your courage know,
And Heaven abhors the forfeit of raſh vows,
Like ſpotted Livers in a Sacrifice.
I cannot; O I dare not let you go:
For when you leave me, my preſaging mind
Says, I ſhall never, never ſee you more.
Hect. Thou excellently good, but oh too ſoft,
Let me not ſcape the danger of this day;
But I have ſtruggling in my manly ſoul,
To ſee thoſe modeſt tears, aſham'd to fall,
And witneſs any part of woman in thee!
And now I fear, leſt thou ſhould'ſt think it fear,

If thus diſſwaded I refuſe to fight,
And ſtay inglorious in thy arms at home.
Andr. Oh cou'd I have that thought, I ſhou'd not love thee;
Thy Soul is proof to all things but to kindneſs:
And therefore 'twas that I forbore to tell thee
How mad *Caſſandra,* full of prophecy,
Ran round the ſtreets, and like a Bacchanal
Cry'd hold him *Priam,* 'tis his dying day:
Let him not go; for *Hector* is no more.
Hect. Our life is ſhort, but to extend that ſpan
To vaſt Eternity is virtues work.
Therefore to thee, and not to fear of fate
Which once muſt come to all, give I this day:
But ſee thou move no more the like requeſt:
For reſt aſſur'd that to regain this hour
To morrow will I tempt a double danger:
Mean time, let Deſtiny attend thy leiſure;
I reckon this one day a blank of life.
Enter Troilus.

Troil. Where are you Brother? now in honour's name,
What do you mean to be thus long unarm'd?
Th' imbattel'd Souldiers throng about the gates:
The Matrons to the turrets tops aſcend,
Holding their helpleſs children in their arms,
To make you early known to their young eyes,
And *Hector* is the univerſal ſhout.
Hect. Bid all unarm, I will not fight to day.
Troil. Employ ſome coward to bear back this news,
And let the children hoot him for his pains:
By all the gods, and by my juſt revenge,
This Sun ſhall ſhine the laſt for them or us:
Theſe noiſy ſtreets, or yonder ecchoing plains
Shall be to morrow ſilent as the grave.
Andro. O Brother do not urge a brothers fate,
But let this rack of heav'n and earth roll o're;
And when the ſtorm is paſt, put out to ſea.
Troil. Oh now I know from whence his change proceeds;
Some frantick Augur has obſerv'd the Skyes;
Some victim wants a heart, or crow flys wrong;
By heav'n 'twas never well, ſince ſawcy Prieſts
Grew to be Maſters of the liſtning herd,
And into Miters cleft the Regal Crown:
Then as the Earth were ſcanty for their power,
They drew the pomp of Heav'n to wait on them.
Shall I go publiſh *Hector* dares not fight,

Becauſe a mad-man dreamt he talk'd with *Jove*?
What cou'd the God ſee in a brain-ſick Prieſt,
That he ſhould ſooner talk to him than me?

Hect. You know my name's not liable to fear.

Troil. Yes, to the worſt of fear, to ſuperſtition.
But whether that or fondneſſe of a wife,
(The more unpardonable ill) has ſeiz'd you;
Know this, the *Grecians* think you fear *Achilles*,
And that *Polixena* has beg'd your life.

Hect. How! that my life is beg'd, and by my ſiſter?

Troil. *Ulyſſes* ſo inform'd me at our parting,
With a malicious and diſdainfull ſmile:
'Tis true, he ſaid not in broad words you fear'd,
But in well-manner'd terms 'twas ſo agreed
Achilles ſhou'd avoid to meet with *Hector*.

Hect. He thinks my Siſters treaſon, my petition,
That largely vaunting in my heat of bloud,
More then I cou'd, it ſeems, or durſt perform,
I ſought evaſion.

Troil. And in private pray'd.

Hect. O yes, *Polixena*, to beg my life.

Andro. He cannot think ſo, do not urge him thus.

Hect. Not urge me! then thou think'ſt I need his urging:
By all the Gods ſhou'd *Jove* himſelf deſcend,
And tell me, *Hector* thou deſerv'ſt not life,
But take it as a boon; I wou'd not live.
But that a Mortal man, and he of all men,
Shou'd think my life were in his power to give,
I will not reſt, till proſtrate on the ground
I make him *Atheiſt*-like, implore his breath
Of me and not of Heaven.

Troil. Then you'l refuſe no more to fight.

Hect. Refuſe! I'le not be hinder'd, Brother.
I'le through and through 'em, ev'n their hindmoſt ranks,
Till I have found that large-ſiz'd boaſting fool,
Who dare preſume my life is in his gift.

Andro. Farewell, farewell; 'tis vain to ſtrive with fate;
Caſſandra's raging God inſpires my breaſt,
With truths that muſt be told and not believ'd.
Look how he dyes! look how his Eyes turn pale!
Look how his blood burſts out at many vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars, how *Hecuba* crys out,
And widow'd I fill all the ſtreets with ſcreams!
Behold diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,

Like Antiques meet, and tumble upon heaps!
And all cry *Hector* ; *Hectors* dead! Oh *Hector*!
[*Exit* Andromache.

Hect. What ſport will be when we return at Evening,
To laugh her out of count'nance for her dreams!
Troil. I have not quench'd my eyes with dewy ſleep this Night;
But fiery fumes mount upward to my brains,
And when I breathe, methinks my noſtrils hiſs!
I ſhall turn Baſilisk! and with my ſight
Do my hands work, on *Diomede* this day.
Hect. To Arm, to Arms, the vantguards are ingag'd:
Let us not leave one Man to guard the Walls,
Both Old and young, the coward and the brave,
Be ſummon'd all, our utmoſt fate to try;
And as one body move, whoſe Soul am I. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II. *The Camp.*

Alarm within. *Enter* Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Menelaus, Souldiers.

Agam. THus far the promiſe of the day is fair:
Æneas rather loſes ground than gains,
I ſaw him overlabour'd, taking breath;
And leaning on his ſpear, behold our Trenches
Like a fierce Lyon looking up to toyls,
Which yet he durſt not leap.
Ulyſſ. And therefore diſtant death does all the work:
The flights of whiſtling darts make brown the sky;
Whoſe claſhing points ſtrike fire, and guild the dusk;
Thoſe that reach home, from neither hoſt are vain,
So thick the preaſe; ſo luſty are their arms,
That death ſeem'd never ſent with better will,
Nor was with leſs concernment entertain'd.

Enter Neſtor.

Agam. Now *Neſtor*, what's the news?
Neſtor. I have deſcrib'd,
A cloud of duſt that mounts in pillars upwards;
Expanding as it travells to our Camp,
And from the midſt I heard a burſting ſhout,
That rent the Heavens, as if all *Troy* were ſwarm'd,
And on the wing this way.
Menel. Let 'em come, let 'em come.
Agam. Where's great *Achilles*?

Neſt.

Ulyſſ. Think not on *Achilles*;
Till *Hector* drag him from his Tent to fight,
(Which ſure he will, for I have laid the train.)

Neſt. But young *Patroclus* leads his Myrmidons;
And in their front, ev'n in the face of *Hector*,
Reſolves to dare the Trojans.

Agam. Haſte *Ulyſſes*, bid *Ajax* iſſue forth, and ſecond him.

Ulyſſ. Oh Noble General, let it not be ſo,
Oppoſe not rage, while rage is in its force;
But give it way a while; and let it waſte:
The riſing deluge is not ſtopt with dams,
Thoſe it o'rbears, and drowns the hopes of harveſt.
But wiſely manag'd its divided ſtrength
Is ſluc'd in channels, and ſecurely drain'd:
Firſt, let ſmall parties dally with their fury.
But when their force is ſpent and unſupply'd
The reſidue with mounds may be reſtrain'd,
And dry-ſhod, we may paſs the naked ford.

Enter Therſites.

Therſ. Ho, ho, ho!

Menel. Why doſt thou laugh, unſeaſonable fool?

Therſ. Why thou fool in ſeaſon, cannot a man laugh, but thou thinkſt he makes horns at thee? Thou Prince of the Herd, what haſt thou to do with laughing? Tis the prerogative of man to laugh! Thou Riſibility without Reaſon: thou ſubject of laughter; Thou fool Royal.

Ulyſs. But tell us the occaſion of thy mirth?

Therſ. Now a man asks me, I care not if I anſwer to my own kind: why the Enemies are broken into our Trenches; Fools like *Menelaus* fall by thouſands; yet not a humane Soul departs on either ſide. *Troilus* and *Ajax* have almoſt beaten one anothers heads off; but are both immortal for want of brains. *Patroclus* has kill'd *Sarpedon*; and *Hector Patroclus*; So there's a towardly ſpringing fop gone off: He might have made a Prince one day: But now he's nipt in the very budd and promiſe of a moſt prodigious Coxcomb.

Agam. Bear off *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*:
Revenge will arm him now, and bring us aid.
Th' alarm Sounds near; and ſhouts are driv'n upon us,
As of a crowd confus'd in their retreat.

Ulyſſ. Open your Ranks, and make theſe mad men way:
Then cloſe again, to charge upon their backs:
And quite conſume the Reliques of the war.

[*Exeunt all but* Therſites.

Therſ. What ſhoals of fools one battel ſweeps away!
How it purges families of younger Brothers! Highways of Robbers,

and Cities of Cuckold-makers! There's nothing like a pitch'd Battel, for theſe brisk Addle-heads! Your Phyſitian is a pretty fellow; but his Fees make him tedious; he rids not faſt enough; the fools grow upon him, and their horſe bodies are poyſon proof. Your Peſtilence is a quicker Remedy; but it has not the grace to make diſtinction; it huddles up honeſt men and Rogues together. But your battel has diſcretion; it picks out all the forward fools. And ſouſes 'em together into Immortality.

[*Shouts and alarm within.*

Plague upon theſe Drums and Trumpets! theſe ſharp ſawces of the War, to get fools an Appetite to fighting; what do I among 'em? I ſhall be miſtaken for ſome valiant Aſſe, and dye a Martyr in a wrong Religion.

Here Grecians *fly over the ſtage, purſued by* Trojans: *One* Trojan *turns back upon* Therſites *who is flying to.*

Trojan. Turn ſlave and fight.

Therſ. turning. What art thou?

Troj. A Baſtard Son of *Priam's*.

Therſ. I am a Baſtard too; I love Baſtards: I am Baſtard in body, Baſtard in mind, Baſtard in valour; in every thing illegitimate. A Bear will not faſten upon a Bear; why ſhould one Baſtard offend another? let us part fair, like true Sons of Whores; and have the fear of our Mothers before our eyes.

Troj. The Devil Take thee Coward. *Exit* Trojan.

Therſ. Now wou'd I were either Inviſible, or invulnerable; theſe Gods have a fine time on't; they can ſee and make miſchief, and never feel it.

[*Clattring of ſwords at both doors; he runs each way, and meets the noiſe.*

A pox clatter you; I am compaſs'd in: Now wou'd I were that blockhead *Ajax* for a minute: ſome ſturdy *Trojan* will poach me up with a long pole, and then the Rogues may kill one another upon free coſt, and have nobody left to laugh at 'em:
Now Deſtruction! now Deſtruction.

Enter Hector *and* Troilus *driving in the* Greeks.

Hect. to Ther. Speak what part thou fighteſt on?

Therſ. I fight not at all: I am for neither ſide.

Hect. Thou art a Greek: art thou a match for *Hector*?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Therſ. No, I am a raſcal: a ſcurvy railing Knave; a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; live.

Therſ. God a mercy, that thou wilt believe me: but the Devil break thy neck for frighting me. [*aſide.*

Troilus returning. What Priſoner have you there?

Hect. A gleaning of the war: a Rogue he ſays.

Troil. Diſpatch him and away. [*going to kill him.*

Thers. Hold, hold: what is't no more but diſpatch a man and away? I am in no ſuch haſt: I will not dye for *Greece*; I hate *Greece*, and by my good will wou'd nere have been born there; I was miſtaken into that Country, and betray'd by my parents to be born there. And beſides I have a mortal Enemy amongſt the *Grecians*, one *Diomede* a damned villain, and cannot dye with a ſafe conſcience till I have firſt murther'd him.

Troil. Shew me that *Diomede* and thou ſhalt live.

Therſ. Come along with me and Ile conduct thee to *Calchas* his Tent, where I believe he's now making war with the Prieſts daughter.

Hect. Here we muſt part, our deſtinies divide us;
Brother and friend, farewell.

Troil. When ſhall we meet?

Hect. When the Gods pleaſe: if not, we once muſt part.
Look; on yon hill their ſquander'd Troops unite.

Troil. If I miſtake not, 'tis their laſt Reſerve:
The ſtorm's blown o'r; and thoſe but after drops.

Hect. I wiſh our Men be not too far ingag'd:
For few we are and ſpent; as having born
The burthen of the Day: but hap what can
They ſhall be charg'd: *Achilles* muſt be there;
And him I ſeek, or death.
Divide our Troops and take the freſher half.

Troil. O Brother,

Hect. No diſpute of Ceremony,
Theſe are enow for me; in faith enow:
Their bodies ſhall not flag while I can lead;
Nor wearied limbs confeſs Mortality,
Before thoſe Ants that blacken all yon hill
Are crept into their Earth: Farewell. *Exit Hector.*

Troil. Farewell; come Greek.

Therſ. Now theſe Rival-rogues will clapperclaw one another, and I ſhall have the ſport on't. *Exit* Troil. *with* Therſites.

Enter Achilles *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Which way went *Hector*?

Myrmid. Up yon ſandy hill:
You may diſcern 'em by their ſmoaking track;
A wavering body working with bent hams
Againſt the riſing, ſpent with painfull march,
And by looſe-footing caſt on heaps together.

Achil. O thou art gone! thou ſweeteſt, beſt of friends;
Why did I let thee tempt the ſhock of war
Ere yet they tender nerves had ſtrung thy limbs,
And knotted into ſtrength. Yet, though too late,
I will, I will revenge thee, my *Patroclus*!
Nor ſhall thy Ghoſt thy Murtherers long attend,
But thou ſhalt hear him calling *Charon* back,
E'r thou art wafted to the farther ſhore.
Make haſte, my Soldiers: give me this days pains,
For my dead friend ſtrike every hand with mine,
Till *Hector* breathleſs, on the ground we lay;
Revenge is honour, the ſecureſt way. *Exit with* Myrmidons.

[*Enter* Therſites, Troilus, Trojans.

Thers. That's *Calchas*'s Tent.
Troil. Then that one ſpot of Earth contains more falſhood
Than all the Sun ſees in his race beſide.
That I ſhou'd truſt the Daughter of a Prieſt!
Prieſthood, that makes a Merchandiſe of Heaven;
Prieſthood, that ſells eve'n to their prayr's and bleſſings,
And forces us to pay for our own couſenage.
Thers. Nay cheats Heav'n too with entrails and with offals;
Gives it the garbadge of a Sacrifice,
And keeps the beſt for private Luxury.
Troil. Thou haſt deſerv'd thy life, for curſing Prieſts:
Let me embrace thee; thou art beautiful:
That back, that noſe; thoſe eyes are beautiful:
Live, thou art honeſt; for thou hat'ſt a Prieſt.

Therſ. aſide. Farewell Trojan; if I ſcape with life, as I hope; and thou art knock'd o'th head, as I hope too; I ſhall be the firſt that ever ſcap'd the revenge of a Prieſt, after curſing him; and thou wilt not be the laſt, I Prophecy, that a Prieſt will bring to ruin. [*Exit* Ther.

Troil. Methinks my ſoul is rowz'd to her laſt work:
Has much to do, and little time to ſpare.
She ſtarts within me, like a Traveller
Who ſluggiſhly out-ſlept his morning hour,
And mends in his pace, to reach his Inn betimes.

Noiſe within, follow, follow,

A Noiſe of Arms! the Traitor may be there:
Or elſe, perhaps, that conſcious ſcene of Love,
The Tent may hold him, yet I dare not ſearch
For oh, I fear to find him in that place. [*Exit.* Troilus.

Enter Calchas, Creſſide.

Creſſ. Where is he? I'le be juſtify'd or dye.

Calch. So quickly vaniſh'd! he was here but now:
He muſt be gone to ſearch for *Diomede*,
For *Diomede* told me, here they were to fight.

Creſſ. Alas! (*Calch.*) you muſt prevent, and not complain.

Creſſ. If *Troilus* dye, I have no ſhare in life.

Calch. If *Diomede* ſink beneath the ſword of *Troilus*,
We loſe not only a Protector here,
But are debar'd all future means of flight.

Creſſi. What then remains?

Calch. To interpoſe betimes
Betwixt their ſwords; or if that cannot be,
To interceed for him, who ſhall be vanquiſh'd,
Fate leaves no middle courſe. *Exit.* Calchas.

Claſhing within.

Creſſi. Ah me! I hear e'm;
And fear 'tis paſt prevention.

Enter Diomede, *retireing before* Troilus, *and falling as he enters.*

Troil. Now beg thy life, or dye.

Diom. No: uſe thy fortune:
I loath the life, which thou canſt give, or take.

Troil. Scornſt thou my mercy villian?— take thy wiſh—

Creſſi. Hold, hold your hand my Lord, and hear me ſpeak.

Troilus *turns back; in which time* Diomede *riſes: Trojans and Greeks enter, and rank themſelves on both ſides of their Captains.*

Troil. Did I not hear the voice of perjur'd *Creſſida*?
Com'ſt thou to give the laſt ſtab to my heart?
As if the proofs of all thy former falſhood
Were not enough convincing, com'ſt thou now
To beg my Rivals life?
Whom, oh, if any ſpark of truth remain'd,
Thou coud'ſt not thus, ev'n to my face prefer?

Creſſi. What ſhall I ſay? that you ſuſpect me falſe
Has ſtruck me dumb; but let him live my *Troilus*,
By all our loves, by all our paſt endearments
I do adjure thee ſpare him.

Troil. Hell, and death!

Creſſi. If ever I had pow'r to bend your mind,
Believe me ſtill your faithful *Creſſida*:
And though my innocence appear like guilt,
Becauſe I make his forfeit life my ſuit,
'Tis but for this, that my return to you
Wou'd be cut off for ever by his death.
My father, treated like a ſlave and ſcorn'd,

My ſelf in hated bonds a Captive held.

Troil. Cou'd I believe thee, cou'd I think thee true
In triumph wou'd I bear thee back to *Troy*,
Though *Greece* could rally all her ſhatter'd troops,
And ſtand embattel'd to oppoſe my way.
But, Oh, thou Syren, I will ſtop my ears
To thy enchanting notes ; the winds ſhall bear
Upon their wings, thy words more light than they.

Creſſi. Alas I but diſſembled love to him ;
If ever he had any proof beyond
What modeſty might give.——

Diom. No ? witneſſe this———(*the Ring ſhown.*)
There, take her Trojan ; thou deſerv'ſt her beſt,
You good, kind-natur'd, well-believing fools
Are treaſures to a woman.
I was a jealous, hard vexatious Lover
And doubted ev'n this pledge till full poſſeſſion :
But ſhe was honourable to her word ;
And I have no juſt reaſon to complain.

Creſſi. O, unexampled, frontleſſe impudence !

Troil. Hell ſhow me ſuch another tortur'd wretch, as *Troilus*.

Diom. Nay, grieve not : I reſign her freely up :
I'm ſatisfi'd : and dare engage for *Creſſida*,
That if you have a promiſe of her perſon,
She ſhall be willing to come out of debt.

Creſſie. [*kneeling.*] My only Lord, by all thoſe holy vows,
Which if there be a pow'r above, are binding,
Or, if there be a Hell below, are fearful,
May every imprecation, which your rage
Can wiſh on me, take place, if I am falſe.

Diom. Nay ſince you'r ſo concern'd to be believ'd,
I'me ſorry I have preſs'd my charge ſo far ;
Be what you wou'd be thought : I can be grateful.

Troil. Grateful ! Oh torment, now hells blewest flames
Receive her quick ; with all her crimes upon her.
Let her ſink ſpotted down. Let the dark hoſt
Make room ; and point ; and hiſſe her as ſhe goes.
Let the moſt branded Ghoſts of all her Sex
Rejoyce, and cry, here comes a blacker fiend.
Let her———

Creſſi. Enough my Lord ; you've ſaid enough :
This faithleſſe, perjur'd hated *Creſſida*,
Shall be no more, the ſubject of your Curſes :
Some few hours hence, and grief had done your work ;
But then your eyes had miſs'd the Satisfaction

Which thus I give you —— thus —— [*She ſtabs her ſelf, they both run to her,*

Diom. Help; ſave her, help.

Creſſi. Stand off; and touch me not, thou Traitor, *Diomede*:
But you, my only *Troilus* come near:
Truſt me the wound which I have giv'n this breaſt
Is far leſs painful, than the wound you gave it.
Oh, can you yet believe, that I am true?

Troil. This were too much, ev'n if thou hadſt been falſe:
But Oh, thou pureſt, whiteſt innocence,
(For ſuch I know thee now) too late I know it.
May all my curſes, and ten thouſand more
Heavier than they, fall back upon my head,
Pelion and *Oſſa* from the Gyants grave,
Be torn by ſome avenging Deity,
And hurld at me, a bolder wretch then they,
Who durſt invade the Skies.

Creſſi. Hear him not Heavens,
But hear me bleſs him with my lateſt breath:
And ſince I queſtion not your hard decree,
That doom'd my days unfortunate and few,
Add all to him, you take away from me;
And I dye happy that he thinks me true. [*Dyes.*

Troil. She's gone for ever, and ſhe bleſt me dying,
Cou'd ſhe have curs'd me worſe? ſhe dy'd for me;
And like a woman, I lament for her.
Diſtraction pulls me ſeveral ways at once,
Here pity calls me to weep out my eyes;
Deſpair then turns me back upon my ſelf,
And bids me ſeek no more, but finiſh here: [*Sword to his breaſt.*
Ha, ſmil'ſt thou Traitor? thou inſtruct'ſt me beſt,
And turn'ſt my juſt revenge to puniſh thee.

Diom. Thy worſt, for mine has been beforehand with thee,
I triumph in thy vain credulity,
Which levels thy deſpairing ſtate to mine:
But yet thy folly to believe a foe,
Makes thine the ſharper, and more ſhamefull loſs.

Troil. By my few moments of remaining life;
I did not hope for any future joy,
But thou haſt given me pleaſure e'r I dye,
To puniſh ſuch a Vilain. —— Fight apart. [*To his Souldiers.*
For Heaven and Hell have mark'd him out for me,
And I ſhou'd grudg ev'n his leaſt drop of blood,
To any other hand. ——

[Troilus *and* Diomede *fight, and both parties engage at the ſame time: The Trojans make the Greeks retire, and* Troilus *makes* Diomede *give ground and hurts him, Trumpets ſound,* Achilles *Enters with his Myrmidons, on the backs of the Trojans, who fight in a Ring encompaſs'd round.* Troilus *ſingling* Diomede *gets him down and kills him: and* Achilles *kills* Troilus *upon him. All the Trojans dye upon the place,* Troilus *laſt.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Ajax, *and Attendants.*

Achill. Our toyls are done, and thoſe aſpiring Walls
(The work of Gods, and almoſt mateing Heaven,)
Muſt crumble into rubbiſh on the plain.
Agam. When mighty *Hector* fell beneath thy Sword,
Their Old foundations ſhook, their nodding Towers
Threatned from high, the amaz'd Inhabitants:
And Guardian Gods for fear forſook their Fanes.
Achill. Patroclus, now be quiet: *Hector*'s dead:
And as a ſecond off'ring to thy Ghoſt,
Lyes *Troilus* high upon a heap of ſlain:
And noble *Diomede* beneath; whoſe death
This hand of mine reveng'd.
Ajax. Reveng'd it baſely.
For *Troilus* fell by multitudes oppreſt;
And ſo fell *Hector*, but 'tis vain to talk.
Ulyſſ. Hail *Agamemnon!* truly Victor now,
While ſecret envy, and while open pride,
Among thy factious Nobles diſcord threw;
While publique good was urg'd for private ends;
And thoſe thought Patriots, who diſturb'd it moſt;
Then like the headſtrong horſes of the Sun,
That light which ſhou'd have cheer'd the World, conſum'd it:
Now peacefull order has reſum'd the reins,
Old Time looks young, and Nature ſeems renew'd:
Then, ſince from homebred Factions ruine ſprings,
Let Subjects learn obedience to their Kings.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The

The Epilogue.

Spoken by Therſites.

THeſe cruel Critiques put me into paſſion;
For in their lowring looks I read damnation:
Ye expect a Satyr, and I ſeldom fail,
When I'm firſt beaten, 'tis my part to rail.
You Britiſh fools, of the Old Trojan ſtock,
That ſtand ſo thick one cannot miſs the flock,
Poets have cauſe to dread a keeping Pit,
When Womens Cullyes come to judge of Wit.
As we ſtrow Rats-bane when we vermine fear,
'Twere worth our coſt to ſcatter Fool-bane here.
And after all our judging Fops were ſerv'd,
Dull Poets too ſhou'd have a doſe reſerv'd,
Such Reprobates as paſt all ſence of ſhaming
Write on, and ne'r are ſatisfy'd with damming,
Next, thoſe, to whom the Stage does not belong
Such whoſe Vocation onely is to Song;
At moſt to Prologue, when for want of time
Poets take in for Journy work in Rhime.
But I want curſes for thoſe mighty ſholes,
Of ſcribling Chloriſſes, *and* Phillis *fools,*
Thoſe Oaphs ſhou'd be reſtraind, during their lives,
From Pen and Ink, as Madmen are from knives:
I cou'd rayl on, but 'twere a task as vain
As Preaching truth at Rome, *or wit in* Spain,
Yet to huff out our Play was worth my trying,
John Lilburn *ſcap'd his Judges by defying:*
If guilty, yet I'm ſure oth' Churches bleſſing,
By ſuffering for the Plot, without confeſſing.

FINIS.

THE SPANISH FRYAR:

OR,

The Double Diſcovery.

Acted by Their MAJESTIES Servants at

The Theatre Royal.

Ut melius poſſis fallere ſume togam. ———— Ma.
———————— *Alterna reviſens*
Luſit, & in ſolido rurſus fortuna locavit. Vir.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

LONDON,

Printed for *E. Tonſon*, within *Gray's-Inn-Gate* next *Gray's-Inn-Lane*, and *Jacob Tonſon* at the *Judge's-head* near the
Inner-Temple-Gate, Fleet-ſtreet. 1695.

To the Right Honourable

John Lord Haughton.

My Lord,

WHEN I firſt deſign'd this Play, I found, or thought I found, ſomewhat ſo moving in the ſerious part of it, and ſo pleaſant in the Comick, as might deſerve a more than ordinary care in both: Accordingly I us'd the beſt of my endeavour, in the management of two Plots, ſo very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer, to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other Plays of the ſame nature, in my opinion, with the ſame Judgment; though with like Succeſs. And though many Poets may ſuſpect themſelves for the fondneſs and partiality of Parents to their youngeſt Children; yet I hope I may ſtand exempted from this Rule, becauſe I know my ſelf too well to be ever ſatisfied with my own Conceptions, which have ſeldom reach'd to thoſe Idea's that I had within me; and conſequently, I preſume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or leſs pardonably, as an ordinary Marks-man may know certainly when he ſhoots leſs wide at what he aims. Beſides, the Care and Pains I have beſtowed on this, beyond my other Tragi-Comedies, may reaſonably make the World conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiſs. Few good Pictures have been finiſh'd at one ſitting; neither can a true juſt Play, which is to bear the teſt of Ages, be produc'd at a heat, or by the force of Fancy, without the maturity of Judgment. For my own part, I have both ſo juſt a Diffidence of my ſelf, and ſo great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing without a ſtrict Examination; and am as much aſham'd to put a looſe indigeſted Play upon the Publick, as I ſhould be to offer braſs Money in a Payment: For though it ſhould be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage) yet it will be found in the ſecond telling: And a judicious Reader will diſcover in his Cloſet that traſhy ſtuff, whoſe glittering deceiv'd him in the action. I have often heard the Stationer ſighing in his Shop, and wiſhing for the hands to take off his melancholy bargain which clapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-houſe every thing contributes to impoſe upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the beſt where there is the moſt need of it, ſurprize the Audience, and caſt a miſt upon their Underſtandings; not unlike

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like the running of a Juggler, who is always ſtaring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberiſh, only that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his Trick. But theſe falſe Beauties of the Stage are no more laſting than a Rainbow; when the Actor ceaſes to ſhine upon them, when he guilds them no longer with his reflection, they vaniſh in a twinkling. I have ſometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was become of thoſe glaring Colours which amaz'd me in Buſſy Damboys *upon the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I ſuppos'd, a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Jelly: nothing but a cold dull maſs, which glitter'd no longer than it was ſhooting: A dwarfiſh thought dreſs'd up in gigantick words, repetition in abundance, looſeneſs of expreſſion and groſs Hyperboles; the Senſe of one line expanded prodigiouſly into ten: and, to ſum up all, uncorrect Engliſh, and a hideous mingle of falſe Poetry and true Nonſenſe; or, at beſt, a ſcantling of Wit which lay gaſping for life, and groaning beneath a Heap of Rubbiſh. A famous modern Poet us'd to ſacrifice every year a* Statius *to* Virgil's *Manes: and I have Indignation enough to burn a* Damboys *annually to the memory of* Johnſon. *But now, My Lord, I am ſenſible, perhaps, too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember ſome Verſes of my own,* Maximin *and* Almanzor, *which cry Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which I wiſh heartily in the ſame fire with* Statius *and* Chapman: *All I can ſay for thoſe paſſages, which are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to pleaſe, even when I writ them: But I repent of them amongſt my Sins; and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my preſent Writings, I draw a ſtroke over all thoſe* Dalilahs *of the Theatre; and am reſolv'd I will ſettle my ſelf no reputation by the applauſe of Fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-witted Judges, as I ſhou'd to raiſe an Eſtate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither do I diſcommend the lofty ſtyle in Tragedy which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly ſublime that is not juſt and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the ſame meaſures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded* Statius *to have written higher than* Virgil: *for,*

Quæ ſuperimpoſito moles geminata Coloſſo,

carries a more thundring kind of ſound than

Tityre tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi:

Yet Virgil *had all the Majeſty of a lawful Prince; and* Statius *only the bluſtring of a Tyrant. But when Men affect a Vertue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the neareſt reſemblance of it. Thus an injudicious Poet, who aims at Loftineſs, runs eaſily into the ſwelling puffie ſtyle, becauſe it looks like Greatneſs. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought* *inimitable* Spencer *a mean Poet in compariſon of* Sylveſter's Dubartas *: and was rapt into an ecſtaſie, when I read theſe lines :*

Now, when the Winters keener breath began
To Chryſtallize the Baltick Ocean ;
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
And periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods :

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable fuſtian, that is, thoughts and words ill ſorted, and without the leaſt relation to each other : yet I dare not anſwer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap it on the Stage : ſo little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but Madneſs can pleaſe Mad-men, and a Poet muſt be of a piece with the Spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room, contriv'd for State, the height of the roof ſhou'd bear a proportion to the Area ; ſo in the Heightenings of Poetry, the ſtrength and vehemence of Figures ſhou'd be ſuited to the Occaſion, the Subject, and the Perſons. All beyond this is monſtrous ; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excreſcence, and not a living part of Poetry. I had not ſaid thus much, if ſome young Gallants, who pretend to Criticiſm, had not told me, that this Tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of ſtyle : but as a Man who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himſelf innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, ſo perhaps, I have vindicated my Play with more partiality than I ought, or than ſuch a trifle can deſerve. Yet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at leaſt from the groſneſs of thoſe faults I mention'd. What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in reference to my Profit, and the ſatisfaction I had in ſeeing it repreſented with all the juſtneſs and gracefulneſs of Action. But as 'tis my Intereſt to pleaſe my Audience, ſo 'tis my Ambition to be read ; that I am ſure is the more laſting and the nobler Deſign : for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the vehemence of Action : All things are there beheld, as in a haſty motion, where the objects only glide before the Eye and diſappear. The moſt diſcerning Critick can judge no more of theſe ſilent graces in the Action, than he who rides Poſt through an unknown Country can diſtinguiſh the Situation of Places, and the Nature of the Soil. The purity of phraſe, the clearneſs of conception and expreſſion, the boldneſs maintain'd to Majeſty, the ſignificancy and ſound of words, not ſtrain'd into bombaſt, but juſtly elevated ; in ſhort, thoſe very words and thoughts, which cannot be chang'd, but for the worſe, muſt of neceſſity eſcape our tranſient view upon the Thetre ; and yet without all theſe a Play may take : For if either the Story move us, or the Actor help the lameneſs of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of Wit or Paſſion ſtrike through the obſcurity of *the Poem, any of theſe are ſufficient to effect a preſent liking, but not to fix a laſting admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the ſureſt Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touchſtone Wit will not diſcover; neither indeed is it poſſible to avoid them in a Play of this nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: But it will be clear to any judicious Man, that with half the pains I could have rais'd a Play from either of them: for this time I ſatisfied my own humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a rule for the pleaſure of variety. The truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continu'd melancholy Scenes: and I dare venture to propheſie, that few Tragedies, except thoſe in verſe, ſhall ſucceed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a courſe of mirth; for the Feaſt is too dull and ſolemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will ſoon be try'd: for a ſeveral Genius is requir'd to either way; and without both of them, a Man in my opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it ſo trivial an undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to ſave, than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poiſon are always in a readineſs; but to bring the Action to the laſt extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer, and coſt him many a pang in the performance.*

And now, My Lord, I muſt confeſs that what I have written looks more like a Preface *than a* Dedication; *and truly it was thus far my deſign, that I might entertain you with ſomewhat in my own Art, which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the ſtale exploded Trick of fulſome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write juſtly on any thing, but almoſt impoſſible in Praiſe. I ſhall therefore wave ſo nice a ſubject; and only tell you, that in recommending a Proteſtant Play, to a Proteſtant Patron, as I do my ſelf an Honour, ſo I do your Noble Family a Right, who have been always eminent in the ſupport and favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the promiſes of your Youth, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deceive me not, the Principles you have embrac'd are ſuch as will no way degenerate from your Anceſtors, but refreſh their memory in the minds of all true* Engliſh-men, *and renew their luſtre in your Perſon; which, My Lord, is not more the wiſh than it is the conſtant expectation of your Lordſhip's*

Moſt Obedient,

Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

NOW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit ;
For he who pleaſes, never fails of Wit :
Honour is yours,
And you, like Kings, at City Treats beſtow it ;
The Writer kneels, and is bid riſe a Poet :
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow,
You dubb to day and hang a Man to morrow ;
You cry the ſame Senſe up, and down again,
Juſt like braſs money once a Year in Spain :
Take you i' th' mood, whate'er baſe metal come,
You coin as faſt as Groats at Bromingam :
Though 'tis no more like Senſe in ancient Plays,
Than Rome's *Religion like St.* Peter's *days.*
In ſhort, ſo ſwift your Judgments turn and wind,
You caſt our fleeteſt Wits a mile behind.
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range,
But e'en your Follies and Debauches change
With ſuch a Whirl, the Poets of your age
Are tyr'd, and cannot ſcore 'em on the Stage,
Unleſs each Vice in ſhort-hand they indite,
Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders *no Vices know*
But what they us'd a hundred years ago,
Like honeſt Plants, where they were ſtuck they grow ;
They cheat, but ſtill from cheating Sires they come ;
They drink, but they were chriſten'd firſt in Mum.
Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards *keep,*
And Philip *firſt taught* Philip *how to ſleep.*
The French *and we ſtill change, but here's the Curſe,*
They change for better, and we change for worſe ;
They take up our old trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and ſing :
Our Fathers did for change to France *repair,*
And they for change will try our Engliſh *Air ;*
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Streight a more fooliſh Gugaw comes in play :

So we, grown penitent, on ſerious thinking,
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to drinking.
Scowring the Watch grows out of faſhion, wit
Now we ſet up for Tilting in the Pit,
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-hearted,
To fright the Ladies firſt, and then be parted.
A fair Attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire Night Murth'rers, and make Death a Trade,
When Murther's out, what Vice can we advance?
Unleſs the new found Pois'ning Trick of France:
And when their Art of Rats-bane *we have got,*
By way of thanks, we'll ſend 'em o'er our Plot.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Leonora, Queen of *Arragon*,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Tereſa, Woman to *Leonora*,	Mrs. *Crofts*.
Elvira, Wife to *Gomez*,	Mrs. *Betterton*.
Torriſmond,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Bertran,	Mr. *Williams*.
Alphonſo,	Mr. *Wiltſheir*.
Lorenzo, his Son,	Mr. *Smith*.
Raymond,	Mr. *Gillow*.
Pedro,	Mr. *Underhill*.
Gomez,	Mr. *Nokes*.
Dominic, the Spaniſh Fryar,	Mr. *Lee*.

The

THE
SPANISH FRYAR:
OR THE
Double Diſcovery.

ACT I.

Alphonſo, Pedro *meet, with Souldiers on each ſide, Drums*, &c.

Alph. STand : give the Word.
Pedro. The Queen of *Arragon.*
Alph. Pedro ! ——— how goes the night?
Pedro. She wears apace.
Alph. Then welcome day-light : We ſhall have warm work on't :
The *Moor* will 'gage
His utmoſt Forces on this next Aſſault,
To win a Queen and Kingdom.
Pedro. Pox o' this Lion-way of wooing though :
Is the Queen ſtirring yet?
Alph. She has not been a-bed : but in her Chapel
All night devoutly watch'd : and brib'd the Saints
With Vows for her Deliverance.
Pedro. O, *Alphonſo,*
I fear they come too late ! her Father's crimes
Sit heavy on her ; and weigh down her prayers :
A Crown uſurp'd ; a lawfull King depos'd ;
In bondage held ; debarr'd the common light ;
His Children murther'd, and his Friends deſtroy'd :
What can we leſs expect than what we feel,
And what we fear will follow ?
Alph. Heav'n avert it !
Pedro. Then Heav'n muſt not be Heav'n : Judge the event
By what has paſs'd : The Uſurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Crown ! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:
Unriddle that ye Pow'rs : But left his Daughter,
Our preſent Queen, ingag'd, upon his Death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whoſe curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him great.

Hence, you well know, this fatal War aroſe;
Becauſe the *Moor*, *Abdalla*, with whoſe Troops
Th' Uſurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd;
And, as an Infidel, his Love deſpis'd.
Alph. Well; we are Souldiers, *Pedro*: and like Lawyers, Plead for our Pay.
Pedro. A good Cauſe wou'd do well though:
It gives my Sword an Edge: You ſee this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the *Moors*:
What hope we have, is in young *Torriſmond*,
Your Brother's Son.
Alph. He's a ſucceſsfull Warriour,
And has the Souldiers hearts: Upon the skirts
Of *Arragon*, our ſquander'd Troops he rallies;
Our Watchmen, from the Tow'rs, with longing Eyes
Expect his ſwift Arrival.
Pedro. It muſt be ſwift, or it will come too late.
Alph. No more: —— Duke *Bertran.* [*Enter* Bertran, *attended.*
Bertr. Relieve the Cent'ries that have watch'd all night.
To *Ped.* Now, Colonel, have you diſpos'd your Men,
That you ſtand idle here?
Pedro. Mine are drawn off,
To take a ſhort repoſe.
Bertr. Short let it be:
For, from the *Mooriſh* Camp, this hour and more,
There has been heard a diſtant humming noiſe,
Like Bees diſturb'd, and arming in their hives.
What Courage in our Souldiers? Speak! What hope?
Pedro. As much as when Phyſicians ſhake their heads,
And bid their dying Patient think of Heav'n.
Our Walls are thinly mann'd: our beſt Men ſlain:
The reſt, an heartleſs number, ſpent with Watching,
And haraſs'd out with Duty.
Bertr. Good night all then.
Pedro. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a ſingle life
I have to loſe; I'll plant my Colours down
In the mid branch, and by 'em fix my foot:
Say a ſhort Souldier's Pray'r, to ſpare the trouble
Of my few Friends above: and then expect
The next fair Bullet.
Alph. Never was known a night of ſuch diſtraction:
Noiſe ſo confus'd and dreadfull: Juſtling Crowds,
That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
Like Meteors by each other in the ſtreets.
Pedro. I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar;
With a Paunch ſwoln ſo high, his double Chin
Might reſt upon't: A true Son of the Church;
Freſh colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade,

Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate Quire,
And fumbling o'er his Beads, in ſuch an Agony,
He told 'em falſe for fear: About his Neck
There hung a Wench; the Label of his Function;
Whom he ſhook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
It ſeems the holy Stallion durſt not ſcore
Another Sin before he left the World. [*Enter a* Captain.

Cap. To Arms, My Lord, to Arms.
From the *Moors* Camp the noiſe grows louder ſtill;
Rattling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums and Ataballes;
And ſometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns,
Like Victory: Then Groans again and Howlings,
Like thoſe of vanquiſh'd Men: But every Echo
Goes fainter off, and dies in diſtant Sounds.

Bertr. Some falſe Attack; expect on t'other ſide:
One to the Gunners on St. *Jago*'s Tower; Bid 'em for ſhame,
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul,
They're all corrupted with the Gold of *Barbary*
To carry over, and not hurt the *Moor.* [*Enter ſecond* Captain.

2. Cap. My Lord, here's freſh Intelligence arriv'd:
Our Army, led by Valiant *Torriſmond*,
Is now in hot Engagement with the *Moors*;
'Tis ſaid, within their Trenches.

Bertr. I think all Fortune is reſerv'd for him.
He might have ſent us word though;
And then we cou'd have favour'd his Attempt
With Sallies from the Town.——

Alph. It cou'd not be:
We were ſo cloſe block'd up that none cou'd peep
Upon the Walls and live: But yet 'tis time:——

Bertr. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of Death, let no Man dare to ſally.

Pedr. (*aſide.*) O Envy, Envy, how it works within him!
How now! What means this ſhow?

Alph. 'Tis a Proceſſion:
The Queen is going to the Great Cathedral
To pray for our Succeſs againſt the *Moors.*

Pedro. Very good: She uſurps the Throne; keeps the old King in Priſon; and, at the ſame time, is praying for a Bleſſing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together!

{ *A Proceſſion of Prieſts and Choriſters in white, with Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes over the Stage: the Choriſters ſinging.*

Look down, ye bleſs'd above, look down,
Behold our weeping Matrons Tears,
Behold our tender Virgins Fears,
And with ſucceſs our Armies crown.

Look down, ye bleſs'd above, look down:
Oh! ſave us, ſave us, and our State reſtore;
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore.
For Pity, Pity, Pity, we implore.

{*The Proceſſion goes off; and ſhout within.*
{*Then enter* LORENZO, *who kneels to* Alphonſo.

Bertr. to *Alph.* A joyfull Cry: and ſee your Son *Lorenzo*!
Good news kind Heav'n!

Alph. to *Lorenzo.* O, Welcome, welcome! Is the General ſafe?
How near our Army? When ſhall we be ſuccour'd?
Or, Are we ſuccour'd? Are the *Moors* remov'd?
Anſwer theſe Queſtions firſt, and then a Thouſand more:
Anſwer 'em all together.

Lorenzo. Yes, when I have a thouſand Tongues, I will.
The General's well: His Army too is ſafe
As Victory can make 'em: The *Moors* King
Is ſafe enough, I warrant him, for one.
At dawn of day our General cleft his Pate,
Spight of his woollen Night-cap: A ſlight wound:
Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'ſt me.

Pedro. By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Proceſſion was made for it; and yet it will go hard, but the Prieſts will make a Miracle on't.

Lorenzo. Yes, Faith; we came like bold Intruding Gueſts;
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome:
Their Scouts we kill'd; then found their Body ſleeping;
And as they lay confus'd, we ſtumbl'd o'er 'em,
And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or Legs;
Somewhat undecently: But when Men want light,
They make but bungling work.

Bertr. I'll to the Queen,
And bear the News. ——

Pedro. That's young *Lorenzo*'s duty.

Bertr. I'll ſpare his trouble. ——
This *Torriſmond* begins to grow too faſt;
He muſt be mine, or ruin'd. [*Aſide.*

Lorenzo. *Pedro*, a word: —— (*whiſper.*) [*Exit* Bertran.

Alph. How ſwift he ſhot away! I find it ſtung him,
In ſpight of his diſſembling.
To *Lorenzo.* How many of the Enemy are ſlain?

Lorenzo. Troth, Sir, we were in haſt; and could not ſtay
To ſcore the Men we kill'd: But there they lye.
Beſt ſend our Women out to take the tale;
There's Circumciſion in abundance for 'em.

Alph. How far did you purſue 'em?   [*Whiſpers* Pedro *again.*
Lorenzo. Some few miles. ——————————
To *Pedro.* Good ſtore of Harlots, ſay you, and dog-cheap?
Pedro, They muſt be had; and ſpeedily: I have kept a tedious Faſt.   (*Whiſpers again.*)
Alph. When will he make his Entry? He deſerves
Such Triumphs as were given by ancient *Rome*:
Ha, Boy, What ſayeſt thou?
Lorenzo. As you ſay, Sir, That *Rome* was very ancient.
To *Pedro.* I leave the choice to you; Fair, Black, Tall, Low:
Let her but have a Noſe: ——— and you may tell her,
I'm rich in Jewels, Rings and bobbing Pearls,
Pluck'd from *Moors* Ears. ———
Alph. *Lorenzo?*
Lorenzo. Somewhat buſie
About Affairs relating to the publick. ———
——— A ſeaſonable Girl, juſt in the nick now: ———   [*to Pedro.*
[*Trumpets within.*

Pedro. I hear the General's Trumpet: Stand, and mark
How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:
There hung a Cloud, methought, on *Bertran*'s brow.
Lorenzo. Then look to ſee a Storm on *Torriſmond*'s:
Looks fright not Men: The General has ſeen *Moors*
With as bad Faces; no diſpraiſe to *Bertran*'s.
Pedro. 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp, he loves the Queen.
Lorenzo. He drinks her Health devoutly.
Alph. That may breed bad blood 'twixt him and *Bertran.*
Pedro. Yes, in private:
But *Bertran* has been taught the Arts of Court,
To guild a Face with Smiles; and leer a Man to ruine.
O here they come. ———

Enter Torriſmond *and Officers on one ſide;* Bertran *attended on the other; they embrace;* Bertran *bowing low.*

Juſt as I prophecy'd. ———
Lorenzo. Death and Hell, he laughs at him: ——— in's Face too.
Pedro. O, you miſtake him: 'Twas an humble Grin;
The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.
Lorenzo. (*Aſide*) Here are nothing but Lies to be expected: I'll e'en go loſe my ſelf in ſome blind Alley; and try if any courteous Damſel will think me worth the finding.   [*Exit* Lorenzo.
Alph. Now he begins to open.
Bertr. Your Country reſcu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!
A glorious Conqueſt Noble *Torriſmond!*
The People rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours.
The thronging Crowds preſs on you as you paſs;
And, with their eager Joy, make Triumph ſlow.

Torr. My Lord, I have no taſte
Of popular Applauſe; the noiſie Praiſe ————
Of giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and ſtill without a cauſe;
Servants to Chance, and blowing in the tyde
Of ſwoln Succeſs; but, veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bertr. So young a Stoick!

Torr. You wrong me, if you thing I'll ſell one drop
Within theſe Veins for Pageants! But let Honour
Call for my Blood; and ſluce it into ſtreams;
Turn Fortune looſe again to my purſuit,
And let me hunt her through embattell'd Foes, ————
In duſty Plains, amidſt the Cannons roar,
There will I be the firſt.

Bertr. I'll try him farther ———— (*Aſide.*)
Suppoſe th' aſſembled States of *Arragon*
Decree a Statue to you thus inſcrib'd,
To *Torriſmond*, who freed his native Land.

Alph. to *Pedro.* Mark how he ſounds and fathoms him to find
The ſhallows of his Soul!

Bertr. The juſt Applauſe
Of God-like Senates, is the Stamp of Virtue,
Which makes it paſs unqueſtion'd through the World:
Theſe Honours you deſerve; nor ſhall my ſuffrage
Be laſt to fix 'em on you: If refus'd,
You brand us all with black Ingratitude;
For times to come ſhall ſay, Our *Spain*, like *Rome*,
Neglects her Champions, after Noble Acts,
And lets their Laurels wither on their heads.

Torr. A Statue, for a Battel blindly fought,
Where Darkneſs and Surpriſe made Conqueſt cheap!
Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,
And ſtruck a random blow! 'Twas Fortune's work;
And Fortune take the praiſe.

Bertr. Yet Happineſs
Is the firſt Fame: Virtue without Succeſs
Is a fair Picture ſhewn by an ill light:
But lucky Men are Favorites of Heaven;
And whom ſhould Kings eſteem above Heaven's Darlings?
The Praiſes of a young and beauteous Queen
Shall crown your glorious Acts.

Pedro, to *Alphonſo.* There ſprung the Mine.

Torr. The Queen! That were a Happineſs too great!
Nam'd you the Queen, My Lord?

Bertr. Yes: You have ſeen her, and you muſt confeſs
A Praiſe, a Smile, a Look from her is worth

The ſhouts of thouſand Amphitheatres.
She, ſhe ſhall praiſe you, for I can oblige her:
To morrow will deliver all her Charms
Into my Arms; and make her mine for ever.
Why ſtand you mute?
Torr. Alas! I cannot ſpeak.
Bertr. Not ſpeak, My Lord! How were your thoughts employ'd?
Torr. Nor can I think; or I am loſt in thought.
Bertr. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?
Torr. Why, if it were,
Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.
Bertr. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:
You ought not think of her.
Torr. So I ſay too;
I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad;
But, who can help their frenzy?
Bertr. Fond young Man!
The Wings of your Ambition muſt be clipt:
Your ſhame-fac'd Virtue ſhunn'd the People's Praiſe,
And Senates Honours; But 'tis well we know
What price you hold your ſelf at: you have fought
With ſome Succeſs, and that has ſeal'd your Pardon.
Torr. Pardon from thee! O give me Patience Heav'n!
Thrice vanquiſh'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'ſt, look out
Upon yon ſlaughter'd Hoſt, that Field of Blood;
There ſeal my Pardon, where thy Fame was loſt.
Pedro. He's ruin'd, paſt redemption!
Alph. to Torr. Learn reſpect
To the firſt Prince o'th' Blood.
Bertr. O, let him rave!
I'll not contend with Madmen.
Torr. I have done:
I know 'twere Madneſs to declare this Truth:
And yet 'twere Baſeneſs to deny my Love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vaniſhing as clouds;
Lighter than Children's bubbles blown by winds;
My merit's but the raſh reſults of chance:
My birth unequal: all the Stars againſt me:
Pow'r, promiſe, choice; the living and the dead:
Mankind my foes; and only love to friend:
But ſuch a love, kept at ſuch awfull diſtance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
Shall fear to whiſper there: Queens may be lov'd,
And ſo may Gods; elſe, why are Altars rais'd?
Why ſhines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and cloſe our eyes in darkneſs. [*Exit* Torriſmond.

Bertr. 'Tis well: the Goddeſs ſhall be told, ſhe ſhall,
Of her new Worſhipper. [*Exit* Bertran.

Pedro. So, here's fine work!
He has ſupply'd his only Foe with Arms
For his deſtruction. Old *Penelope*'s tale
Inverted: h' has unravell'd all by day
That he has done by night.———What, Planet-ſtruck!

Alph. I wiſh I were; to be paſt ſenſe of this!

Pedro. Wou'd I had but a Leaſe of life ſo long
As till my Fleſh and Blood rebell'd this way
Againſt our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?
With a Globe in one hand, and a Scepire in t'other?
A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his Madneſs to his Rival!
His Father abſent on an Embaſſy:
Himſelf a Stranger almoſt; wholly friendleſs!
A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice,
Is eaſier to be ſtopt, than is his Ruine.

Pedro. 'Tis fruitleſs to complain; haſte to the Court;
Improve your Intereſt, for Pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak remedies;
But all muſt be attempted. [*Exit* Alphonſo.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. Well, I am the moſt unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have ſprung no Game. Our Women are worſe Infidels than the *Moors*: I told 'em I was one of their Knight-errants, that deliver'd them from raviſhment: and I think in my conſcience that's their Quarrel to me.

Pedro. Is this a time for fooling? Your Couſin is run honourably mad in love with her Majeſty: He is ſplit upon a Rock; and you, who are in chaſe of Harlots, are ſinking in the main Ocean, I think the Devil's in the Family. [*Exit* Pedro.

[Lorenzo *ſolus.*

Lorenzo. My Couſin ruin'd, ſays he! hum! not that I wiſh my Kinſman's ruine; That were unchriſtian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Heir; there's comfort for a Chriſtian. Money I have, I thank the honeſt *Moors* for't; but I want a Miſtreſs. I am willing to be leud; but the Tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira *veil'd.*

Elvira. Stranger! Cavalier——will you not hear me? you *Moor-killer*, you *Matador.*——

Lorenzo. Meaning me, Madam?

Elvira. Face about, Man; you a Souldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lorenzo. I muſt confeſs, I did not expect to have been charg'd firſt; I ſee Souls will not be loſt, for want of diligence, in this Devil's reign:——*Aſide.*——

To her. Now, Madam *Cynthia* behind a cloud, your will and pleaſure with me?

Elvira. You have the appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deſerving as you ſeem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold diſcourſe with you at firſt ſight; you are Gentleman enough, I hope, I hope, to help her out with an Apology; and to lay the blame on Stars, or Deſtiny; or what you pleaſe, to excuſe the frailty of a Woman.

Lorenzo. O, I love an eaſie Woman; there's ſuch a-do to crack a thick ſhell'd Miſtreſs: we break our Teeth; and find no Kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take pity on a Stranger, and not to ſuffer him to fall into ill hands at his firſt arrival.

Elvira. You may have a better opinion of me than I deſerve; you have not ſeen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lorenzo. Not abſolutely ſlain, I muſt confeſs; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me: Let me ſee you, for the ſafeguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon ſhould be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elvira. What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel? to ſhew that you are inclining to the Wars: I could anſwer you with another in my Profeſſion: Suppoſe you were in want of Money; would you not be glad to take a Sum upon content in a ſeal'd bag, without peeping? —— but however; I will not ſtand with you for a ſample. [*Lifts up her Veil.*

Lorenzo. What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd: they are too ſharp to be truſted out o' th' Scabbard.

Elvira. Perhaps now you may accuſe my forwardneſs; but this day of Jubilee is the only time of freedom I have had: and there is nothing ſo extravagant as a Priſoner, when he gets looſe a little, and is immediatly to return into his Fetters.

Lorenzo. To confeſs freely to you, Madam, I was never in love with leſs than your whole Sex before: but now I have ſeen you, I am in the direct road of languiſhing and ſighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to morrow morning you may hear of me in Rhyme and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like theſe Symptoms in my ſelf: perhaps I may go ſhufflingly at firſt; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I ſhall drudge and moil at Conſtancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elvira. Oh, Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildeſt Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and feed 'em ſeldom: now I know your temper, you may thank your ſelf if you are kept to hard meat; —— you are in for years if you make love to me.

Lorenzo. I hate a formal obligation with an *Anno Domini* at end on't: there may be an evil meaning in the word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elvira. I can eaſily rid you of that Fear: I wiſh I could rid my ſelf as eaſily of the bondage.

Lorenzo. Then you are married?

Elvira. If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old Man be a Husband.

Lorenzo. Three as good qualities for my purpoſe as I could wiſh: now love be prais'd.

Enter Elvira*'s* Duenna, *and whiſpers to her.*

Elvira. (*Aſide.*) If I get not home before my Husband, I ſhall be ruin'd [*—to him.* I dare not ſtay to tell you where—farewell—cou'd I once more— [*Exit* Elvira.

Lorenzo. This is unconſcionable dealing; to be made a Slave, and not know whoſe Livery I wear: —Who have we yonder? (*Enter Gomez.*) By that ſhambling in his walk, it ſhould be my rich old Banker, *Gomez*, whom I knew at *Barcelona*: As I live 'tis he ——

To Gomez. What, Old *Mammon* here?

Gom. How! Young *Beelzebub!*

Lorenzo. What Devil has ſet his Claws in thy Haunches, and brought thee hither to *Saragoſſa*? Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the Enemy: When the *Moors* are ready to beſiege one Town, I ſhift quarters to the next: I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lorenzo. That's but a hair's breadth at fartheſt.

Gom. Well, You have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it, there are Bonfires decreed: and if the times had not been hard, my Billet ſhould have burnt too.

Lorenzo. I dare ſay for thee, thou haſt ſuch a reſpect for a ſingle Billet, thou would'ſt almoſt have thrown on thy ſelf to ſave it: thou art for ſaving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, You'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own charges.

Lorenzo. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy ſelf for ſuch an extravagance: and, inſtead of it, thou ſhalt do me a mere verbal courteſie: I have juſt now ſeen a moſt incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you ſee this moſt incomparable young Lady? My mind miſgives me plaguily. ——— (*Aſide.*)

Lorenzo. Here, Man; juſt before this Corner-houſe: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-houſe?

Gom. (*Aſide.*) Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lorenzo. What doſt thou mutter to thy ſelf? Haſt thou any thing to ſay againſt the Honeſty of that houſe?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honeſt Stone, and the Timber very honeſt Wood, for ought I know. But, for the Woman, I cannot ſay, till I know her better: deſcribe her Perſon; and, if ſhe live in this quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lorenzo. She's of a middle Stature, dark colour'd Hair, the moſt bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the moſt roguiſh Caſt; her Cheeks are dimpled when ſhe ſmiles; and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd. —— Go on —— Colonel —— have you no other Marks of her?

Lorenzo. Thou haſt all her Marks; but that ſhe has an Husband; a jealous, covetous, old Hunks: ſpeak; canſt thou tell me News of her?

Gom. Yes; this News, Colonel; that you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lor. If thou help'ſt me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumciſed *Jew.*

Gom. Circumciſe me no more than I circumciſe you, Colonel *Hernando*: once more you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lorenzo. (*Aſide.*) I am glad he knows me only by that Name of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona*: now he can tell no tales of me to my Father.

To him. Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou could'ſt get by't: —— Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour: ——— thou art not Proof againſt Gold, ſure! ——— do not I know thee for a covetous. ———

Gom. Jealous, old Huncks: thoſe were the Marks of your Miſtreſs's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lorenzo. Oh, the Devil! What a Rogue in underſtanding was I, not to find him out ſooner! (*Aſide.*)

Gom. Do, do, Look ſillily, good Colonel: 'tis a decent Melancholy after an abſolute Defeat.

Lorenzo. Faith, not for that, dear *Gomez*? ——— but,

Gom. But ——— no Pumping, my dear, Colonel.

Lorenzo. Hang Pumping; I was—thinking a little upon a point of Gratitude: we two have been long Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make ſome Intereſt: go to; thou wert born to Authority: I'll make thee *Alcaide* Mayor of *Saragoſſa.*

Gom. Satisfie your ſelf; you ſhall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lorenzo. Faith, but I will; thou haſt the Face of a Magiſtrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magiſtrate's Head to my Magiſtrates Face; I thank you, Colonel.

Lorenzo. Come, thou art ſo ſuſpitious upon an idle Story—that Woman I ſaw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly Woman; for t'other was a Lye,—is no more thy Wife: ——— As I'll go home with thee, and ſatisfie thee immediatly, my dear Friend.

Gom. I ſhall not put you to that trouble: no not ſo much as a ſingle Viſit: not ſo much as an Embaſſy by a civil, old Woman: nor a Serenade of *Twinkledum, Twinkledum,* under my Windows: Nay, I will adviſe you out of my tenderneſs to your Perſon, that you walk not near yon Corner-houſe by night; for, to my certain knowledge, there are Blunderbuſſes planted in every loophole, that go off conſtantly of their own accord, at the ſqueaking of a Fiddle, and the thrumming of a Ghittar.

Lorenzo. Art thou ſo obſtinate? Then I denounce open War againſt thee: I'll demoliſh thy Citadel by force: or, at leaſt, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee: my thouſand red Locuſts that ſhall devour thee in Free-quarter. ——Farewell wrought Night-cap.

Gom. Farewell Buff! Free-quarter for a Regiment of Red-coat Locuſts? I hope to ſee 'em all in the Red-ſea firſt! ——— But oh, this *Jezabel* of mine! I'll get a Phyſician that ſhall preſcribe her an ounce of *Camphire* every morning for her Breakfaſt, to abate Incontinency: ſhe ſhall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Confeſſion; and for never going, ſhe ſhall be condemned for a Heretick: ſhe ſhall have ſtripes by *Troy* weight; and Suſtenance by Drachms and Scruples: Nay, I'll have a Faſting Almanack printed on purpoſe for her uſe; in which,

No Carnival nor Chriſtmaſs ſhall appear;
But Lents and Ember-weeks ſhall fill the Year. [*Exit* Gomez.

ACT II.

SCENE. *The Queen's Anti-Chamber.*

Alphonſo, Pedro.

Alph. WHen ſaw you my *Lorenzo*?

Pedro. I had a glimpſe of him; but he ſhot by me

Like a young Hound upon a burning ſcent;
He's gone a Harlot-hunting.

Alph. His Foreign breeding might have taught him better.

Pedro. 'Tis that has taught him this.
What learn our Youth abroad; but to refine
The homely Vices of their native Land?
Give me an honeſt homeſpun Country Clown
Of our own growth; his dulneſs is but plain:
But their's embroider'd; they are ſent out Fools,
And come back Fopps.

Alph. You know what reaſons urg'd me;
But now I have accompliſh'd my Deſigns,
I ſhould be glad he knew 'em: ——— his wild Riots
Diſturb my Soul; but they wou'd ſit more cloſe,
Did not the threatn'd down-fall of our houſe,
In *Torriſmond*, o'erwhelm my private Ills.

Enter Bertran *attended; and whiſpering with a Courtier, aſide.*

Bertr. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;
If he preſume to own it, ſhe's ſo proud
He tempts his certain ruine.

Alph. to *Ped.* Mark how diſdainfully he throws his Eyes on us.
Our old impriſon'd King wore no ſuch Looks.

Pedro. O, wou'd the General ſhake off his Dotage to th' uſurping Queen,
And re-inthrone Good, Venerable *Sancho*;
I'll undertake, ſhou'd *Bertran* ſound his Trumpets,
And *Torriſmond* but whiſtle through his Fingers,
He draws his Army off.

Alph. I told him ſo:
But had an Anſwer louder than a Storm.

Pedro. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-loyalty!
I hate to ſee a brave bold Fellow ſotted,
Made ſour and ſenſleſs; turn'd to Whey by Love:
A driveling Hero; fit for a Romance.
O, here he comes; what will their greeting be!

Enter Torriſmond *attended.* Bertran *and he meet and juſtle.*

Bertr. Make way, my Lords, and let the Pageant paſs.

Torr. I make my way where-e'er I ſee my Foe:
But you, my Lord, are good at a Retreat:
I have no *Moors* behind me.

Bertr. Death and Hell!
Dare to ſpeak thus when you come out again?

Torr. Dare to provoke me thus, inſulting Man?

Enter Tereſa.

Ter. My Lords, You are too loud ſo near the Queen:
You, *Torriſmond*, have much offended her:
'Tis her Command you inſtantly appear,
To anſwer your demeanour to the Prince.

{ *Exit* Tereſa; Bertran *with*
{ *his company follow her.*

Torr. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonſo*, pity me!
A Grove of Pikes
Whoſe poliſh'd Steel from far ſeverely ſhines,
Are not ſo dreadfull as this beauteous Queen.
Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your aid;
And, like a Lion preſs'd upon the Toiles,
Leap on your Hunters; Speak your Actions boldly;
There is a time when modeſt Vertue is
Allow'd to praiſe it ſelf.
Pedro. Heart, you were hot enough; too hot, but now;
Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Fome;
But ſince this Meſſage came, you ſink and ſettle;
As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.
Torr. Alas, thou know'ſt not what it is to love;
When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent: ——— no, I'm reſolv'd,
Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll go;
And, dying, bleſs the hand that gave the blow. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws, and ſhews the Queen ſitting in State,*
Bertran *ſtanding next her; then* Tereſa, *&c.*

She riſes, and comes to the Front.

Qu. Leonora to *Bert.* I blame not you, my Lord, my Father's will,
Your own Deſerts, and all my People's Voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of Sovereign Pow'r.
But I wou'd learn the cauſe, why *Torriſmond*,
Within my Palace Walls, within my Hearing,
Almoſt within my Sight, affronts a Prince
Who ſhortly ſhall command him.
Bertr. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay;
And looks as he were Lord of humane kind.

Enter Torriſmond, Alphonſo, Pedro. Torriſmond *bows low:*
then looks earneſtly on the Queen, and keeps at diſtance.

Ter. Madam, The General.———
Qu. Let me view him well.
My Father ſent him early to the Frontiers;
I have not often ſeen him; if I did,
He paſs'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.
But where's the Fierceneſs, the Diſdainful Pride;
The Haughty Port, the Fiery Arrogance?
By all theſe Marks, this is not ſure the Man.
Bertr. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult,
Whoſe Fierce Demeanour, and whoſe Inſolence
The Patience of a God cou'd not ſupport.
Qu. Name his Offence, my Lord, and he ſhall have
Immediate puniſhment.

Bertr. 'Tis of ſo high a nature, ſhould I ſpeak it,
That my Preſumption then wou'd equal his.
Qu. Some one among you ſpeak.
Pedro. (*Aſide.*) Now my Tongue itches.
Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, *Torriſmond*,
By all your hopes, I do command you, ſpeak.
Torr. (*Kneeling.*) O ſeek not to convince me of a Crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he, who thus commanded, dares to ſpeak,
Unleſs commanded, wou'd have dy'd in ſilence.
But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all Deſpair:
Friends I have none; for Friendſhip follows Favour!
Deſert I've none; for what I did, was Duty:
Oh, that it were! that it were Duty all!
Qu. Why do you pauſe? proceed.
Torr. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who ſees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops ſhort, and looks about, for ſome kind Shrub
To break his dreadfull fall ——— ſo I; ———
But whither am I going; if to Death,
He looks ſo lovely ſweet in Beauteous Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart. ——— I dare no more.
Bertr. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.
Whips, Darkneſs, Dungeons, for this Inſolence. ———
Torr. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear. ———
Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torriſmond*, withdraw;
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.
For you, My Lord, ———
The Prieſt to morrow was to join our hands;
I'll try if I can live a day without you.
So, both of you depart; and live in Peace.
Alph. Who knows which way ſhe points?
Doubling and turning, like an hunted Hare.
Find out the meaning of her mind who can.
Pedro. Who ever found a Woman's! backward and forward,
The whole Sex in every word. In my Conſcience when ſhe was getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle. [*Exeunt all, but the* Queen *and* Tereſa.
Qu. Haſte, my *Tereſa*, haſte; and call him back.
Ter. Whom, Madam? (*Queen.*) Him. (*Ter.*) Prince *Bertran*? (*Qu.*) *Torriſmond.*
There is no other He.
Ter. (*Aſide.*) A riſing Sun;
Or I am much deceiv'd. [*Exit* Tereſa.
Qu. A change ſo ſwift, what heart did ever feel!
It ruſh'd upon me, like a mighty Stream,

And bore me in a moment far from Shore.
I've lov'd away my ſelf: in one ſhort hour
Already am I gone an Age of Paſſion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Succeſs?
Theſe might perhaps be found in other Men.
'Twas that reſpect; that awfull homage pay'd me;
That fearfull Love which trembled in his Eyes;
And, with a ſilent Earthquake, ſhook his Soul.
But, when he ſpoke, what tender words he ſaid!
So ſoftly, that, like flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell. ———

Enter Tereſa, *with* Torriſmond.

Ter. He waits your pleaſure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire ——— Oh Heav'ns, that I muſt ſpeak
So diſtant from my heart ——— (*Aſide.*)
To *Torr.* How now! What boldneſs brings you back again?

Torr. I heard 'twas your Command.

Qu. A fond miſtake,
To credit ſo unlikely a Command,
And you return full of the ſame Preſumption
T' affront me with your Love?

Tor. If 'tis Preſumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himſelf beneath his Judges feet:
A Boldneſs, more than this, I never knew;
Or, if I did, 'twas only to your Foes.

Qu. You would inſinuate your paſt Services;
And thoſe, I grant, were great: but you confeſs
A Fault committed ſince, that cancels all.

Torr. And who cou'd dare to diſavow his Crime,
When that, for which he is accus'd and ſeiz'd,
He bears about him ſtill! my Eyes confeſs it.
My very action ſpeaks my heart aloud.
But, oh, the Madneſs of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I deſpair.

Qu. Have you not heard,
My Father, with his dying voice bequeath'd
My Crown and me to *Bertran*? And dare you,
A private Man, preſume to love a Queen?

Torr. That, that's the Wound, I ſee you ſet ſo high,
As no Deſert, or Services, can reach.
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul,
And cruſted it with baſe Plebeian Clay!
Why gave you me Deſires of ſuch extent,
And ſuch a Span to graſp 'em? Sure my lot
By ſome o'er-haſty Angel was miſplac'd.

In Fate's Eternal Volume! ——— But I rave,
And, like a giddy Bird, in dead of night,
Fly round the Fire that ſcorches me to death.

Qu. Yet, *Torriſmond*, you've not ſo ill deſerv'd,
But I may give you Counſel for your Cure.

Torr. I cannot, nay, I wiſh not to be cur'd.

Qu. (*Aſide.*) Nor I, Heav'n knows!

Torr. There is a Pleaſure ſure
In being Mad, which none but Madmen know!
Let me indulge it: let me gaze for ever!
And, ſince you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet; and be ador'd.

Qu. Theſe are the words which I muſt only hear
From *Bertran*'s mouth; they ſhou'd diſpleaſe from you,
I ſay, they ſhou'd: But Women are ſo vain, ———
To like the Love, though they deſpiſe the Lover.
Yet, that I may not ſend you from my ſight
In abſolute deſpair ——— I pity you.

Torr. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my joy;
But when my Soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one Thought: let me remember Pity;
And ſo deceiv'd, think all my life was bleſs'd.

Qu. What, if I add a little to my Alms.
If that wou'd help, I cou'd caſt in a Tear
To your Misfortunes. ———

Torr. A Tear! You have o'er-bid all my paſt Sufferings,
And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no Queen ———
Or you of Royal Blood ———

Torr. What have I loſt by my Fore-fathers fault?
Why was not I the Twenty'th by deſcent
From a long reſtive race of droning Kings?
Love! What a poor omnipotence haſt thou,
When Gold and Titles buy thee?

Qu. (*ſighs.*) Oh, my torture! ———

Torr. Might I preſume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to gueſs; and not forbid you
To make the beſt conſtruction for your love;
Be ſecret and diſcreet; theſe Fayery favours
Are loſt when not conceal'd; ——— provoke not *Bertran*. ———
Retire; I muſt no more but this, ——— Hope, *Torriſmond*. ——— [*Exit* Queen.

Torr. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; ſhe pities me!
And pity ſtill fore-runs approaching love;
As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps
Ye Angels to that ſound; and thou, my Heart,

Make room to entertain thy flowing Joy.
Hence all my Griefs, and every anxious Care;
One word, and one kind Glance, can cure Deſpair. [*Exit* Torriſmond.

SCENE *A Chamber.*

A Table and Wine ſet out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. This may hit, 'tis more than barely poſſible: for Fryars have free admittance into every houſe. This *Jacobin*, whom I have ſent to, is her Confeſſor; and who can ſuſpect a Man of ſuch Reverence for a Pimp? The Church, they ſay, is an indulgent Mother. I'll try for once how indulgent ſhe will be to a carnal Son of hers. I'll bribe him high: for commonly none love Money better than they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge fat religious Gentleman coming up, Sir, he ſays he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as roſie as a Turkey-Cock; his great Belly walks in ſtate before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limping after it: Never was ſuch a Tun of Devotion ſeen.

Lorenzo. Bring him in, and vaniſh. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Father Dominic.

Lorenzo. Welcome, Father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been ſent for to a dying Man; to have fitted him for another World.

Lorenzo. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking ſuch long Journeys. Repoſe your ſelf, I beſeech you, Sir, if thoſe ſpindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I muſt confeſs, with Faſting.

Lorenzo. 'Tis a ſign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jouls, Father. Come——to our better Acquaintance: ——here's a Sovereign Remedy for old Age and Sorrow. [*Drinks.*

Dom. The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you reaſon. [*Drinks.*

Lorenzo. Is it to your Palate, Father?

Dom. Second thoughts, they ſay, are beſt: I'll conſider of it once again. [*Drinks.* It has a moſt delicious Flavour with it. Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, Son, I am not us'd to be ſo unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*

Lorenzo. No, I'll be ſworn by what I ſee of you, you are not: —— To the bottom. ——— I warrant him a true Church-man. ——— Now, Father, to our buſineſs, 'tis agreeable to your Calling: I intend to do an act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable ſubject.

Lorenzo. Being in the late Battel, in great hazard of my Life, I recommended my Perſon to good St. *Dominic.*

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a ſure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lorenzo. Troth, I e'en made bold to ſtrike up a bargain with him, that if I ſcap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd preſent ſome Brother of his Order with part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable uſes.

Dom. There you hit him : St. *Dominic* loves Charity exceedingly : that Argument never fails with him.

Lorenzo. The Spoils were mighty ; and I ſcorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make ſhort my Story ; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the Worthieſt Man : —— here are Fifty good Pieces in this Purſe.

Dom. How, Fifty Pieces ? 'tis too much, too much in Conſcience.

Lorenzo. Here ; take 'em Father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not : do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

Lorenzo. If you are modeſt, I muſt force you : for I am ſtrongeſt.

Dom. Nay, if you compell me, there's no contending ; but will you ſet your ſtrength againſt a decrepid, poor, old Man? [*Takes the Purſe.*
As I ſaid, 'tis too great a Bounty ; but St. *Dominic* ſhall owe you another Scape : I'll put him in mind of you.

Lorenzo. If you pleaſe, Father, we will not trouble him till the next Battel. But you may do me a greater kindneſs, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint ! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine ! I always lov'd the Female Saints.

Lorenzo. I mean a Female mortal-married-woman Saint : Look upon the Superſcription of this Note ; you know Don *Gomez* his Wife. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Dom. Who, Donna *Elvira* ? I think I have ſome reaſon : I am her Ghoſtly Father.

Lorenzo. I have ſome buſineſs of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper ; but her Husband is ſo horribly given to be jealous. ——

Dom. Ho, jealous ; he's the very Quinteſſence of Jealouſie ; he keeps no Male Creature in his houſe ; and from abroad he lets no Man come near her.

Lorenzo. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you : I am her Director and her Guide in ſpiritual Affairs. But he has his humours with me too : for t'other day, he call'd me Falſe Apoſtle.

Lorenzo. Did he ſo ? that reflects upon you all : on my word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious Action, you might revenge the Churches Quarrel. —— My Letter, Father ——

Dom. Well, ſo far as a Letter, I will take upon me : for what can I refuſe to a Man ſo charitably given ?

Lorenzo. If you bring an Anſwer back, that Purſe in your hand has a twin Brother, as like him as ever he can look : there are Fifty Pieces lie dormant in it, for more Charities.

Dom. That muſt not be : not a Farthing more upon my Prieſt-hood. —— But what may be the purport and meaning of this Letter ; that I confeſs a little troubles me.

Lorenzo. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable Man ; and I'll take your word : my comfort is, I know not the Contents, and ſo far I am blameleſs. But an Anſwer you ſhall have : though not for the ſake of your Fifty Pieces more : I have ſworn not to take them : they ſhall not be altogether Fifty : —— your Miſtreſs, —— forgive me that I ſhould call her your Miſtreſs, I meant *Elvira*, ſhe lives but at next door ;

I'll viſit her immediatly: but not a word more of the Nine and forty Pieces. —

Lorenzo. Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs. —— Fifty Pounds for the poſtage of a Letter! to ſend by the Church is certainly the deareſt road in Chriſtendom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Gomez, Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I baniſh Fleſh and Wine: I'll have none ſtirring within theſ Walls theſe twelve Months.

Elvira. I care not; the ſooner I am ſtarv'd the ſooner I am rid of Wedlock. I ſhall learn the knack to faſt a-days; you have us'd me to faſting nights already.

Gom. How the Gipſey anſwers me! Oh, 'tis a moſt notorious Hilding!

Elvira. (*Crying.*) But was ever poor innocent Creature ſo hardly dealt with, for a little harmleſs Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Laſcivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elvira. Was it ſuch a Crime to enquire how the Battel paſs'd?

Gom. But that was not the buſineſs, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battel paſt; you were engaging for a Skirmiſh that was to come.

Elvira. An honeſt Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her Honour was ſafe, and her Enemies were ſlain.

Gom. (*In her tone.*) And to ask if he were wounded in your defence; and, in caſe he were, to offer your ſelf to be his Chirurgeon: —— then, you did not deſcribe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old Hunck.

Elvira. No, I need not; he deſcribes himſelf ſufficiently: but in what Dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dreamt you were talking to the foreſaid purpoſe with one Colonel *Hernando.*—

Elvira. Who, dear Husband, who?

Gom. What the Devil have I ſaid! You wou'd have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elvira. No, but, my dear little old Man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your ſake.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your ſelf: be confin'd, I ſay, during our Royal Pleaſure: But, firſt, down on your marrow-bones, upon your Allegiance; and make an Acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction. [*Pulls her down.*

Elvira. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submiſſion: But I'll complain to my Ghoſtly Father.

Gom. Ay; There's your Remedy: When you receive condign Puniſhment, you run with open Mouth to your Confeſſour: that parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge; he muſt chuckle you and moan you: but I'll rid my hands of his Ghoſtly Authority one day, and make him know he's the Son of a —— (*ſees him.*) So; —no ſooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle.— [*Enter* Dominic.

Dom. Son of a what, Don *Gomez*?

Gom. Why, a Son of a Church, I hope there's no harm in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time ſhall ſerve: and to morrow I enjoin you to faſt for Pennace.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) There's no harm in that; ſhe ſhall faſt too: Faſting ſaves Money.

Dom. to *Elvira.* What was the reaſon that I found you upon your Knees, in that unſeemly poſture?

Gom. (*Aſide.*) O horrible! to find a Woman upon her Knees, he ſays, is an unſeemly poſture: there's a Prieſt for you.

Elvira. to *Dom.* I wiſh, Father, you wou'd give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have ſomewhat upon my Spirits that preſſes me exceedingly.

Dom. (*Aſide.*) This goes well: *Gomez*, ſtand you at diſtance—— farther yet, ——ſtand out of ear ſhot——I have ſomewhat to ſay to your Wife in private.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) Was ever Man thus Prieſt-ridden? wou'd the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am ſure there's room for it.

Elvira. I am aſham'd to acknowledge my Infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture, to —— and yet I dare not. ——

Dom. Nay, if you are baſhfull; —— if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your Surgeon; ——

Elvira. You know my Husband is a Man in years; but he's my Husband; and therefore I ſhall be ſilent; but his Humours are more intolerable than his Age; he is grown ſo froward, ſo covetous, and ſo jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durſt confeſs it, has forc'd me to caſt my Affections on another Man.

Dom. Good: —— hold, hold; I meant abominable: —— pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [*Aſide.*

Elvira. I have ſeen this Man, Father; and have incourag'd his Addreſſes: he's a young Gentleman, a Soldier of a moſt winning Carriage; and what his Courtſhip may produce at laſt I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. (*Aſide*) 'Tis he for certain: —— ſhe has ſav'd the Credit of my Function, by ſpeaking firſt; now muſt I take Gravity upon me.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) This whiſpering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me ſo plaguily under the laſh, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your matrimonial Vow?

Elvira. Yes, to my ſorrow, Father, I do remember it; a miſerable Woman it has made me; but you know, Father, a Marriage-vow is but a thing of courſe, which all Women take when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very ſolemn thing; and 'tis good to keep it: —— but, notwithſtanding, it may be broken upon ſome occaſions. —— Have you ſtriven with all your might againſt this frailty?

Elvira. Yes, I have ſtriven; but I found it was againſt the Stream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your Duty to ſtrive always; but notwithſtanding, when we have done our utmoſt, it extenuates the Sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer. —— Now, Gentlewoman, you are confeſſing your Enormities; I know it by that hypocritical, down-caſt Look: enjoin her to ſit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can do no leſs in Conſcience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make uſe of my Authority: your Wife's a well-diſpos'd and a vertuous Lady; I ſay it, *In verbo Sacerdotis.*

Elvira. I know not what to do, Father; I find my ſelf in a moſt deſperate Condition; and ſo is the Colonel for Love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, ſay you! I wiſh it be not the ſame young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young Man, I muſt confeſs, worthy of any Lady's love in *Chriſtendom*; in a lawfull way I mean; of ſuch a charming behaviour, ſo bewitching to a Woman's eye; and furthermore, ſo charitably given; by all good tokens, this muſt be my Colonel *Hernando.*

Elvira. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am over-joy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down; and, I am afraid it is for love of you; for he preſſed a Letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confeſs I receiv'd it, leſt he ſhould ſend it by ſome other; but with full reſolution never to put it into your hands.

Elvira. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I ſhall dye.

Gom. (*Whiſpering ſtill.*) A Pox of your cloſe Committee! I'll liſten, I am reſolv'd: (*ſteals nearer.*)

Dom. Nay, if you are obſtinately bent to ſee it, —— uſe your diſcretion; but for my part, I waſh my hands on't, —— What make you liſtning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

Elvira. I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Abſolution, if you'll but pleaſe to ſtand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then. I have told you the ill Conſequences; *& liberavi animam meam.* —— Your Reputation is in danger, to ſay nothing of your Soul. Notwithſtanding, when the ſpiritual means have been apply'd, and fails, in that caſe the carnal may be us'd. —— You are a tender Child, you are, and muſt not be put into Deſpair; your Heart is as ſoft and melting as your Hand.

[*He ſtrokes her face; takes her by the hand; and gives the Letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, Father; you go beyond your Commiſſion: Palming is always held foul play amongſt Gameſters.

Dom. Thus good Intentions are miſconſtrued by wicked Men: you will never be warn'd till you are excommunicate.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) Ah, Devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in Excommunication than the Church's Cenſure, a Wiſe Man wou'd lick his Conſcience whole with a wet Finger: but if I am excommunicate, I am out-law'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elvira. (*Riſing.*) I have read the Note, Father, and will ſend him an Anſwer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I underſtand it not, for my part; but I wiſh your Intentions be honeſt. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a ſilent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin alſo. Nevertheleſs, if you believe abſolutely he will die, unleſs you pity him; to ſave a Man's Life is a point of Charity; and actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may ſay, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farewell, Daughter. —— *Gomez*, cheriſh your vertuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction: (*Going.*)

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door, —— that I may be ſure you ſteal nothing by the way. —— Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing. —— Oh, 'tis a *Judas Iſcariot.* [Exit, *after the Fryar.*

Elvira. This Fryar is a comfortable Man! He will underſtand nothing of the Buſineſs; and yet does it all.

Pray, Wives and Virgins, at your time of need,
For a True Guide, of my Good Father's breed. [Exit *Elvira.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Lorenzo, *in Fryar's Habit, meeting* Dominic.

Lorenzo. Father *Dominic*, Father *Dominic*; Why in ſuch haſt Man?

Dom. It ſhou'd ſeem a Brother of our Order.

Lorenzo. No, Faith, I am only your Brother in Iniquity: my holineſs, like yours, is meer out-ſide.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphoſis! On what occaſion are you transform'd?

Lorenzo. Love, Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter* into a Town-bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in anſwer to that I ſent by you.

Dom. You ſee I have deliver'd my Meſſage faithfully: I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lorenzo. O, I underſtand your Hint: the other Fifty pieces are ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit!

Lorenzo. 'Tis a Habit that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication: You have begun the Deſign in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accompliſh it. The Husband is abſent: that evil Counſellor is remov'd; and the Sovereign is graciouſly diſpos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to, go to, I find good Counſel is but thrown away upon you: fare you well, fare you well, Son! ah——

Lorenzo. How! Will you turn Recreant at the laſt caſt? You muſt along to countenance my undertaking: We are at the door Man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't; and I will not go.

Lorenzo. You may ſtay, Father; but no Fifty pounds without it: that was only promis'd in the Bond: But the Condition of this Obligation is ſuch, That if the above-named Father, Father *Dominic*, do not well and faithfully perform——

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the Reverence of my Preſence may be a curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lorenzo. Lead up your Myrmidon, and enter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elvira, *in her Chamber.*

Elvira. He'll come, that's certain: young Appetites are ſharp; and ſeldom need twice bidding to ſuch a Banquet; —— well; if I prove frail, as I hope I ſhall not, till I have compaſs'd my Deſign; never Woman had ſuch a Husband to provoke her, ſuch a Lover to allure her, or ſuch a Confeſſor to abſolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Conſcience, that's ſafe enough; my Ghoſtly Father has given it a Doſe of Church-Opium, to lull it: well, for ſoothing Sin, I'll ſay that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Chriſtendom.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Dominic.

O, Father *Dominic*, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

Lorenzo. (*Lifting up his Hood.*) I'll ſhew you that immediatly.

Elvira. O, my Love!

Lorenzo. My Life!

Elvira. My Soul! (*They embrace.*)

Dom. I am taken on the ſudden with a grievous ſwimming in my Head, and ſuch a miſt before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor ſee.

Elvira. Stay, and I'll fetch you ſome comfortable Water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open Air will do me good. I'll take a turn in your Garden: but remember that I truſt you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you. [*Exit* Dominic.

Elvira. This is certainly the duſt of Gold which you have thrown in the good Man's Eyes, that on the ſudden he cannot ſee; for my mind miſgives me, this Sickneſs of his is but Apocryphal!

Lorenzo. 'Tis no Qualm of Conſcience I'll be ſworn: you ſee, Madam, 'tis Intereſt governs all the World: he preaches againſt Sin; why? becauſe he gets by't: he holds his Tongue; why? becauſe ſo much more is bidden for his ſilence: 'Tis but giving a Man his price, and Principles of Church are bought off as eaſily as they are in State; no Man will be a Rogue for nothing, but Compenſation muſt be made, ſo much Gold for ſo much Honeſty; and then a Church-man will break the Rules of Cheſs; for the black Biſhop will skip into the white, and the white into the black, without conſidering whether the remove be lawful.

Elvira. And ſo much for the Fryar.

Lorenzo. Oh, thoſe Eyes of yours reproach me juſtly: that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elvira. Do you conſider the hazard I have run to ſee you here? if you do, methinks it ſhou'd inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lorenzo. Nay, if you talk of conſidering, let us conſider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell Beads? Love is a kind of a penurious God, very niggardly of his opportunities, he muſt be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treaſurer, for he bolts out on the ſudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vaniſhes in a twinkling.

Elvira. Why do you make ſuch haſt to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches, wound up for ſtriking twelve immediatly; but after you are ſatisfied, the very next that follows is the ſolitary ſound of ſingle one.

Lorenzo. How, Madam! Do you invite me to a Feaſt, and then preach Abſtinence?

Elvira. No, I invite you to a Feaſt where the Diſhes are ſerv'd up in order: you are for making a haſty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment like an hungry Clown: truſt my management, good Colonel, and call not for your Deſert too ſoon: believe me, that which comes laſt, as it is the ſweeteſt, ſo it cloys the ſooneſt.

Lorenzo. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this diſtance, that there is ſomewhat you expect from me : what am I to undertake or ſuffer e'er I can be happy ?

Elvira. I muſt firſt be ſatisfied that you love me.

Lorenzo. By all that's holy ; By theſe dear Eyes.

Elvira. Spare your Oaths and Proteſtations ; I know you Gallants of the time have a mint at your tongues-end to coin them.

Lorenzo. You know you cannot marry me ; but, By Heavens, if you were in a condition,———

Elvira. Then you would not be ſo prodigal of your Promiſes, but have the Fear of Matrimony before your eyes : in few words, if you love me, as you profeſs, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lorenzo. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddeſt I ever undertook ; have with you, Lady, mine ; I take you at your word ; and, if you are for a merry Jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it fartheſt : there are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found : I, with my Knapſack, and you, with your Bottle at your Back : we'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves ; and travel till we come to the ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

Elvira. Give me your Hand, and ſtrike a Bargain.

[*He takes her Hand, and kiſſes it.*

Lorenzo. In ſign and token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and ſo forth— when ſhould I be weary of Sealing upon this Soft-wax ?

Elvira. O, Heavens ! I hear my Husband's voice.

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, Gentlewoman ? there's ſomething in the wind I'm ſure, becauſe your Woman would have run up Stairs before me : but I have ſecur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps ——— now, in the Devil's name, what makes this Fryar here again ? I do not like theſe frequent Conjunctions of the fleſh and ſpirit ; they are boding.

Elvira. Go hence, good Father ; my Husband you ſee is in an ill humour ; and I would not have you witneſs of his folly. [Lorenzo *going.*

Gom. (*Running to the door.*) By your Reverence's favour, hold a little, I muſt examin you ſomething better before you go : Heyday ! who have we here ? Father *Dominic* is ſhrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the Belly : what are become of thoſe two Timber-loggs that he us'd to wear for Legs, that ſtood ſtrutting like the two black Poſts before a door ? I am afraid ſome bad Body has been ſetting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity for a Receipt : this is no Father *Dominic*, no huge over-grown Abbey-lubber ; this is but a diminutive ſucking Fryar : as ſure as a Gun now, Father *Dominic* has been ſpawning this young, ſlender Anti-chriſt.

Elvira. (*Aſide.*) He will be found ; there's no prevention.

Gom. Why does he not ſpeak ? What ! Is the Fryar poſſeſs'd with a dumb Devil ? If he be, I ſhall make bold to conjure him.

Elvira. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoin'd Silence for a Penance.

Gom. A Novice, quoth a ; You would make a Novice of me too, if you could ; but, what was his buſineſs here ? Anſwer me that, Gentlewoman, anſwer me that.

Elvira. What ſhou'd it be, but to give me ſome Spiritual Inſtructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edifie much from a muſty Preacher: this will not paſs; I muſt examine the Contents of him a little cloſer. O thou Confeſſor! confeſs who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World.

He comes to Lorenzo, *who ſtruggles with him; his Habit flies open,*
and diſcovers a Sword: Gomez *ſtarts back.*

As I live, this is a manifeſt member of the Church Militant.

Lorenzo. (*Aſide.*) I am diſcover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge. —— Yes, Faith 'tis I, honeſt *Gomez*; thou ſeeſt I uſe thee like a Friend; this is a familiar Viſit.

Gom. What! Colonel *Hernando* turn'd a Fryar! who could have ſuſpected you of ſo much Godlineſs?

Lorenzo. E'en as thou ſeeſt, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Viſit, after ſo friendly an Invitation as I made you; marry, I hope you will excuſe the Blunderbuſſes for not being in readineſs to ſalute you; but, let me know your hour, and all ſhall be mended another time.

Lorenzo. Hang it, I hate ſuch ripping up of old unkindneſs; I was upon the frolick this evening, and came to viſit thee in Maſquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my Wife, or ſo.

Lorenzo. Right: Thou ſpeak'ſt my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I then a Friend to help you out? you wou'd have been fumbling half an hour for this excuſe —— but, as I remember, you promis'd to ſtorm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of Red Locuſts upon me for Free-quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are black Locuſts in the World as well as Red.

Elvira. (*Aſide.*) When comes my ſhare of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lorenzo. Give me thy Hand: Thou art the honeſteſt, kind Man; I was reſolv'd I wou'd not out of thy houſe till I had ſeen thee.

Gom. No, in my Conſcience, if I had ſtaid abroad till midnight. But, Colonel, you and I ſhall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendſhip, at a Bar, before a Judge, by the way of Plaintiff and Defendant. Your Excuſes want ſome grains to make 'em current: hum and ha will not do the buſineſs —— there's a modeſt Lady of your acquaintance, ſhe has ſo much Grace to make none at all, but ſilently to confeſs the power of Dame Nature working in her Body to Youthfull Appetite.

Elvira. How he got in I know not, unleſs it were by Virtue of his Habit.

Gom. Ai, ai, the Virtues of that Habit are known abundantly.

Elvira. I cou'd not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To reſiſt him.

Elvira. I'm ſure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time wou'd have ſerv'd the turn. O thou Epitome of thy vertuous Sex! Madam *Meſſalina* the Second, retire to thy Apartment: I have an Aſſignation there to make with thee.

Elvira. I am all Obedience —— [*Exit* Elvira.

Lorenzo. I find *Gomez*, you are not the Man I thought you: We may meet before we come to the Bar, we may; and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons than by Lawyers tongues; in the mean time, no ill treatment of your Wife, as you hope to die a natural death, and go to Hell in your Bed: *Bilbo* is the word, remember that, and tremble —— [*He's going out.*

Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple? Where are you, in the name of Goodneſs? My mind miſgave me; and I durſt truſt you no longer with your ſelves; here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confeſſion.

Lorenzo. (*Aſide.*) The Devil is punctual, I ſee, he has paid me the ſhame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. (*Seeing Gom.*) Bleſs my Eyes? What do I ſee?

Gom. Why; you ſee a Cuckold of this honeſt Gentleman's making: I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confeſs, I am aſtoniſh'd!

Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your Head-piece and his Limbs have done my buſineſs. Nay, do not look ſo ſtrangely, remember your own words, Here will be fine work at your next Confeſſion: What naughty Couple were they whom you durſt not truſt together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had truſted 'em a full quarter of an hour; and, by the way, horns will ſprout in leſs time than Muſhrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuſe one of my Order upon light ſuſpicions: the naughty Couple that I mean, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animoſities on both ſides: now, that was the occaſion, mark me *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to truſt your enraged Spirits too long together: you might have broken out into Revilings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confeſſions.

Lorenzo. (*Aſide.*) Well ſaid, i'faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy ſelf, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in ſome other Ford, good Father, you ſhall catch no Gudgeons here: look upon the Priſoner at the Bar, Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel *Hernando.*

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez*? I ſee no Man, but a Reverend Brother of our Order, whoſe Profeſſion I honour, but whoſe Perſon I know not, as I hope for Paradiſe.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this Diſguiſe, for the greateſt Cuckold-maker in all *Spain.*

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Villain! Nay, if he be ſuch a Man, my Righteous Spirit riſes at him! Does he put on Holy Garments for a cover-ſhame of leudneſs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father; when a ſwinging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it ſo cloſe as a Fryar's Hood; for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to do a miſchief, and then ſhrinks 'em back for ſafety, like a Snail into her Shell.

Lorenzo. (*Aſide.*) It's beſt marching off while I can retreat with Honour; there's no truſting this Fryar's Conſcience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to proſecute me for putting on theſe Holy Robes; this is the old Church trick, the Clergy is ever at the bottom of the Plot, but they are wiſe enough to ſlip their own Necks out of the Collar, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it—— [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the House behind me; gather up your gouty Legs, I say, and rid my House of that huge Body of Divinity.

Dom. I expect ſome Judgment ſhould fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director: Slander, Covetouſneſs, and Jealouſie will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocriſie, and Gluttony, into your Scale, Father, and you ſhall weigh againſt me: Nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine parts, and ſcarce leaves the Laity a Tithe.

Dom. How dareſt thou reproach the Tribe of *Levi*?

Gom. Marry, becauſe you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of *Iſſachar*: You make Aſſes of us, to bear your Burthens. When we are young you put Paniers upon us, with your Church Diſcipline; and when we are grown up you load us with a Wife: After that you procure for other Men; and then you load our Wives too. A fine Phraſe you have amongſt you to draw us into Marriage; you call it Settling a Man; juſt as when a Fellow has got a ſound Knock upon the Head, they ſay he's ſettled: Marriage is a Settling Blow indeed. They ſay every thing in the World is good for ſomething, as a Toad, to ſuck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for, till your Pimping ſhew'd me.

Dom. Thou ſhalt anſwer for this, thou Slanderer; thy Offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are ſome Offences there of your planting. [*Ex.* Dom. Lord, Lord, that Men ſhould have ſenſe enough to ſet Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol-cats, and Foxes, and yet ———

Want wit a Prieſt-trap at their door to lay,
For holy Vermin that in Houſes prey. [*Exit* Gomez.

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Queen, Tereſa.

Ter. You are not what you were ſince yeſterday;
Your food forſakes you, and your needful reſt:
You pine, you languiſh, love to be alone;
Think much, ſpeak little; and in ſpeaking ſigh.
When you ſee *Torriſmond* you are unquiet;
But when you ſee him not you are in pain.

Qu. O, let 'em never love who never try'd!
They brought a Paper to me to be ſigned;
Thinking on him I quite forgot my name,
And writ for *Leonora*, *Torriſmond*.
I went to Bed, and to my ſelf I thought,
That I would think on *Torriſmond* no more;
Then ſhut my Eyes, but could not ſhut out him.
I turn'd, and tried each corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was loſt.
Fev'riſh for want of Reſt, I riſe, and walk'd;
And by the Moon-ſhine to the Windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,

I caſt

I caſt my Eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And, e'er I was aware, ſigh'd to my ſelf,
There fought my *Torriſmond*.

Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Soldiers ſhout;
The Old King's Party will deſpair to find
A Prince whoſe Courage can ſupport the Throne:
And *Bertran*, though repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As Boys to venture on the unknown Ice,
That crackles underneath 'em, while they ſlide.
Oh, how ſhall I deſcribe this growing ill!
Betwixt my Doubt and Love methinks I ſtand
Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague fit;
And yet wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am aſham'd to ſay, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when Dreams, they ſay, are true,
A drowſie ſlumber, rather than a ſleep,
Seiz'd on my Senſes, with long Watching worn.
Methought I ſtood on a wide River's Bank,
Which I muſt needs o'er-paſs, but knew not how:
When on a ſudden *Torriſmond* appear'd,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er,
Leaping and bounding on the Billows heads,
Till ſafely we had reach'd the farther ſhore.

Ter. This Dream portends ſome ill which you ſhall ſcape.
Wou'd you ſee fairer Viſions? Take this night
Your *Torriſmond* within your Arms to ſleep;
And, to that end, invent ſome apt pretence
To break with *Bertran*: 'twould be better yet,
Cou'd you provoke him to give you th' occaſion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter Bertran *at a diſtance.*

Qu. My Stars have ſent him:
For, ſee, he comes, how gloomily he looks!
If he, as I ſuſpect, have found my Love,
His Jealouſie will furniſh him with Fury,
And me with means to part.

Bertr. (*Aſide.*) Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her falſe?
If ſhe be falſe, 'tis what ſhe moſt deſires.
My Genius whiſpers me, Be cautious, *Bertran*!
Thou walkeſt as on a narrow Mountain's Neck,
A dreadfull height, with ſcanty room to tread.

Qu. What Buſineſs have you at the Court, my Lord?

Bertr. What buſineſs, *Madam*?

Qu. Yes, my Lord, what buſineſs?

'Tis

'Tis ſomewhat ſure of weighty conſequence,
That brings you here ſo often, and unſent for.

Bertr. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis what I fear'd, her words are cold enough
To freeze a Man to death. ——— May I preſume
To ſpeak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dare bellow, or, what Sheep dare bleat,
Within the Lion's Den?

Bertr. Yet Men are ſuffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd Bleſſings, for they then are Debts.

Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own time when to give;
But you, it ſeems, charge me with Breach of Faith.

Bertr. I hope I need not, Madam:
But as when Men in Sickneſs lingring lie,
They count the tedious hours by Months and Years;
So every day deferr'd to Dying Lovers
Is a whole Age of pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er conſent to make you mine?
My Father's Promiſe ties me not to time;
And Bonds without a Date, they ſay, are void.

Bertr. Far be it from me to believe you bound;
Love is the freeſt motion of our minds:
O, cou'd you ſee into my ſecret Soul,
There you might read your own Dominion doubled,
Both as a Queen and Miſtreſs; if you leave me,
Know, I can dye, but dare not be diſpleas'd.

Qu. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me cauſe to think that when you loſt
Three Battels to the *Moors*, you coldly ſtood
As unconcern'd as now.

Bertr. I did my beſt;
Fate was not in my power.

Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you ſaw
A raw young Warrier take your baffled work,
And end it at a blow.

Bertr. I humbly take my leave; but they who blaſt
Your good opinion of me, may have cauſe
To know I am no Coward. [*He is going.*

Qu. Bertran, Stay;
(*Aſide.*) This may produce ſome diſmal conſequence
To him who dearer than my Life I love.
To him. Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To Try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bertr. Then was it but a Tryal?
Methinks I ſtart, as from ſome dreadfull Dream,
And often ask my ſelf, if yet I wake.

(*Aſide.*) This turns too quick to be without Deſign;
I'll ſound the bottom of't e'er I believe.

Qu. I find your Love, and would reward it too;
But anxious Fears ſolicit my weak Breaſt:
I fear my People's Faith:
That hot-mouth'd Beaſt that bears againſt the Curb,
Hard to be broken, even by lawfull Kings;
But harder by Uſurpers:
Judge then, my Lord, with all theſe Cares oppreſt,
If I can think of Love.

Bertr. Believe me, Madam,
Theſe Jealouſies, however large they ſpread,
Have but one Root, the old impriſon'd King;
Whoſe Lenity firſt pleas'd the gaping Crowd:
But when long tried, and found ſupinely good,
Like *Æſop*'s Logg, they leapt upon his Back:
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em ſtrongly, and he ſpurr'd 'em hard;
And, but he durſt not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This Anvil of Affronts, but ſent him hence,
To hold a peacefull Branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire:

Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
Echoes the Sound, and jars within my Soul;
There lies my Grief.

Bertr. So long as there's a Head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits flie;
Lop that but off, and then——

Qu. My Vertue ſhrinks from ſuch an horrid Act.

Bertr. This 'tis to have a Vertue out of ſeaſon.
Mercy is good; a very good dull Vertue;
But Kings miſtake its timing, and are mild
When manly Courage bids 'em be ſevere:
Better be cruel once than anxious ever:
Remove this threat'ning Danger from your Crown;
And then ſecurely take the Man you love.

Qu. (*Walking aſide.*) Ha! let me think of that: the Man I love;
'Tis true, this Murther is the only means
That can ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.
Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the Object of the Peoples Hate.

Bertr. (*Aſide.*) The more ſhe thinks 'twill work the ſtronger in her.

Qu. (*Aſide.*) How eloquent is Miſchief to perſuade!
Few are ſo wicked as to take delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
If then I break divine and humane Laws,

No Bribe but Love cou'd gain so bad a Cause.

Bertr. You anſwer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a Woman ignorant and weak;
I leave it all to you, think what you do
You do for him I love.

Bertr. (*Aſide.*) For him ſhe loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torriſmond*,
Whom ſhe has thrice in private ſeen this day:
Then I am fairly caught in my own Snare.
I'll think again———Madam, it ſhall be done;
And mine be all the blame. [*Exit* Bertr.

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
The Prieſthood groſly cheats us with Free-will:
Will to do what, but what Heaven firſt decreed?
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Cauſes they proceed:
Our Paſſions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Mere ſenſleſs Engins that are mov'd by Fate;
Like Ships on ſtormy Seas, without a Guide,
Toſt by the Winds, and driven by the Tyde.

Enter Torriſmond.

Torr. Am I not rudely bold, and preſs too often
Into your preſence, Madam? If I am———

Qu. No more; leſt I ſhou'd chide you for your ſtay:
Where have you been? and, How cou'd you ſuppoſe
That I cou'd live theſe two long hours without you?

Torr. O, words to charm an Angel from his Orb!
Welcome, as kindly Showres to long-parch'd Earth!
But I have been in ſuch a diſmal place
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er chears;
Bound in with Darkneſs, over-ſpread with Damps;
Where I have ſeen (if I cou'd ſay, I ſaw)
The good Old King Majeſtick in his Bonds,
And 'midſt his Griefs moſt venerably great:
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapors, he lay ſtretch'd along
Upon th'unwholſome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward;
And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
Stole down, and trickl'd from his hoary Beard.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy ſad diſcourſe, and, for my ſake,
Caſt off theſe fearful melancholy thoughts.

Torr. My heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern blaſts:
He ſent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,

He threw his aged Arms about my Neck,
And, ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe:
So, leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.
Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.
Torr. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too!
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous Secret to diſcloſe:
He kiſs'd me, bleſs'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;
He prais'd my Courage, pray'd for my Succeſs:
He was ſo true a Father of his Country,
To thank me for defending e'en his Foes,
Becauſe they were his Subjects.
Qu. If they be, then what am I?
Torr. The Sovereign of my Soul, my Earthly Heaven.
Qu. And not your Queen?
Torr. You are ſo beautifull,
So wondrous fair, you juſtifie Rebellion:
As if that faultleſs Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, muſt forgive.
Qu. The King muſt die, he muſt, my *Torriſmond*;
Though Pity ſoftly plead within my Soul,
Yet he muſt die, that I may make you great,
And give a Crown in dowry with my Love.
Torr. Periſh that Crown—— on any Head but yours;——
O, recollect your Thoughts!
Shake not his Hour-glaſs, when his haſty Sand
Is ebbing to the laſt:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter Storm.
Qu. Let me but do this one Injuſtice more:
His Doom is paſt; and, for your ſake, he dies.
Torr. Wou'd you, for me, have done ſo ill an Act,
And will not do a good one?
Now, by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O ſpare this Great, this Good, this Aged King;
And ſpare your Soul the Crime!
Qu. The Crime's not mine;
'Twas firſt propos'd, and muſt be done, by *Bertran*,
Fed with falſe hopes to gain my Crown and Me:
I, to enhance his Ruine, gave no leave,
But barely bad him think, and then forget.
Torr. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
Think, timely think, on the laſt dreadful day;
How will you tremble there to ſtand expos'd,
And foremoſt in the rank of guilty Ghoſts

That muſt be doom'd for Murther; think on Murther:
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes;
The damn'd themſelves ſtart wide, and ſhun that Band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.
Qu. 'Tis terrible, it ſhakes, it ſtaggers me;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
Sure there is none but fears a future ſtate;
And when the moſt obdurate ſwear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts belie their boaſting Tongues.
Enter Tereſa.
Send ſpeedily to *Bertran*; charge him ſtrictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleaſure.
Ter. Madam, he ſends to tell you, 'tis perform'd. [*Exit* Tereſa.
Torr. Ten thouſand Plagues conſume him, Furies drag him,
Fiends tear him; Blaſted be the Arm that ſtrook,
The Tongue that order'd; ——— only She be ſpar'd
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the ſacred Lives of Kings?
Why ſlept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts,
Or bent their idle rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here?
Qu. Sleep that Thought too,
'Tis done, and ſince 'tis done, 'tis paſt recall;
And ſince 'tis paſt recall, 't muſt be forgotten.
Torr. O, never, never ſhall it be forgotten;
High Heaven will not forget it, after Ages
Shall with a fearfull Curſe remember ours;
And Blood ſhall never leave the Nation more!
Qu. His Body ſhall be Royally interr'd,
And the laſt Funeral Pomps adorn his Hearſe;
I will my ſelf (as I have cauſe too juſt)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obſequies;
And yearly fix on the revolving day
The ſolemn marks of Mourning, to atone
And expiate my Offences.
Torr. Nothing can,
But bloody Vengeance on that Traitor's Head,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.
Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:
Love calls, my *Torriſmond*; though Hate has rag'd,
And rul'd the day, yet Love will rule the night.
The ſpitefull Stars have ſhed their Venom down,
And now the peacefull Planets take their turn.
This Deed of *Bertran*'s has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me juſt occaſion to refuſe him.
What hinders now, but that the holy Prieſt
In ſecret join our mutual Vows? and then

This night, this happy night is yours and mine.
Torr. Be ſtill my Sorrows, and be loud my Joys,
Fly to the utmoſt Circles of the Sea,
Thou furious Tempeſt that haſt toſt my mind,
And leave no thought but *Leonora* there. ——
What's this I feel aboding in my Soul?
As if this day were fatal; be it ſo.
Fate ſhall have but the Leavings of my Love:
My Joys are gloomy, but withall are great;
The Lion, though he ſee the Toils are ſet,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, ſcowrs away,
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the day;
At night with ſullen pleaſure, grumbles o'er his Prey. [*Exeunt ambo.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Before* Gomez *his Door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, *and two Soldiers at a diſtance.*

Dom. I'LL not wag an ace farther: The whole World ſhall not bribe me to it; for my Conſcience will digeſt theſe groſs Enormities no longer.

Lorenzo. How, thy Conſcience not digeſt 'em! There's near a Fryar in *Spain* can ſhew a Conſcience that comes near it for Digeſtion: it digeſted Pimping when I ſent thee with my Letter; and it digeſted Perjury when thou ſworeſt thou didſt not know me; I'm ſure it has digeſted me Fifty Pound of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary*: Prithee, why ſhouldſt thou diſcourage Fornication, when thou know'ſt thou loveſt a ſweet young Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em; —— phau; no, —— *ſpits.* I do not love a pretty Girl; —— you are ſo waggiſh! —— *ſpits again.*

Lorenzo. Why, thy Mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleaſure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running reſtleſs up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purſe, and wearing out your Body with hunting after unlawfull Game.

Lorenzo. Why, there's the Satisfaction on't.

Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging; and there's the Satisfaction on't.

Lorenzo. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm reſolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiours for what thou haſt done already.

Dom. I'm reſolv'd to forſwear it if you do: Let me adviſe you better, Colonel, than to accuſe a Church-man to a Church-man; in the common Cauſe we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lorenzo. (*Aſide.*) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach firſt, and ſee whoſe Oath will be believ'd: I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honeſty, and bribe my Conſcience: you ſhall be ſummon'd by an hoſt of Paritors; you ſhall be ſentenc'd in the Spiritual Court; you ſhall be excommunicated; you ſhall be outlaw'd; — and ————

{ *Here* Lorenzo *takes a Purſe, and plays with it, and, at laſt, lets the Purſe fall chinking on the ground; which the Fryar eyes.*

In another tone. I ſay a Man might do this now, if he were maliciouſly diſpos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity: but, conſidering that you are my Friend, a Perſon of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather die a thouſand Deaths than diſoblige you.

{ Lorenzo *takes up the Purſe, and pours it into the Fryar's ſleeve.*

Nay, Good Sir! nay, Dear Colonel! O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I profeſs this muſt not be: without this I wou'd have ſerv'd you to the uttermoſt; pray command me: a jealous foul mouth'd Rogue this *Gomez* is: I ſaw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter Man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, ſhall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a witneſs.

Lorenzo. But how ſhall I ſend her word to be ready at the door, (for I muſt reveal it in Confeſſion to you,) that I mean to carry her away this Evening, by the help of theſe two Soldiers: I know *Gomez* ſuſpects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not: I am arm'd with the Authority of my clothing: yonder I ſee him keeping Centry at his door: have you never ſeen a Citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his ſides, and walking forward and backward a mighty pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Paſs in ſpight of his ſuſpicion; ſtand you aſide, and do but mark how I accoſt him.

Lorenzo. If he meet with a repulſe, we muſt throw off the Fox's ſkin, and put on the Lion's; come, Gentlemen, you'll ſtand by me.

Soldier. Do not doubt us, Colonel.

{ *They retire all three to a corner of the Stage;* Dominic *goes to the door where* Gomez *ſtands.*

Dom. Good Even, *Gomez*; how does your Wife?

Gom. Juſt as you wou'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and conſpiring Cuckoldom againſt me.

Dom. I dare ſay you wrong her, ſhe is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your Jealouſie.

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By your leave, *Gomez*, I have ſome Spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may ſpare your Inſtructions if you pleaſe, Father, ſhe has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you ſpeak in Riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me ſpeak plainer; ſhe has profited ſo well already by your Counſel, that ſhe can ſay her Leſſon without your teaching: Do you underſtand me now?

Dom. I muſt not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, *Gomez*, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indiſpoſed at preſent, and it will not be convenient to diſturb her. [Dominic *offers to go by him, but t'other ſtands before him.*

Dom. Indiſpoſed, ſay you? O, it is upon thoſe occaſions that a Confeſſour is moſt neceſſary ; I think it was my good Angel that ſent me hither ſo opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whoſe good Angels ſent you hither, that you beſt know, Father.

Dom. A word or two of Devotion will do her no harm, I'm ſure.

Gom. A little ſleep will do her more good, I'm ſure ; You know ſhe diſburthen'd her Conſcience but this morning to you.

Dom. But if ſhe be ill this afternoon, ſhe may have new occaſion to confeſs.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the Colonel, ſhe may have occaſion of confeſſing her ſelf every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has ſhe been ſick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a Man to ſpeak ; why, ever ſince your laſt defeat.

Dom. This can be but ſome light Indiſpoſition, it will not laſt, and I may ſee her.

Gom. How, not laſt ! I ſay it will laſt, and it ſhall laſt : She ſhall be ſick theſe ſeven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I ſee occaſion : What ; I know the mind of her Sickneſs a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then I muſt bring a Doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary with a chargeable long Bill of *Ana*'s : thoſe of my Family have the Grace to die cheaper : in a word, Sir *Dominic*, we underſtand one another's buſineſs here: I am reſolved to ſtand like the *Swiſs* of my own Family, to defend the Entrance ; you may mumble over your *Pater Noſters*, if you pleaſe, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my Walls with Bell, Book, and Candle ; but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I wou'd treat the Pope, and all his Cardinals, in the ſame manner, if they offered to ſee my Wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou doſt not open ; there's Promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that ; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull ; and ſo I leave you to recreate your ſelf with the end of an old Song —— *And Sorrow came to the old Fryar.* [Exit Gomez.

Lorenzo *comes to him.*

Lorenzo. I will not ask your Succeſs, for I over-heard part of it, and ſaw the Concluſion ; I find we are now put upon our laſt Trump ; the Fox is earth'd, but I ſhall ſend my two Terriers in after him.

Soldier. I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lorenzo. And make what haſte you can to bring out the Lady : what ſay you, Father, Burglary is but a Venial Sin among Soldiers.

Dom. I ſhall abſolve them, becauſe he is an Enemy of the Church —— there is a Proverb, I confeſs, which ſays, That Dead men tell no Tales ; but let your Soldiers apply it at their own Perils.

Lorenzo. What, take away a Man's Wife, and kill him too ! the Wickedneſs of this Old Villain ſtartles me, and gives me a twinge for my own Sin ; tho' it come far ſhort of his ; hark you Soldiers, be ſure you uſe as little Violence to him as is poſſible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to ſecure him, with leſs danger to us.

Lorenzo. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown conſcientious!

Dom. The Old King, you know, is juſt murther'd, and the Perſons that did it are unknown; let the Soldiers ſeize him for one of the Aſſaſſinates, and let me alone to accuſe him afterwards.

Lorenzo. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for ſuſpecting a Fryar of the leaſt good nature; what, wou'd you accuſe him wrongfully?

Dom. I muſt confeſs, 'tis wrongfull *quoad hoc*, as to the fact it ſelf; but 'tis rightfull *quoad hunc*, as to this Heretical Rogue, whom we muſt diſpatch: he has rail'd againſt the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the murther of a Thouſand Kings; *Omne majus continet in ſe minus.* He that is an Enemy to the Church, is an Enemy unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemy to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King, if he had been in the Circumſtances of doing it: ſo it is not wrongfull to accuſe him.

Lorenzo. I never knew a Church-man, if he were perſonally offended, but he wou'd bring in Heaven by hook or by crook into his Quarrel. Soldiers, do as you were firſt order'd. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you ſure it's ſafe, and not ſcandalous?

Lorenzo. Somewhat near your own Deſign, but not altogether ſo miſchievous; the People are infinitely diſcontented, as they have reaſon; and Mutinies there are or will be againſt the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he ſhould be ſecur'd as a Traitor; but he ſhall only be Priſoner at the Soldiers Quarters; and when I am out of reach, he ſhall be releaſ'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he will infallibly accuſe me.

Lorenzo. Why then, Father, you muſt have recourſe to your infallible Church-remedies; Lye impudently, and Swear devoutly; and, as you told me but now, let him try whoſe Oath will be firſt believ'd. Retire; I hear 'em coming. [*They withdraw.*

Enter the Soldiers with Gomez, ſtruggling on their backs.

Gom. Help, Good Chriſtians, help Neighbours; my Houſe is broken open by force; and I am raviſh'd, and am like to be aſſaſſinated; what do you mean, Villains? Will you carry me away like a Pedler's Pack upon your backs? Will you murther a Man in plain day-light?

First Soldier. No: But we'll ſecure you for a Traitor; and for being in a Plot againſt the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durſt be in a Plot: why, how can you in Conſcience ſuſpect a rich Citizen of ſo much wit as to make a Plotter? there are none but poor Rogues, and thoſe that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Soldier. Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be ſav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it.

[*They carry him off, and Exeunt.*

Lor. Thus far have we ſail'd with a merry gale, and now we have the Cape of Good hope in ſight; the Trade-wind is our own if we can but double it. [*Aſide.*

(*Aſide*.) My Father and *Pedro* ſtand at the corner of the Street with Company, there's no ſtirring till they are paſt!

Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elvira. Am I come at laſt into your Arms?

Lorenzo. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended; and the Knight may carry off the Lady ſafely.

Elvira. I'm ſo over-joy'd I can ſcarce believe I am at liberty; but ſtand panting like a Bird that has often beaten her Wings in vain againſt her Cage, and at laſt dares hardly venture out though ſhe ſees it open.

Dom. Loſe no time, but make haſte while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lorenzo. 'Tis not ſo free as you ſuppoſe; for there's an old Gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the paſſage at the corner of the Street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter? ſomewhat I hope that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lorenzo. The Fryar has an Hawk's eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elvira. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us than Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter; here's the very Heart and Soul, and Life and Blood of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladies, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lorenzo. And, Faith, we'll drink the Church's Health out of them. But all this while I ſtand on Thorns; prithee, Dear, look out, and ſee if the coaſt be free for our Eſcape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

{ Elvira *goes to look, and* Gomez *comes running in upon*
{ her: *ſhe ſhrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories—— What do I ſee! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. (*Aſide.*) What a hopefull Enterprize is here ſpoil'd?

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lorenzo. Cheer up Man, thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out juſt now, and came running in full ſpeed with the Wings of an Eagle, and the Feet of a Tyger to thy reſcue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a Courteſie with your Eagle's Feet, and your Tyger's Wings: and, What were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpoſe my Spiritual Authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you ſhriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elvira. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

Gom. And that Casket under your Arm, for what end and purpoſe?

Elvira. Only to preſerve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors——

Elvira. Only to meet you, ſweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence ſumm'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends: the Colonel was walking by accidentally, and, hearing my voice, came in to ſave me; the Fryar, who was hobling the ſame way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithfull Wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and ſhricks out for Joy at my return: but if my Father-in-law had not met your Soldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I ſhould neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have ſhriek'd out for joy my ſelf for the loſs of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any Man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I ſhall thank you within doors for your ſafe cuſtody of my Jewels and your own. [*He thruſts his Wife off the Stage.* [*Exit* Elvira. As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we ſhall try before a Civil Magiſtrate who's the greater Plotter of us two; I againſt the State, or you againſt the Petticoat.

Lorenzo. Nay, if you will complain, you ſhall for ſomething. [*Beats him.*

Gom. Murther! murther! I give up the Ghoſt! I'm deſtroy'd! help! murther! murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the neighbours are coming out with Forks, and Fire-ſhovels, and Spits, and other domeſtick Weapons; the *Militia* of a whole Alley is raiſed againſt us.

Lorenzo. This is but the Intereſt of my Debt, Maſter Uſurer, the Principal ſhall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Soldiers had but diſpatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid aſleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good counſel; ah——

[*Exeunt Lor. and Fryar ſeverally.*

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's ſuch a terrible Fellow, that my mind miſgives me, I ſhall tremble when I have him before the Judge. All my Miſfortunes come together: I have been robb'd and cuckolded, and raviſh'd, and beaten in one quarter of an hour; my poor Limbs ſmart, and my poor Head akes: ay, do, do, ſmart Limb, ake Head, and ſprout Horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you muſt needs be married, muſt ye? there's for that, (*beats his own Head*) and to a fine, young, modiſh Lady, muſt ye? there's for that too; and, at threeſcore, you old doting Cuckold, take that remembrance——'tis a fine time of day for a Man to be bound Prentice, when he is paſt uſing of his Trade; to ſet up an equipage of Noiſe, when he has moſt need of Quiet; inſtead of her being under Covert-baron, to be under Covert-feme my ſelf; to have my Body diſabl'd, and my Head fortified; and, laſtly, to be crowded into a narrow Box with a ſhrill Trebble,

That with one Blaſt through the whole Houſe does bound,
And firſt taught Speaking Trumpets how to ſound. [*Exit Gomez.*

S C E N E, *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, Pedro.

Raym. Are theſe, are theſe, ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,
With which I flatter'd my long tedious abſence,
To find, at my return, my Maſter murther'd?
O, that I could but weep to vent my Paſſion!

But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.
Alph. Mourn inward, Brother ? 'Tis obſerv'd at Court
Who weeps, and who wears black ; and your Return
Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours,
To ſee how you reſent King *Sancho*'s Death.
Raym. What generous Man can live with that Conſtraint
Upon his Soul, to bear, much leſs to flatter
A Court like this ? Can I ſooth Tyranny ?
Seem pleas'd to ſee my Royal Maſter murther'd,
His Crown uſurp'd, a Diſtaff in the Throne,
A Council made of ſuch as dare not ſpeak,
And could not if they durſt ; whence honeſt Men
Baniſh themſelves for ſhame of being there :
A Government that, knowing not true Wiſdom,
Is ſcorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home ?
Alph. Vertue muſt be thrown off, 'tis a courſe garment,
Too heavy for the Sun-ſhine of a Court :
Yet I have ſeen even there an honeſt Man,
That is, as honeſt as a Court can bear ;
For Courtiers are to be accounted good
When they are not the laſt and worſt of Men.
Raym. Well then, I will diſſemble for an end
So great, ſo pious, as a juſt Revenge :
You'll join with me ?
Alph. No honeſt Man but muſt.
Pedro. What Title has this Queen, but Lawleſs Force ?
And Force muſt pull her down.
Alph. Truth is, I pity *Leonora*'s caſe ;
Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime
Which moſt her Soul abhors.
Raym. All ſhe has done, or e'er can do, of good,
This one black Deed has damn'd.
Pedro. You'll hardly gain your Son to our Deſign.
Raym. Your reaſon for't ?
Pedro. I want time to unriddle it :
Put on your tother Face ; the Queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, *and Attendants.*

Raym. And that accurſed *Bertran*
Stalks cloſe behind her, like a Witch's Fiend,
Preſſing to be employ'd ; ſtand, and obſerve them.
Qu. to *Bertran* : Bury'd in private, and ſo ſuddenly !
It croſſes my Deſign, which was t'allow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of mourning.
Bertr. It was not ſafe :
Objects of pity, when the cauſe is new,
Wou'd work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd :

Had *Cæſar*'s body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his Cauſe.
Qu. Then, was he lov'd?
Bertr. O, never Man ſo much, for Saint-like goodneſs.
Pedro. (*Aſide.*) Had bad Men fear'd him, but as good Men lov'd him,
He had not yet been ſainted.
Qu. I wonder how the People bear his Death.
Bertr. Some diſcontents there are; ſome idle murmurs.
Pedro. How, Idle Murmurs! Let me plainly ſpeak:
The doors are all ſhut up; the wealthier ſort,
With Arms a-croſs, and Hats upon their Eyes,
Walk to and fro before their ſilent Shops:
Whole droves of Lenders crowd the Bankers doors,
To call in Money; thoſe who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for when they riſe 'tis Plunder:
The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And liſten with their Mouths;
Some tell, ſome hear, ſome judge of News, ſome make it;
And he who lies moſt loud, is moſt believ'd.
Qu. This may be dangerous.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) Pray Heaven it may.
Bertr. If one of you muſt fall;
Self-preſervation is the firſt of Laws:
And if, when Subjects are oppreſs'd by Kings,
They juſtifie Rebellion by that Law,
As well may Monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when ſelf-defence requires it.
Qu. You place ſuch Arbitrary Power in Kings,
That I much fear, if I ſhould make you one,
You'll make your ſelf a Tyrant; let theſe know
By what Authority you did this Act.
Bertr. You much ſurpriſe me to demand that Queſtion,
But, ſince Truth muſt be told, 'Twas by your own.
Qu. Produce it; or, By Heaven, your Head ſhall anſwer
The Forfeit of your Tongue.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) Brave miſchief towards.
Bertr. You bad me.
Qu. When, and where?
Bertr. No, I confeſs, you bad me not in words;
The Dial ſpoke not, but it made ſhrewd ſigns,
And pointed full upon the ſtroke of Murther:
Yet this you ſaid,
You were a Woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.
Qu. What if I ſaid,
I was a Woman ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' advantage of my Sex,

And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toils;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;
Were you to make my Doubts your own Commiſſion?

Bertr. This 'tis to ſerve a Prince too faithfully,
Who, free from Laws himſelf, will have that done,
Which not perform'd brings us to ſure Diſgrace;
And if perform'd to Ruin.

Qu. This 'tis to counſel things that are unjuſt;
Firſt to debauch a King to break his Laws,
(Which are his ſafety,) and then ſeek Protection
From him you have endanger'd; but Juſt Heaven,
When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil
More deep than thoſe he tempted.

Bertr. If Princes not protect their Miniſters,
What Man will dare to ſerve them?

Qu. None will dare
To ſerve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
But when a Counſellor, to ſave himſelf,
Would lay Miſcarriages upon his Prince,
Expoſing him to publick Rage and Hate;
O, 'tis an Act as infamouſly baſe,
As ſhould a common Soldier ſculk behind,
And thruſt his Gen'ral in the Front of War:
It ſhews he only ſerv'd himſelf before,
And had no ſenſe of Honour, Country, King;
But centred on himſelf; and us'd his Maſter
As Guardians do their Wards, with ſhews of care,
But with intent to ſell the publick Safety,
And pocket up his Prince.

Padre. (*Aſide.*) Well ſaid, i'faith;
This Speech is e'en too good for an Uſurper.

Bertr. I ſee for whom I muſt be ſacrific'd;
And, had I not been ſotted with my Zeal,
I might have found it ſooner.

Qu. From my ſight!
The Prince who bears an Inſolence like this,
Is ſuch an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the Thund'ring God,
Whoſe Bolts the Boys may play with.

Bertr. Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor ſingle. [*Exit Bertran cum ſuis.*

Queen *to* Raymond, *who kiſſes her hand.*

Qu. Welcome, Welcome;
I ſaw you not before: one Honeſt Lord
Is hid with eaſe among a Crowd of Courtiers:
How can I be too gratefull to the Father
Of ſuch a Son as *Torriſmond*?

Raym. His Actions were but Duty.
Qu. Yet, my Lord,
All have not paid that Debt like noble *Torrismond.*
You hear how *Bertran* brands me with a Crime,
Of which your Son can witness I am free:
I ſent to ſtop the Murther, but too late;
For Crimes are ſwift, but Penitence is ſlow:
The bloody *Bertran*, diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the ſoft returns of Pity.
Raym. O curſed Haſte of making ſure a Sin!
Can you forgive the Traitor?
Qu. Never, never:
'Tis written here in Characters ſo deep,
That ſeven years hence, (till then ſhould I not meet him,)
And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence,
E'en from the holy Altar to the Block.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) She's fir'd, as I would wiſh her; Aid me Juſtice,
As all my ends are thine, to gain this Point;
And ruin both at once: ——— It wounds indeed, [*To her.*
To bear Affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to puniſh; yet one way
There is to ruin *Bertran.*
Qu. O, there's none;
Except an Hoſt from Heaven can make ſuch haſte
To ſave my Crown as he will do to ſeize it:
You ſaw he came ſurrounded with his Friends,
And knew beſides our Army was remov'd
To Quarters too remote for ſudden uſe.
Raym. Yet you may give Commiſſion
To ſome Bold Man whoſe Loyalty you truſt,
And let him raiſe the Train-bands of the City.
Qu. Groſs feeders, Lion-talkers, Lamb-like fighters.
Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What puſhing force they have; ſome popular Chief,
More noiſie than the reſt, but cries Halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
And *One and All*'s the Word: true Cocks o'th' Game,
That never ask for what, or whom, they fight;
But turn 'em out, and ſhew 'em but a Foe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cauſe of Quarrel.
Qu. There may be Danger in that boiſt'rous Rout:
Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But ſome new Blaſt of wind may turn thoſe Flames
Againſt my Palace Walls.
Raym. But ſtill their Chief
Muſt be ſome one whoſe Loyalty you truſt.

Qu. And who more proper for that Truſt than you,
Whoſe intereſts, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alph. Pedro, haſte to raiſe the Rabble,
He ſhall appear to head 'em.
Raym. (*Aſide* to *Alphonſo* and *Pedro.*) Firſt ſeize *Bertran,*
And then inſinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawfull Prince to place upon the Throne.
Alph. Our lawfull Prince?
Raym. Fear not; I can produce him.
Pedro to *Alphonſo.* Now we want
Your Son *Lorenzo*: what a mighty Faction
Would he make for us of the City Wives,
With, O, dear Husband, my ſweet honey Husband,
Won't you be for the Colonel? if you love me,
Be for the Colonel; O, he's the fineſt Man! [*Exeunt* Alphonſo, Pedro.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot;
She thinks ſhe's in the depth of my Deſign,
And that it's all for her, but time ſhall ſhow,
She only lives to help me ruine others,
And laſt, to fall her ſelf.
Qu. Now to you, *Raymond*: Can you gueſs no reaſon
Why I repoſe ſuch confidence in you?
You needs muſt think
There's ſome more powerfull Cauſe than Loyalty:
Will you not ſpeak to ſave a Lady's Bluſh?
Muſt I inform you 'tis for *Torriſmond,*
That all this Grace is ſhown?
Raym. (*Aſide.*) By all the Powers, worſe, worſe than what I fear'd.
Qu. And yet, what need I bluſh at ſuch a Choice?
I love a Man who I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives
What Gratitude would force; O, pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before:
Yet think ſo vaſt a Treaſure as your Son,
Too great for any private Man's poſſeſſion;
And him too rich a Jewel to be ſet
In vulgar metal, or for vulgar uſe.
Raym. Arm me with Patience, Heaven.
Qu. How, Patience, *Raymond!*
What exerciſe of Patience have you here?
What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd?
Or in my Perſon loath'd? have I, a Queen,
Paſt by my Fellow-rulers of the World,
Whoſe vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the World were pav'd with Diadems?
Have I refus'd their Blood, to mix with yours,
And raiſe new Kings from ſo obſcure a race,

Fate ſcarce knew where to find them when I call'd?
Have I heap'd on my Perſon, Crown, and State,
To load the Scale, and weigh'd my ſelf with Earth,
For you to ſpurn the Balance?
Raym. Bate the laſt; and 'tis what I would ſay:
Can I, can any Loyal Subject ſee
With Patience ſuch a ſtoop from Sovereignty,
An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook?
My Zeal for you muſt lay the Father by,
And plead my Country's Cauſe againſt my Son.
What though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant;
He wants a Crown to poiſe againſt a Crown,
Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.
Qu. All theſe I have, and theſe I can beſtow;
But he brings Worth and Vertue to my Bed;
And Vertue is the Wealth which Tyrants want:
I ſtand in need of one whoſe Glories may
Redeem my Crimes, allie me to his Fame,
Diſpell the Factions of my Foes on Earth,
Diſarm the Juſtice of the Powers above.
Raym. The People never will endure this choice.
Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you?
Go raiſe the Miniſters of my Revenge,
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempeſt round,
And ſee its Fury fall where I deſign;
At laſt a time for juſt Revenge is given;
Revenge the Darling Attribute of Heaven:
But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in ſuffering brave;
To be a Saint he makes himſelf a Slave. [*Exit Queen.*
Raym. (*Solus.*) Marriage with *Torriſmond*! it muſt not be,
By Heaven it muſt not be; or, if it be,
Law, Juſtice, Honour bid farewell to Earth;
For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

Enter Torriſmond, *who kneels to him.*

Torr. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now! you come in ſuch a time,
As if propitious Fortune took a care
To ſwell my Tide of Joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to deſire.
Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At leaſt to ſave your Fortune and your Honour:
Take heed you ſteer your Veſſel right, my Son,
This Calm of Heaven, this Mermaid's Melody,
Into an unſeen Whirlpool draws you faſt,
And in a moment ſinks you.
Torr. Fortune cannot:

And Fate can ſcarce: I've made the Port already,
And laugh ſecurely at the lazy ſtorm
That wanted Wings to reach me in the deep.
Your Pardon, Sir; my Duty calls me hence;
I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddeſs,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.

Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine;
Stay, I command you ſtay, and hear me firſt.
This hour's the very *Criſis* of your Fate,
Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame,
And all the colour of your Life, depends
On this important Now.

Torr. I ſee no danger;
The City, Army, Court eſpouſe my Cauſe,
And, more than all, the Queen with publick favour
Indulges my Pretenſions to her Love.

Raym. Nay, if poſſeſſing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted nothing hinders your Deſign.

Torr. If ſhe can make me bleſt! ſhe only can;
Empire, and Wealth, and all ſhe brings beſide,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The ſweeteſt, kindeſt, trueſt of her Sex,
In whoſe Poſſeſſion Years roll round on years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again;
Kiſſes, Embraces, Languiſhing, and Death,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various ſeaſons of our Love:
And doubt you if ſuch Love can make me happy?

Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.

Torr. And what can ſhock my Honour in a Queen?

Raym. A Tyrant, an Uſurper.

Torr. Grant ſhe be.
When from the Conquerour we hold our Lives,
We yield our ſelves his Subjects from that hour;
For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.

Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Becauſe he took it not by lawleſs Force?
What if he did not all the ill he cou'd,
Am I oblig'd by that t'aſſiſt his Rapines,
And to maintain his Murthers?

Torr. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd;
Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off, and mellows into Right;
So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succeſſion:
She's in Poſſeſſion.

Raym. So Diſeaſes are:
Should not a lingring Fever be remov'd,

Becauſe it long has rag'd within my Blood ;
Do I rebell when I would thruſt it out ?
What, ſhall I think the World was made for One,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beaſts for Men ;
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd ?
Mark thoſe who dote on Arbitrary Power,
And you ſhall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, ſervile in their greatneſs,
And Slaves to ſome, to lord it o'er the reſt.
O baſeneſs, to ſupport a Tyrant Throne,
And cruſh your free-born Brethren of the World !
Nay, to become a part of Uſurpation ;
T' eſpouſe the Tyrant's Perſon and her Crimes,
And on a Tyrant get a Race of Tyrants,
To be your Country's Curſe in after-Ages.
Torr. I ſee no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her beauty makes it none ;
Look on me as a Man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love ;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but diſturb the Quiet of my Death.
Raym. O Vertue ! Vertue ! what art thou become ?
That Men ſhould leave thee for that Toy a Woman,
Made from the droſs and refuſe of a Man,
Heaven took him ſleeping when he made her too,
Had Man been waking he had ne'er conſented.
Now Son ſuppoſe
Some brave Conſpiracy were ready form'd,
To puniſh Tyrants, and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you ſo far belie your Country's Hope,
As not to head the Party ?
Torr. How cou'd my Hand rebell againſt my Heart ?
Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebell againſt your Reaſon ?
Torr. No Honour bids me fight againſt my ſelf ;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And ſhe who reigns beſtows her Crown on me :
So muſt I be ungratefull to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead ;
While you defraud their Off-ſpring of their Fate.
Raym. Mark, who defraud their Off-ſpring, you or I ?
For know there yet ſurvives the lawfull Heir
Of *Sancho*'s Blood, whom when I ſhall produce,
I reſt aſſur'd to ſee you pale with Fear,
And trembling at his Name.
Torr. He muſt be more than Man who makes me tremble ;
I dare him to the Field with all the odds
Of Juſtice on his ſide, againſt my Tyrant.

Produce your lawfull Prince, and you ſhall ſeem
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.
Raym. Read that: 'tis with the Royal Signet ſign'd,
And given me by the King, when time ſhou'd ſerve
To be peruſed by you. [*Torriſmond reads.*

I the King.

My youngeſt and alone ſurviving Son,
Reported dead t' eſcape rebellious Rage,
Till happier times ſhall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters, or revenge my Fate,
I will that Raymond *educate as his,*
And call him Torriſmond ———

If I am he, that Son, that *Torriſmond,*
The World contains not ſo forlorn a Wretch!
Let never Man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune moſt ſecure,
One fatal moment tears me from my Joys;
And when two Hearts were join'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Juſtice cuts upon the Knot,
And ſevers 'em for ever.
Raym. True; it muſt.
Torr. O cruel Man, to tell me that it muſt!
If you have any Pity in your Breaſt,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my firſt Obſcurity:
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you would not hide me from my ſelf,
O yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father ſtill.
Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too plain.
Now in the name of Honour, Sir, I beg you
(Since I muſt uſe Authority no more,)
On theſe old Knees I beg you, e'er I die,
That I may ſee your Father's Death reveng'd.
Torr. Why, 'tis the only buſ'neſs of my Life;
My Order's iſſu'd to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s Death reſolv'd.
Raym. And not the Queen's? O She's the chief Offender!
Shall Juſtice turn her Edge within your Hand?
No, if ſhe ſcape, you are your ſelf the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.
Torr. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reſerv'd me!
Raym. Why that Sigh?
Torr. Since you muſt know, but break, O break, my Heart,
Before I tell my fatal Story out,

Th' Uſurper of my Throne, my Houſes Ruin,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!

Raym. O Horror! Horror! after this Alliance,
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolves with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man deſigns when Heaven oppoſes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Uſurper,
Indeed to ſave a Crown, not her's, but yours,
All to make ſure the Vengeance of this Day,
Which e'en this Day has ruin'd——one more queſtion
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever;
Do you yet love the Cauſe of all your Woes?
Or, Is ſhe grown (as ſure ſhe ought to be)
More odious to your ſight than Toads and Adders?

Torr. O, there's the utmoſt Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more.——Farewel my much lamented King.
(*Aſide.*) I dare not truſt him with himſelf ſo far,
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finiſh'd my Deſigns
On *Bertran* and the *Queen*, but in Deſpight
Ev'n of himſelf I'll ſave him. [*Exit* Raymond.

Torr. 'Tis but a moment ſince I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
And lov'd, poſſeſs; yet all theſe make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me Bleſſings for a Curſe.
With what a load of Vengeance am I preſt,
Yet never, never can I hope for Reſt;
For when my heavy Burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and cruſhes her I love. [*Exit* Torriſmond.

A C T V.

S C E N E, *A Bed-chamber*.

Enter Torriſmond.

Torr. LOVE, Juſtice, Nature, Pity and Revenge
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breaſt,
And I am all a Civil-war within!

Enter Queen *and* Tereſa *at a diſtance.*

My *Leonora* there!
Mine? Is ſhe mine? My Father's Murtherer mine?
Oh! that I could with Honour love her more,
Or hate her leſs with Reaſon! See, ſhe weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or falſe, and knows not why

I thus eſtrange my Perſon from her Bed?
Shall I not tell her? no; 'twill break her Heart:
She'll know too ſoon her own and my misfortunes. *Exit.*

Qu. He's gone, and I am loſt; Didſt thou not ſee
His ſullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd?
He look'd not like the *Torriſmond* I lov'd.

Ter. Can you not gueſs from whence this Change proceeds?

Qu. No; there's the Grief, *Tereſa*: Oh, *Tereſa*!
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But ſhame and modeſty have ty'd my Tongue!
Yet, I will tell, that thou may'ſt weep with me.
How dear, how ſweet his firſt Embraces were!
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
And ſuckt my Breath at every word I ſpoke,
As if he drew his Inſpiration thence:
While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,
As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:
I thought: Oh no; 'Tis falſe! I could not think;
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then ſure his Tranſports were no leſs than yours.

Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers light
I cou'd diſcern his Cheeks were glowing red,
His very Eye-balls trembl'd with his Love,
And ſparkl'd through their Caſements humid Fires:
He ſigh'd and kiſs'd, breath'd ſhort, and wou'd have ſpoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the time;
All he cou'd ſay was Love, and *Leonora*.

Ter. How then can you ſuſpect him loſt ſo ſoon?

Qu. Laſt night he flew not with a Bridegroom's haſte,
Which eagerly prevents the pointed hour;
I told the Clocks, and watch'd the waſting Light,
And liſtned to each ſoftly treading ſtep,
In hope 'twas he; but ſtill it was not he.
At laſt he came, but with ſuch alter'd Looks,
So wild, ſo ghaſtly, as if ſome Ghoſt had met him;
All pale, and ſpeechleſs, he ſurvey'd me round;
Then, with a Groan, he threw himſelf a-bed,
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
And ſigh'd, and toſs'd, and turn'd, but ſtill from me.

Ter. What, all the night?

Qu. Even all the live-long night.
At laſt: (for, bluſhing, I muſt tell thee all,)
I preſs'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side,
He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
With that I burſt into a flood of Tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him?
He anſwer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans,

So reſtleſs paſt the night; and at the Dawn
Leapt from the Bed, and vaniſh'd.
Ter. Sighs and Groans,
Paleneſs and Trembling, all are ſigns of Love,
He only fears to make you ſhare his Sorrows.
Qu. I wiſh 'twere ſo: but Love ſtill doubts the worſt;
My heavy Heart, the Propheteſs of Woes,
Forebodes ſome ill at hand: To ſooth my ſadneſs,
Sing me the Song which poor *Olympia* made
When falſe *Bireno* left her.

A SONG.

I.

Farewell ungratefull Traytor,
Farewell my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleaſure of Poſſeſſing
Surpaſſes all expreſſing,
But 'tis too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And Love too long a Pain.

II.

'Tis eaſie to deceive us
In Pity of your Pain,
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have deſcry'd it,
There is no bliſs beſide it,
But ſhe that once has try'd it
Will never love again.

III.

The Paſſion you pretended
Was only to obtain,
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you diſdain.
Your Love by ours we meaſure
Till we have loſt our Treaſure,
But Dying is a Pleaſure,
When Living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torriſmond.

Torr. Still ſhe is here, and ſtill I cannot ſpeak;
But wander like ſome diſcontented Ghoſt
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk.
Qu. O, *Torriſmond*, if you reſolve my Death,
You need no more but to go hence again;
Will you not ſpeak?
Torr. I cannot

Qu. Speak! Oh, ſpeak!
Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.

Torr. Oh!

Qu. Do not ſigh, or tell me why you ſigh?

Torr. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you ſpeak that word?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Vertue.

Torr. No! No! Pray let me go.

Qu. (*Kneeling.*) You ſhall not go
By all the Pleaſures of our Nuptial-bed,
If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not,
By theſe true Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes. ———

Torr. Riſe.

Qu. I will never riſe,
I cannot chuſe a better place to die.

Torr. Oh! I wou'd ſpeak, but cannot.

Qu. (*Riſing.*) Guilt keeps you ſilent then; you love me not:
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?
To ſee my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,
No ſooner gain'd, but ſlighted and betray'd;
And like a Roſe juſt gather'd from the Stalk,
But only ſmelt, and cheaply thrown aſide
To wither on the ground.

Ter. For Heav'ns ſake, Madam, moderate your Paſſion.

Qu. Why nam'ſt thou Heaven? there is no Heaven for me,
Deſpair, Death, Hell, have ſeiz'd my tortur'd Soul:
When I had rais'd his grov'ling Fate from ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to Me;
When each Embrace was dearer than the firſt;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathſome: Oh! what Woman can bear Loathſome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the cloſer: but ungratefull Man,
Baſe barbarous Man, the more we raiſe our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.
Racks, Poiſon, Daggers, rid me but of Life;
And any Death is welcome.

Torr. Be witneſs all ye Powers that know my Heart,
I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,
But ſhe has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd:
Here, take this Paper, read our Deſtinies;
Yet do not; but in kindneſs to your ſelf,
Be ignorantly ſafe.

Qu. No! give it me.
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.

Torr. Then ſee how much unhappy love has made us.
O *Leonora!* Oh! ——————
We two were born when ſullen Planets reign'd;
When each the other's influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to Faction at our Birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us
That we had never ſeen, or never lov'd.

Qu. There is no Faith in Heaven, if Heav'n ſays ſo;
You dare not give it.

Torr. As unwillingly,
As I wou'd reach out *Opium* to a Friend
Who lay in Torture, and deſir'd to die. [*Gives the Paper.*
But now you have it, ſpare my ſight the pain
Of ſeeing what a World of Tears 'twill coſt you:
Go ſilently enjoy your part of Grief,
And ſhare the ſad Inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirſty Fever in my Soul,
Give me but preſent Eaſe, and let me die. [*Exit Queen and Tereſa.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
All cluſtring in a heap, like ſwarming Hives,
And riſing in a moment.

Torr. With deſign to puniſh *Bertran*, and revenge the King,
'Twas order'd ſo.

Lorenzo. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the Caſtle kept by *Bertran*;
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, Fire it;
Pull out th' uſurping Queen.

Torr. The Queen, *Lorenzo!* durſt they name the Queen?

Lorenzo. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Torr. O Sacrilege! Say quickly who commands
This vile blaſpheming Rout?

Lorenzo. I'm loth to tell you;
But both our Fathers thruſt 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Torr. Death and Hell!
Somewhat muſt be reſolv'd, and ſpeedily.
How ſay'ſt thou, my *Lorenzo?* dar'ſt thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me ſave the Queen?

Lorenzo. (*Aſide.*) Let me conſider;
Bear Arms againſt my Father? he begat me;
That's true; but for whoſe ſake did he beget me?
For his own ſure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but ſays Conſcience; Fly in Nature's Face?
But how if Nature fly in my Face firſt?

Then Nature's the Aggressor: Let her look to't.
—He gave my Life, and he may take it back:———
No, that's Boys play, ſay I.———
'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different ſides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treaſon.
(To *Torr.*) Sir, upon mature conſideration I have found my Father
To be little better than a Rebel, and therefore I'll do
My beſt to ſecure him for your ſake, in hope you may
Secure him hereafter for my ſake.

Torr. Put on thy utmoſt ſpeed to head the Troops,
Which every moment I expect t' arrive:
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawfull King:
I need not caution thee for *Raymond's* Life,
Though I no more muſt call him Father now.

Lorenzo. (*Aſide.*) How! not call him Father?
I ſee Preferment alters a Man ſtrangely,
This may ſerve me for an Uſe of Inſtruction,
To caſt off my Father when I am great.
Methought too he call'd himſelf the lawfull King;
Intimating ſweetly that he knows what's what
With our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my
Father, as I hope in Heaven I ſhall, I am in a fair
Way to be a Prince of the Blood: Farewell, General;
I'll bring up thoſe that ſhall try what mettle there is in Orange-Tawny. [*Exit.*

Torr. (*at the door.*) Haſte there, command the Guards be all drawn up
Before the Palace-Gate. ——— By Heaven I'll face
This Tempeſt, and deſerve the Name of King.
O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven ſo match'd before!
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'ſt on me;
Then all the Bleſt will beg that thou may'ſt live,
And even my Father's Ghoſt his Death forgive. [*Ex.* Tor.

SCENE, *The Palace-yard.*

Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, Pedro, *and their Party.*

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the time is come
To ſhew your Courage and your Loyalty.
You have a Prince of *Sancho*'s Royal Blood,
The Darling of the Heavens, and Joy of Earth;
When he's produc'd, as ſoon he ſhall, among you,
Speak, what will you adventure to reſeat him
Upon his Father's Throne?

Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our Succeſs,
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our way?

Omn. Lead on, Lead on.

Drums and Trumpets on the other ſide.

Enter Torriſmond *and his Party: as they are going to fight, he ſpeaks.*

Torr. to his. Hold, hold your Arms.

Raym. to his. Retire.

Alph. What means this Pauſe?

Pedro. Peace; Nature works within them. [*Tor. and Ray. go apart.*

Torr. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
On theſe harſh Terms? Thou very reverend Rebel,
Thou venerable Traitor, in whoſe Face
And hoary Hairs Treaſon is ſanctified;
And Sin's black die ſeems blanch'd by Age to Vertue.

Raym. What Treaſon is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State?

Torr. That's a ſtale Cheat,
The Primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, firſt us'd it,
And was the firſt Reformer of the Skies.

Raym. What if I ſee my Prince miſtake a Poiſon,
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traitor,
Becauſe I hold his Hand, or break the Glaſs?

Torr. How dar'ſt thou ſerve thy King againſt his Will?

Raym. Becauſe 'tis then the only time to ſerve him.

Torr. I take the blame of all upon my ſelf,
Diſcharge thy Weight on me.

Raym. O never, never!
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toſt in a Tempeſt
Without the Pilot's Care.

Torr. I'll puniſh thee,
By Heaven I will, as I would puniſh Rebels,
Thou ſtubborn loyal Man.

Raym. Firſt let me ſee
Her puniſht, who miſleads you from your Fame,
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
And I ſhall die well pleas'd.

Torr. Proclaim my Title,
To ſave th' effuſion of my Subjects Blood, and thou ſhalt ſtill
Be as my Foſter-father near my Breaſt,
And next my *Leonora*.

Raym. That word ſtabs me.
You ſhall be ſtill plain *Torriſmond* with me,
Th' Abetter, Partner, (if you like that name)
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King,
Till you deſerve that Title by your Juſtice.

Torr. Then farewel Pity; I will be obey'd.
(*To the People.*) Hear, you miſtaken Men, whoſe Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treaſon: See your Prince,
In me behold your murther'd *Sancho*'s Son,
Diſmiſs your Arms, and I forgive your Crimes.

Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are looſe
As heaps of Sand, and ſcattering wide from ſenſe.
You ſee he knows not me his natural Father;
But aiming to poſſeſs th' uſurping Queen,
So high he's mounted in his airy hopes,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy.

Torr. Hear me yet, I am ——

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But ſpare his Perſon for his Father's ſake.

Pedro. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that ſhall cure him.
There's no Surgeon in all *Arragon* has ſo much
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple vein.

Torr. My Right for me.

Raym. Our Liberty for us.

Omn. Liberty, Liberty, —— [*As they are ready to fight.*

Enter Lorenzo *and his Party.*

Lorenzo. On forfeit of your Lives lay down your Arms.

Alph. How, Rebel, Art thou there?

Lorenzo. Take your Rebel back again, Father mine:
The beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerours.
I have been at hard-head with your butting Citizens;
I have routed your Herd; I have diſperſt them;
And now they are retreated quietly,
From their extraordinary Vocation of Fighting in
The Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of Cozening
In their Shops.

Torr. to *Raym.* You ſee 'tis vain contending with the Truth,
Acknowledge what I am.

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your own;
But by a fatal fondneſs you betray
Your Fame and Glory to th' Uſurper's Bed.
Enjoy the Fruits of Blood and Parricide,
Take your own Crown from *Leonora*'s Gift,
And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Armes.

Enter Queen *and* Tereſa: *Women.*

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.

Raym. Behold the *Baſilisk* of *Torriſmond*,
That kills him with her Eyes, I will ſpeak on;
My Life is of no farther uſe to me:
I wou'd have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:
Now let it go for Failing.

Torr. (*Aſide.*) My heart ſinks in me while I hear him ſpeak,
And every ſlackn'd fibre drops its hold,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life:
So much the name of Father aws me ſtill.
Send off the Crowd;

For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear with Honour your Demands.

Lor. to *Alph.* Now, Sir, who proves the Traitor? My Conscience
Is true to me, it always whiſpers right when
I have my Regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Tor, Ray, Leo.

Tor. O *Leonora*! What can Love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmoſt;
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine;
And yet at laſt that Tyrant Juſtice! Oh——

Qu. 'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt; and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;
They made m'a Miſer's Feaſt of Happineſs,
And cou'd not furniſh out another meal.
Now by yon' Stars, and Heaven, and Earth, and Men;
By all my Foes at once; I ſwear, my *Torriſmond*,
That to have had you mine for one ſhort day,
Has cancell'd half my mighty ſumm of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.

Tor. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? Say that once more;
That all the Saints may witneſs it againſt you.

Qu. Cruel *Raymond!*
Can he not puniſh me but he muſt hate?
O! 'tis not Juſtice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th'Offender's Perſon with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To loſe a Crown and Lover in a day:
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour ſtrikes.

Raym. Then, then you ſhould have thought on Tears and Pity,
When Vertue, Majeſty, and hoary Age
Pleaded for *Sancho*'s Life.

Qu. My future days ſhall be one whole Contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,
Where every day an hundred aged men
Shall all hold up their withered hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho*'s Death.

Tor: See, *Raymond*, ſee; ſhe makes a large amends:
Sancho is dead; no puniſhment of her
Can raiſe his cold ſtiff Limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his bleſſed Soul look down from Heaven,
Or break th'eternal Sabbath of his Reſt,
To ſee with Joy her Miſeries on Earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;
But Man, who knows not hearts, ſhould make Examples,
Which, like a Warning-piece, muſt be ſhot off,
To fright the reſt from Crimes.

Qu. Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,

I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Blood
To ſave one drop of his.
Torr. Mark that, inexorable *Raymond*, mark!
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.
Raym. What if ſhe did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the beſt of Men,
Heaven's Image double ſtampt, as Man and King.
Qu. He was, he was, e'en more than you can ſay;
But yet ———
Raym. But yet you barbarouſly murther'd him.
Qu. He will not hear me out!
Torr. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-manner'd Zeal,
Raym. Sing to him, *Syren*;
For I ſhall ſtop my Ears: now mince the Sin,
And mollifie Damnation with a Phraſe.
Say you conſented not to *Sancho*'s Death,
But barely not forbad it.
Qu. Hard-hearted Man, I yield my guilty Cauſe,
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.
Had I for Jealouſie of Empire ſought
Good *Sancho*'s Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
'Twas always in my Power to take his Life;
But Intereſt never could my Conſcience blind,
Till Love had caſt a miſt before my Eyes;
And made me think his Death the only means
Which could ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.
Torr. Never was fatal Miſchief meant ſo kind,
For all ſhe gave has taken all away.
Malicious Pow'rs! Is this to be reſtor'd?
'Tis to be worſe depos'd than *Sancho* was.
Raym. Heaven has reſtor'd you, you depoſe your ſelf:
Oh! when young Kings begin with ſcorn of Juſtice,
They make an Omen to their after-Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremoſt page.
Torr. No more; leſt you be made the firſt Example,
To ſhew how I can puniſh.
Raym. Once again:
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,
And after make me hers.
Torr. Condemn a Wife!
That were to attone for Parricide with Murther!
Raym. Then let her be divorc'd; we'll be content
With that poor ſcanty Juſtice: Let her part.
Torr. Divorce! that's worſe than Death, 'tis Death of Love.
Qu. The Soul and Body part not with ſuch pain
As I from you: but yet 'tis juſt, my Lord:

I am th' Accurſt of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,
Your Subjects Deteſtation, and your Ruine:
And therefore fix this doom upon my ſelf.
Torr. Heav'n! Can you wiſh it! to be mine no more!
Qu. Yes, I can wiſh it as the deareſt Proof
And laſt that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you bleſt I would be more accurſt
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave ſhuts up the mournful Scene:
But I would live without you to be wretched long,
And hoard up every moment of my life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,
Till e'en fierce *Raymond*, at the laſt, ſhall ſay,
Now let her die, for ſhe has griev'd enough.
Torr. Hear this, hear this, thou Tribune of the People:
Thou zealous, publick Blood-hound, hear, and melt.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) I could cry now, my Eyes grow womaniſh,
But yet my Heart holds out.
Qu. Some ſolitary Cloiſter will I chuſe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd;
Coarſe my Attire, and ſhort ſhall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell.
Now, *Raymond*, now be ſatisfied at laſt.
Faſting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer
Shall do dead *Sancho* Juſtice every hour.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) By your leave, Manhood! [*Wipes his Eyes.*
Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquiſh'd.
Raym. No; 'tis a ſalt Rheum that ſcalds my Eyes.
Qu. If he were vanquiſh'd, I am ſtill unconquer'd,
I'll leave you in the height of all my Love,
E'en when my Heart is beating out his way,
And ſtruggles to you moſt.
Farewell, a laſt Farewell! My dear, dear Lord,
Remember me; ſpeak, *Raymond*, will you let him?
Shall he remember *Leonora*'s Love,
And ſhed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?
Raym. (*Almoſt crying.*) Yes, yes, he ſhall; pray go.
Tor. Now, By my Soul, ſhe ſhall not go; why, *Raymond*,
Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life;
Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,
Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and loſe 'em all. [*Exit. Tor. with the Queen.*
Raym. No matter yet, he has my Hook within him.
Now let him friſk and flounce, and run and roll,
And think to break his hold; he toils in vain:
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd ſo greedily,
Will make him ſick, and then I have him ſure.

Enter Alphonſo, *and* Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he deſires
Admittance to the King, and cries aloud,
This day ſhall end our Fears of Civil War:
For his ſafe Conduct he entreats your Preſence,
And begs you would be ſpeedy.

Raym. Though I loath
The Traytor's ſight, I'll go: Attend us here. [*Exit Raymond.*

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, *with Officers, to make the Stage as full as poſſible.*

Pedro. Why, how now *Gomez*? what mak'ſt thou here with a whole Brotherhood of City-Bailiffs? why, thou look'ſt like *Adam* in Paradiſe, with his guard of Beaſts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a Man had need of them, Don *Pedro*; for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Prieſt; that is, *Eve* and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of Churchmen.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable *Belſwagger*; my Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-buckets, and call'd for Engines to play againſt it.

Alph. I am ſorry you are come hither to accuſe your Wife; her Education has been vertuous, her Nature mild and eaſie.

Gom. Yes, ſhe's eaſie with a Vengeance; there's a certain Colonel has found her ſo.

Alph. She came a Spotleſs Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And ſhe's a Spotleſs Virgin ſtill for me——ſhe's never the worſe for my wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threeſcore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am——

Elv. Indeed, Sir, I have no reaſon to complain of him for diſturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your ſelf; the Church did not marry you for that.

Pedro. Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why, Noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me ſpeak firſt. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think your are in the Pulpit where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edifie by minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrines for the People, and Uſes and Applications for your ſelves.

Pedro. Gomez, give way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black ſhall take me if I do! I will ſpeak firſt! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll ſpeak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the Clock as you uſe to do. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he ſhall lye and forſwear himſelf with any Fryar in all *Spain*: that's a bold word now——

Dom. Let him alone: let him alone; I ſhall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus* I warrant him.

Alph. Well, what have you to ſay againſt your Wife, *Gomez*?

Gom. Why, I ſay, in the firſt place, that I and all men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgment; that a Batchelour-cobler is a happier man than a Prince in Wedlock: that we are all viſited with a Houſhold-Plague, and, *Lord have mercy upon us*, ſhould be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage, which is one of the ſeven bleſſed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the ſeven deadly ſins: but make your beſt on't, I care not: 'Tis but binding a Man Neck and Heels for all that! But as for my Wife, that *Crocodile* of *Nilus*, ſhe has wickedly and traiterouſly conſpir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and, with the help of the aforeſaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold-maker of this City, deviliſhly contriv'd to ſteal her ſelf away, and under her Arm feloniouſly to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Piſtols. Guilty, or Not guilty; How ſay'ſt thou, Culprit?

Dom. Falſe and ſcandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath point-blank againſt every particular of this Charge.

Elv. And ſo will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my ſelf, according to my uſual cuſtom, I heard a foul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making doleful Lamentations: Thereupon, making what haſte my Limbs would ſuffer me, that are crippl'd with often kneeling, I ſaw him Spurning and Fiſting her moſt unmercifully; whereupon, uſing Chriſtian Arguments with him to deſiſt, he fell violently upon me, without reſpect to my Sacerdotal Orders, puſht me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, juſt as a Man would ſet up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And ſtill continued Labouring me, till a good-minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven ſhall ſave me, I had never ſeen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never ſeen him. Well, this Noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be ſure——whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being ſtrong in him, and gave him Baſtinado on Baſtinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor, meek Colonel, being proſtrate, ſuffer'd with a moſt Chriſtian Patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm ſure I quake at the very thought of him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made Aſſault and Battery upon my Perſon, beat me into all the colours of the Rainbow. And every word this abominable Prieſt has utter'd is as falſe as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a through-pac'd Lyar that will ſwear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, *who comes behind the Company, and ſtands at his Father's back unſeen, over againſt* Gomez.

Lor. (*Aſide.*) How now! What's here to do? my Cauſe a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourſcore take him for an old bawdy Magiſtrate, that ſtands like the Picture of Madam Juſtice, with a pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well——but all this while, who is this Colonel *Hernando*?

Gom. He's the Firſt-begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a Face as terrible as *Demogorgon*.

[Lorenzo *peeps up over* Alphonſo's *Head, and ſtares at* Gomez.

No! I lye, I lye:

He's a very proper, handſome fellow! well proportion'd, and clean ſhap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Pedro, What, backward and forward *Gomez*? doſt thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Deſign upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you ſhall have Juſtice.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) Now I dare ſpeak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I ſay, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd Deſign upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honeſty. [*Lor. lifts up his Fiſt clench'd at him.*

Gom. I confeſs my Wife was as willing ——as himſelf; and, I believe, 'twas ſhe corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modeſt Perſon.

Elvira. You ſee, Sir, he contradicts himſelf at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly Man! and ſay what thou wilt ſtand by: did he ſtrike thee?

Gom. I will ſpeak boldly: He ſtruck me on the Face before my own threſhold, that the very walls cry'd ſhame on him. [*Lor. holds up again.*

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the Man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all *Spain*.

Dom. Now the Truth comes out in ſpight of him.

Pedro. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I ſee no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he raviſh'd me with the help of two Soldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a Plot againſt the Government. [*Lor. holds up again.*

I confeſs, I never could endure the Government, becauſe it was Tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are Black and Blew, as I can ſtrip, and ſhew the Marks of 'em. [*Lor. again.*

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yeſterday upon the Pebbles. [*All laugh.*

Dom. Freſh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a moſt manifeſt Judgment, there never comes better of railing againſt the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me ſay? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's end this half hour, and I have no power to bring it out for fear of this bloody-minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my Wive's Colonel, that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. (*Turning.*) Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo*.

Gom. How! your Son *Lorenzo*! it is impoſſible.

Alph. As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

Lorenzo. What, have I taken all this pains about a Siſter?

Gom. No, you have taken ſome about me: I am ſure, if you are her Brother; my Sides can ſhew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to *Lor.* You know I put your Siſter into a Nunnery, with a ſtrict command, not to ſee you, for fear you ſhould have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention; and conſequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elvira. You ſee, Brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lorenzo. What a delicious Harlot have I loſt! Now, Pox upon me, for being ſo near a kin to thee.

Elvira. However, we are both beholden to Fryar *Dominic*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, ſhe never fails to do her part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why you are not like to trouble Heaven; thoſe fat Guts were never made for mounting.

Lorenzo. I ſhall make bold to diſburthen him of my hundred Piſtols, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of Conſcience, that I may not be acceſſory to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alph. I have no ſecular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I ſhall do't by Proxy, Fryar; your Biſhop's my Friend, and is too honeſt to let ſuch as you infect a Cloiſter.

Gom. Ay, do Father-in-law, let him be ſtript of his Habit, and diſ-order'd —— I would fain ſee him walk in Querpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Fur upon his Back, that the World may once behold the inſide of a Fryar.

Dom. Farewell, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Bleſſing before I go——

May your Siſters, Wives, and Daughters, be ſo naturally lewd, that they may have no occaſion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to pimp for 'em.

[*Exit, with a Rabble puſhing him.*

Enter Torriſmond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Tereſa, *&c.*

Torr. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general Joy.
Some Angel with a Golden Trumpet ſound,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the ecchoing Skies,
From Pole to Pole reſound, King *Sancho* lives.
O *Bertran*, O! no more my Foe, but, Brother:
One act like this blots out a thouſand Crimes.

Bertr. Bad Men, when 'tis their Intereſt, may do good:
I muſt confeſs, I counſel'd *Sancho*'s Murther;
And urg'd the Queen by ſpecious Arguments:
But ſtill ſuſpecting that her Love was chang'd,
I ſpread abroad the Rumour of his Death,
To ſound the very Soul of her Deſigns:
Th' Event you know was anſwering to my Fears;
She threw the *Odium* of the Fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to ſave the Innocent.

Bertr. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveneſs.

Torr. Not only that, but Favour: *Sancho*'s Life,
Whether by Vertue or Deſign preſerv'd,
Claims all within my power.

Qu. My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to deſire,
But *Sancho*'s leave to Authorize our Marriage.

Torr. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So mercifull a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and eaſie to forgive;
But let the bold Conſpirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE.

By a Friend of the Author.

There's none, I'm ſure, who is a Friend to Love,
But will our Fryar's Character approve:
The ableſt Spark among you ſometimes needs
Such pious help for charitable Deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome *objects) does want*
Theſe Ghoſtly Comforts for the falling Saint:
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reaſon of the Growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's *Religion came in faſhion,*
By the large leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well,
There is no Dives *in the* Roman *Hell.*
Gold opens the ſtraight gate, and lets him in;
But want of money is a mortal ſin.
For all beſides you may diſcount to Heaven,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even.
How are Men cozen'd ſtill with ſhews of good!
The Bawd's beſt Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-man diſpleaſes,
Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diſeaſes:
'Tis by your living ill, that they live well,
By your Debauches their fat Paunches ſwell.
'Tis a mock-war between the Prieſt and Devil,
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As ſome who did French *Counſels moſt advance,*
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl,
That with more eaſe they may engroſs them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain,
A Church-man's godlineſs is always gain.
Hence to their Prince they will ſuperior be,
And civil Treaſon grows Church-Loyalty.
They boaſt the gift of Heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the ſick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they leſs Dominion on our Life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouze up, you Cuckolds of the Northern climes,
And learn from Sweden *to prevent ſuch crimes.*
Unman the Fryar, and leave the holy Drone
To hum in his forſaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey, when his ſting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters ſoon will leave the Cells,
When they have loſt the ſound of Aaron's *Bells.*

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Οὕτως γὰρ φιλότιμοι φύσεις ἐν ταῖς πολιτείαις τὸ ἄγαν μὴ φυλαξάμεναι. τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ μεῖζον
τὸ κακὸν ἔχουσι. Plutarch. in Ageſilao.

LONDON,
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To the Right Honourable

LAWRENCE, EARL of ROCHESTER, &c.

My Lord,

THE Authors of this Poem, preſent it humbly to your Lordſhips Patronage, if you ſhall think it worthy of that honour. It has already been a Confeſſour, and was almoſt made a Martyr for the Royal Cauſe. But having ſtood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was Acted, another in the Repreſentation, and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to ſtand the Publick Cenſure in the reading: Where ſince, of neceſſity, it muſt have the ſame Enemies, we hope it may alſo find the ſame Friends; and therein we are ſecure not only of the greater Number, but of the more Honeſt and Loyal Party. We only expected bare Juſtice in the Permiſſion to have it Acted; and that we had, after a ſevere and long Examination, from an Upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both ſides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cauſe in a ſtrict peruſal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Perſons. In the Repreſentation it ſelf, it was perſecuted with ſo notorious Malice by one ſide, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other, ſo that the Favour more than recompenc'd the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been ſav'd (if ſo we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deſerts; becauſe thereby the weakneſs of the Faction is diſcover'd, which in us, at that time, attack'd the Government; and ſtood combin'd like the Members of the Rebellious League, againſt the Lawful Soveraign Authority. To what Topique will they have recourſe, when they are maneſeſtly beaten from their chief Poſt, which has *always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-Houſe; and yet even there, the Enemies as well as Friends have free admiſſion; but while our Argument was ſerviceable to their Intereſts, they cou'd boaſt that the Theaters were True Proteſtant, and came inſulting to the Plays, where their own Triumphs were repreſented. But let them now aſſure themſelves, that they can make the major part of no Aſſembly, except it be a* Meeting-Houſe. *Their Tyde of Popularity is ſpent, and the natural Current of Obedience is in ſpight of them, at laſt prevalent. In which,* my Lord, *after the merciful Providence of God, the unſhaken Reſolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifeſt Innocence of his Royal Highneſs, the prudent Management of the Miniſters is alſo moſt conſpicuous. I am not particular in this commendation, becauſe I am unwilling to raiſe Envy to your Lordſhip, who are too juſt not to deſire that Praiſe ſhou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavor and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough,* my Lord, *that your own part was neither obſcure in it, nor unhazardous. And if ever this excellent Government ſo well eſtabliſh'd by the wiſdom of our Forefathers, and ſo much ſhaken by the Folly of this Age, ſhall recover its ancient Splendor, Poſterity cannot be ſo ungrateful, as to forget thoſe, who in the worſt of Times, have ſtood undaunted by their King and Country, and for the ſafeguard of both, have expos'd themſelves to the malice of falſe Patriots, and the madneſs of an headſtrong Rabble. But ſince this glorious Work is yet unfiniſh'd, and though we have reaſon to hope well of the ſucceſs, yet the Event depends on the unſearchable Providence of Almighty God, 'tis no time to raiſe Trophees, while the Victory is in diſpute: but every man by your example, to contribute what is in his power to maintain ſo juſt a Cauſe, on which depends the future Settlement and*

Proſperity of three Nations. The Pilot's prayer to Neptune *was not amiſs in the middle of the Storm:* Thou may'ſt do with me, *O Neptune*, what thou pleaſeſt, but I will be ſure to hold faſt the Rudder. *We are to truſt firmly in the Deity, but ſo as not to forget, that he commonly works by ſecond Cauſes, and admits of our Endeavors with his concurrence. For our own parts, we are ſenſible as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak aſſiſtance. The moſt we can boaſt of, is, that we are not ſo inconſiderable as to want Enemies, whom we have rais'd to our ſelves on no other account, than that we are not of their number: and ſince that's their quarrel, they ſhall have daily occaſion to hate us more. 'Tis not*, my Lord, *that any man delights to ſee himſelf paſquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers, but on the other ſide it ought to be our glory, that themſelves believe not of us what they write. Reaſonable men are well ſatisfi'd for whoſe ſakes the venom of their Party is ſhed on us, becauſe they ſee that at the ſame time, our Adverſaries ſpare not thoſe to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Deſpair has puſh'd them to break thoſe Bonds; and 'tis obſervable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As* Lucifer *and his Companions were only proud when Angels, but grew malicious when Devils. Let them rail, ſince 'tis the only ſolace of their miſeries, and the only revenge which we hope they now can take. The greateſt and the beſt of men are above their reach, and for our meanneſs, though they aſſault us like Foot-padders in the dark, their Blows have done us little harm; we yet live, to juſtifie our ſelves in open day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to aſſure your Lordſhip, with all Submiſſion and Sincerity, that we are*

Your LORDSHIPS
Moſt Obedient, Faithful Servants,
JOHN DRYDEN, NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*: Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

OUR Play's a Parallel: The Holy League
Begot our Cov'nant; Guiſards got the Whigg:
Whate're our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Faſhions, firſt produc'd in France:
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars here.
Cou'd the ſame Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or ſerv'd us up, in ſcorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulſome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in reaſon,
Had giv'n us all our Bellies-full of Treaſon:
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our naſty Nation
Chaws its own Excrement, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, Your Drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious Inſtrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age, expel the lawful Heir:
Once more decide Religion by the Sword;
And purchaſe for us a new Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King, but yet your Purſes ſpare;
Make him not Two-Pence richer by your Prayer.
To ſhow you love Him much, chaſtice Him more;
And make Him very Great, and very Poor.
Puſh Him to Wars, but ſtill no pence advance;
Let him loſe England *to recover* France.
Cry Freedom up with Popular noiſie Votes:
And get enough to cut each others Throats,
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne,
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave Him none.
A noiſe was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But in Revenge, you Whiggs, have found a way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let His own Servants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from His Plenty and his Wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas *near His Perſon ſtay,*
To ſwallow the laſt Sop, and then betray.

Make London *independant of the Crown:*
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus *Juries find no* Traytors*:*
And Ignoramus *Poets ſcribble Satyrs.*
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do, what in Coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the Maſter, and ſet up the Man.

EPILOGUE.

Written by the ſame Author: Spoken by Mrs. *Cooke*.

M*UCH Time and Trouble this poor Play has coſt;*
And, Faith, I doubted once the Cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one Man was meant; nor Great, nor Small;
Our Poets, like frank Gameſters, threw at All.
They took no ſingle Aim: ——
But, like bold Boyes, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd Broad-ſides at the whole Party.
Duels are Crimes; but when the Cauſe is right,
In Battle, every Man is bound to fight.
For what ſhou'd hinder me to ſell my Skin
Dear as I cou'd, if once my hand were in?
Se Defendendo *never was a Sin.*
'Tis a fine World, my Maſters, right or wrong,
The Whiggs muſt talk, and Tories hold their Tongue.
They muſt do all they can ——
But We, forſooth, muſt bear a Chriſtian mind;
And fight like Boyes, with one Hand ty'd behind;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wond'rous wiſe,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to riſe.
When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan *or* Mally
Tipt you th' inviting Wink, ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I?
A Trimmer *cry'd, (that heard me tell the ſtory)*
Fie, Miſtreſs Cook! *Faith you're too rank a Tory!*
Wiſh not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard Caſes;
You Women love to ſee men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't think me ſuch a Jew;
I ſay no more, but give the Dev'l his due.
Lenitives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, *ſays I, 's an excellent Phyſician.*
I love no Blood, —— *Nor I, Sir, as I breath;*
But hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.

We Trimmers *are for holding all things even:*
Yes—— juſt like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
Have we not had Mens lives enow already?
Yes ſure: ———but you're for holding all things ſteady:
Now ſince the Weight hangs all on one ſide, Brother,
You Trimmers *ſhou'd, to poize it, hang on t' other.*
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of ſteering,
Are neither Fiſh, nor Fleſh, nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beaſts; but juſt a kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cauſe,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggiſh Teeth and Claws.

Dramatis Perſonæ

The King	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Duke of *Guiſe*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Duke of *Mayenne*	Mr. *Jevon.*
Grillon	Mr. *Smith.*
The Cardinal of *Guiſe*	Mr. *Wiltſhyre.*
Archbiſhop of *Lyons*	Mr. *Perin.*
Alphonſo Corſo	Mr. *Monfort.*
Polin	Mr. *Bowman.*
Aumale	Mr. *Carlile.*
Buſſy	Mr. *Saunders.*
The Curate of St. *Euſtace*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Malicorn	Mr. *Percival.*
Melanax, a Spirit	Mr. *Gillo.*
Two Sheriffs	*Bright* and *Samſo*

Citizens and Rabble, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Queen Mother	Lady *Slingſby.*
Marmoutier	Mrs. *Barry.*

SCENE, PARIS.

THE
Duke of GUISE.
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Council of Sixteen Seated: An Empty Chair prepar'd for the Duke of Guiſe.

Buſſy *and* Polin *two of the Sixteen.*

Buſſy. Lights there! more Lights: what burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guiſe*, the *Moſes*, *Gideon*, *David*,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes approach?
Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen
That ſway the Crowd of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purſes, Perſons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guiſe*, where merits calls him, high;
And give him a whole Heav'n, for room to ſhine.

Enter Curate of St. Euſtace.

Buſſ. The Curate of S. *Euſtace* comes at laſt;
But, Father, why ſo late?

Cur. I have been taking godly pains, to ſatisfie ſome Scruples rais'd amongſt weak Brothers of our Party, that were ſtaggering in the Cauſe.

Pol. What cou'd they find t' Object?

Cur. They thought, to Arm againſt the King was Treaſon.

Buſſ. I hope you ſet 'em right?

Cur. Yes, and for anſwer, I produc'd this Book.

A Calviniſt Miniſter of *Orleans*
Writ this to juſtifie the Admiral
For taking Arms againſt the King deceas'd:
Wherein he proves that irreligious Kings
May juſtly be depos'd and put to death.

Buſſ. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not ſo prudent.

Cur. Yes, from the Devil, if it would help our Cauſe.
The Author was indeed a Heretick;
The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our Holy League,
Is to preſerve the King, his Pow'r and Perſon.

Cur. That muſt be ſaid, you know, for decency;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot ſecure.

Buſſ. But did the Primitive Chriſtians e're rebell,
When under Heathen Lords? I hope they did.

Cur. No ſure, they did not; for they had not Pow'r;
The conſcience of a people is their Power.

Pol. Well; the next Article in our Solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buſſ. What is't? I ſhould be glad to find the King
No ſafer than needs muſt?

Pol. That in caſe of Oppoſition from any perſon whatſoever——

Cur. That's well, that's well; then the King is not excepted, if he oppoſe us——

Pol. We are oblig'd to join as one, to puniſh
All, who attempt to hinder or diſturb us.

Buſſ. 'Tis a plain Caſe; the King's included in the puniſhment, in caſe he rebell againſt the people.

Pol. But how can he rebell?

Cur. I'll make it out: Rebellion is an Inſurrection againſt the Government; but they that have the Power are actually the Government: Therefore if the people have the power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Buſſ. A moſt convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For Arming, if you pleaſe; but not for Faction.
For ſtill the Faction is the feweſt number;
So, what they call the Lawful Government,
Is now the Faction; for the moſt are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King; I would gladly underſtand whom we are to obey; or whether we are to be all Kings together?

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that queſtion?
There's an Article, that I may ſay, is as neceſſary as any
In the Creed: Namely, that we, the ſaid Aſſociates, are
Sworn to yield ready Obedience, and Faithful Service, to that
Head which ſhall be deputed.

Buſſ. 'Tis moſt manifeſt, that by virtue of our Oath
We are all Subjects to the Duke of *Guiſe*. The King's
An Officer that has betray'd his Truſt; and therefore we
have turn'd him out of Service.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guiſe; *Cardinal of* Guiſe, Aumale: *Torches before them: The Duke takes the Chair.*

Buſſ. Your Highneſs enters in a lucky hour;
Th' unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice,
As head of *Paris*, and the Holy League.

Card. I ſay Amen to that.

Pol. You are our Champion; Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King, like *Saul*, is Heaven's repented Choice;
You his Anointed one, on better thought.

Guiſe. I'm what you pleaſe to call me: Any thing,
Lieutenant General, Chief, or Conſtable,
Good Decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Buſſ. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, Exil'd *Navarre*;
And reſcu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.

Aum. What he and all of us have done, is known.
What's our Reward? Our Offices are loſt,
Turn'd out like Labour'd Oxen, after Harveſt,
To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.

Buſſ. Our Charters will go next: Becauſe we *Sheriffs*
Permit no Juſtice to be done on thoſe
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.

Guiſe. Yes, we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties:
Dipt in the noiſy Crime of State, call'd Treaſon:
And Traitours we muſt be, to King, or Country.

Buſſ. Why then my Choice is made.

Pol. And mine.

Omn. And all.

Card. Heav'n is it ſelf Head of the Holy League;
And all the Saints are Cov'nanters, and Guiſards.

Guiſe. What ſay you, Curate?

Cur. I hope well, my Lord.

Card. That is he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deſerves your care of his Preferment.
For all his Prayers are Curſes on the Government;
And all his Sermons Libels on the King.
In ſhort, a Pious, Hearty, Factious Prieſt.

Guiſe. All that are here my Friends, ſhall ſhare my Fortunes;
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France*,
'Tis but deſerve and have: The *Spaniſh* King
Conſigns me fifty thouſand Crowns a Week

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'Tis but deſerve and have: The *Spaniſh* King
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To raiſe and to foment a Civil-War.
'Tis true, a Penſion from a Foreign Prince
Sounds Treaſon in the Letter of the Law,
But good intentions juſtify the deed.
Cur. Heav'ns good; the Cauſe is good; the Money's good:
No matter whence it comes.
Buſſ. Our City Bands, are twenty thouſand ſtrong;
Well Diſciplin'd, well Arm'd, well ſeaſon'd Traitors;
Thick rinded heads, that leave no room for *Kernel*;
Shop Conſciences of proof againſt an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tin'd for a Rebellion.
Guiſe. Why then the Noble Plot is fit for birth;
And Labouring *France* cries out for Midwife-hands.
We miſs'd ſurprizing of the King at *Blois*,
When laſt the States were held; 'twas over-ſight:
Beware we make not ſuch another Blot.
Card. This Holy time of *Lent* we have him ſure;
He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that proceſſion he's more fit for Heav'n:
What hinders us to ſeize the Royal Penitent,
And cloſe him in a Cloyſter?
Cur. Or diſpatch him: I love to make all ſure.
Guiſe. No; guard him ſafe;
Thin Diet will do well; 'twill ſtarve him into Reaſon,
Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succeſſion on a worthier Choice:
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms,
Shall ſtand prepar'd to enter at your call;
And ſpeed the Work: St. *Martins Gate* was nam'd:
But the *Sheriff Conty*, who Commands that Ward,
Refus'd me paſſage there.
Buſſ. I know that *Conty*:
A Sniveling, Conſcientious, Loyal Rogue:
He'll Peach, and Ruine all.
Card. Give out he's Arbitrary; a *Navarriſt*;
A Heretick; diſcredit him betimes;
And make his Witneſs void.
Cur. I'll ſwear him Guilty.
I ſwallow Oaths as eaſie as Snap-dragon,
Mock Fire that never burns.
Guiſe. Then *Buſſy*, be't your care t'admit my Troops,
At *Porte* St. *Honore*: (*riſes*) Night wears apace,
And Day-light muſt not peep on Dark Deſigns.
I will my ſelf to Court, pay Formal Duty;
Take leave; and to my Government retire:
Impatient to be ſoon recall'd; to ſee
The King Impriſon'd, and the Nation free. [*Exeunt all but* Guiſe.

Enter Malicorn *ſolus.*

Mal. Each diſmal Minnte when I call to mind
The promiſe that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty years to be his Slave,
Of which near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of reaſon rowl into their Spring.
O horrid thought! but one and twenty years,
And twelve near paſt, then to be ſteep'd in Fire,
Daſh'd againſt Rocks, or ſnatcht from molten Lead,
Reeking, and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench'd ten thouſand fathom in the deep! [*Knocking at the Door.*
But hark! he comes, ſee there, my Blood ſtands ſtill,
My Spirits ſtart an end for *Guiſe's* Fate.

A Devil riſes.

Mal. What Counſel does the Fate of *Guiſe* require?
Dev. Remember with his Prince there's no delay,
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;
Let not the fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is ſtill, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the Waxen King
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guiſe* by Blood reſolve to mount to pow'r,
And he is Great as *Mecha*'s Emperour;
He comes, bid him not ſtand on Altar Vows,
But then ſtrike deepeſt, when he loweſt bows;
Tell him Fate's aw'd when an Uſurper Springs,
And joyns to crow'd out Juſt Indulgent Kings. [*Vaniſhes.*

Enter the Duke of Guiſe, *and Duke of* Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
To your profeſt and moſt inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wiſh him,
There is a Lady regent at his Ear,
That never Pardons.
Guiſe. Poyſon on her Name,
Take my hand on't, that Cormorant *Dowager*
Will never reſt, till ſhe has all our Heads
In her lap. I was at *Bayon* with her,
When She, the King, and Griſly *d'Alva* met;
Methinks I ſee her liſtening now before me,
Marking the very motion of his Beard,

His Op'ning Noſtrils and his Dropping Lids,
I hear him Croak too to the Gaping Council;
Fiſh for the great Fiſh, take no care for Frogs,
Cut off the Poppy-Heads, Sir; *Madam*, charm
the Winds but faſt, the Billows will be ſtill.

May. But Sir, how comes it you ſhould be thus warm,
Still puſhing Councils when among your Friends;
Yet at the Court Cautious and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Meen ſo different,
You ſeem to me two Men.

Guiſe The Reaſon's plain,
Hot with my Friends, becauſe the Queſtion giv'n,
I ſtart the Judgment right where others drag.
This is the Effect of Equal Elements,
And Atoms juſtly pois'd; nor ſhould you wonder
More at the ſtrength of Body than of Mind;
'Tis equally the ſame to ſee me plunge
Headlong into the *Seine* all over Arm'd,
And Plow againſt the Torrent to my point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans*.
This to another Man wou'd be a brag,
Or at the Court among my Enemies,
To be as I am here quite off my Guard,
Would make me ſuch another thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honeſt, downright, valiant Fool.

May. Yet this you muſt allow a failure in you,
You love his Neece, and to a Politician,
All Paſſion's bane, but Love directly death.

Guiſe. Falſe, falſe, my *Mayen*, thour't but half *Guiſe* agen;
Were ſhe not ſuch a wondrous Compoſition;
A Soul ſo fluſh'd as mine is with Ambition,
Sagacious and ſo nice, muſt have diſdain'd her;
But ſhe was made when Nature was in humour,
As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
Where all the honeſt Atoms fought their way;
Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
But left the dregs of Wickedneſs behind.

May. Have you not told her what we have in hand?

Guiſe. My utmoſt aim has been to hide it from her,
But there I'm ſhort, by the long Chain of Cauſes
She has ſcan'd it, juſt as if ſhe were my Soul,
And though I flew about with Circumſtances,
Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
Yet through the Hiſtories of our Lives, ſhe look'd,
She ſaw, ſhe overcame.

May. Why then, we're all undone.

Guiſe. Agen you err.

Chaſt as ſhe is, ſhe wou'd as ſoon give up
Her Honour, as betray me to the King.
I tell thee, ſhe's the Character of Heav'n:
Such an habitual over-Womanly Goodneſs,
She dazles, walks meer Angel upon Earth.
But ſee ſhe comes, call the Cardinal *Guiſe*;
While *Malicorn* attends for ſome Diſpatches,
Before I take my farewell of the Court.

Enter Marmoutiere.

Mar. Ah *Guiſe*, you are undone.
Guiſe. How, Madam?
Mar. Loſt,
Beyond the poſſibility of hope.
Deſpair, and die.
Guiſe. You menace deeply, Madam,
And ſhould this come from any Mouth but yours,
My ſmile ſhould anſwer how the ruine touch'd me.
Mar. Why do you leave the Court?
Guiſe. The Court leaves me.
Mar. Were there no more but wearineſs of State,
Or cou'd you like great *Scipio* retire,
Call *Rome* ungrateful, and ſit down with that;
Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the ſullied Conqueſts you can boaſt;
But Oh, you want that *Roman* Maſterie;
You have too much of the tumultuous times,
And I muſt mourn the Fate of your Ambition.
Guiſe. Becauſe the King diſdains my Services,
Muſt I not let him know I dare be gone?
VVhat when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not caſt 'em backward if I can;
And at his feet make known their villany?
Mar. No *Guiſe*, not at his Feet, but on his Head;
For there you ſtrike.
Guiſe. Madam, you wrong me now;
For ſtill what-e're ſhall come in Fortunes whirle,
His Perſon muſt be ſafe.
Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your laſt words confeſs too much.
Confeſs what need I urge that Evidence,
When every hour I ſee you Court the Crowd,
When with the ſhouts of the Rebellious Rabble,
I ſee you born on ſhoulders to Cabals;
VVhere with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
You ſit and Plot the Royal *Henry's* Death.

Cloud the Majeſtick Name with Fume, of VVine,
Infamous Scrowls, and Treaſonable Verſe;
VVhile, on the other ſide, the Name of *Guiſe*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung,
Pamphleteers, Balladmongers, ſing your Ruine,
VVhile all the Vermin of the vile *Pariſians*
Toſs up their greaſie Caps where e're you paſs,
And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.
Guiſe. Can I help this?
Mar. By Heav'n, I'd Earth my ſelf,
Rather than live to act ſuch black Ambition:
But, Sir; you ſeek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This ſide and that ſide congeing to the Crowd;
You have your writers too, that cant your Battels,
That ſtile you the new *David*, Second *Moſes*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart they ſpread
Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
VVhere they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your VVonders,
Then cry, The King, the King's a *Hugonot*,
And, ſpight of us, will have *Navarre* ſucceed,
Spight of the Laws, and ſpight of our Religion:
But we will pull 'em down, down with 'em, down. [*Kneels.*
Guiſe. Ha, Madam! Why this Poſture?
Mar. Hear me, Sir:
For, if 'tis poſſible, my Lord, I'll move you.
Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
E're 'tis too late, I beg you by theſe Tears,
Theſe Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
That bleeds to death, O ſeek the Beſt of Kings,
Kneel, fling your ſtubborn Body at his Feet;
Your Pardon ſhall be ſign'd, your Country ſav'd,
Virgins and Matrons all ſhall ſing your Fame,
And every Babe ſhall bleſs the *Guiſe*'s Name.
Guiſe. O riſe, thou Image of the Deity;
You ſhall prevail, I will do any thing;
You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
And all my Powers now float in Peace agen:
Be ſatisfi'd that I will ſee the King,
Kneel to him, e're I Journey to *Champagn*,
And beg a kind Farewell.
Mar. No, no, my Lord;
I ſee, thro that, you but withdraw a while,
To muſter all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoin the Council of Sixteen.
You muſt not go.

Guiſe. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour.
Mar. Would all thoſe Heads were off, ſo yours were ſav'd.
Once more, O *Guiſe*, the weeping *Marmoutire*
Entreats you do not go.
Guiſe. Is't poſſible
That *Guiſe* ſhould ſay, in this he muſt refuſe you?
Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.
I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.
Guiſe. But, Madam, I have often heard you ſay,
You lov'd not Courts.
Mar. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And ſuch a King, ſo Good, ſo Juſt, ſo Great,
That at his Birth the Heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at laſt cry'd out, this is a Man.
Guiſe. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.
Mar. Go to your Government, and try.
Guiſe. I will.
Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.
Guiſe. By Heaven
I ſwear, you cannot, ſhall not, dare not ſee him.
Mar. By Heaven I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your ſtay ſhall hinder me;
For now, methinks, I long for't.
Guiſe. Poſſible!
Mar. I'll give you yet a little time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll ſtand,
Nay, you ſhall ſee me kneel, and kiſs his hand. [*Exit.*
Guiſe. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Eſpernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonſo Corſo* too,
All packt to plot, and turn me into Madneſs. [*Reading the Letter.*

Enter Cardinal Guiſe, *Duke of* Mayen, Malicorn, &c.

Ha! can it be! *Madam the King loves you.* [*Reads.*
But Vengeance I will have; to pieces thus,
To pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter.*
Card. Speak lower.
Guiſe. No;
By all the Torments of this galling paſſion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, ſo loud,

My Fathers Ghoſt ſhall hear me up to Heaven.
Card. Contain your ſelf; this outrage will undo us.
Guiſe. All things are ripe, and Love new points their Ruine.
Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our power, ſhould they eſcape our Juſtice?
I ſee by each Mans laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you ſwear the like revenge.
For me, I wiſh that mine may both rot off——
Card. No more.
May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.
Guiſe. I go——That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barbers Hands, Impoſthumes choak me,
If while alive I ceaſe to chew their Ruine;
Alphonſo Corſo, *Grillon*, Prieſt, together,
To hang 'em in Effigie, nay, to tread,
Drag, ſtamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene, Polin.

Q. M. Pray mark the form of the Conſpiracy;
Guiſe gives it out he Journeys to *Champagn*,
But lurks indeed at *Lagny* hard by *Paris*,
Where every hour he hears, and gives Inſtructions.
Mean time the Council of Sixteen aſſure him
They have Twenty thouſand Citizens in Arms.
Is it not ſo, *Polin*?
Pol. True on my Life;
And if the King doubts the Diſcovery,
Send me to the *Baſtile* till all be prov'd.
Q. M. Call Colonel *Grillon*, the King would ſpeak with him. {*Exit. Polin.*
Abbot. Was ever Age like this?
Q. M. *Polin* is honeſt:
Beſide, the whole proceeding is ſo like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I gueſs'd as much before.
Know then, it is reſolv'd to ſeize the King,
When next he goes in penitential Weeds,
Among the Friars, without his uſual Guards;
Then, under ſhew of popular Sedition,
For Safety, ſhut him in a Monaſtery,
And ſacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.
Abbot. When is this Council to be held again?

Q. M. Imme-

Q. M. Immediately upon the Duke's departure.
Abbot. Why ſends not then the King ſufficient Guards,
To ſeize the Fiends, and hew 'em into pieces?
Q. M. 'Tis in appearance eaſie, but th' Effect
Moſt hazardous; for ſtraight, upon th' Alarm,
The City would be ſure to be in Arms:
Therefore to undertake, and not to compaſs,
Were to come off with Ruine and Diſhonour.
You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Biſogna Coprierſi*;
He that will venture on a Hornets Neſt,
Should Arm his Head, and Buckler well his Breaſt.
Abbot. But wherefore ſeems the King ſo unreſolv'd?
Q. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the demonſtration,
Told him Neceſſity cry'd out to take
A Reſolution to preſerve his Life,
And look on *Guiſe* as a reclaimleſs Rebel.
But thro the Natural Sweetneſs of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will conſider what you ſay.
Abbot. Yet after all, could we but fix him.
Q. M. Right,
The Buſineſs were more firm for this delay;
For Nobleſt Natures, tho they ſuffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.
But ſee, he comes, *Alphonſo Corſo* with him;
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoyn him. [*Exit.*

Enter King, Alphonſo Corſo.

King. *Alphonſo Corſo.*
Alph. Sir.
King. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Alph. More than my Life.
King. That's much; yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgement of the World,
And all things move by That? but, my *Alphonſo*,
She has a Cruel Wit.
Alpb. The Provocation, Sir.
King. I know it well:
But if thou'dſt have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Intereſt, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a Brave Man ſmile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, ſo cry'd up in Story.
Caſar did ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremoſt in the Field; but ſneaking *Brutus*,

Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Boſom, ſtabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot which *Tully*'s Eloquence
Could ne're wipe off, tho the miſtaken Man
Makes bold to call thoſe Traytors, Men Divine.
Alph. *Tully* was wiſe, but wanted Conſtancy.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene.

Q. M. Good-even, Sir; 'tis juſt the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.
King. Oh, Madam.
Q. M. Sir.
King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddl'd up in Night.
Q. M. Speak then, for Speech is morning to the Mind,
It ſpreads the Beauteous Images abroad,
Which elſe lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.
King. You would Embark me in a Sea of Blood.
Q. M. You ſee the Plot directly on your Perſon;
But give it o're, I did but ſtate the Caſe.
Take *Guiſe* into your Heart, and drive your Friends,
Let Knaves in Shops preſcribe you how to ſway,
And when they read your Acts with their vile Breath,
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that,
Then in a drove come Lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'l have it mended, that they will;
Or you ſhall be no King.
King. 'Tis true, the People
Ne're know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But O, if the Deſign we lay ſhould fail,
Better the Traytors never ſhould be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.
Q. M. No Sir; you cannot fear the ſure Deſign;
But I have liv'd too long, ſince my own Blood
Dares not Confide in her that gave him Being.
King. Stay Madam, ſtay, come back, forgive my fears;
Where all our thoughts ſhould creep like deepeſt ſtreams,
Know then, I hate aſpiring *Guiſe* to Death,
Whor'd *Margerite*, Plots upon my life,
And ſhall I not Revenge?
Q. M. Why this is *Harry*,
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He ſaw the Admiral *Collingy*'s back.
King. O this Whale *Guiſe*, with all the *Lorain* Fry,
Might I but view him after his Plots and plunges,

Strook on thoſe Cowring Shallows that await him.
This were a *Florence* Maſter-piece indeed.
Q. M. He comes to take his leave.
King. Then for *Champagn*;
But lies in wait till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in, all that I beg you now,
Is to be huſh'd upon the Conſultation,
As Urns that never blab.
Q. M. Doubt not your Friends;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter Grillon.

King. Welcome my Honeſt-Man, my old try'd Friend.
Why doſt thou flye me *Grillon*, and Retire?
Grill. Rather let me demand your Majeſty,
Why fly you from your ſelf? I've heard you ſay,
You'd Arm againſt the League, why do you not?
The Thoughts of ſuch as you, are Starts Divine,
And when you mould with ſecond caſt the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the Golden Vapour's gone.
King. Soft, my Old Friend, *Guiſe* plots upon my life,
Polin ſhall tell thee more; haſt thou not heard
Th' unſufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treaſure on the *Hugonots*,
While I am forc'd againſt my bent of Soul,
Againſt all Laws, all Cuſtom, Right, Succeſſion,
To caſt *Navarre* from the Imperial Line.
Grill. Why do you Sir? Death, let me tell the Traytor?
King. Peace, *Guiſe* is going to his Government;
You are his Foe of Old: Go to him *Grillon*;
Viſit him as from me, to be employ'd
In this great War againſt the *Hugonots*;
And prethee tell him roundly of his Faults;
No farther, Honeſt *Grillon*.
Grill. Shall I fight him?
King. I charge thee not.
Grill. If he provokes me, ſtrike him?
You'l Grant me that?
King. Not ſo, my honeſt Souldier.
Yet ſpeak to him.
Grill. I will by Heav'n to th' purpoſe,
And if he force a beating, who can help it. [*Exit* Grill.
King. Follow *Alphonſo*, when the ſtorm is up,
Call me to part 'em.
Q. M. *Grillon* to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guiſe* know, we are not in the Dark.

King. You hit the Judgment; yet, O yet, there's more,
Something upon my heart, after theſe Counſels,
So ſoft, and ſo unworthy to be nam'd.

Q. M. They ſay that *Grillon*'s Niece is come to Court,
And means to kiſs Your hand. [*Exit* Q. Mother.

King. Could I but hope it.
O my Dear Father pardon me in this,
And then enjoyn me all that Man can ſuffer;
But ſure the Powers above will take our Tears
For ſuch a fault, Love is ſo like themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* LOUVRE.

Enter Guiſe *attended with his Family*, Marmoutire *meeting him New Dreſt, attended*, &c.

Guiſe. Furies, ſhe keeps her Word, and I am loſt;
Yet let not thy Ambition ſhew it to her,
For after all ſhe does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Deſign: Madam, I ſee
You're come to Court; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, your Meen, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will Kill at leaſt your thouſand in a day.

Mar. What a whole day, and kill but one poor thouſand,
An hour you mean, and in that hour ten thouſand?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murder.
Mend me this Curle.

Guiſe. Woman!

Mar. You ſee, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you: I ſwear
The Court's a Heav'nly Place; but O my Heart,
I know not why that ſigh ſhould come uncall'd;
Perhaps 'twas for your going, yet I ſwear
I never was ſo mov'd, O *Guiſe* as now:
Juſt as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I ſaw the King.

Guiſe. Woman, all over Woman.
The World confeſſes, Madam, *Henry*'s Form
Is Noble and Majeſtick.

Mar. O you grudge
The extorted Praiſe, and ſpeak him but by halfs.

Guiſe. Prieſt, *Corſo*, Devils! how ſhe carries it!

Mar. I ſee, my Lord, you are come to take your leave,
And were it not to give the Court Suſpition,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.

Guiſe. Death and the Devil!
Mar. But ſince that cannot be, I'le take my leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey ſafe.
Farewel once more. Not ſtir? Does this become you?
Does your Ambition ſwell into your Eyes?
Jealouſie by this Light: Nay then, proud *Guiſe*;
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to thoſe that are,
And leave you to the Curſe of Boſom-War. [*Exit.*
May. Is this the Heavenly?
Guiſe. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at firſt ſhe caught the Heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition ſets her on her Head,
By Hell, I ſee the Cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! ſome New Court-Trick upon me.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. Sir, I have buſineſs for your Ear.
Guiſe. Retire. [*Exeunt his Followers.*
Grill. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.
Guiſe. The King
Still loads me with New Honours, but none greater
Than this the laſt.
Grill. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commiſſion againſt the *Huguenots*;
I and my Family ſhall ſhortly wait you,
And 'twill be Glorious Work.
Guiſe. If you are there,
There muſt be Action.
Grill, O, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;
But you, whoſe Life is one continued Broyl,
What will not your triumphant Arms accompliſh!
You, that were form'd for Maſtery in War,
That, with a ſtart, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horſe, and ſlaughter'd forty thouſand *Germans*.
Guiſe. Let me beſeech you, Colonel, no more.
Grill. But, Sir, ſince I muſt make at leaſt a Figure
In this great Buſineſs, let me underſtand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon ſo dangerous an Expedition.
Guiſe. Sir, I intend the Greatneſs of the King,
The Greatneſs of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Buſineſs, Aim, and Glory,
And where ſo proper, as upon thoſe Rebels

That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death?
Grill. Stor'd Arſenals and Armories, Fields of Horſe,
Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not Harraſs'd and Diſeas'd,
To meet the fierce *Navarre*, ſhould firſt be thought on.
Guiſe. I find my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
Therefore, thus much, and I have done; I go
To joyn the Holy League in this great War,
In which no place of Office, or Command,
Not of the Greateſt, ſhall be bought or ſold;
Whereas too often Honours are Conferr'd
On Souldiers, and no Souldiers; this Man Knighted
Becauſe he Charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And ſculk'd behind a Hedg i'th' afternoon:
I will have ſtrict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Baſe.
Grill. You have Mouth'd it bravely, and there is no doubt
Your Deeds would anſwer well your haughty Words;
Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
Curſe on the Hearts that hate him, that wou'd better,
Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
That better would become the Great Battalion;
That when he Shines in Arms, and Suns the Field,
Moves, Speaks, and Fights, and is himſelf a War.
Guiſe. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the Great *Navarre*;
But yet,———
Grill. No Yet, my Lord of *Guiſe*, no Yet;
By Arms, I bar you that; I ſwear, No Yet;
For never was his like, nor ſhall again,
Tho' voted from his Right by your Curs'd League.
Guiſe. Judge not too raſhly of the Holy League,
But look at home.
Grill. Ha! darſt thou juſtifie
Thoſe Villains?
Guiſe. I'le not juſtify a Villain
More than your ſelf; but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each ſurmiſe, the Lives of Free-born People,
What need that Awful General Convocation,
The Aſſembly of the States? Nay let me urge,
If thus they villifie the Holy League,
What may their Heads expect?
Grill. What, if I cou'd,
They ſhould be certain of, whole piles of Fire.
Guiſe. Collonel, 'tis very well I know your Mind,
Which without fear, or flattery, to your Perſon,
I'le tell the King, and then, with his permiſſion,

Proclaim it for a warning to our people.

Grill. Come, you're a Murderer your ſelf within,
A Traytor.

Guiſe. Thou a—hot old Hair-brain'd Fool.

Grill. You were Complotter with the Curſed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry's* Death.

Guiſe. 'Tis falſe.

Grill. 'Tis true, as thou art double hearted:
Thou double Traytor, to Conſpire ſo baſely,
And when found out, more baſely to deny't.

Guiſe. O Gracious *Harry*, let me ſound thy Name,
Leſt this old ruſt of War, this knotty Trifler,
Should raiſe me to extreams.

Grill. If thou'rt a Man,
That did'ſt refuſe the Challenge of *Navarre*,
Come forth.

Guiſe. Go on, ſince thour't reſolv'd on Death,
I'le follow thee, and rid thy ſhaking Soul.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonſo, Abbot, *&c.*

But ſee, the King: I ſcorn to ruine thee,
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. Ha, Colonel, is this your Friendly viſit?
Tell me the truth, how happen'd this diſorder?
Thoſe ruffl'd Hands, red Looks, and port of Fury?

Grill. I told him, Sir, ſince you will have it ſo,
He was the Author of the Rebel League,
Therefore a Traytor, and a Murderer.

King. Is't poſſible?

Guiſe. No matter, Sir, no matter;
A few hot words, no more upon my Life;
The old Man rowz'd, and ſhook himſelf a little:
So if your Majeſty will do me Honour,
I do beſeech you let the buſineſs die.

King. *Grillon*, ſubmit your ſelf, and ask his pardon.

Grill. Pardon me, I cannot do't.

King. Where are the Guards?

Guiſe. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'le ask Pardon for you;
This Souldierly Embrace makes up the breach;
We will be ſorry, Sir, for one another.

Grill. My Lord, I know not what to anſwer you,
I'm friends, and I am not, and ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace: I court you for my Friend,
Tho' *Grillon* wou'd not.

Guiſe. I thank you on my Knees.

And ſtill while Life ſhall laſt, will take ſtrict care
To juſtifie my Loyalty to your Perſon. [*Exit.*
Q. M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!
King. I ſee even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I muſt ſay the *Guiſe* has Beauties,
But they are ſet in Night, and foul Deſign:
He was my Friend when young, and might be ſtill.
Abbot. Mark'd you his hollow accents at the parting?
Q. M. Graves in his Smiles.
King. Death in his bloodleſs Hands.
O *Marmoutiere*! now I will haſte to meet thee;
The Face of Beauty, on this riſing Horrour,
Looks like the midnight Moon upon a murder;
It gilds the dark deſign that ſtays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon *and* Polin.

Grill. HAve then this Pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Diſcovery of the Plot?
Pol. Not as from me, for ſtill I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the moſt deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Againſt the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Proceſſion, ſeize him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monaſtry;
Thus it was fixt, as I before diſcover'd:
But when, againſt his Cuſtom, they perceiv'd
The King abſented, ſtraight the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.
Grill. O, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their Mungrel Souls; fleſh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if ſome crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'l run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for mercy.
Pol. But *Malicorn*, ſagacious on the point,
Cry'd, Call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raiſe you above hope,
The *Guiſe* my Maſter will be here to day,
For, on bare gueſs of what has been revealed,
He wing'd a Meſſenger to give him notice;

Yet ſpight of all this Factor of the Fiends
Cou'd urge, they ſlunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But ſee, they come.

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away, I'le have amongſt 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guiſes* coming,
That he may ſtraight diſpatch his ſtrict Commands
To ſtop him.
1 *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuſs o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his face.
Grill. Hark you my Friends if you are not in haſte,
Becauſe you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a General Ruine.
2 *Sher.* Ruine to the City! marry, Heaven forbid!
Grill. Amen, I ſay; for look you, I'm your friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To ſeize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conſcience yields, how far 'twill ſtretch;
Next, quite to daſh your firmeſt hopes in pieces,
The Duke of *Guiſe* is dead.
1 *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!
2 *Sher.* Undone, undone!
Grill. The world cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at laſt,
Should joyn the *Spaniard*, and ſhould fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a moſt Venomous one,
Which muſt be blooded?
1 *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!
Grill. Ay, blooded, thou moſt infamous Magiſtrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*,
But e're that be, fall million miſcreant Souls,
Such Earth-born minds as yours; for mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages paſt conſign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes to Imperial hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your ſickly years,
And now your grown up to a Boobies Greatneſs,
What, wou'd you wreſt the Scepter from his Hand?
Now, by the Majeſtie of Kings I ſwear,
You ſhall as ſoon be ſav'd for packing Juries.
1 *Sher.* Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be ſav'd?
Grill. Yes, Sir,
From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' wheel.
1 *Sher.* Colonel, you ſpeak us plain.
Grill. A Plague confound you,

Why ſhould I not? what is there in ſuch Raſcals
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my tongue?
Now, in the Devils Name, what make you here,
Dawbing the inſide of the Court like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City
To ſpread your monſtrous Lyes, and ſow Sedition?
Wild-fire choak you.
  1. *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,
And ſo we take our leaves.
  Grill. Nay, ſtay, my Maſters;
For I'm a thinking now juſt whereabouts
Grow the two talleſt Trees in *Arden* Foreſt.
  1. *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be ſo bold?
  Grill. Why to hang you upon the higheſt Branches;
Fore-God it will be ſo; and I ſhall laugh
To ſee you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honeſt Crows pecking your Traytors Limbs.
  All. Good Colonel!
  Grill. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank ſtark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven-Bats, you things ſo far from Souls,
Like Dogs, you're out of Providence's reach,
And only fit for hanging; but be gone,
And think of Plunder—You right Elder Sheriff,
Who Carv'd our *Henry's* Image on a Table,
At your Club-Feaſt, and after ſtabb'd it through?
  1. *Sher.* Mercy, good Colonel.
  Grill. Run with your Noſe to Earth,
Run Blood-hound, run, and ſcent out Royal Murder.
You ſecond Rogue, but equal to the firſt,
Plunder, Go hang, nay take your tackling with you,
For theſe ſhall hold you faſt, your Slaves ſhall hang you
To the mid Region in the Sun:
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Aſps, and Adders. { *Exeunt Sheriffs, and People.*

Enter Malicorn.

Ha, but here comes a Fiend that ſoars above,
A Prince o'th' Air, that ſets the Mud a moving.
  Mal. Colonel, a word.
  Grill. I hold no ſpeech with Villains.
  Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.
  Grill. No matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by ſuch a Villains help as thine.
  Mal. Hate then the Traytor, but yet love the Treaſon.

Grill.

Gril. Why, are not you a Villain?
Mal. 'Tis confeſs'd.
Grill. Then in the Name of all thy Brother Devils,
What wou'dſt thou have with me?
Mal. I know you're honeſt,
Therefore it is my buſineſs to diſturb you.
Grill. Fore God I'le beat thee, if thou urge me farther.
Mal. Why tho' you ſhou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The pleaſure I ſhall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruiſes.
Grill. Wert thou definite Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I ſhould give thee hearing;
But ſuch a boundleſs Villany as thine,
Admits no Patience.
Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry's* Bed.
Grill. Thou ly'ſt, damn'd Villain. [*Strikes him.*
Mal. So, why this I look'd for:
But yet I ſwear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true as you have wrong'd me.
Grill. Wrong'd thee, Villain!
And name Revenge! O wer't thou *Grillon's* Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I ſwear by this
One had been paſt an Oath; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee dar'ſt not turn again.
Mal. 'Tis falſe, I dare like you, but cannot act;
There is no force in this Enervate Arm.
Blaſted I was e're born, Curſe on my Stars,
Got by ſome dotard in his pithleſs Years,
And ſent a wither'd Saplin to the World.
Yet I've Brain, and there is my Revenge;
Therefore I ſay agen theſe Eyes have ſeen
Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summers Morn,
When all the Heaven is ſtreak'd with dappl'd Fires,
And fleck'd with Bluſhes like a rifl'd Maid;
Nay, by the Gleamy Fires that melted from her
Faſt Sighs and Smiles, ſwoln Lips and heaving Breaſts,
My Soul preſages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.
Grill. Again thou ly'ſt; and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottl'd Spider, into thy Primitive Earth,
Unleſs thou ſwear thy very Thought's a Lye.
Mal. I ſtand in Adamant, and thus defie thee;
Nay draw, and with the edge betwixt my Lips,
Even while thou rak'ſt it through my Teeth, I'le ſwear
All I have ſaid is true, as thou art honeſt,
Or I a Villain.
Grill. Damn'd infamous Wretch,

So much below my ſcorn, I dare not kill thee:
And yet ſo much my hate, that I muſt fear thee.
For ſhould it be as thou haſt ſaid, not all
The Trophies of my Lawrell'd Honeſty
Shou'd bar me from forſaking this bad World,
And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.
Mal. Ha, 'tis well, and now I am Reveng'd.
I was in hopes thou would'ſt have utter'd Treaſon,
And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.
Grill. Haſt thou Compacted for a Leaſe of Years
With Hell, that thus thou ventur'ſt to provoke me?
Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Blockhead hits.)
Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
Thy Niece has been before the *Guiſe's* Miſtreſs.
Grill. Hell-hound, avant.
Mal. Forgive my honeſt meaning. [*Exit.*
Grill. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine honour,
And thus he lays his Baits to Catch my Soul;
Ha! but the Preſence Opens, who comes here!
By Heaven my Niece, led by *Alphonſo Corſo*!
Ha, *Malicorn* is't poſſible, Truth from thee!
'Tis plain, and I in Juſtifying Woman
Have done the Devil wrong.
Alph. Madam, the King,
Pleaſe you to ſit, will inſtantly attend you.
Grill. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, ſhe comes to ſeek him,
O Proſtitute, and on her prodigal Fleſh
She has laviſh'd all the Diamonds of the *Guiſe*
To ſet her off, and ſell her to the King.
Mar. O Heavens! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterpriſe like mine? I that reſolv'd
Never to leave thoſe dear delightful Shades,
But act the little part that Nature gave me,
On the Green Carpets of ſome guiltleſs Grove,
And having finiſh'd it forſake the World,
Unleſs ſometimes my Heart might entertain
Some ſmall remembrance of the taking *Guiſe*:
But that far, far from any dark'ning Thought,
To Cloud my Honour, or Eclipſe my Virtue.
Grill. Thou ly'ſt, and if thou hadſt not glanc'd aſide,
and ſpy'd me coming, I had had it all.
Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good——
Grill. Thou haſt loſt thy Honour,
Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Maſſacre,
That would have ſtain'd thy almoſt Infant Honour,
With Luſt, and Blood, doſt thou remember it?

Mar. I do, and bleſs the Godlike Arm that ſav'd me.
Grill. 'Tis falſe, thou haſt forgot my generous Action;
And how thou laugh'ſt to think how thou haſt cheated,
For all his kindneſs, this old griſl'd Fool.
Mar. Forbid it Heav'n!
Grill. But oh that thou hadſt dy'd
Ten thouſand Deaths, e're blaſted *Grillon*'s Glory,
Grillon that ſav'd thee from a barbarous World,
Where thou hadſt ſtarv'd, or ſold thy ſelf for Bread,
Took thee into his Boſom, foſter'd thee
As his own Soul, and lap'd thee in his *Heart-ſtrings*;
And now, for all my Cares, to ſerve me thus!
O 'tis too much ye Powers! double Confuſion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, ſhame upon thee,
It wrings the *Tears* from *Grillon*'s *Iron Heart*,
And melts me to a *Babe*.
Mar. Sir, Father, hear me;
I come to Court, to ſave the Life of *Guiſe*.
Grill. And Proſtitute thy Honour to the King.
Mar. I have look'd, perhaps too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquiſition,
I liſtn'd to the Love of daring *Guiſe*.
Grill. By Arms, by Honeſty, I ſwear thou lov'ſt him.
Mar. By Heav'n that gave thoſe Arms ſucceſs, I ſwear
I do not, as you think, but take it all.
I've heard the *Guiſe*, not with an Angels temper,
Something beyond the tenderneſs of pity,
And yet, not Love.
Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor ſhould the World have wrought this cloſe Confeſſion,
But to rebate your jealouſie of Honour.
Grill. I know not what to ſay, nor what to think;
There's Heaven ſtill in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Womans Tongue his riſing Ground,
Wags there a while, and takes his flight for ever.
Mar. You muſt not go.
Grill. Tho' I have Reaſon plain
As day, to judge thee falſe, I think thee true:
By Heav'n, methinks I ſee a Glory round thee;
There's ſomething ſays thou wilt not loſe thy Honour:
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honeſty:
My foliſh open Nature, that would have
All like my ſelf; but off; I'le hence and Curſe thee.
Mar. O ſtay!
Grill. I wo'n not.

Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.
Let me conjure you, for your own Souls quiet,
And for the everlaſting reſt of mine,
Stir not till you have heard my Hearts deſign.

Grill. Angel, or Devil, I will—nay, at this rate
She'll make me ſhortly bring him to her Bed,
Bawd for him? No, he ſhall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis Firing, firſt.
That's honourable ſport, but I'll retire,
And if ſhe plays me falſe, here's that ſhall mend her.

[Marmoutiere *Sits. Song and Dance.*

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-ſick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.

Mar. I diſcompoſe you, Sir.

King. Thou doſt, by Heav'n;
But with ſuch Charming pleaſure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angels view.

Mar. Love me, my Lord?

King. Who ſhou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and ſelf are vile,
While you are by, try me upon deſpair;
My Kingdom at the ſtake, Ambition ſtarv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aſpire,
So once a day I may have leave———
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.

Mar. Fear you, Sir, what is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can Crown Mankind:
Yet wear 'em ſo, as if you did not know 'em:
So ſtainleſs, fearleſs, free in all your actions,
As if Heaven lent you to the World to Pattern.

King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner;
My People would not treat me in this ſort;
Tho' 'twere to gain a part of their Deſign:
But to the *Guiſe* they deal their faithleſs Praiſe
As faſt, as you your flattery to me;
Tho' for what end I cannot gueſs, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.

Mar. Forgive you, Heav'n! that thought: no, mighty Monarch,
The Love of all the Good, and wonder of the Great;
I ſwear, by Heaven, my Heart adores, and loves you.

King. O, Madam, riſe.

Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this Seditious Rout that dare deſpiſe you;

Blaſt all my days, ye Powers, torment my Nights;
Nay, let the Miſery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cauſe like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you like Pilgrims through the World.
Grill. Sound Wind and Limb, fore-God a gallant Girl. [*Aſide.*
King. What ſhall I anſwer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a Kingly Heart;
For, ſo I ſwear I will be to my Laſt:
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry*'s Angel,
Shine through my Cares, and make my Crown ſit eaſie.
Mar. O never, Sir.
King. What ſaid you, *Marmoutiere?*
Why doſt thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns?
Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impoſſible, no more.
King. No more——and with that ſtern reſolv'd behaviour.
By Heaven, were I a dying, and the Prieſt
Shou'd urge my laſt Confeſſion, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutiere*, and yet thou ſay'ſt, no more.
Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have loſt my aim, farewell.
King. Come back, O ſtay, my Life flows after you.
Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a trouble to you,
You will not hear my Suit.
King. You Cannot go,
You ſhannot——O your ſuit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.
Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or proſtrate, if you pleaſe,
Let me intreat for *Guiſe.*
King. Ha, Madam, what!
For *Guiſe*; for *Guiſe*! that ſtubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, ſlights his Pardon,
Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life:
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is ſworn to *Henry*'s Death: does Beauty too,
And Innocence it ſelf, conſpire againſt me;
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my laſt drop of Blood? Come, *Guiſe*, come Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traytors, come——I ſtrip to meet you;
Sheath all your Daggers in Curſt *Henry*'s Heart.
Mar. This I expected, but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majeſty,
Perhaps you'l be more Calm.
King. See, I'm huſh'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, wou'd you Command?
Mar. Not to proceed to laſt Extremities,
Before the Wound is deſperate, think alone,

For no man Judges like your Majeſty,
Take your own Methods, all the heads of *France*
Cannot ſo well adviſe you, as your ſelf:
Therefore reſume, my Lord, your Godlike temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch ſhould:
Believe it, Sir, the more your Majeſty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries:

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect model
Of Heaven it ſelf, an abſtract of the Angels,
Forgive the late diſturbance of my Soul,
I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockleſs Stream,
But they dig through the Gravel of my Heart;
Therefore let me conjure you do not go;
'Tis ſaid the *Guiſe* will come in ſpight of me;
Suppoſe it poſſible, and ſtay to adviſe me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal Word, no more.

King. I will be eaſie
To my laſt gaſp, as your own Virgin Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my paſſion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to Sigh
As we diſcourſe, and Court you with my Eyes.

Enter Alphonſo.

Why do you wave your hand,
And warn me hence?
So looks the poor Condemn'd,
When Juſtice beck'ns, there's no hope of Pardon.
Sternly, like you, the Judge his Victim eyes,
And thus, like me, the Wretch deſpairing dies. [*Exit with* Alph.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. O Rare, rare Creature, by the Power that made me:
Wer't poſſible we cou'd be damn'd again:
By ſome new *Eve*, ſuch Virtue might relieve us;
O I cou'd claſp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
And kiſs thy Beauties to a diſſolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Uncle, Brother, all the Kin,
The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
Believe, dear Sir, what-ere my actions ſeem,
I will not loſe my Virtue for a Throne.

Grill. Why, I will Carve thee out a Throne my ſelf;
I'le hew down all the Common-wealths in *Chriſtendom*,
And ſeat thee on their Necks, as high as Heaven.

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Abb. Colonel, your Ear.
Mar. By theſe whiſpering Councils,
My Soul preſages that the *Guiſe* is coming:
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd ſacrifice him in the City's ſight.
O Heavens! what was't I ſaid? Were I a Man,
I know not that, but as I am a Virgin,
If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guiſe*,
It ſhou'd be kneeling to the Throne for mercy.
Ha! then thou lov'ſt, that thou art thus concern'd,
Down, riſing miſchief down, or I will kill thee,
Even in thy Cauſe, and ſtrangle new-born pity:
Yet, if he were not married! ha, what then?
His Charms prevail, no, let the Rebel dye.
I faint beneath this ſtrong oppreſſion here,
Reaſon and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and ſtill let Virtue Conquer;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reaſon over-winds and Cracks the String. [*Exit*.
Abb. The King diſpatches Order upon Order
With poſitive Command to ſtop his coming.
Yet there is notice given to the City;
Beſides *Bellieure* brought but a half account,
How that the *Guiſe* reply'd he would obey
His Majeſty in all, yet if he might
Have leave to juſtify himſelf before him,
He doubted not his Cauſe.
Grill. The Ax, the Ax,
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pluriſie,
And it muſt bleed. [*Shout within*.
Abbot. Hark, what a ſhout was there!
I'le to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On purpoſe thus.
Let there be Truth or Lies
In this mad Fame, I'le bring you inſtant word. [*Exit* Abbot.

Manet Grillon: *Enter* Guiſe, Cardinal, Mayen, Malicorn,
Attendants, &c. *Shouts again.*

Grill. Death, and then Devil, *Malicorn*, is that
Thy Maſter?
Guiſe. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guiſe*,
One that wou'd Court you for a Friend.
Grill. A Friend,

Traytor, thou mean'ſt, and ſo I bid thee welcome;
But ſince thou art ſo inſolent, thy blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [*Exit.*
Guiſe. The bruiſes of his Loyalty have craz'd him. [*Shouts louder.*

Spirit within Sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, *ho!*
If the Guiſe *reſolves to go,*
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his head may lye too low.

Guiſe. Why, *Malicorn*?
Mal. [*ſtarting.*] Sir, do not ſee the King.
Guiſe. I will.
Mal. 'Tis dangerous.
Guiſe. Therefore I will ſee him,
And ſo report my danger to the People.
Halt to your Judgment, let him, if he dare;
But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again?
I thought a look with us had been a Language;
I'le talk my mind on any point but this
By Glances; ha, not yet, thou makeſt me bluſh
At thy delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
Ambition, or a Crown.
Mal. What, *Marmoutire*!
Guiſe. Ay, there a Generals Heart beat like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head and Breaſt,
Ake, as I'de been a Horſe-back forty hours.
Mal. She has ſeen the King.
Guiſe. I thought ſhe might. A trick upon me, well.
Mal. Paſſion o' both ſides.
Guiſe. His thou meaneſt.
Mal. On hers.
Down on her Knees.
Guiſe. And up again, no matter.
Mal. Now all in Tears, now ſmiling, ſad at parting.
Guiſe. Diſſembl'd, for ſhe told me this before,
'Twas all put on that I might hear and rave.
Mal. And ſo, to make ſure work on't, by Conſent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawd.
Guiſe. Away.
Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.
Guiſe. 'Tis falſe, they do belye her.
Mal. But, Sir, I ſaw the Apartment.
Guiſe. What, at Court?
Mal. At Court, and near the King, 'tis true by Heaven.

I never play'd you foul, why ſhould you doubt me?
Guiſe. I wou'd thou hadſt, e're thus unmann'd me, Heart,
Blood, Battles, Fire, and Death, I run, I run.
With this laſt blow, he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the thought of theſe irregular Vapours,
The blood han't burſt my Lips.
Card. Peace, Brother.
Guiſe. By Heaven, I took thee for my Souls Phyſitian,
And doſt thou vomit me with this loath'd peace?
'Tis contradiction; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'le meet him now, tho' Fire, arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd croſs my way, O Jealouſie of Love!
Greater than Fame: thou eldeſt of the paſſions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where e're thou'rt Thron'd in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood, and Ruin.
Card. Have you no temper?
Guiſe. Pray, Sir, give me leave,
A moments thought; ha, but I ſweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that way, twill not fix
On ought but vengeance, *Malicorn*; call the People,
[*Shouts within.*

But hark, they ſhout again, I'le on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on ſuch exalted Cauſes born,
I'le wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without,
The People ſhout him dead with their alarms,
And make his Miſtreſs tremble in his Arms.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Third.*

Enter King and Council.
[*Shouts without.*

King. What mean theſe Shouts?
Abb. I told your Majeſty,
The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with hopes
Of their Deliverer.
[*Shouts again.*
King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; ſee, *Alphonſo*, what's the Cauſe.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. My Lord, the *Guiſe* is come.

King. Is't poſſible! ha, *Grillon*, ſaid'ſt thou, come?
Grill. Why droops the Royal Majeſty? O Sir——
King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But peace, thou feſtring thought, and hide thy wound;
Where is he?
Grill. With her Majeſty, your Mother;
She has tak'n Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With thirty thouſand Rebels at his Heels.
King. What's to be done? No pall upon my Spirit;
But he that loves me beſt, and dares the moſt
On this nice point of Empire, let him ſpeak.
Alph. I would adviſe you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him inſtantly upon the Spot.
Abb. I like *Alphonſo's* Counſel, ſhort, ſure Work,
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Q. M. Sir, the *Guiſe* waits.
King. He enters on his Fate.
Q. M. Not ſo, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their heat you cut him off,
That they will ſpare the Royal Majeſty.
Once, Sir, let me adviſe, and rule your Fury.
King. You ſhall, I'le ſee him, and I'le ſpare him now.
Q. M. What will you ſay?
King. I know not;
Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guard, and ſtrictly charge the *Swits*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traytor. [*Exit* Grill.
My Heart has ſet thee down, O *Guiſe* in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood, ne're to be blotted out.
Q. M. Yet you'l relent when this hot fit is over.
King. If I forgive him, may I ne're be forgiv'n;
No, if I tamely bear ſuch inſolence,
What act of Treaſon will the Villains ſtop at?
Seize me, they've ſworn, Impriſon me's the next,
Perhaps Arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But e're I ſuffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their ſlaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *The Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd; the King appears ſitting in it; a Table by him, on which he leans; Attendants on each ſide of them: amongſt the reſt, Abbot, Grillon, *and* Bellieure. *The* Queen-Mother *enters led by the Duke of* Guiſe, *who makes his approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King riſes, and coming forward, ſpeaks.*

King. I Sent you word you ſhould not come.
Guiſe. Sir that I came———
King. Why, that you came I ſee.
Once more I ſent you word, you ſhould not come.
Guiſe. Not come to throw my ſelf with all ſubmiſſion,
Beneath your Royal Feet, to put my Cauſe
And Perſon in the hands of Soveraign Juſtice!
King. Now 'tis with all ſubmiſſion, that's the Preface,
Yet ſtill you came againſt my ſtrict Command,
You diſobey'd me, *Duke*, with all ſubmiſſion.
Guiſe. Sir, it was the laſt neceſſity that drove me
To clear my ſelf of Calumnies, and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd againſt my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your expreſs Command,
I ſhou'd not have approach'd.
King. 'Twas as expreſs, as words could ſignifie;
Stand forth *Bellieure*, it ſhall be prov'd you knew it,
Stand forth, and to this falſe Mans Face declare
Your Meſſage, word for Word.
Bell. Sir, thus it was, I met him on the way,
And plain as I could ſpeak, I gave your Orders,
Juſt in theſe following Words———
King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can ſtill be patient, and forgive.
Guiſe. And I can ask forgiveneſs when I err;
But let my Gracious Maſter, pleaſe to know
The true intent of my miſ-conſtru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame,
From wrong Conſtructions? And———
King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd your Conſcience knows,
You were not wrong'd, were you not plainly told,
That if you dar'd to ſet your Foot in *Paris*,

You ſhou'd be held the cauſe of all Commotions,
That ſhou'd from thence enſue, and yet you came.
Guiſe. Sir, will you pleaſe with patience but to hear me ?
King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guiſe*,
To clear you to my ſelf.
Guiſe. I had been told
There were in agitation here at Court,
Things of the higheſt note againſt Religion,
Againſt the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honeſt well affected men ;
I therefore judg'd———
King. Then you, it ſeems are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion againſt me ?
Guiſe. I fear'd it might be repreſented ſo,
And came reſolv'd———
King. To head the Factious Crowd.
Guiſe. To clear my Innocence.
King. The means for that,
Had been your abſence from this hot-brain'd Town———
Where you, not I, are King———
I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart,
Come what may come, he dies.
Q. M. ſtopping the King. What mean you, Sir,
You tremble and look pale, for Heavens ſake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.
King. Had I ten thouſand Lives, I'le venture all.
Give me way, Madam.
Q. M. Not to your deſtruction.
The whole *Pariſian* Herd is at your Gates ;
A Crowd's a Name too ſmall, they are a Nation,
Numberleſs, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.
King. And that one Soul's the *Guiſe*, I'le rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.
Guiſe. (*aſide*) My Fate is now i'th' Ballance, Fool within,
I thank thee for thy foreſight.
Q. M. Your Guards oppoſe 'em.
King. Why not ? a Multitudes a Bulky Coward.
Q. M. By Heaven there are not Limbs in all your Guards,
For every one a Morſel.
King. *Ceſar* quell'd 'em,
But with a Look and Word.
Q. M. So *Galba* thought.
King. But *Galba* was not *Ceſar*.
Guiſe. I muſt not give 'em time for Reſolution. [*Aſide.*

My Journey, Sir, has diſcompos'd my Health, [*To the King.*
I humbly beg your leave I may retire,
Till your Commands re-call me to your Service. [*Exit* Guiſe.

Manet King, Queen-Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So you have counſell'd well, the Traytor's gone, [*To* Queen-Mother.
To mock the meekneſs of an injur'd King,
Why did not you, who gave me part of Life,
Infuſe my Father ſtronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull mixture
Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd ſlow Arts
Of Womaniſh tameneſs in my infant mouth,
Why ſtood I ſtupid elſe, and miſs'd a blow,
Which Heaven and daring folly made ſo fair.
Q. M. I ſtill maintain, 'twas wiſely done to ſpare him.
Grill. A pox o' this unſeaſonable wiſdom;
He was a Fool to come; if ſo, then they
Who let him go, were ſomewhat.
King. The event, th' event will ſhew us what we were.
For like a blazing Meteor hence he ſhot,
And drew a ſweeping Fiery Train along.
O *Paris*, *Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph;
But now the Scene of all thy King's misfortunes,
Ungrateful, perjur'd, and Diſloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Preſence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hiſſes out,
And ſhakes his forked Tongue at Majeſty.
While I——
Q. M. While you loſe time in idle talk,
And uſe no means for ſafety and prevention.
King. What can I do! O Mother, *Abbot*, *Grillon*!
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain, my Cauſe is deſperate.
Such an o're-whelming ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redreſs were paſt.
Grill. I'le go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the firſt Reverſion of a Rope;
Diſpatch is all my buſineſs, I'le hang for you.
Abbot. 'Tis not ſo bad, as vainly you ſurmiſe;
Some ſpace there is, ſome little ſpace, ſome ſteps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not Arm'd, nor Martiall'd into Order;
Believe it, Sir, the *Guiſe* will not attempt,
'Till he have rowl'd his Snow-ball to a heap.
King. So, then, my Lord, we are a day off from Death,
What ſhall to morrow do?

Abbot. To morrow, Sir,
If hours between ſlide not too idle by,
You may be Maſter of their Deſtiny,
Who now diſpoſe ſo loftily of yours.
Not far without the Suburbs there are Quarter'd
Three thouſand *Swiſſe*, and two *French* Regiments.

King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their head.

Q. M. Send Mareſchal *Byron* to lead 'em up.

King. It ſhall be ſo, by Heaven there's Life in this,
The wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And ſhows a break of Sun-ſhine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And ſee your Souldiers well diſpos'd within,
For ſafeguard of the *Louvre*.

Q. M. One thing more,
The *Guiſe* (his bus'neſs yet not fully ripe)
Will treat at leaſt for ſhow of Loyalty;
Let him be met with the ſame Arts he brings.

King. I know, he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your part of me will come in play,
Th' *Italian* Soul ſhall teach me how to ſooth:
Even *Jove* muſt flatter with an empty hand,
'Tis time to thunder, when he gripes the Brand. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Malicorne *ſolus.*

A Night SCENE.

Mal. Thus far the Cauſe of God: but God's or Devil's,
I mean my Maſter's Cauſe, and mine ſucceed:
What ſhall the *Guiſe* do next? [*A flaſh of Lightening.*

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. Firſt ſeize the King, and after murder him.

Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'ſt uncall'd to Night.

Mell. Always uncall'd, and ſtill at hand for miſchief.

Mal. —But why in this Fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'ſt like one that preaches to the Crowd,
Goſpel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,
And Treaſon on thy Tongue.

Mel. Thou haſt me right,
Ten thouſand Devils more are in this Habit,
Saintſhip, and Zeal are ſtill our beſt diſguiſe:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtleſs Crowd,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Gloſſes bend the holy Text,
And make it ſpeak Rebellion, Schiſm and Murder,
So turn the Arms of Heaven againſt it ſelf.

Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Euſtace* here?
Mel. Thou art miſtaken Maſter, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has aſſum'd the Churchman's lucky ſhape,
To talk the Crow'd to Madneſs and Rebellion.
Mal. O true Enthuſiaſtick Devil, true;
For lying is thy Nature, even to me.
Didſt thou not tell me, If my Lord the *Guiſe*
Enter'd the Court, his head ſhould then lie low?
That was a lye; he went, and is return'd.
Mel. 'Tis falſe; I ſaid, perhaps it ſhould lie low.
And, but I chill'd the blood in *Henry*'s veins,
And cram'd a thouſand ghaſtly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thruſt 'em foremoſt in his lab'ring Brain,
Even ſo it would have been.
Mal. Thou haſt deſerv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil; what do we next?
Mel. I ſaid, Firſt ſeize the King.
Mal. Suppoſe it done:
He's clapt within a Convent, ſhorn a Saint,
My Maſter mounts the Throne.
Mel. Not ſo faſt, *Malicorne*;
Thy Maſter mounts not, till the King be ſlain.
Mal. Not when depos'd.
Mel. He cannot be depos'd.
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there ſhone a Regal Star.
Mal. My Maſter had a ſtronger.
Mel. No, not a ſtronger, but more popular.
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guiſe* now ſtrongeſt;
But if th' ill Influence paſs o're *Harry*'s Head,
As in a year it will, *France* ne're ſhall boaſt
A greater King than he; now cut him off,
While yet his Stars are weak.
Mal. Thou talk'ſt of Stars:
Canſt thou not ſee more deep into events,
And by a ſurer way?
Mel. No, *Malicorne*,
The ways of Heaven are broken ſince our Fall,
Gulph, beyond Gulph, and never to be ſhot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Makers mind,
As in a Chryſtal Mirror, ſee th' Idea's
Of things that always are, as he is always.
Now ſhut below in this dark Sphere,
By Second cauſes dimly we may gueſs,
And peep far off on Heavens revolving Orbs,
Which caſt obſcure Reflections from the Throne.

Mal. Then tell me thy Surmiſes of the future.
Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Juſt when the Sun was entering in the Ram:
Th' aſcending Scorpion poyſon'd all the Sky,
A ſign of deep deceit and treachery.
Full on his Cuſp his angry Maſter ſate,
Conjoyn'd with Saturn, baleful both to Man:
Of ſecret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Maſſacres expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill-omen'd Year.
Mal. Then flouriſh Hell, and mighty Miſchief reign,
Miſchief to ſome, to others muſt be good;
But hark, for now tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When ſilence broods upon our darkned world,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow ſound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.
Mel. 'Tis truly gueſs'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's hand,
There's not a damned Ghoſt, nor hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo ſcape, but hither flies,
With leathern wings they beat the duſky Skies.
To ſacred Churches all in Swarms repair,
Some crowd the Spires, but moſt the hallow'd Bells,
And ſoftly Toll for Souls departing Knells,
Each Chime thou hear'ſt, a future death foretells.
Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
Till all go loaded to the Neather Skies.
Mal. To morrow then.
Mel. To morrow let it be:
Or thou deceiv'ſt thoſe hungry, gaping Fiends,
And *Beelzebub* will rage.
Mal. Why *Beelzebub*? haſt thou not often ſaid,
That *Lucifer*'s your King?
Mel. I told thee true:
But *Lucifer*, as he who foremoſt fell,
So now lies loweſt in th' Abyſs of Hell.
Chain'd till the dreadful Doom, in place of whom
Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the damn'd,
Who liſtning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his purpoſe, but no more,
The morning creeps behind yon Eaſtern hill,
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves
And fooliſh Fairies from their Moon-light play,
And laſh the Laggers from the ſight of day. [*Deſcends.*

Enter Guiſe, Mayenne, *Cardinal, and Archbiſhop.*

May. Sullen, methinks, and ſlow the morning breaks,

As if the Sun were liſtleſs to appear,
And dark deſigns hung heavy on the day.
Guiſe. Y'are an old Man too ſoon, y'are ſuperſtitious,
I'le truſt my Stars, I know 'em now by proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine,
Inviron'd with his Guards, he durſt not touch me;
But aw'd and craven'd as he had been ſpell'd,
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guiſe*, and durſt not.
Card. We have him in our power, coopt in his Court,
Who leads the firſt Attack? Now by yond Heaven——
That bluſhes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll d'off
This womaniſh Attire of godly peace,
And cry, Lie there, Lord Cardinal of *Guiſe*.
Guiſe. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* too cool,
But 'tis the manlier fault o'th' two.
Biſhop. Have you not heard the King, preventing day,
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swiſſes* marching to their Fifes.
The Crow'd ſtood gaping heartleſs, and amaz'd,
Shrunk to their ſhops, and left the paſſage free.
Guiſe. I would it ſhould be ſo, 'twas a good horror,
Firſt let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranſackt Houſes;
That very fright when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their ſoft City Courages:
Cold Burghers muſt be ſtruck, and ſtruck like Flints,
E're their hid Fire will ſparkle.
Biſhop. I am glad the King has introduc'd theſe Guards.
Card. Your Reaſon.
Biſhop. They are too few for us to fear,
Our numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not caſt in, but the pretence
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this riſing paſs for juſt defence.
May. Suppoſe the City ſhould not riſe.
Guiſe. Suppoſe as well the Sun ſhould never riſe:
He may not riſe, for Heaven may play a trick;
But he has riſen from *Adam*'s time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to Noble Hazard?
No Venture made, but all dull certainty;
By Heav'n I'le tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame terms of yielding,
I ſcorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Guiſe.

A Lady, ſay'ſt thou, Young, and Beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?

Conduct her in——— [*Exit Serv.*
Card. You wou'd be left alone——
Guiſe. I wou'd, Retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutier, *and Exit.*

Starting } Is't poſſible, I dare not truſt my Eyes,
back. } You are not *Marmoutier*.
Mar. What am I then?
Guiſe. Why any thing but ſhe;
What ſhould the Miſtreſs of a King do here?
Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Maſter of a King.
Guiſe. I ſent not for you, Madam.
Mar. I think my Lord the King ſent not for you.
Guiſe. Do you not fear your Viſit will be known?
Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels, and Traytors;
Where e're I go, my Virtue is my Guard.
Guiſe. What Devil has ſent thee here to plague my Soul?
O that I could deteſt thee now as much
As ever I have lov'd, nay even as much
As yet in ſpite of all thy Crimes I love:
But 'tis a Love ſo mixt with dark Deſpair,
The Smoke and Soot ſmother the riſing flame,
And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman,
What can I call thee more, if Devil 'twere leſs,
Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,
But *Eve* play'd falſe, engendring with the Serpent,
Her own part worſe than his.
Mar. Then they got Traytors.
Guiſe. Yes, Angel Traytors, fit to ſhine in Palaces,
Fork'd into ills, and ſplit into deceits;
Two in their very frame; 'twas well, 'twas well,
I ſaw not thee at Court, thou Baſilisk;
For if I had, thoſe Eyes, without his Guards,
Had done the Tyrant's work.
Mar. Why then, it ſeems,
I was not falſe in all; I told you, *Guiſe*,
If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court;
You ſee I kept my Promiſe.
Guiſe. Still thy Sex:
Once true in all thy life, and that for miſchief.
Mar. Have I ſaid I lov'd you?
Guiſe. Stab on, Stab,
'Tis plain you love the King.
Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful way you ſeem to mean.
My Eyes had once ſo far betray'd my Heart,

As to diſtinguiſh you from common Men,
What e're you ſaid, or did, was Charming all.
Guiſe. But yet, it ſeems, you found a King more charming.
Mar. I do not ſay more Charming, but more Noble,
More truly Royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in wiſhes.
Guiſe. May be ſo:
But Love has oyl'd your tongue to run ſo glib,
Curſe on your Eloquence.
Mar. Curſe not that Eloquence, that ſav'd your Life:
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandat, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening pride of Popular power,
Had thruſt you headlong in the *Louvre* Toyls,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majeſty
Had doom'd you to the death you well deſerv'd.
Guiſe. Then was't not *Henry*'s fear preſerv'd my Life?
Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know him;
He's born to give you fear, not to receive it.
Guiſe. Say this again, but add you gave not up
Your Honour as the Ranſom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.
Mar. And ſo it were.
Guiſe. Why ſaid you, So it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks 'tis much unkind.
Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of kindneſs,
If you acknowledge I have ſav'd your Life;
Be grateful in return, and do an act
Your Honour, though unaskt by me, requires.
Guiſe. By Heav'n and you, whom next to Heaven I love,
(If I ſaid more, I fear I ſhould not lie,)
I'le do what e're my Honour will permit.
Mar. Go throw your ſelf at *Henry*'s Royal Feet,
And riſe not, 'till approv'd a Loyal Subject.
Guiſe. A Dutious Loyal Subject I was ever.
Mar. I'le put it ſhort, my Lord, depart from *Paris.*
Guiſe. I cannot leave
My Countrey, Friends, Religion, all at ſtake;
Be wiſe, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the turn, forſake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a merit of your Love.
Mar. No, I'le return, and periſh in thoſe Ruines;
I find thee now ambitious, faithleſs *Guiſe*,
Farewel the baſeſt, and the laſt of Men.
Guiſe. Stay, or——O Heav'n! I'le force you:—Stay——
Mar. I do believe

So ill of you, ſo villainouſly ill,
That if you durſt, you wou'd:
Honour you've little, Honeſty you've leſs;
But Conſcience you have none.
Yet there's a thing call'd Fame, and mens Eſteem,
Preſerves me from your force, once more farewel:
Look on me *Guiſe*, thou ſeeſt me now the laſt,
Tho' Treaſon urge not Thunder on thy head,
This one departing Glance ſhall flaſh thee dead. [*Exit.*
Guiſe. Ha, ſaid ſhe true? have I ſo little Honour?
Why then a Prize ſo eaſie, and ſo fair,
Had never ſcap'd my Gripe; but mine ſhe is,
For that's ſet down as ſure as *Harry's* Fall:
But my Ambition, that ſhe calls my Crime:
Falſe, falſe by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heaven confeſt it in my very frame;
The Fires that would have form'd ten thouſand Angels,
Were cram'd together for my ſingle Soul.

Enter Malicorne.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious hours away,
The Heavens look gaudily upon your greatneſs,
And the crown'd moments court you as they fly;
Briſack and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiſſe*,
And folded 'em like ſheep in holy ground,
Where now with order'd Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
They wait the word that dooms 'em all to dye:
Come forth and bleſs the Triumph of the day.
Guiſe. So ſlight a Victory requir'd not me:
I but ſate ſtill, and Nodded like a God
My World into Creation, now 'tis time
To walk abroad, and careleſly ſurvey
How the dull Matter does the form obey. [*Exit with* Malicorne.

Enter Citizens, and Melanax *in his Fanatick Habit at the head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little; Fellow Citizens, and you Gentlemen of the Rabble, a word of Godly Exhortation to ſtrengthen your hands, e're you give the Onſet.

1 *Cit.* Is this a time to make Sermons? I wou'd not hear the Devil now tho' he ſhould come in Gods name, to Preach Peace to us.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be deſpis'd, We have all profited by godly Sermons that promote Sedition,
Let the precious man Hold forth.

Omnes. Let him Hold forth, let him Hold-forth.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my buſineſs: It has been ſo before any of you were born, and will be ſo when you are all dead and damn'd; I I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.

1 *Cit.* That's a Lye, and a loud one. He has led the Rabble both Old and Young, that's all Ages: A heavenly ſweet Man, I warrant him, I have ſeen him ſomewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I ſown Rebellion every where.

1 *Cit.* How every where? That's another Lye: How far have you Travel'd Friend?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 *Cit.* Now that's a Rapper.

2 *Cit.* I ſay, No: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly ſays true, for he may lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depoſe their Prince,
Has in all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted lawſul.

1 *Cit.* That's the firſt true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depoſe him?

Mel. When ever they have more power to Depoſe, than he has to Oppoſe, and this they may do upon the leaſt occaſion.

1 *Cit.* Sirra, you mince the Matter; you ſhould ſay, we may do it upon no occaſion, for the leſs the better.

Mel. aſide. Here's a Rogue now will out-ſhoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2. *Cit.* Some Occaſion, in my mind, were not amiſs; For, look you Gentlemen, if we have no Occaſion, then whereby we have no Occaſion to depoſe him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I ſtick to thoſe Occaſions: for when they are gone, Good-night to Godlineſs and Freedom.

Mel. When the moſt are of one ſide, as that's our caſe, we are always in the right; for they that are in power, will ever be the Judges: So that if we ſay White is Black, poor White muſt loſe the Cauſe, and put on Mourning, for White is but a ſingle Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on reſolutely for your Solemn League and Covenant, and if here be any ſqueamiſh Conſcience who fears to fight againſt the King, tho' I that have known you Citizens theſe thouſand years, ſuſpect not any, let ſuch underſtand, That his Majeſties Politick Capacity is to be diſtinguiſh'd from his Natural; and though you murder him in one, you may preſerve him in the other, and ſo much for this time, becauſe the Enemy is at hand.

2 *Cit. looking out.*
Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel,
He that devours our Wives, and raviſhes our Children.

1 *Cit.* He looks ſo Grum, I don't care to have to do with him,
Wou'd I were ſafe in my Shop behind the Counter.

2 *Cit.* And wou'd I were under my Wives Petticoats,
Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter yeſterday, paid a Bill of Exchange in Glaſs, *Louisdors*, and you Friend, that ony, Look you Gentlemen, this very morning was under another Womans Petticoats, and not your Wives.

2 *Cit.* How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight luſtily for the Cauſe of Heaven, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conſcience, I abſolve you both, and all the reſt of you. Now go on merrily, for thoſe that eſcape ſhall avoid killing; and thoſe who do not eſcape, I will provide for in another world.

[*Cry within on the other ſide of the Stage,* Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, *and his Party.*

Grill. Come on, Fellow-Souldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my word, as 'twas *Julius Cæſar*'s of *Pagan* memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a word and a blow; we muſt either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure neceſſity for your comfort: Now if any man can be ſo unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your Souls, as to ſtand ſtill like a good Chriſtian, and offer his Weeſon to a Butcher's Whittle, I ſay no more, but that he may be ſav'd, and that's the beſt can come on him.

[*Cry on both ſides,* Vive le Roy, Vive Guiſe. *The Fight.*

Mel. Hey for the Duke of *Guiſe* and Property, Up with Religion and the Cauſe, and down with thoſe Arbitrary Rogues there:
Stand to't you Aſſociated Cuckolds. [*Citizens go back.*
O Rogues, O Cowards, Damn theſe Half-ſtrain'd Shop-keepers, Got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how Naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers, Twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em [*They all run off,* Melanax *with them; the* 1 *and* 2 *Cit. taken.*

Grill. Poſſeſs your ſelves of the place *Maubert*,
And hang me up thoſe two Rogues for an example.

1 *Cit.* O ſpare me ſweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new ſet up.

Grill. I'le be your Cuſtomer, and ſet you up a little better, : Sirrah,
Go hang him at the next Sign-poſt:
What have you to ſay for your ſelf, Scoundrel?
Why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill meaning to the Government, all that I did, was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Grill. Nay, if thou haſt a Wife that wears the Breeches,
Thou ſhalt be condemn'd to live:
Get thee home for a Hen-peckt Traytor——
What, are we encompaſs'd? Nay then, Faces this way;
We'll ſell our Skins to the faireſt Chapmen.

[*Enter* Aumale *and Souldiers on the one ſide, Citizens on the other,* Grillon *and his Party are diſarm'd.*

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel,

And hang him up at the next Sign-poſt:
Nay, when I am in power, I can make examples too.

Omnes. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal. [*Pull and hale him.*

Grill. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traytors, Cuckolds,
'Swounds, what do you make of a Man? Do you think
Legs and Arms are ſtrung upon a Wire, like a Jointed Baby?
Carry me off quickly, you were beſt, and hang me decently, according to my firſt ſentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burden:
Give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby
I'le carry it for a Token to my Soveraign Lady.

Grill. 'Tis too little, in all Conſcience, for her,
Take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I ſav'd,
O the Conſcience of a Shop-keeper!

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your ſaving me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for ſpeaking Treaſon againſt my anointed Wife, that's a new Reck'ning between us.

[*Enter* Guiſe *with a General's Staff in his hand*, Mayenne,
Cardinal, *Archbiſhop*, Malicorn, *and Attendants*.

Omnes. Vive Guiſe.

Guiſe bowing, *and Bare-headed*.
I thank you Countrey men, the hand of Heaven
In all our ſafeties has appear'd this day,
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But ſtain your Triumph with no Chriſtian blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this Godly talk?
Of ſparing Chriſtian Blood, why theſe are Dogs;
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear,
Meer Dogs that neither can be ſav'd nor damn'd.

Archbiſhop. Where have you learnt to ſpare inveterate Foes?

Guiſe. You know the Book.

Archbiſhop. And can expound it too:
But Chriſtian Faith was in the Nonage then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o're the World,
What madneſs were it for the weak and few,
To fight againſt the many and the ſtrong.
Grillon muſt dye, ſo muſt the Tyrant's Guards,
Leſt gathering head again, they make more work.

Mal. My Lord, the People muſt be fleſh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Reliſh, dip 'em with you——
Or they'l perhaps repent.

Guiſe. You are fools, to kill 'em were to ſhew I fear'd 'em;
The Court diſarm'd, diſheartned, and beſieg'd,
Are all as much within my power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fiſt.

May. 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a Popular Cauſe,
Muſt proſecute that Cauſe by Popular Ways:
So whether you are merciful or no,
You muſt affect to be.

Guiſe. Diſmiſs thoſe Priſoners, *Grillon*, you are free.
I do not ask your Love, be ſtill my Foe.

Grill. I will be ſo: But let me tell you, *Guiſe*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too.
I'le give you back your life when next we meet.
Till then I am your Debtor.

Guiſe. That's till Dooms-day. [Grillon *and his Exeunt one way*, *Rabble the other*.
Haſte Brother, draw out Fifteen thouſand Men,
Surround the *Louvre*, leſt the Prey ſhould ſcape.
I know the King will ſend to treat,
We'll ſet the Dice on him in high demands,
No leſs than all his Offices of Truſt,
He ſhall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clipt,
So long he ſhall not paſs.

Card. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and ſuch tedious work,
Like thoſe that hang their Noſes o're a Potion, and Qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sips.

Archbiſhop. Beſt make advantage of this Popular Rage,
Let in th' orewhelming Tyde on *Harry's* head.
In that promiſcuous Fury who ſhall know
Among a thouſand Swords who kill'd the King.

Mal. O my dear Lord, upon this onely day
Depends the ſeries of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has aſſum'd my ſhape
In this prophetick doom.

Guiſe. Peace croaking Raven,
I'le ſeize him firſt, then make him a led Monarch;
I'le be declar'd Lieutenant General
Amidſt the three Eſtates that repreſent
The glorious, full, majeſtick Face of *France*,
Which in his own deſpight the King ſhall call:
So let him reign my Tenant during life,
His Brother of *Navar* ſhut out for ever,
Branded with Hereſie, and barr'd from Sway,
That when *Valois* conſum'd in Aſhes lies,
The *Phœnix* Race of *Charlemain* may riſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The* LOUVRE.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, Grillon.

King. Diſmiſt with ſuch contempt?

Grill. Yes, Faith, we paſt like beaten *Romans* underneath the Fork.

King. Give me my Arms.

Grill. For what?

King. I'le lead you on.

Grill. You are a true Lyon, but my Men are Sheep; ——
If you run firſt, I'le ſwear they'l follow you.

King. What all turn'd Cowards? Not a Man in *France*
Dares ſet his Foot by mine, and periſh by me.

Grill. Troth I can't find 'em much inclin'd to periſhing.

King. What can be left in danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'le go bare-fac'd,
And ſeize the firſt bold Rebel that I meet.

Abbot. There's ſomething of Divinity in Kings
That ſits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.

Grill. True, Abbot, but the miſchief is, you Churchmen
Can ſee that ſomething further than the Crowd;
Theſe Musket Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice diſtinctions:

[*One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, ſhe reads*——

One of 'em poſſibly may hit the King
In ſome one part of him that's not Divine,
And ſo the mortal part of his Majeſty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another world, ſweet Abbot.

Q. Mother. 'Tis equal madneſs to go out or ſtay,
The Reverence due to Kings is all transfer'd
To haughty *Guiſe*, and when new Gods are made,
The old muſt quit the Temple, you muſt fly.

King. Death, Had I wings, yet I would ſcorn to fly.

Grill. Wings, or no wings, is not the Queſtion:
If you won't fly for't, you muſt ride for't,
And that comes much to one.

King. Forſake my Regal Town.

Q. Mother. Forſake a Bedlam:
This Note informs me, Fifteen thouſand Men
Are marching to encloſe the *Louvre* round.

Abbot. The buſineſs then admits no more diſpute,
You, Madam, muſt be pleas'd to find the *Guiſe*,
Seem eaſie, fearful, yielding, what you will,
But ſtill prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more time for his Eſcape.

Q. Mother. I'le undertake it——Nay, no thanks my Son,
My bleſſing ſhall be given in your deliverance;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravel'd;
And *Guiſe* is to begin his work again. [*Exit Qu. Mother.*

King. I go this minute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marmoutier.

Nay then, another minute muſt be given.
O how I bluſh, that thou ſhouldſt ſee thy King
Do this low Act that leſſens all his Fame:
Death, muſt a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it muſt be——

Mar. It muſt not, cannot be.

Grill. No, nor ſhall not Wench, as long as my Soul wears a Body.

King. Secure in that, I'le truſt thee; Shall I truſt thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewel, Thou may'ſt behold me King agen,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then farewel,
I'le ſay't as comfortably as I can:
But O curs'd *Guiſe*, for preſſing on my time,
And cutting off Ten thouſand more Adieus.

Mar. The moments that retard your Flight are Traytors,
Make haſte my Royal Maſter to be ſafe,
And ſave me with you, for I'le ſhare your Fate.

King. Wilt thou go too?
Then I am reconcil'd to Heaven again:
O welcome thou good Angel of my way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my ſafe Return;
Not *Greece*, nor hoſtile *Juno* cou'd deſtroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*,
He ſcap'd the dangers of the dreadful Night,
When loaded with his Gods he took his Flight.

[*Exeunt King, leading her.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Caſtle of* Bloiſe.

Enter Grillon, Alphonſo Corſo.

Grill. WElcome Colonel, welcome to *Bloiſe*.

Alph. Since laſt we parted at the Barricadoes,
The World's turn'd upſide down.

Grill. No, Faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downſide up,
Our part o'th' wheel is riſing, tho' but ſlowly.

Alph. Who lookt for an Aſſembly of the States?

Grill. When the King was eſcap'd from *Paris*, and got out of the Toyles, 'twas time for the *Guiſe* to take 'em down, and pitch others: that is, to treat for the calling of a Parliament, where being ſure of the Major part, he might get by Law, what he had miſs'd by Force.

Alph. But why ſhould the King aſſemble the States to ſatisfie the *Guiſe* after ſo many Affronts?

Grill. For the ſame reaſon that a Man in a Duel ſays, he has received ſatisfaction when he is firſt wounded, and afterwards diſarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris*?

Grill. Becauſe no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*: This *Blois* is
a very little Town, and the King can draw it after him.
But *Paris* is a damn'd, unweildy Bulk, and when the Preachers draw against the King, a Parſon in a Pulpit is a deviliſh Fore-horſe:
Beſides, I found in that Inſurrection, what dangerous Beaſts theſe Townſmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man had better deal with ten of their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen:
O your inſpir'd Cuckold is moſt implacable.

Alph. Is there any ſeeming kindneſs between the King, and the Duke of *Guiſe*?

Grill. Yes, moſt wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Uſurer, and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very Loyal to the *Guiſe*, and the *Guiſe* is very gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guiſe*, and the Archbiſhop of *Lyons* are the two Pendants, that are always hanging at the Royal Ear; They eaſe His Majeſty of all the Spiritual buſineſs, and the *Guiſe* of all the Temporal, ſo that the King is certainly the happieſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*, without any care upon him; ſo yielding up every thing to his Loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the way of being the greateſt, and moſt glorious King in all the world.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a ſharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the opening of the Parliament, admoniſh'd men of their Duties, pardon'd what was paſt, but ſeem'd to threaten Vengeance if they perſiſted for the future.

Grill. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: He promiſing to unite himſelf to them, and they to obey him according to the Laws; yet the very next morning they went on, in purſuance of their old Commonwealth deſigns, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now I am dull enough to think they have broken their Oath.

Grill. I but you are but one private man, and they are the three States; and if they Vote that they have not broken their Oaths, Who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's one above.

Grill. I hope you mean in Heaven, or elſe you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament time; but here comes the Maſter and my Neece.

Alph. Heaven preſerve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treaſon.

Grill. O Yes, You may pray for him, the Preachers of the *Guiſe* ſide, do that moſt formaliy: Nay, You may be ſuffer'd civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a place of Profit under him; for in ſhort, 'tis a judg'd Caſe of Conſcience, to make your beſt of the King, and to ſide againſt him.

Enter King and Marmoutier.

King. *Grillon*, be near me,
There's ſomething for my ſervice to be done,
Your Orders will be ſudden, now withdraw.

Grill. aſide.] Well, I dare truſt my Neece, even tho' ſhe comes of my own Family; but if ſhe Cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honeſty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a General Rule without one Exception
[*Exeunt* Grill. *and* Alph.

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.
King. Yes,
Mar. This hour.
King. I think it was.
Mar. Something of moment hangs upon this hour.
King. Not more on this, than on the next and next,
My time is all ta'ne up on Uſury;
I never am beforehand with my hours,
But every one has work before it comes.
Mar. There's ſomething for my ſervice to be done,
Thoſe were your words.
King. And you deſire their meaning.
Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may gueſs.
King. 'Tis ſearching there where Heaven can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not man but by ſurmiſe;
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought,
I tell thee, *Marmoutier*, I never ſpeak
Not when alone, for fear ſome Fiend ſhould hear,
And blab my Secrets out.
Mar. You hate the *Guiſe*.
King. True, I did hate him.
Mar. And you hate him ſtill.
King. I am reconcil'd.
Mar. Your Spirit is too high,
Great Souls forgive not injuries, till time
Has put their Enemies into their power,
That they may ſhew Forgiveneſs is their own;
For elſe 'tis fear to puniſh that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.
King. He has ſubmitted.
Mar. In ſhow, for in effect he ſtill inſults.
King. Well, Kings muſt bear ſometimes.
Mar. They muſt, till they can ſhake their burden off,
And that's I think, your aim.
King. Miſtaken ſtill:
All Favours, all Preferments paſs through them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they pleaſe.

Mar. Theſe are your Arts to make 'em more ſecure,
Juſt ſo your Brother us'd the Admiral.
Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.
King. What ſaid you, ha! what mean you *Marmoutier*?
Mar. Nay, what mean you? That ſtart betray'd you, Sir.
King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartholmew*:
Nor is *Blois Paris*.
Mar. 'Tis an open Town.
King. What then!
Mar. Where you are ſtrongeſt.
King. Well, what then?
Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are provok'd.
King. O! Thou haſt ſet thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will ſting thee dead.
Mar. Can I unknow it?
King. No, but keep it ſecret.
Mar. Think, Sir, your thoughts are ſtill as much your own,
As when you kept the Key of your own Breaſt:
But ſince you let me in, I find it fill'd
With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guiſe*.
King. Murder! what Murder! uſe a ſofter word,
And call it Soveraign Juſtice.
Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:
But Juſtice bears the Godlike ſhape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, an equal Plea
Betwixt th' Offender, and the Righteous Judge.
King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws,
But when his Greatneſs overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Juſtice in the laſt Appeal:
And forc'd by ſtrong Neceſſity may ſtrike,
In which indeed they aſſert the Publick Good,
And, like ſworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:
Unpleaſant wholſom work.
Mar. If this be needful.
King. Ha, didſt not thou thy ſelf in fathoming
The depth of my deſigns, drop there the Plummet?
Didſt thou not ſay Affronts, ſo Great, ſo Publick,
I never could forgive?
Mar. I did; but yet——
King. What means, But yet? 'Tis Evidence ſo full,
If the laſt Trumpet ſounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I ſhould meet the Saints half way:
And in the Face of Heaven maintain the Fact.
Mar. Maintain it then to Heaven, but not to me:
Do you love me?
King. Can you doubt it?
Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:

Love begs once more this great Offender's life,
Can you forgive the man you juſtly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to ſpare him?
One whom you may ſuſpect, I more than pity,
(For I wou'd have you ſee that what I ask,
I know is wond'rous difficult to grant)
Can you be thus extravagantly Good?

King. What then? For I begin to fear my firmneſs:
And doubt the ſoft deſtruction of your tongue.

Mar. Then in return, I ſwear to Heaven, and you,
To give you all the preference of my Soul:
No Rebel Rival to diſturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[*King walks a while, then wipes his eyes, and ſpeaks.*

King. You've Conquer'd, all that's paſt ſhall be forgiv'n,
My laviſh Love has made a laviſh Grant:
But know this Act of Grace ſhall be my laſt.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him deſiſt, and tempt Revenge no further:
For by yond Heaven that's Conſcious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

[*Deputies appearing at the Door.*

The Deputies are entring, You muſt leave me:
Thus Tyrant Buſineſs all my hours uſurps,
And makes me live for others.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a proſperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. [*Exit.*

[*Enter Deputies of the Three States, Cardinal of* Guiſe, *and Archbiſhop of* Lyons, *at the Head of 'em.*

King. Well, my good Lords, what matters of importance
Employ'd the States this Morning?

Archb. One high Point
Was warmly canvaſs'd in the Commons Houſe,
And will be ſoon Reſolv'd.

King. What was't?

Card. Succeſſion.

King. That's one high Point indeed; but not to be
So warmly canvaſs'd, or ſo ſoon reſolv'd.

Card. Things neceſſary muſt ſometimes be ſudden.

King. No ſudden danger threatens you, my Lord.

Archb. What may be ſudden, muſt be counted ſo;
We hope, and wiſh Your Life; But Yours, and ours,
Are in the hand of Heaven.

King. My Lord, They are:
Yet in a Natural way I may live long,
If Heaven and You my Loyal Subjects pleaſe.

Archb. But ſince good Princes, like your Majeſty,

Take care of dangers meerly poſſible,
Which may concern their Subjects whoſe they are,
And for whom Kings are made.
King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And ſo the Tyes are too.
Card. To cut things ſhort,
The Commons will decree to exclude *Navar*
From the Succeſſion of the Realm of *France.*
King. Decree, my Lord! What one Eſtate decree,
Where then are the other two, and what am I?
The Government is caſt up ſomewhat ſhort,
The Clergy and Nobility caſheer'd,
Five hundred popular Figures on a Row,
And I my ſelf that am, or ſhould be King,
An o'regrown Cypher ſet before the Sum:
What Reaſons urge our Soveraigns for th' Excluſion?
Archb. He ſtands ſuſpected, Sir, of Hereſie.
King. Has he been call'd to make his juſt defence?
Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.
King. To whom?
Card. The Commons.
King. What is't thoſe Gods the Commons do not know?
But Hereſie you Church-men teach us Vulgar,
Suppoſes obſtinate and ſtiff perſiſting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected, has this Courſe been us'd?
Archb. We grant it has not, but——
King. Nay, give me leave,
I urge from your own grant it has not been:
If then in proceſs of a petty Sum,
Both parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be giv'n:
Much leſs in the Succeſſion of a Crown,
Which after my deceaſe, by Right Inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navar.*
Card. The Right of Souls is ſtill to be preferr'd,
eligion muſt not ſuffer for a Claim.
King. If Kings may be excluded, or depos'd,
When e're you cry Religion to the Crow'd,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion Orthodox,
And Subjects muſt be Traytors to be ſav'd.
Archb. Then Hereſy's entail'd upon the Throne.
King. You would entail Confuſion, Wars and Slaughters;
Thoſe ills are Certain, what you name Contingent.
I know my Brother's nature, 'tis ſincere,
Above deceit, no crookedneſs of thought,

Says, what he means, and what he ſays, performs;
Brave, but not raſh; ſucceſsful, but not proud.
So much acknowledging, that he's uneaſie,
Till every petty ſervice be o're-paid.
Archb. Some ſay revengeful.
King. Some then libel him:
But that's what both of us have learn't to bear.
He can forgive, but you diſdain forgiveneſs:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel muſt profane:
Honour's a Sacred Thing in all but Kings;
But when your Rhimes aſſaſſinate our Fame,
You hug your nauſeous, blund'ring Ballad-wits,
And pay 'em as if Nonſence were a merit,
If it can mean but Treaſon.
Archb. Sir we have many Arguments to urge——
King. And I have more to anſwer, let 'em know
My Royal Brother of *Navar* ſhall ſtand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good men will never fail his Cauſe,
And all the bad ſhall be conſtrain'd by Laws.
Archb. Since gentle means t'exclude *Navar* are vain,
To morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd,
To make the Duke of *Guiſe* Lieutenant General,
Which power moſt graciouſly confirm'd by you,
Will ſtop this headlong Torrent of Succeſſion,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it:
In hope you'll not oppoſe what muſt be done,
We wiſh you, Sir, a long and proſp'rous Reign.
[*Exeunt Omnes, but the K.*
King. To morrow *Guiſe* is made Lieutenant General,
Why then to morrow I no more am King;
'Tis time to puſh my ſlack'nd vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all;
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heaven is wearied with repeated Crimes,
Till lightning flaſhes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.
[*Enter* Grillon *to him.*
Grill. 'Tis juſt the pointed hour you bid me wait.
King. So juſt, as if thou wert inſpir'd to come;
As if the Guardian Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'reſlept himſelf ſo many Years,
Juſt now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my reſcue.
Grill. I hear the *Guiſe* will be Lieutenant General.
King. And canſt thou ſuffer it?
Grill. Nay, if you will ſuffer it, then well may I.
If Kings will be ſo civil to their Subjects, to give up all things tamely,

they firſt turn Rebels to themſelves, and that's a fair example for their Friends; 'Slife, Sir, 'tis a dangerous matter to be Loyal on the wrong ſide, to ſerve my Prince in ſpight of him; if you'l be a Royaliſt your ſelf, there are Millions of honeſt Men will fight for you; but if you w'on not, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more: I am reſolv'd.
The courſe of things can be with-held no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed end:
My vengeance, ripen'd in the womb of time,
Preſſes, for birth, and longs to be diſclos'd.
Grillon the *Guiſe* is doom'd——to ſudden death:
The Sword muſt end him; Has not thine an Edge?

Grill. Yes, and a point too; I'le challenge him:

King.——I bid thee kill him. [*Walking.*

Grill. ——So I mean to do.

King. ——Without thy hazard.

Grill. Now I underſtand you, I ſhou'd murder him:
I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.

King. ——Doſt thou not hate him?

Grill. ——Yes.

King. Haſt thou not ſaid,
That he deſerves it?

Grill. Yes, but how have I
Deſerv'd to do a Murder?

King. 'Tis no Murder:
'Tis Soveraign Juſtice urg'd from Self Defence.

Grill. 'Tis all confeſt, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go, thou art a Coward.

Grill. You are my King.

King. Thou ſay'ſt thou dar'ſt not kill him.

Grill. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durſt ha' don't.

King. Thou haſt done worſe in thy long courſe of Arms,
Haſt thou ne're kill'd a Man?

Grill. Yes when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Haſt thou not plunder'd from the helpleſs Poor?
Snatch'd from the ſweating Labourer his Food?

Grill. Sir, I have eaten and drunk in my own defence,
When I was hungry and thirſty.
I have plunder'd,
When you have not paid me——
I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter,
When a better Whore was not to be had.
As for Cutting off a Traytor, I'le execute him lawfully
In my own Function, when I meet him in the Field;
But for your Chamber-practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge Unjuſt, or Tyrannous?

Heaven knows, I love not Blood.

Grill. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice.
You may diſpatch a Rebel lawfully,
But the miſchief is, that Rebel
Has given me my Life at the Barricadoes,
And till I have return'd his Bribe,
I am not upon even terms with him.

King. Give me thy hand, I love thee not the worſe;
Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conſcience,
Thou ſhalt not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good;
But keep my Secret, for that's Conſcience too.

Grill. When I diſcloſe it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one;
Call *Lognac* hither ſtraight, and St. *Malin*;
Bid *Larchant* find ſome unſuſpected means
To keep Guards doubled at the Council door,
That none paſs in or out, but thoſe I call:
The reſt I'le think on further, ſo farewel.

Grill. Heaven bleſs your Majeſty!
Tho' I'le not kill him for you, I'de defend you when he's kill'd,
For the honeſt part of the Jobb let me alone. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Men and Women at a Banquet,
Malicorne *ſtanding by.*

Mal. This is the Solemn Annual Feaſt I keep,
As this day Twelve Years on this very hour
I ſign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleaſure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet moſt.
And, Faith, I over-ſold it to the Fiend;
What, One and twenty Years, Nine yet to come,
How can a Soul be worth ſo much to Devils?
O how I hug my ſelf, to out-wit theſe Fools of Hell!
And yet a ſudden damp, I know not why,
Has ſeiz'd my ſpirits, and like a heavy weight
Hangs on their active ſprings, I want a Song
To rouze me, my blood freezes: Muſick there?

A SONG *and Dance.*

Shepherdeſs. TEll me Thirſis, *tell your Anguiſh,*
Why you Sigh, and why you Languiſh;
When the Nymph whom you Adore,
Grants the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing,
What can Love and I do more?

Shepherd. *Think it's Love beyond all meaſure,*
Makes me faint away with pleaſure;

Strength of Cordial may deſtroy,
And the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing
Kills me with exceſs of Joy.

Shepherdeſs. *Thirſis, how can I believe you?*
But confeſs, and I'le forgive you;
Men are falſe, and ſo are you;
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. *Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,*
Still poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring.
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever ſhining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.
[*Loud knocking at the door.*

Enter Servant.

What Noiſe is that?
Serv. An ill-look'd ſurly Man,
With a hoarſe voice, ſays he muſt ſpeak with you.
Mal. Tell him I dedicate this day to pleaſure,
I neither have, nor will have Buſineſs with him. [*Exit. Serv.*
What louder yet, what ſawcy Slave is this? [*Knocks louder.*
Re-enter Servant.
Serv. He ſays you have, and muſt have Buſineſs with him,
Come out, or he'll come in, and ſpoil your Mirth.
Mal. I wo'n not. *Serv.*
Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him ſo. [*Knocks again more fiercely.*
My hair ſtands up in briſtles when I ſee him:
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spade Bitch
Bayes at his back, and howls.
Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy ſelf. [*Exit Serv.*
[*Scene cloſes upon the Company.*
Enter Melanax, *an Hour-glaſs in his hand almoſt empty.*
How dar'ſt thou interrupt my ſofter hours?
By Heaven I'le ramm thee in ſome knotted Oak,
Where thou ſhalt ſigh and groan to whilſtling winds,
Upon the lonely Plain:
Or I'le confine thee deep in the Read Sea grov'ling on the Sands,
Ten thouſand Billows rowling o're thy head.
Mel. Hoh, hoh, hoh.
Mal. Laugh'ſt thou, malicious Fiend?
I'le ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,
Like Parchment on a flame.
Mel. Thou canſt not do't,
Behold this Hour-glaſs.

Mal. Well, and what of that?
Mel. See'ſt thou theſe ebbing Sands?
They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs the Bellows of thy mortal breath,
Shall ſink for ever down, and heave no more.
Mal. What, reſty Fiend?
Nine years thou haſt to ſerve.
Mel. Not full Nine Minutes.
Mal. Thou ly'ſt, look on thy Bond, and view the date.
Mel. Then wilt thou ſtand to that without Appeal?
Mal. I will ſo, help me Heav'n.
Mel. So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*
There, Fool, behold, who lyes, the Devil or thou?
Mal. Ha! One and twenty Years are ſhrunk to twelve,
Do my Eyes dazle?
Mel. No, they ſee too true:
They dazl'd once, I caſt a Miſt before 'em,
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull ſight
Appear'd full Twenty one.
Mal. There's Equity in Heaven for this, a Cheat.
Mel. Fool, thou haſt quitted thy Appeal to Heaven,
To ſtand to this.
Mal. Then I am loſt for ever.
Mel. Thou art.
Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?
Mel. Yes, to repent, then thou hadſt cheated me.
Mal. Add but a day, but half a day, an hour:
For ſixty Minutes I'le forgive nine Years.
Mel. No not a Moments thought beyond my time:
Diſpatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor ſingle Fare.
Mal. So pitileſs?
But yet I may command thee, and I will:
I love the *Guiſe* even with my lateſt breath
Beyond my Soul, and my loſt hopes of Heav'n;
I charge thee by my ſhort-liv'd power, diſcloſe
What Fate attends my Maſter.
Mel. If he goes
To Council when he next is call'd, he dyes.
Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my laſt adieu,
Say I ſhall never ſee his Eyes agen:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him believe my lateſt breath, he dyes. [*Exit Serv.*
The Sands run yet, O do not ſhake the Glaſs: [*Devil ſhakes the Glaſs.*
I ſhall be thine too ſoon, cou'd I repent,

Heaven's not confin'd to Moments, Mercy, Mercy!

Mel. I ſee thy Prayers diſperſt into the winds,
And Heav'n has puſt 'em by:
I was an Angel once of foremoſt Rank,
Stood next the ſhining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almoſt gaz'd I glory in the Face
That I could bear it, and ſtar'd farther in,
'Twas but a Moments pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell, but Man, baſe Earth-born Man,
Sins paſt a Sum, and might be pardon'd more,
And yet 'tis juſt, for we were perfect Light,
And ſaw our Crimes, Man in his Body's mire,
Half-ſoul, Half-clod, ſinks blindfold into ſin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Luſts within.

Mal. Then I have hope.

Mel. Not ſo, I preach'd on purpoſe
To make thee loſe this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sand creeps low, Deſpair, Deſpair, Deſpair.

Mal. Where am I now? Upon the brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to puſh me on,
And Heaven behind me cloſing all its doors.
A thouſand Years for ev'ry Hour I've paſt,
O cou'd I ſcape ſo cheap! But Ever, Ever,
Still to begin an endleſs round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and laſt for Hell?
Yet can Pains laſt, when Bodies cannot laſt?
Can earthy Subſtance endleſs Flames endure?
Or when one Body wears, and flits away,
Do Souls thruſt forth another Cruſt of Clay?
To fence and guard their tender forms from Fire——
I feel my heart-ſtrings rend, I'm here, I'm gone:
Thus Men too careleſs of their future State,
Diſpute, know nothing, and believe too late.

[*A flaſh of Lightning, they ſink together.*

[*Duke of* Guiſe, *Cardinal*, Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Meſſage from a dying Man,
A propheſie indeed!
For Souls juſt quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make ſwift Acquaintance, with their Kindred forms,
And Partners of Immortal Secrets grow.

Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the ſecurer ſide:
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is ſuch,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Archbiſhop.

Guiſe. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Soveraign paſt a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:

Then if he dares but to be juſt, I dye,
'Tis too much odds againſt me, I'le depart,
And finiſh greatneſs at ſome ſafer time.

Archb. By Heaven 'tis *Harry*'s Plot to fright you hence,
That, Coward-like, you might forſake your Friends.

Guiſe. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne*.

Archb. Yes, ſome Court-Devil, no doubt;
If you depart, conſider, good my Lord,
You are the Maſter-ſpring that move our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our motion is no more.
Without your preſence, which buoys up our hearts,
The League will ſink beneath a Royal Name:
Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings,
Will ſoon be ſhaken off; things done, repeal'd;
And things undone, paſt future Means to do.

Card. I know not, I begin to taſte his Reaſons.

Archb. Nay, were the danger certain of your ſtay,
An Act ſo mean would loſe you all your Friends,
And leave you ſingle to the Tyrant's Rage:
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Guiſe. Since more I am confirm'd, I'le ſtand the ſhock:
Where e're he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful and united,
He will not venture on ſo raſh a deed;
And now I wonder I ſhould fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to Conquer and Contemn.

Enter Marmoutier.

Archb. Your Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the Scale,
And warn you not to go.

Guiſe. O fear her not,
I will be there. [*Exeunt Archbiſhop and Cardinal.*
What can ſhe mean, Repent?
Or is it caſt betwixt the King and her
To ſound me? Come what will, it warms my heart
With ſecret joy, which theſe my ominous Stateſmen
Left dead within me, ha! ſhe turns away.

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Viſit, Sir?

Guiſe. No, Madam, I at laſt have gain'd the Point
Of mightieſt Minds to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. ——Believe me, *Guiſe*, 'twere gallantly reſolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the inſide too,
Why came that Sigh uncall'd? For Love of me
Partly perhaps, but more for thirſt of Glory,
Which now again dilates it ſelf in Smiles,
As if you ſcorn'd that I ſhould know your purpoſe.

Guiſe. I change, 'tis true, becauſe I love you ſtill,

Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own deſpight,
I tell you all even at that very moment,
I know you ſtraight betray me to the King.
Mar. O *Guiſe* I never did, but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I muſt never ſee you more.
Guiſe. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reaſon for't,
Therefore what am I to expect from pity?
From yours, I mean, when you behold me ſlain.
Mar. Firſt anſwer me, and then I'le ſpeak my heart,
Have you, O *Guiſe*, ſince your laſt Solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you ſwore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o're a while, becauſe agen
I tell you I muſt never ſee you more.
Guiſe. Never! She's ſet on by the King to ſift me,
Why by that Nerve then, all I have ſworn
Is true, as that the King deſigns to end me.
Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.
Guiſe. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by heads grown white in Council,
This very day he means to cut me off.
Mar. By Heaven then you'r forſworne, you've broke your Vows.
Guiſe———By you the Juſtice of the Earth I have not.
Mar. By you Diſſembler of the world you have,
I know the King.
Guiſe. ———I do believe you, Madam.
Mar. ———I have try'd you both.
Guiſe. ———Not me, the King you mean.
Mar. ———Do theſe o'reboyling Anſwers, ſuit the *Guiſe*,
But go to Council, Sir, there ſhew your truth,
If you are innocent you're ſafe, but O
If I ſhou'd chance to ſee you ſtretcht along,
Your Love, O *Guiſe*, and your Ambition gone
That venerable Aſpect pale with death,
I muſt conclude you merited your end.
Guiſe.——You muſt, you will, and ſmile upon my murder.
Mar. Therefore if you are conſcious of a Breach,
Confeſs it to me, lead me to the King,
He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,
And place you next him; therefore if you're right,
Make me not fear it by Aſſeverations:
But ſpeak your heart, and O reſolve me truly.
Guiſe. ———Madam, I ha' thought, and truſt you with my Soul;
You ſaw but now my parting with my Brother,
The Prelate too of *Lyons*, 'twas debated
Warmly againſt me that I ſhould go on.
Mar. ———Did I not tell you, Sir?
Guiſe. ———True, but in ſpight
Of thoſe Imperial Arguments they urg'd,

I was not to be work'd from ſecond thought;
There we broke off; And, mark me, if I live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.
Mar. Go then, O Heaven! Why muſt I ſtill ſuſpect you?
Why heaves my Heart? And why o'reflow my Eyes?
Yet if you live, O *Guiſe*, there, there's the Cauſe,
I never ſhall converſe, nor ſee you more.
Guiſe. O ſay not ſo, for Once again I'le ſee you,
Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet ſay not Never; for *I* hope by Virtue
To merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.
Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluſe for ever.
Guiſe. Ha! Stay till Morning Tapers are too dim;
Stay till the Sun riſes to ſalute you;
Stay till *I* lead you to that diſmal Den
Of Virgins, buried quick, and ſtay for Ever.
Mar. Alas! Your Suit is vain, for *I* have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my ſuſpected Honour.
Guiſe. Hear me a word, one Sigh, one Tear at parting,
And one laſt Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I ſee your Face pale, as the Cherubims
At *Adam*'s Fall.
Mar. O Heaven I now confeſs,
My heart bleeds for thee *Guiſe*.
Guiſe. Why Madam, why?
Mar. Becauſe by this Diſorder,
And that ſad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.
Guiſe. Without an Oath *I* do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death cou'd make me tremble thus:
Be pitiful to thoſe Infirmities
Which thus Unman me, ſtay till the Council's o're;
If you are pleas'd to grant an hour or two
To my laſt Prayer, I'le thank you as my Saint;
If you refuſe me, Madam, I'le not murmur.
Mar. Alas, my *Guiſe!* O Heav'n what did *I* ſay?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pard'n it, ſince it is my laſt.
Guiſe. O let me craw'l, Vile as *I* am, and kiſs
Your Sacred Robe. Is't poſſible, Your Hand! [*She gives him her hand.*
O that it were my laſt expiring Moment,
For *I* ſhall never taſte the like again.
Mar. Farewel my Proſelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.
Guiſe. *I* have none but you,
Muſt *I* ne're ſee you more?

Mar. I have ſworn you muſt not:
Which thought thus roots me here, melts my reſolves, [*Weeps.*
And makes me loyter when the Angels call me.

Guiſe. O ye Celeſtial Dewes! O Paradiſe!
O Heav'n! O Joys! Ne're to be taſted more.

Mar. Nay take a little more, cold *Marmoutier*,
The temperate, devoted *Marmoutier*
Is gone, a laſt Embrace I muſt bequeath you.

Guiſe. And O let me return it with another.

Mar. Farewell for ever; Ah, *Guiſe*, tho' now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls ſhall meet——Farewell——and *Io's* ſing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier ſpirits prove,
But all are bleſt, and all enjoy an everlaſting Love. [*Exit.* Mar.

[*Guiſe ſolus.*

Guiſe. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? there's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Mettal, and my Spirit's gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague,
I wiſh my fleſh were off: What now! Thou bleed'ſt!
Three and no more! What then? And why what then?
But juſt three drops! And why not juſt three drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty? [*Enter Page.*

Page. My Lord, your Brother and the Archbiſhop wait you.

Guiſe. *I* come, down Devil, ha! Muſt *I* ſtumble too?
Away ye Dreams, What if it thunder'd Now?
Or if a Raven croſs'd me in my way,
Or now it comes, becauſe laſt Night I dreamt
The Council-Hall was hung with Crimſon round,
And all the Cieling plaiſter'd o're with black.
No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rowling Lakes,
Fathomleſs Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
Fantoms be gone, if *I* muſt dye, I'le fall
True Polititian, and defie you all.

SCENE II.

The Court before the Council-Hall.

Grillon, Larchant, *Souldiers plac'd, People crowding.*

Grill. Are your Guards doubl'd, Captain?

Larch. Sir, They are.

Grill. When the *Guiſe* comes, remember your Petition,
Make way there for his Eminence; Give back,
Your Eminence comes late.

Enter two Cardinals, Counſellors, the Cardinal of Guiſe,
Archbiſhop of Lyons, *laſt the* Guiſe.

Guiſe. Well, Colonel, Are we Friends?

Grill. Faith, I think not.
Guiſe. Give me your Hand.
Grill. No, for that gives a Heart.
Guiſe. Yet we ſhall claſp in Heaven.
Grill. By Heaven we ſhall not,
Unleſs it be with Gripes.
Guiſe. True *Grillon* ſtill.
Larch. My Lord.
Guiſe. Ha Captain, you are well attended,
If I miſtake not, Sir, your Number's doubl'd.
Larch. All theſe have ſerv'd againſt the Hereticks,
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds, and loſt Arrears.
Guiſe. It ſhall be done.
Agen my heart, there is a weight upon thee,
But I will ſigh it off, Captain Farewel.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Guiſe, *&c.*
Grill. Shut the Hall-door, and bar the Caſtle-Gates:
March, March there Cloſer yet, Captain, to the door. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Council-Hall.*

Guiſe. I do not like my ſelf to day.
Archb. —A Qualm, he dares not.
Card.——— That's one Man's thought, he dares, and that's anothers.

Enter Grillon.

Guiſe. O *Marmoutier*, Ha never ſee thee more,
Peace my tumultuous heart, why jolt my ſpirits
In this unequal Circling of my Blood,
I'le ſtand it while I may, O Mighty Nature!
Why this Alarm, why doſt thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their uſe. [*Swoons.*
Card. Ha! He's fall'n, chafe him: He comes agen.
Guiſe. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.
Grill. Th' Effect
Of laſt Nights Lechery with ſome working Whore.

Enter Revol.

Revol. My Lord of *Guiſe*, the King would ſpeak with you.
Guiſe. O Cardinal, O *Lyons*, but no more,
Yes, one word more, thou haſt a Priviledge [*To the Cardinal.*
To ſpeak with a Recluſe, O therefore tell her,
If never thou behold'ſt me breathe again,

Tell her I ſigh'd it laſt, ——— O *Marmoutier.* [*Exit bowing.*
Card. You will have all things your own way, my Lord,
By Heav'n, I have ſtrange horror on my Soul.
Archb. I ſay agen, that *Henry* dares not do't.
Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him,
I know he ſcorns to ſtoop to mean Revenge;
But when ſome mightier Miſchief ſhocks his Toure,
He ſhoots at once with thunder on his wings,
And makes it Air, but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.
Guiſe within.] Murderers, Villains!
Archb. I hear your Brother's voice, run to the door.
Card. Help, help, the *Guiſe* is murder'd.
Archb. Help, help.
Grill. Ceaſe your vain Cryes, you are the King's Priſoners,
Take 'em *Dugaſt* into your Cuſtody.
Card. We muſt obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene draws, behind it a Traverſe.

The Guiſe *is aſſaulted by Eight, They ſtab him in all parts, but moſt in the head.*

Guiſe. O Villains! Hell-hounds! Hold: [*Half draws his*
Murder'd, O baſely, and not draw my Sword, *Sword, is held.*
Dog, *Logniack,* but my own blood choaks me, [*Flings himſelf upon*
Down, Villain, Down, I'm gone, O *Marmoutier.* *him*——*Dies.*

The Traverſe is drawn.

The King riſes from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet Council.

King. Open the Cloſet, and let in the Council;
Bid *Dugaſt* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the Factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be anſwer'd on your Lives.

Enter Queen-Mother, *followed by the Counſellors.*

O, Madam, you are welcome, how goes your health?
Queenm. A little mended, Sir, what have you done?
King. That which has made me King of *France,* for there
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead.
Queenm. You have cut out dangerous work, but make it up
With ſpeed and reſolution.
King. Yes, I'le wear
The Fox no longer, but put on the Lyon;
And ſince I could reſolve to take the Heads

Of this great Inſurrection, you the Members
Look to't, Beware, turn from your ſtubbornneſs,
And learn to know me, for I will be King.
Grill. 'Sdeath, how the Traytors lowre and quake, and droop,
And gather to the wing of his protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cauſe.
King, looking upon Guiſe. } Be witneſs, Heaven, I gave him treble warning,
He's gone, no more, diſperſe, and think upon't,
Beware my Sword, which if I once unſheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought ſhall atone the Vows of ſpeedy Juſtice,
'Till Fate to Ruine every Traytor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.

ADVERTISEMENT

There was a Preface intended to this Play, in Vindication of it, againſt two ſcurrilous Libels lately printed: But it was judg'd, that a Defence of this nature wou'd require more room, than a Preface reaſonably could allow: For this Cauſe, and for the importunity of the Stationers who haſten'd their Impreſſion, 'tis deferr'd for ſome little time, and will be printed by it ſelf. Moſt men are already of Opinion, that neither of the Pamphlets deſerve an Anſwer, becauſe they are ſtuff'd with open Falſities, and ſometimes contradict each other; but, for once, they ſhall have a day or two thrown away upon them, though I break an old Cuſtom for their ſakes, which was to ſcorn them.

FINIS.

THE VINDICATION:

OR THE PARALLEL

OF THE

FRENCH HOLY-LEAGUE,

AND THE

Engliſh League and Covenant,

Turn'd into a Seditious Libell againſt the KING and his ROYAL HIGHNESS,

BY

Thomas Hunt and the Authors of the *Reflections* upon the Pretended Parallel in the Play called

The DUKE of *GUISE*.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN*.

Turno tempus erit magno cùm optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta: & cùm ſpolia iſta, diemq;
Oderit.——

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-Lane*,
near *Fleetſtreet*, MDCLXXXIII.

THE
VINDICATION
OF THE
Duke of Guiſe.

IN the Year of His Majeſty's Happy Reſtauration, the Firſt Play I undertook was *the Duke of Guiſe*, as the Faireſt way, which *the Act of Indemnity* had then left us, of ſetting forth the *Riſe* of the *Late Rebellion*; and by *Exploding* the Villanies of it upon the *Stage*, to *Precaution Poſterity* againſt the Like Errors.

As This was my *Firſt Eſſay*; ſo it met with the Fortune of an *Unfiniſht Piece*; that is to ſay, It was Damn'd in Private, by the Advice of ſome Friends to whom I ſhew'd it; who freely told me, that it was an Excellent Subject; but not ſo Artificially wrought, as they could have wiſh'd: And now let my Enemies make their Beſt of This Confeſſion.

The *Scene* of the Duke of *Guiſe's Return* to *Paris* AGAINST the King's *Poſitive Command*, was then written; I have the Copy of it ſtill by me, almoſt the ſame which it now remains, being taken *Verbatim* out of *Davila*: For where the *Action* is *Remarkable*, and the very *words Related*, the Poet is not at liberty to alter them much; and if he will be adding any thing for Or-

A *nament*,

scene, it ought to be *wholly of a piece*. This do I take for a sufficient justification of that Scene, unless they will make the *pretended Parallel* to be a *Prophecy*, as well as a *Parallel of Accidents*, that were *twenty years after to come*. Neither do I find that they can ſuggeſt the leaſt colour for't in any other part of the Tragedy.

But now comes the main Objection, *Why was it ſtopt then?* To which I ſhall render this laſt Account, with all due Reſpects to thoſe who were the Occaſion of it.

Upon a wandering Rumour (which I will divide betwixt *Malice* and *Miſtake*) that ſome Great Perſons were repreſented or perſonated in it, the Matter was complain'd of to my Lord [illegible], who thereupon appointed [illegible] to be brought to him, and prohibited the Acting of it till further Order; commanding me, after this, to wait upon his Lordſhip; which I did, and humbly offered him to compare the *Play* with the *Hiſtory*, from whence the Subject was taken, referring to the [illegible] [illegible] wherever [illegible] [illegible] with his Lordſhip. This was before [illegible]; and about two Months after, I receiv'd the *Play* back again from his Lordſhip, but without any poſitive Order whether it [illegible] or not. [illegible] the *Play* or any [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] and that I reckon'd it my duty to ſubmit, if his Majeſty, for any Reaſon whatſoever, ſhould deem it unfit for the Stage. [illegible] there was immediately [illegible] Inſinuations, that the *Perſon* of his *Majeſty* was [illegible] under that of *Henry the Third*; [illegible] would have conclu[illegible] [illegible] not only in the *ſtopping* of the *Play*, but

[illegible]

[illegible] no right, except that of the [illegible] Family of Lorrain. It would [illegible] now [illegible] their either to [illegible] Glory, or to have mounted one, where [illegible] had been nearer? If we consider their [illegible] of their Persons, what less proportion will be found betwixt them? unless we take the Popularity, perhaps none at all. If we consider them in reference to their Party, the One was manifestly the Leader, the Other, at the worst, is but misled. The Designs of the One tended openly to Usurpation: those of the Other may yet be interpreted more fairly; and I hope from the generosity and sweetness of his temper, that it will end in a perfect submission and reconcilement at last. But that which perfectly destroys this pretended Parallel, is, that our Picture of the Duke of Guise is exactly according to the Original in the History; his Actions, his Manners, nay, sometimes his very Words, are so justly copied, that whoever has read him in Davila, sees him the same here. There is no going out of the way, no [illegible] of [illegible] to make any Disfeature resemble him to any other Man: and indeed, excepting his Ambition, there was none in France, or perhaps in any other Country, any [illegible] he could be [illegible] than [illegible] make a Parallel, we [illegible] yet I know, that where I make it my business to draw Likeness, it will be no hard matter to [illegible] for the Picture. For the Duke of Guise's [illegible] to the [illegible] was too common [illegible] story to be [illegible], because it concern'd the [illegible] that on- [illegible]: but in this [illegible] which was only [illegible], no dan- [illegible] were intended; [illegible] the Argument

drawn

[illegible] from our [illegible] is juſt as [illegible] convincing. The laſt words of the *Prologue* ſtate the *Play* to be a *Parallel*, and then you are immediately inform'd how far that *Parallel* extended, and of what it is ſo. *The Holy League begot the Covenant, Guiſards got the Whig, &c.* So then it is not, (as the ſnarling Authors of the *Reflections* tell you) a Parallel of the *Men*, but of the *Times*. A Parallel of the *Factions*, and of the *Leaguers*. And every one knows that this Prologue was written before the ſtopping of the Play. Neither was the name alter'd on any ſuch account as they inſinuate, but laid a-ſide long before, becauſe a Book call'd the *Parallel* had been printed, reſembling the *French League*, to the *Engliſh Covenant*; and therefore we thought it not convenient to make uſe of another mans Title. The *chief perſon* in the *Tragedy*, or He whoſe *diſaſters* are the *Subject* of it, may in reaſon give the Name; and ſo it was call'd the *Duke of Guiſe*. Our intention therefore was to make the Play a Parallel, betwixt the *Holy League* plotted by the Houſe of *Guiſe* and its *Adherents*, with the *Covenant* plotted by the *Rebels* in the time of King *Charles* the *Firſt*; and thoſe of the *new Aſſociation*, which was the Spawn of the *old Covenant*.

But *This Parallel* is plain, that the *Excluſion* of the *Lawful Heir* was the main deſign of *Both Parties*: and that the endeavours to get the *Lieutenancy* of *France* confirmed on the *Head* of the *League*, is in effect the ſame with attempting to get the *Militia* out of the *Kings hands* (as demanded by Parliament) and conſequently that the power of Peace and War ſhould be wholly in the People. [illegible] *Tumults* in the *City*; in the choice of their *Officers*, have but no ſmall reſemblance with a *Pariſian Rebellion*: And I'm afraid that both *Their Faction* [illegible] but the ſame *Good Lord*. I believe alſo that if [illegible] had been written and publiſhed for the *Barricades*, as it was for our *Sectaries*, one of their *Sheriffs* might have miſtaken too, and call'd him *Julian* the *Apoſtle*. I ſuppoſe I need not puſh this Point any further, where the *Parallel* was intended, I am certain it will reach: But a larger account of the Proceedings in the City may be expected from a better hand, and I have no reaſon to foreſtall it. In the mean time, becauſe there has been no *Actual Rebellion*, the Faction triumph in their *Loyalty*; which if it were out of *Principle*, all our diviſions would ſoon be ended, and we the happy People, which God and the Conſtitution of our Government have put us in condition to be: but ſo long as they take it for a *Maxim*, that the *King* is but an *Officer in Truſt*, that the *People*, or their *Repreſentatives* are *ſuperiour* to him, Judges of *Miſcarriages*, and have power of *Revocation*, 'tis a plain caſe, that when ever they pleaſe they may take up arms; and, according to *Their* Doctrine, *lawfully* too. Let them joyntly renounce this one opinion, as in Conſcience and Law they are bound to do, becauſe both Scripture and Acts of Parliament oblige them to it, and we will then thank their *Obedience* for our quiet, whereas now we are only beholding to them for their *Fear*. The miſeries of the laſt War are yet too freſh in all mens memory: and they are *not* Rebels only becauſe they have been ſo *too lately*. An Author of theirs has told us roundly the *Weſt-Country Proverb*; *Chad eat more Cheeſe and chad it*: Their Stomach is as good as ever it was; but the miſchief on't is, they are either *Muzled* or want their *Teeth*. If there were as many *Fanatiques* now in *England*, as there were *Chriſtians* in the *Empire*, when *Julian* reign'd, I doubt we ſhould not find them much enclin'd to *paſſive obedience*; and *Curſe ye Meroz* wou'd be oftner preach'd upon, than *Give to Cæſar*, except in the ſenſe *Mr. Hunt* means it.

Having clearly ſhown wherein the *Parallel* conſiſted, which no man can miſtake, who does not wilfully; I need not juſtifie my ſelf, in what concerns the ſacred Perſon of his Majeſty. Neither the *French Hiſtory*, nor our own could have ſupplied me, nor *Plutarch* himſelf, were he now alive, could have found a *Greek* or *Roman* to have compared to him, in that eminent vertue of his *Clemency*; even his enemies muſt acknowledge it to be *Superlative*, becauſe they live by it. Far be it from flattery, if I ſay, that there is nothing under Heaven, which can furniſh me with a *Parallel*; and that in his *Mercy*, he is of all men the *Trueſt Image* of his *Maker*.

Henry the Third was a Prince of a *mix'd Character*; he had, as an old *Hiſtorian* ſays of another, *Magnas virtutes, nec minora vitia*: but amongſt thoſe vertues, I do not find his *forgiving qualities* to be much celebrated. That he was deeply engag'd in the bloody *Maſſacre* of *St. Bartholomew*, is notoriouſly known: and if the relation printed in the *Memoires of Villeroy* be true, he confeſſes there that the *Admiral* having brought him and the Queen Mother into ſuſpition with his Brother then reigning, for endeavouring to leſſen his Authority, and draw it to themſelves, he firſt deſign'd his Accuſers death by *Maurevel*, who ſhot him with a *Carabine*, but fail'd to kill him; after which, he puſh'd on the *King* to that *dreadful Revenge*, which immediately ſucceeded. 'Tis true, the Provocations were high, there had been reiterated Rebellions, but a Peace was now concluded; it was ſolemnly *Sworn* to by *both Parties*, and as great an aſſurance of *Safety*, given to the *Proteſtants*, as the *Word of a King and Publick Inſtruments* could make it. Therefore the Puniſhment was execrable, and it pleaſ'd God, (if we may dare to judge of his ſecret Providence) to cut off that King in the very flower of his Youth, to blaſt his Succeſſor in his Undertakings, to raiſe againſt him the Duke of *Guiſe*, the Complotter and Executioner of that inhumane Action (who by the Divine Juſtice, fell afterwards into the ſame ſnare which he had laid for others) and finally, to dye a violent Death himſelf; murder'd by a *Prieſt*, an *Enthuſiaſt* of *his* *own Religion.* From theſe Premiſſes, let it be concluded, if reaſonably it can, that we could draw a *Parallel*, where the lines were ſo diametrically oppoſite. We were indeed obliged by the Laws of Poetry, to caſt into *Shadows* the *vices* of this *Prince*; for an Excellent Critique has lately told us, that *when a KING is nam'd, a HEROE is ſuppoſ'd*: 'Tis a reverence due to Majeſty, to make the Vertues as conſpicuous, and the Vices as obſcure as we can poſſibly. And this we own, we have either perform'd, or at leaſt endeavour'd. But if we were more favourable to that Character than the exactneſs of Hiſtory would allow, we have been far from diminiſhing a *Greater*, by drawing it into compariſon. You may ſee through the whole conduct of the Play, a *King* naturally *ſevere*, and a *reſolution* carried on to *revenge* himſelf to the uttermoſt on the *Rebellious Conſpirators*. That this was ſometimes ſhaken by reaſons of policy and pity, is confeſſ'd; but it always return'd with greater force, and ended at laſt in the ruine of his Enemies. In the mean time, we cannot but obſerve the wonderful Loyalty on the *other* Side; that the *Play* was to be ſtopp'd, becauſe the *King* was *repreſented*. May we have many ſuch proofs of their Duty and reſpect: but there was no occaſion for them here. 'Tis to be ſuppoſ'd, that his Majeſty himſelf was made acquainted with this objection; if he were ſo, he was the ſupream and only Judg of it; and then the Event juſtifies us: If it were inſpected only by thoſe whom he commanded, 'tis hard if his own Officers and Servants ſhould not ſee as much ill in it as other men, and be as willing to prevent it; eſpecially when there was no ſollicitation uſ'd to have it acted. 'Tis known that noble perſon to whom it was referr'd, is a ſevere Critique on good Senſe, Decency, and Morality; and I can aſſure the World, that the Rules of *Horace* are more familiar to *him*, than they are to *me*. He remembers too well that the *vetus Comædia* was baniſh'd from the *Athenian Theatre* for its too much licence in repreſenting perſons, and would never have pardon'd it in this or any Play.

What opinion *Henry the Third* had of his *Succeſſor*, is evident from the words he ſpoke upon his *Death-bed: He exhorted the Nobility* (ſays *Davila*) *to acknowledge the King of* Navarre, *to whom the Kingdom of right belong'd; and that they ſhould not ſtick at the difference of Religion: for both the King of* Navarre, *a man of a ſincere noble nature, would in the end return into the boſom of the Church, and the Pope being better inform'd, would receive him into his favour to prevent the ruine of the whole Kingdom.* I hope I ſhall not need in this Quotation to defend my ſelf. as if it were my opinion, that the Pope has any right to diſpoſe of Kingdoms: my meaning is evident, that the Kings judgment of his Brother-in-law, was the ſame which I have copied: and I muſt farther add from *Davila*, that the Arguments I have uſed in defence of that *Succeſſion*, were chiefly drawn from the King's anſwer to the Deputies, as they may be ſeen more at large in page 730. and 731. of the firſt Edition of that Hiſtory in *Engliſh*: There the three Eſtates, to the wonder of all men joyntly concurr'd in cutting off the *Succeſſion*; the Clergy, who were manag'd by the Arch-biſhop of *Lyons*, and Cardinal of *Guiſe*, were the firſt who promoted it; and the Commons and Nobility afterwards conſented, as referring themſelves (ſays our Author) to the *Clergy*; ſo that there was only the *King* to ſtand in the Gap; and he by artifice diverted that Storm which was breaking upon Poſterity.

The Crown was then reduced to the loweſt Ebb of its Authority; and the King, in a manner, ſtood ſingle, and yet preſerv'd his *Negative entire*: but if the Clergy and Nobility had been on his part of the Ballance, it might reaſonably be ſuppoſ'd, that the meeting of thoſe Eſtates at *Blois*, had heal'd the breaches of the Nation, and not ſorc'd him to the *ratio ultima Regum*, which is never to be *praiſ'd*, nor is it here, but only *excuſ'd* as the laſt reſult of his neceſſity. As for the *Parallel* betwixt the King of *Navarre*, and any other Prince now living, what likeneſs the God of Nature, and the deſcent of Vertues in the ſame channel have produced, is evident; I have only to ſay that the Nation certainly is happy where the Royal Vertues of the Progenitors are deriv'd on their Deſcendants.

In that Scene, 'tis true, there is but *one* of the *Three Eſtates mention'd*; but the *Other two* are virtually *included*; for the *Arch-biſhop* and *Cardinal* are at the head of the *Deputies*: and that the *reſt* are *mute perſons*, every Critique underſtands the reaſon, *ne quarta loqui perſona laboret*; I am never willing to cumber the Stage with many Speakers, when I can reaſonably avoid it; as here I might. And what if I had a mind to paſs over the Clergy and Nobility of *France* in ſilence, and to excuſe them from joyning in ſo *illegal* and ſo *ungodly* a *Decree*? Am I ty'd in *Poetry*, to the ſtrict rules of *Hiſtory*? I have follow'd it in this Play more cloſely, than ſuited with the Laws of the *Drama*, and a great Victory they will have, who ſhall diſcover to the World this wonderful Secret, that I have not obſerv'd the Unities of *place* and *time*; but are they better kept in the *Farce* of the *Libertine deſtroy'd*? 'Twas our common buſineſs here to draw the *Parallel* of the Times, and not to make an *Exact Tragedy*: For this once we were reſolv'd to erre with honeſt *Shakeſpear*: neither can *Catiline* or *Sejanus*, (written by the great Maſter of our Art) ſtand excuſ'd any more than we, from this exception: but if *we* muſt be *criticiſ'd*, ſome Plays of our *Adverſaries* may be expoſ'd, and let them reckon their gains vvhen the diſpute is ended. I am accuſ'd of *ignorance*, for ſpeaking of the *Third Eſtate*, as *not ſitting in the ſame Houſe with the other two*: Let not thoſe Gentlemen miſtake themſelves, there are many things in *Plays* to be accommodated to the Country in vvhich vve live; I ſpoke to the underſtanding of an *Engliſh Audience*; *Our three Eſtates* novv ſit, and have long done ſo in *Two Houſes*; but our *Records* bear witneſs, that they, according to the *French Cuſtom*, have ſate in one; that is the *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal within* the *Barr*, and the *Commons* without it. If that Cuſtom had been ſtill continued here, it ſhould have been ſo repreſented; but being otherwiſe, I was forc'd to write ſo as to be underſtood by our own Country-men. If theſe be Errours, a *Bigger* Poet than either of us two has fallen into greater, and the Proofs are ready, whenever the Suit ſhall be recommenc'd.

Mr. *Hunt*, the *Jehu* of the Party, begins very furiouſly with me, and ſays I have already *condemn'd the Charter and City*, and have *executed the Magiſtrates in Effigie upon the Stage*, *in a Play call'd the* Duke of Guiſe, *frequently acted, and applauded, &c.*

Compare the latter end of this Sentence with what the *Two Authors of the Reflections*, or perhaps the *Aſſociating Clubb* of the *Devil-Tavern* write in the beginning of their Libel. *Never was Mountain deliver'd of ſuch a Mouſe*; *the fierceſt Tories have been aſham'd to defend this Piece: they who have any ſparks of wit among them are ſo true to their pleaſure, that they will not ſuffer dulneſs to paſs upon them for wit, nor tediouſneſs for diverſion: which is the reaſon that this Piece has not met with the expected applauſe: I never ſaw a Play more deficient in Wit, good Characters or Entertainment, than this is.*

For ſhame, Gentlemen, pack your Evidence a little better againſt another time: You ſee, *My Lord Chief Baron*, has delivered his Opinion, that *the Play was frequently*

quently acted and applauded; but you of the *Jury*, have found *Ignoramus*, on the *Wit* and the *Succeſs* of it. *Oates*, *Dugdale* and *Turbervile*, never diſagreed *more* than you do; let us know at laſt, which of the Witneſſes are *true Proteſtants*, and which are *Iriſh*. But it ſeems your Authors had contrary Deſigns: Mr. *Hunt* thought fit to ſay, it was *frequently acted and applauded, becauſe*, ſays he, *it was intended to provoke the Rabble into Tumults and Diſorder*. Now if it were not ſeen frequently, this Argument would loſe ſomewhat of its force; the *Reflectors* buſineſs went another way, it was to be allow'd *no Reputation, no Succeſs*, but to be damn'd Root and Branch, to prevent the Prejudice it might do their Party; accordingly, as much as in them lay, they have drawn a Bill of *Excluſion* for it on the *Stage*; But what *Rabble* was it to provoke? Are the *Audience* of a *Play-houſe* (which are generally Perſons of Honour, Noblemen and Ladies, or at worſt, as one of your Authors calls his Gallants, *Men of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town)* are *theſe* the *Rabble* of Mr. *Hunt*? I have ſeen a *Rabble* at Sir *Edmundbury Godfreys* Night, and have heard of ſuch a name, at *true Proteſtant Meeting-houſes*; but a *Rabble* is not to be provoked, where it never comes. Indeed, we had one in this Tragedy, but it was upon the *Stage*; and that's the Reaſon, why your *Reflectors* would break the Glaſs, which has ſhewed them their own Faces. The buſineſs of the *Theatre*, is to expoſe *Vice* and *Folly*; to diſſwade men by Examples from one, and to ſhame them out of the other. And however you may pervert our good intentions, it was here particularly to reduce men to Loyalty, by ſhewing the pernicious conſequences of Rebellion, and Popular Inſurrections. I believe no man, who loves the Government, would be glad, to ſee the *Rabble* in ſuch a poſture, as they were repreſented in our Play: But if the *Tragedy* had ended, on *your ſide*, the *Play* had been a *Loyal Witty Poem*, the Succeſs of it, ſhould have been recorded by immortal *Og* or *Doeg*, and the *Rabble Scene*, ſhould have been *true Proteſtant*, though a *Whig Devil* were at the *Head* of it.

In the mean time, pray, where lies the Relation, betwixt the *Tragedy of the Duke of Guiſe*, and the *Charter of London*? Mr. *Hunt* has found a rare connexion, for he tacks them together, by the kicking of the *Sheriffs*: That Chain of thought was a little ominous, for ſomething like a kicking, has ſucceeded the Printing of his *Book*; and the *Charter of London* was the *Quarrel*. For my part, I have not Law enough to ſtate that queſtion, much leſs decide it; let the *Charter* ſhift for it ſelf in *Weſtminſter Hall*, the Government is ſomewhat wiſer, than to imploy my ignorance on ſuch a Subject; my promiſe to honeſt *Nat. Lee*, was the only Bribe I had, to ingage me in this trouble; for which, he has the good fortune to eſcape *Scot-free*, and I am left in pawn for the Reckoning, who had the leaſt ſhare in the Entertainment. But the Riſing, it ſeems, ſhould have been on the *true Proteſtants ſide*, *for he has tryed*, ſays ingenious Mr. *Hunt*, *what he could do, towards making the Charter forfeitable, by ſome Extravagancy and Diſorder of the People.* A wiſe man I had been doubtleſs for my pains, to raiſe the *Rabble* to a *Tumult*, where I had been certainly, one of the firſt men, whom they had *limn'd* or *drag'd* to the next convenient *Sign-Poſt*.

But on ſecond thought, he ſays, this ought not to move the Citizens: he is much in the right; for the *Rabble Scene* was written on purpoſe, to keep his Party of them in the bounds of *Duty*. 'Tis the buſineſs of factious men to ſtir up the Populace: Sir *Edmond on Horſeback*, attended by a *Swindging Pope in Effigie, and forty thouſand true Proteſtants* for his Guard to Execution, are a Show more proper for that deſign, than a *thouſand Stage-Plays*.

Well, he has fortified his Opinion with a Reaſon, however, why the People ſhould not be moved; *becauſe I have ſo maliciouſly and miſchievouſly repreſented the King, and the Kings Son; nay, and his Favourite* (ſaith he) *the Duke too; to whom I give the worſt ſtrokes of my unlucky Fancy.*

This need not be anſwered, for 'tis already manifeſt, that neither the King, nor the Kings Son are repreſented, neither that Son, he means, nor any of the reſt, God bleſs them all. What ſtrokes of my unlucky Fancy, I have given to his Royal Highneſs, will be ſeen, and it will be ſeen alſo, who ſtrikes him worſt and moſt unluckily.

The Duke of Guiſe, he tells us, *ought to have repreſented a great Prince, that had inſerv'd to ſome moſt deteſtable Villany, to pleaſe the Rage or Luſt of a Tyrant; ſuch great Courtiers have been often ſacrificed, to appeaſe the Furies of the Tyrants guilty Conſcience; to expiate for his Sin, and to attone the People. For a Tyrant naturally ſtands in fear of ſuch wicked Miniſters, is obnoxious to them, aw'd by them, and they drag him to greater evils, for their own impunity, than they perpetrated for his Pleaſure, and their own Ambition.*

Sure, he ſaid not all this for nothing, I would know of him, on what perſons he would fix the Sting of this ſharp Satyr? *What two* they are, whom, to uſe his own Words, he *ſo maliciouſly and miſchievouſly would repreſent?* For my part, I dare not underſtand the villany of his meaning; but ſome body was to have been ſhown a *Tyrant*, and ſome other *a great Prince, inſerving to ſome deteſtable Villany, and to that Tyrants Rage and Luſt*; this great *Prince* or *Courtier* ought to be *ſacrificed*, to attone the *People*, and the *Tyrant* is perſwaded, for his own intereſt, to give him up to *publick Juſtice.* I ſay no more, but that he has ſtudied the Law to good purpoſe. He is dancing on the Rope without a *Metaphor*, his knowledge of the Law is the Staff that poizes him, and ſaves his Neck. The *Party* indeed ſpeaks out ſometimes, for wickedneſs is not always ſo wiſe, as to be ſecret, eſpecially when it is driven to deſpair. By ſome of their Diſcourſes, we may gueſs at whom he points; but he has fenc'd himſelf in with ſo many Evaſions, that he is ſafe in his Sacriledge; and he who dares to anſwer him, may become obnoxious. 'Tis true, he breaks a little out of the Clouds, within two Paragraphs; for there he tells you, that *Caius Cæſar (to give unto* Cæſar, *the things that are* Cæſars) *was in the* Catiline Conſpiracy; a fine inſinuation this, to be ſneer'd at by his Party, and yet not to be taken hold of by *publick Juſtice*: They would be glad now, that I or any man, ſhould bolt out their Covert Treaſon for them: for their loop-hole is ready, that the *Cæſar* here ſpoken of, was a private man. But the application of the Text, declares the Authors to be *another Cæſar*, which is ſo black and ſo infamous an aſperſion, that nothing leſs than the higheſt clemency can leave it unpuniſh'd. I cou'd reflect on his ignorance in this place, for attributing theſe words to *Cæſar*, *he that is not with us, is againſt us:* He ſeems to have miſtaken them, out of the *New Teſtament*, and that's the beſt defence I can make for him; for if he did it knowingly, 'twas impiouſly done, to put our *Saviours words* into *Cæſar*'s mouth. But *His Law* and *Our Goſpel*, are *two things*; this Gentleman's *Knowledge* is not of the *Bible*, any more than his *Practice* is *according* to it. He tells you, he will give the world a taſt of my *Atheiſm* and *Impiety*; for which he quotes theſe following Verſes, in the ſecond or third Act of the Duke of *Guiſe*.

For Conſcience or Heavens fear, religious Rules
Are all State-bells to toll in pious Fools.

In the firſt place, he is miſtaken in his *Man*, for the Verſes are not *mine*, but Mr. *Lees*: I ask'd him concerning them, and have this account, that they were ſpoken by the *Devil*; now, what can either *Whig* or *Devil* ſay, more proper to their *Character*, than that *Religion* is only a *Name*, a *Stalking-horſe*, as errant a *Property* as *Godlineſs*, and *Property themſelves* are amongſt *their Party*? yet for theſe two lines, which in the mouth that ſpeaks them, are of no offence, he hallooes on the whole pack, againſt me: *Judge*, *Juſtice*, *Surrogate*, and *Official* are to be employed, at his Suit, to direct *Proceſs*, and boring through the *Tongue* for *Blaſphemy*, is the leaſt Puniſhment his *Charity* will allow me.

I find 'tis happy for me, that he was not made a *Judge*, and yet I had as lieve have him my *Judge* as my Council, if my Life were at ſtake. My poor Lord *Stafford* was well helpt up with this Gentleman for his Solicitor; no doubt, he gave that unfortunate Nobleman, moſt admirable advice toward the *Saving* of his life; and would have rejoyc'd exceedingly, to have ſeen him clear'd. I think, I have diſprov'd his inſtance of my *Atheiſm*, it remains for him, to juſtifie *his Religion*, in putting the words of *Chriſt* into a *Heathens* mouth: and much more in his prophane alluſion to the *Scripture*, in the other Text; *Give unto* Cæſar, *the things that are* Cæſars; which, if it be not a profanation of the Bible, for the ſake of a *ſilly Witticiſm*, let all men, but his own Party judge. I am not malicious enough to return him the names which he has call'd me; but of all ſins, I thank God, I have always abhor'd *Atheiſm*: and I had need be a *better Chriſtian* than Mr. *Hunt* has ſhown himſelf, if I forgive him ſo infamous a *Slander*.

But as he has miſtaken *our Saviour* for *Julius Cæſar*, ſo he would *Pompey* too, if he were let alone: to him, and to his *Cauſe*, or to the like Cauſe it belong'd, he ſays, to uſe theſe words, *he that is not with us is againſt us.* I find he cares not whoſe the Expreſſion is, ſo it be not Chriſts. But how comes *Pompey the Great* to be a *Whig?* He was indeed, a Defender of the ancient eſtabliſh'd *Roman Government*; but *Cæſar* was the *Whig*, who took up Arms unlawfully to *ſubvert* it. Our *Liberties* and our *Religion* both are ſafe, they are ſecur'd to us by the *Laws*, and thoſe *Laws* are executed under an *eſtabliſh'd Government*, by a *Lawful King*. The *Defender* of our *Faith*, is the *Defender* of our *Common Freedom*; to *Cabal*, to *Write*, to *Rail* againſt this Adminiſtration, are all *Endeavours* to deſtroy the *Government*, and to oppoſe the *Succeſſion* in any private man, is a *Treaſonable Pactice* againſt the *Foundation* of it. *Pompey* very honourably maintain'd the *Liberty* of his Country, which was govern'd by a *Common-wealth*: So that there lies no *Parallel* betwixt his *Cauſe* and Mr. *Hunts*, except in the bare notion of a *Common-wealth*, as it is oppoſ'd to *Monarchy*: and that's the thing he would obliquely ſlur upon us. Yet on theſe Premiſſes, he is for ordering my *Lord Chief Juſtice*, to grant out *Warrants* againſt all thoſe who have *applauded the Duke of Guiſe*; as if they committed a *Riot* when they *Clapp'd*: I ſuppoſe they paid for their Places, as well as he and his Party did, who Hiſs'd. If he were not *half Diſtracted*, for not being *Lord Chief Baron*, methinks he ſhould be Lawyer enough, to adviſe my Lord Chief Juſtice better. To *Clap* and *Hiſs* are the Priviledges of a *Free-born Subject* in a *Play-houſe:* they buy them with their Money, and their Hands and Mouths are their own Property: It belongs to the *Maſter of the Revels*, to ſee that no *Treaſon* or *Immorality* be in the *Play*; but when 'tis *acted*, let every man like or diſlike freely: not but that reſpect ſhould be us'd too, in the preſence of the King, for by his *Permiſſion* the *Actors* are allow'd: 'Tis due to his *Perſon*, as he is *Sacred*, and to the Succeſſors, as being next related to him: there are opportunities enow for men to hiſs, who are ſo diſpoſ'd, in their abſence: for when the King is in ſight, though but by accident, a Malefactor is repriev'd from death: Yet ſuch is the Duty, and good manners of theſe good Subjects, that they forbore not ſome rudeneſs in his Majeſties preſence; but when his Royal Highneſs and his Court were only there, they puſh'd it as far as their malice had power; and if their Party had been more numerous, the Affront had been greater.

The next Paragraph of our Authors, is a Panegyrique on the Duke of *Monmouth*, which concerns not me, who am very far from detracting from him: the Obligations I have had to him, were thoſe, of his Countenance, his Favour, his good Word, and his Eſteem; all which I have likewiſe had in a greater meaſure from his excellent Dutcheſs, the Patroneſs of my poor unworthy Poetry. If I had not greater, the fault was never in their want of goodneſs to me, but in my own backwardneſs to ask, which has allways, and I believe will ever keep me from riſing in the World. Let this be enough, with reaſonable men, to clear me from the imputation of an ungrateful man, with which my enemies have moſt unjuſtly tax'd me. If I am a mercenary Scribler, the Lords Commiſſioners of the Treaſury beſt know: I am ſure, they have found me no importunate Solicitor: for I know my ſelf, I deſerv'd little, and therefore have never deſir'd much. I return that ſlander with juſt diſdain on my accuſers; 'tis for men who have ill Conſciences to ſuſpect others: I am reſolv'd to ſtand or fall with the Cauſe of God, my King and Country; never to trouble my ſelf for any railing aſperſions which I have not deſerv'd, and to leave it as a Portion to my Children, that they had a Father, who durſt do his duty, and was neither Covetous nor Mercenary.

As little am I concern'd at that imputation of my back friends, that I have confeſs'd my ſelf to be put on to write as I do: If they mean this Play in particular, that is notoriouſly prov'd againſt them to be falſe: For the reſt of my Writings, my hatred of their Practiſes and Principles, was cauſe enough to expoſe them, as I have done, and will do more. I do not think as they do; for if I did, I muſt think *Treaſon:* But I muſt in conſcence write as I do, becauſe I *know*, which is more than *thinking*, that I write for a *lawful eſtabliſh'd Government* againſt *Anarchy*, *Innovation*, and *Sedition*: But *theſe Lyes* (as Prince *Harry* ſaid to *Falſtaffe) are as groſs as he that made them.* More I need not ſay, for I am accuſ'd without witneſs. I fear not any of their *Evidences*; not even him of *Salamanca*; who though he has diſown'd his *Doctorſhip* in *Spain*, yet there are ſome allow him to have taken a certain *degree* in *Italy*; a Climate they ſay more proper for his *Maſculine Conſtitution*. To conclude this ridiculous Accuſation againſt me, I know but four men in their whole Party to whom I have ſpoken for above this year laſt paſt; and with them neither but caſually and curſorily. We have been acquaintance of a long ſtanding, many years before this accurſed Plot divided men into ſeveral Parties: I dare call them to witneſs, whether the moſt I have at any time ſaid, will amount to more than this, that *I hop'd the time would come when theſe names of* Whig *and* Tory *would ceaſe among us; and that we might live together, as we had done formerly.* I have ſince this Pamphet met accidentally with two of them; and I am ſure they are ſo far from being my Accuſers, that they have ſeverally own'd to me, that all men who eſpouſe a Party, muſt expect to blacken'd by the contrary Side: that themſelves knew nothing of it, nor of the *Authors* of the *Reflections*. It remains therefore to be conſider'd, whether, if I were as much a *Knave* as they wou'd make me, I am *Fool* enough to be guilty of this Charge: and whether they who raiſ'd it, wou'd have made it publique, if they had thought I was theirs inwardly. For 'tis plain they are glad of worſe Scriblers than I am, and maintain them too, as I could prove, if I envy'd them their miſerable ſubſiſtance. I ſay no more, but let my Actions ſpeak for me: *ſpectemur agendo*, that's the trial.

Much leſs am I concern'd at the noble name of *Bayes*; that's a *Brat* ſo like his own *Father*, that he cannot be miſtaken for any other body: they might as reaſonably have call'd *Tom Sternhold*, *Virgil*, and the reſemblance would have held as well.

As for *Knave* and *Sycophant*, and *Raſcal*, and *Impudent*, and *Devil*, and *old Serpent*, and a thouſand ſuch Goodmorrows, I take them to be only names of Parties: And cou'd rerurn *Murtherer* and *Cheat*, and *Whig-napper*, and *Sodomite*; and in ſhort the goodly number of the *ſeaven deadly Sins*, with all their Kindred and Relations, which are Names of *Parties* too; but *Saints* will be *Saints* in ſpight of Villainy. I believe they wou'd paſs themſelves upon us for ſuch a *Compound* as *Mithridate*, or *Venice-Treacle*; as if Whiggiſm were an admirable *Cordial* in the *Maſs*, though the ſeveral *Ingredients* are ranck *Poyſons*.

But if I think either Mr. *Hunt* a *Villain*, or know any of my *Reflectors* to be *ungrateful Rogues*, I do not owe them ſo much kindneſs as to call them ſo; for I am ſatisfied that to prove them either, would but recommend them to their own Party. Yet if ſome will needs make a *merit* of their *infamy*, and provoke a *Legend* of their *ſordid lives*, I think they muſt be gratify'd at laſt; and though I will not take the *Scavengers* employment from him, yet I may be perſwaded to *point* at ſome mens doors, who have heaps of filth before them. But this muſt be when they have a little anger'd me; for hitherto I am provok'd no further than to ſmile at them. And indeed, to look upon the whole Faction in a lump, never was a more pleaſant ſight than to behold theſe builders of a new *Babel*, how ridiculouſly they are mix'd, and what a rare confuſion there is amongſt them. One part of them is carrying Stone and Mortar for the building of a *Meeting-houſe*, another ſort underſtand not that Language; they are for ſnatching away their Work-fellows materials to ſet up a *Bawdy-houſe*: ſome of them *blaſpheme*, and others *pray*; and both I believe with equal godlineſs at bottom: ſome of them are *Atheiſts*, ſome *Sectaries*, yet *ALL True Proteſtants. Moſt* of them love *all Whores*, but her of *Babylon*. In few words, any man may be what he will, ſo he be one of *Them*. 'Tis enough to deſpiſe the *King*, to hate the *Duke*, and rail at the *Succeſſion*: after this 'tis no matter how a man lives; he is a *Saint* by *infection*; he goes along with the *Party*, has their *mark* upon him; his *wickedneſs* is no more than *frailty*; *their righteouſneſs* is *imputed* to him: So that as *ignorant rogues* go out *Doctors* when a *Prince* comes to an *Univerſity*, they hope at *the laſt day*, to take their *Degree* in a Crowd of *True Proteſtants*, and thruſt unheeded into Heaven.

'Tis a credit to be rayl'd at by ſuch men as theſe. The *Charter-man* in the very *Title-page*, where he hangs out the *Cloth* of the *City* before his Book, gives it for his *Motto*, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; as if he ſhou'd have ſaid, *you have a mind to be couzen'd, and the Devil give you good on't*: If I cry a *Sirreverence*, and you take it for *Honey*, make the beſt of your bargain. For ſhame, good Chriſtians, can you ſuffer ſuch a man to *ſterve*, when you ſee his deſign is upon your *Purſes*? He is contented to expoſe the *Ears repreſentative* of your *Party* on a *Pillory*, and is in a way of doing you more ſervice than a worn out Witneſs, who can hang no body hereafter but himſelf. He tells you *the Papiſts clap their hands in* *the hopes they conceive of the ruine of your Government:* does not this *ſingle ſyllable* YOUR deſerve a *Pention*, if he can *prove* the *Government* to be *Yours*, and that the *King* has *nothing* to do in *your Republick?* he continues, as if that were as ſure and certain to Them, as it is to Us, without doubt, that they (the *Papiſts*) once fired the City, juſt as certain in your own Conſciences. I wiſh the Papiſts had no more to anſwer for, than that accuſation: pray let it be put to the *Vote*, and reſolv'd upon the *queſtion*, by your *whole Party*, that the *North-eaſt Wind*, is not only *ill-affected* to Man and Beaſt, but is alſo a *Tory* or *Tantivy Papiſt* in *Maſquerade*. I am ſatisfy'd, not to have *ſo much art left me as to frame any thing agreeable, or veriſimilar*, but 'tis plain that he has, and therefore, as I ought in juſtice, I reſign my *Laurel*, and my *Bayes* too, to Mr. *Hunt*; 'tis he ſets up for the Poet now; and has the only art to *amuſe* and to *deceive the people*. You may ſee how profound his knowledg is in *Poetry*; for he tells you juſt before, that *my Heroes are commonly ſuch Monſters as* Theſeus *and* Hercules; *renown'd throughout all Ages for deſtroying*. Now *Theſeus* and *Hercules* you know have been the *Heroes* of *all Poets*, and have been renown'd through all Ages, for *deſtroying Monſters*, for *ſuccouring* the *Diſtreſt*, and for putting to *death inhumane arbitrary Tyrants*. Is this your *Oracle?* If he were to write the Acts and Monuments of *Whig Heroes*, I find they ſhou'd be quite contrary to mine: *deſtroyers indeed*, but of a *Lawful Government*; *Murtherers*, but of their *fellow Subjects*; *Lovers* as *Hercules* was of *Hylas*; with a journey at laſt to *Hell*, like that of *Theſeus*.

But mark the wiſe Conſequences of our Author. I have not, he ſays, *ſo much art left me to make any thing agreeable, or veriſimilar, wherewith to amuſe or deceive the people:* and yet in the very *next Paragraph*, my Province is to *corrupt the Manners of the Nation, and lay waſte their Morals*,

Morals, and my endeavours are more happily apply'd, to extinguiſh the little remainders of the Vertue of the Age. Now I am to perform all this, it ſeems, without making any thing *veriſimilar* or *agreeable*: Why, *Pharaoh* never ſet the *Iſraelites* ſuch a Task, to build *Piramids* without *Brick* or *Straw.* If the Fool knows it not, *veriſimilitude* and *agreeableneſs*, are the very Tools to do it; but I am willing to diſclaim them both, rather than to uſe them to ſo ill purpoſe as he has done.

Yet even this their celebrated Writer, knows no more of *Style* and *Engliſh*, than the *Northern Dedicator.* As if *Dulneſs* and *Clumſineſs* were fatal to the *Name* of *TOM.* 'Tis true, he is a *Fool* in *three Languages* more than the *Poet*, for they ſay, he underſtands *Latine*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, from all which, to my certain knowledge, I acquit the other. *Og* may write againſt the King if he pleaſes, ſo long as he *Drinks* for him; and his *Writings* will never do the Government ſo much *harm*, as his *Drinking* does it *good:* for true Subjects, will not be much perverted by his *Libels*; but the Wine *Duties* riſe conſiderably by his *Claret.* He has often call'd me an *Atheiſt* in Print, I would believe more charitably of him; and that he only goes the *broad way*, becauſe the other is too *narrow* for him. He may ſee by this, I do not delight to meddle with his courſe of *Life*, and his *Immoralities*, though I have a long *Bead-roll* of them. I have hitherto contented my ſelf with the *Ridiculous* part of him, which is enough in all conſcience to employ one man: even without the ſtory of his late fall at the *Old Devil*, where he *broke no Ribbs*, becauſe the hardneſs of the *Stairs* cou'd reach *no Bones*; and for my part, I do not wonder how he came to *fall*, for I have always known him heavy; the Miracle is, how he got *up again.* I have heard of a *Sea-Captain* as *fat* as he, who to ſcape Arreſts, would lay himſelf flat upon the ground, and let the *Bay-*

liffs carry him to *Priſon*, if they cou'd. If a Meſſenger or two, nay, we may put in three or four, ſhould come, he has friendly Advertiſement how to ſcape them. But to leave him, who is not worth any further conſideration, now I have done laughing at him, Wou'd every man knew his own Tallent, and that they who are only born for *drinking*, wou'd let both *Poetry* and *Proſe* alone.

I am weary with traceing the Abſurdities and Miſtakes of our great Lawyer, ſome of which indeed are *wilful*; as where he calls the *Trimmers*, the *more moderate ſort of Tories*. It ſeems thoſe Pollititians are odious to both ſides; for neither own them to be theirs. We know them, and ſo does he too in his Conſcience, to be *ſecret Whigs*, if they are any thing. But now the deſigns of *Whiggiſm* are openly diſcover'd, they tack about to ſave a Stake, that is, they will not be villains to their own ruine. While the Government was to be deſtroyed, and there was probability of compaſſing it, no men were ſo violent as they; but ſince their *Fortunes* are in hazard by the *Law*, and their *Places at Court* by the *Kings diſpleaſure*, they pull in their horns, and talk more peaceably; in order, I ſuppoſe, to their vehemence on the right ſide, if they were to be believ'd. For in laying of Colours, they obſerve a *Medium*; Black and white are too far diſtant, to be plac'd directly by one another, without ſome ſhadowings to ſoften their contrarieties. 'Tis *Mariana* I think (but am not certain) that makes the following relation; and let the noble Family of *Trimmers*, read their own Fortune in it. *Don Pedro, King of* Caſtile, *Sirnam'd* the Cruel, *who had been reſtor'd by the Valour of our* Edward the Black Prince, *was finally diſpoſſeſſ'd by* Don Henry the Baſtard, *and he enjoyed the Kingdom quietly, till his Death; which, when he felt approaching, he call'd his Son to him, and gave him this his laſt Counſel. I have*, ſaid he, *gain'd this Kingdon, which I leave you, by* *the Sword; for the Right of Inheritance was in* Don Pedro; *but the favour of the People, who hated my Brother for his Tyranny, was to me inſtead of Title. You are now to be the Peaceable Poſſeſſor of of what I have unjuſtly gotten: and your Subjects are compos'd of theſe three ſorts of men. One Party eſpous'd my Brothers Quarrel, which was the undoubted Lawful Cauſe; thoſe, though they were my Enemies, were men of Principle and Honour: cheriſh them, and exalt them into Places of truſt about you, for in them you may confide ſafely, who priz'd their* Fidelity *above their* Fortune. *Another ſort, are they who fought my Cauſe againſt* Don Pedro, *to thoſe you are indeed oblig'd, becauſe of the accidental good they did me, for they intended only their* private Benefit, *and help'd to raiſe me, that I might afterwards promote them: You may continue them in their Offices, if you pleaſe; but truſt them no farther than you are forc'd, for what they did, was againſt their Conſcience. But there is a third ſort, which during the whole Wars, were Neuters; let them be cruſht on all occaſions, for* their buſineſs *was only* their own Security. *They had neither Courage enough to ingage on my Side, nor Conſcience enough to help their Lawful Soveraign:* therefore let them be made Examples, as the worſt ſort of intereſſed men, which certainly are Enemies to both, and would be profitable to neither.

I have only a dark remembrance of this Story, and have not the *Spaniſh* Author by me, but I think, I am not much miſtaken in the main of it: and whether true or falſe, the Counſel given, I am ſure, is ſuch, as ought in common prudence, to be practis'd againſt *Trimmers*, whether the *Lawful* or *Unlawful* Cauſe *prevail*. *Loyal* men may juſtly be diſpleaſ'd with this *Party*, not for their *Moderation*, as Mr. *Hunt* inſinuates; but becauſe, under that Maſque of *ſeeming mildneſs*, there lies hidden either a deep *treachery*, or at beſt, an *interreſſed lukewarmneſs*

warmneſs. But he runs riot into almoſt treaſonable Expreſſions, as if *Trimmers were hated becauſe they are not perfectly wicked, or perfectly deceiv'd, of the* Catiline make, *bold, and without underſtanding, that can adhære to men that publickly profeſs Murthers, and applaud the deſign:* By all which villanous names, he opprobriouſly calls His Majeſties moſt *loyal Subjects*; as if Men muſt be *perfectly wicked* who endeavour to ſupport a *lawful Government*; or *perfectly deceiv'd*, who on no occaſion dare take up arms againſt their *Soveraign:* as if *acknowledging* the *right* of *Succeſſion*, and *reſolving* to *maintain* it in the *Line*, were to be in a *Catiline Conſpiracy*; and at laſt, (which is ridiculous enough, after ſo much ſerious Treaſon) as if to *clap the Duke of Guiſe*, were to *adhære to men that publickly profeſs Murthers, and applaud the deſign of the Aſſaſſinating Poets.*

But together with his *Villanies*, pray let his *incohærences* be obſerv'd. He commends the *Trimmers* (at leaſt tacitly excuſes them) for men of ſome *moderation*; and this in oppoſition to the inſtruments of wickedneſs of the *Catiline*-make, that are *reſolute* and *forward*, and *without conſideration.* But he forgets all this in the next twenty lines; for there he gives them their own, and tells them roundly, *in internecino bello medii pro hoſtibus habentur.* Neutral men are Traytors, and aſſiſt by their indifferency to the deſtruction of the Government. The plain *Engliſh* of his *meaning*, is this; while matters are only in *diſpute*, and in *machination*, he is contented they ſhou'd be *moderate*; but when once the Faction can bring about a *Civil War*, then they are *Traytors*, if they declare not openly for them.

But it is not, he ſays, *the Duke of* Guiſe, *who is to be aſſaſſinated, a turbulent wicked and haughty Courtier, but an innocent and gentle Prince:* By his favour, *our Duke of*

Guiſe, was neither *Innocent* nor *Gentle*, nor a Prince of the *Blood Royal*, though he pretended to deſcend from *Charlemaign*, and a *Genealogy* was printed to that purpoſe, for which the Author was puniſh'd, as he deſerv'd; witneſs *Davila*, and the *Journals* of *Henry the Third*, where the Story is at large related. Well, who is it then? why, 'tis a *Prince who has no fault, but that he is the Kings Son*: Then he has no fault by conſequence; for I am certain, that's no fault of his. The reſt of the Complement, is ſo ſilly, and ſo fulſome, as if he meant it all *in ridicule*. And to conclude the Jeaſt, he ſays, that *the beſt People of* England, *have no other way left, to ſhow their Loyalty to the King, their Religion and Government, in long intervals of* Parliament, *than by proſecuting his Son, for the ſake of the King, and his own merit, with all the Demonſtrations of the higheſt eſteem.* Yes, I can tell them one other way to expreſs their Loyalty, which is, to *obey* the *King*, and to *reſpect* his *Brother*, as the *next Lawful Succeſſor*; their *Religion commands* them both, and the *Government* is ſecur'd in ſo doing. But why *in Intervals of* Parliament? How are the more oblig'd to honour the *Kings Son* out of Parliament, than in it? And why this proſecution of Love for the *Kings Sake*? Has he order'd more Love to be ſhown to one Son, than to another? Indeed, his own quality, is cauſe ſufficient for all men to reſpect him, and I am of their number, who truly honour him, and who wiſh him better than this *miſerable Sycophant*; for I wiſh him, from his Fathers Royal *Kindneſs* what *Juſtice* can make him, which is a greater Honour, than the Rabble can confer upon him.

But our Author finds, that *Commendation* is no more *his Talent*, than *Flattery* was that of *Eſop's Aſs*; and therefore falls immediately, from *pawing* with his *fore-feet*, and *grinning* upon *one Prince*, to downright *braying* againſt *another.*

He ſays I have not uſ'd *my Patron Duke much better: for I have put him under a moſt diſmal and unfortunate Character, of a Succeſſor, excluded from the Crown by Act of State, for his Religion; who fought his way to the Crown, chang'd his Religion, and died by the hand of a Roman Aſſaſſinate.*

If it pleaſe his *Royal Highneſs* to be *my Patron*, I have reaſon to be proud of it; becauſe he never yet forſook any man, whom he has had the goodneſs to own for his. But how have I put him under *an unfortunate Character?* the *Authors* of the *Reflections*, and our *John a Nokes*, have not layd their noddles together about this Accuſation. For 'tis their buſineſs to prove the King of *Navarre* to have been a moſt *ſucceſsful*, *magnanimous*, *gentle*, and *grateful Prince:* in which Character they have follow'd the ſtream of all *Hiſtorians.* How then happens this jarring amongſt friends, that the ſame man is put under ſuch *diſmal circumſtances* on *one* ſide, and ſo *fortunate* on the *other*, by the Writers of the *ſame Party?* The anſwer is very plain, that they take the cauſe by ſeveral handles. *They* who will not have the *Duke* reſemble the King of *Navarre*, have *magnify*'d the Character of *that* Prince, to *debaſe* his *Royal Highneſs*; and therein done what they can to ſhow the *diſparity.* Mr. *Hunt*, who will have it to be the *Dukes Character*, has *blacken'd that King* as much as he is able, to ſhow the likeneſs. Now this wou'd be ridiculous pleading at a *Barr*, by Lawyers retain'd for the ſame Cauſe; and both ſides wou'd call each other fools, becauſe the *Jury* betwixt them wou'd be *confounded*, and perhaps the *Judges* too.

But this it is to have a bad Cauſe, which puts men of neceſſity upon knavery; and that knavery is commonly found out. Well Mr. *Hunt* has in another place confeſs'd himſelf to be in *paſſion*, and that's the reaſon he is ſo groſly miſtaken in opening of the Cauſe. For firſt the King of *Navarre* was neither under *diſmall*, nor *unfortunate circumſtances*. Before the end of that very Sentence, our Lawyer has confeſs'd that *he fought his way to the Crown*; that is, he gloriouſly vanquiſh'd all his Rebells, and happily poſſeſt his Inheritance many years after he had regain'd it. In the next place, he was *never excluded from the Crown by Act of State*. He chang'd his *Religion* indeed, but not till he had almoſt *weather'd* the *Storm*, recover'd the beſt part of his *Eſtate*, and gain'd ſome glorious *Victories* in *pitch'd Battels*; ſo that his *changing* cannot without injuſtice be attributed to his *fear*. *Monſieur Chiverny*, in his *Memoirs* of thoſe times plainly tells us, that *he ſolemnly promiſ'd to his Predeceſſour* Henry the Third, *then dying*, *that he wou'd become a* Romaniſt; and *Davila*, though he ſays not this *directly*, yet *denyes* it not. By whoſe hands *Henry the fourth* died, is notoriouſly known; but it is invidiouſly urg'd, both by Mr. *Hunt* and the *Reflectors*: for we may, to our ſhame, remember, that a King of our own Country was *barbarouſly murther'd* by his *Subjects*, who profeſs'd the *ſame Religion*; though I believe that neither *Jaques Clement*, nor *Ravillac*, were *better Papiſts*, than the *Independents* and *Presbyterians* were *Proteſtants*: So that their *Argument* only proves that there are *Rogues* of all *Religions*: *Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.* But Mr. *Hunt* follows his blow again, that I have *offer'd a Juſtification of an Act of Excluſion againſt a Popiſh Succeſſour in a Proteſtant Kingdom, by remembring what was done againſt the King of* Navarre, *who was* de facto *excluded by an Act of State.* My Gentleman, I perceive, is very willing to call that an Act of

Excluſion, and an Act of *State*, which is only in our Language, call'd a *Bill*: for *Henry the third* cou'd never be gain'd to *paſs* it, though it was propoſ'd by the *three Eſtates* at *Blois*. The *Reflectors* are more modeſt; for they profeſs, (though I am afraid it is ſomewhat againſt the grain) that a *Vote* of the Houſe of *Commons* is not an *Act*: But the times are turn'd upon them, and they dare ſpeak no other Language. Mr. *Hunt* indeed is a *bold Republican*, and tells you the bottom of their meaning. Yet why ſhould it make the *courage of his Royal Highneſs quail, to find himſelf under this repreſentation?* which by our Authors favour, is neither *diſmal*, nor *diſaſtrous*. *Henry the Fourth* eſcap'd this dreadful Machine of the *League*: I ſay *dreadful*; for the *three Eſtates* were at that time compoſ'd generally of *Guiſards*, *factious*, *hot-headed rebellious interreſſed men*: The King in *poſſeſſion*, was but his *Brother-in-Law*; and at that time publickly his *Enemy*; for the King of *Navarre* was then in *arms* againſt him: and yet the ſenſe of *Common Juſtice*, and the good of his *People* ſo prevail'd, that he withſtood the Project of the *States*, which he alſo knew was levell'd at *himſelf*; for had the Excluſion proceeded, he had been immediately lay'd by, and the Lieutenancy of *France* conferr'd on *Guiſe*: after which the Rebel wou'd certainly have put up his Title for the Crown. In the Caſe of his *Royal Highneſs*, only *one* of the *three Eſtates* have offer'd at the *Excluſion*; and have been conſtantly oppoſ'd by the *other two*, and by his *Majeſty*: Neither is it any way probable, that the like will ever be again attempted: For the *fatal Conſequences*, as well as the *Illegality* of that Deſign, are ſeen through already by the People. So that inſtead of offering a *juſtification* of an Act of *Excluſion*, I have expoſ'd a *rebellious*, *impious*, and *fruitleſs* contrivance *tending* to it. If we look on the Parliament of *Paris*, when they were in their right wits, before they were *intoxicated* by the *League*, (at leaſt wholly) we ſhall find them *addreſſing* to King *Henry the third* in another Key, concerning the King of *Navarr's Succeſſion*, though he was at that time (as they call'd it) a *relapſ'd Heretique*. And to this purpoſe I will quote a paſſage out of the *Journals* of *Henry the Third*, ſo much magnify'd by my Adverſaries.

Towards the end of *September*, 1585. there was publiſhed at *Paris*, a Bull of *Excommunication*, againſt the King of *Navarre*, and the Prince of *Conde*: The Parliament of *Paris*, made their *Remonſtrance* to the King upon it, which was both grave, and worthy of the Place they held, and of the Authority they have in this Kingdom. Saying, for concluſion, that *their Court had found the Style of this Bull, ſo full of Innovation, and ſo diſtant from the Modeſty of* antient Popes, *that they cou'd not underſtand in it, the voice of an* Apoſtles Succeſſor; *foraſmuch, as they found not in their Records, nor in the ſearch of all Antiquity, that the Princes of* France, *had ever been ſubject to the Juſtice or Juriſdiction of the* Pope, *and they cou'd not take it into conſideration, till firſt he made appear the Right which he pretended in the Tranſlation of Kingdoms, eſtabliſh'd and ordain'd by Almighty God, before the Name of Pope was heard of in the World.* 'Tis plain by this, that the Parliament of *Paris*, acknowledg'd an inherent Right of Succeſſion in the King of *Navarre*, though of a contrary Religion to their own: And though after the Duke of *Guiſes* Murther at *Blois*, the City of *Paris* revolted from their Obedience to their *King*, pretending that he was fallen from the Crown, by reaſon of that and other Actions, with which they charg'd him; yet the ſum of all their Power to renounce him, and create the Duke of *Mayenne Lieutenant General*, depended *ultimately* on the *Popes authority*; which as you ſee, but three years before, they had peremptorily denied.

The Colledg of *Sorbonne* began the Dance, by their Determination, that the *Kingly Right was forfeited*; and ſtripping him of all his *Dignities*, they call'd him plain *Henry de Valois*: after this, ſays my Author, *ſixteen Raſcals* (by which he means the *Council*, of that *Number) having adminiſtred the Oath of* Government *to the Duke of* Mayenne, *to take in quality of* Lievtenant General *of the Eſtate and Crown of* France; *the ſame ridiculous Dignity, was confirm'd to him, by an* imaginary Parliament, *the* true Parliament *being detain'd Priſoners, in divers of the City-Gaols, and two new Seals were order'd to be immediately made, with this Inſcription*: The Seal of the Kingdom of *France.* I need not inlarge on this Relation, 'tis evident from hence, that the *Sorboniſts* were the *Original*, and our *Schiſmatiques* in *England*, were the *Copiers* of *Rebellion*; that *Paris* began, and *London* follow'd.

The next Lines of my Author are, that *a Gentleman of Paris, made the Duke of* Mayenne'*s Picture to be drawn, with a Crown Imperial on his Head*, and I have heard of an *Engliſh Nobleman*, who has at this day, the Picture of *Old Oliver*, with this *Motto* underneath it, *Utinam vixeris.* All this while, this cannot be reckon'd an Act of *State*, for the *Depoſing King Henry the Third*; becauſe it was an Act of *Ouvert Rebellion* in the *Pariſians*: neither could the holding of the *three Eſtates* at *Paris*, afterwards, by the ſame Duke of *Mayenne*, devolve any Right on him, in prejudice of King *Henry the Fourth*; though thoſe pretended States, declar'd his Title void, on the account of his *Religion*: becauſe thoſe Eſtates could neither be call'd nor holden, but by and under the *Authority* of the *Lawful King.* It wou'd take more time than I have allow'd, for this Vindication, or I cou'd eaſily trace from the *French Hiſtory*, what Misfortunes attended *France*, and how near it was to Ruine, by the Endeavors to alter the Succeſſion. For firſt, it was actually *Diſmembred*, the Duke of *Merceur* ſetting up a Principality in the Dutchy of *Bretagne*, *Independant* of the *Crown*: the Duke of *Mayenne* had an evident deſign to be elected *King*, by the ſavour of the *People* and the *Pope*: the young Dukes of *Guiſe* and of *Nemours*, aſpir'd with the intereſt of the *Spaniards*, to be choſen, by their Marriage with the *Infanta Izabella*. The Duke of *Lorrain*, was for cantling out ſome part of *France*, which lay next his Territories; and the Duke of *Savoy*, had before the Death of *Henry the Third*, actually poſſeſs'd himſelf of the *Marquiſate* of *Saluces*. But above all, the *Spaniards* fomented theſe Civil Wars, in hopes to reduce that flouriſhing Kingdom, under their own *Monarchy*. To as many, and as great Miſchiefs, ſhould we be evidently ſubject; if we ſhould madly ingage our ſelves, in the like Practiſes of altering the *Succeſſion*, which our Gracious King, in his Royal Wiſdom well forſaw; and has cut up that accurſed Project by the Roots; which will render the memory of his *Juſtice* and *Prudence*, *Immortal* and *Sacred to future Ages*, for having not only preſerv'd our preſent quiet, but ſecur'd the Peace of our Poſterity.

'Tis clearly manifeſt, that no Act of *State* paſs'd, to the *Excluſion* of either, the King of *Navarre*, or of *Henry the Fourth*; conſider him, in either of the two circumſtances: but *Oracle Hunt*, taking this for granted, wou'd prove *à fortiori*, that *if a Proteſtant Prince, were actually excluded from a Popiſh Kingdom, then a Popiſh Succeſſor is more reaſonably to be excluded from a Proteſtant Kingdom; becauſe*, ſays he, *a Proteſtant Prince, is under no Obligation to deſtroy his Popiſh Subjects, but a Popiſh Prince, is to deſtroy his Proteſtant Subjects:* upon which bare ſuppoſition, without farther Proof, he calls him *inſufferable Tyrant*, and the worſt of *Monſters*.

Now I take the matter quite otherwiſe, and bind my ſelf to maintain, that there is not, nor can be any Obligation, for a King to deſtroy his Subjects of a contrary Perſwaſion, to the eſtabliſh'd Religion of his Country: for *quatenus Subjects*, of what Religion ſoever, *he is infallibly bound* to preſerve and cheriſh, and not to deſtroy them: and this is the firſt duty of a Lawful Soveraign, as ſuch, antecedent to any tye or conſideration of his Religion. Indeed, in thoſe Countries where the *Inquiſition* is introduc'd, it goes harder with *Proteſtants*, and the reaſon is manifeſt, becauſe the Proteſtant Religion has not gotten footing there, and ſeverity is the means to keep it out: But to make this inſtance reach *England*, our Religion muſt not only be chang'd (which in it ſelf, is almoſt impoſſible to imagine) but the Council of *Trent receiv'd* and the *Inquiſition admitted*, which *many Popiſh Countries* have rejected. I forget not the Cruelties, which were exercis'd in Queen *Maries* time, againſt the *Proteſtants*; neither do I any way excuſe them: But it follows not, that every *Popiſh Succeſſor* ſhou'd take example by them, for every ones Conſcience of the ſame Religion, is not guided by the ſame Dictates in his Government: Neither does it follow, that if one be cruel, another muſt; eſpecially, when there is a ſtronger Obligation, and greater Intereſt to the contrary: For if a *Popiſh King* in *England* ſhou'd be bound to deſtroy his *Proteſtant People*, I wou'd ask the Queſtion, over whom he meant to Reign afterwards? and how many Subjects would be left?

In Queen *Maries* time, the Proteſtant Religion had ſcarcely taken root: And it is reaſonable to be ſuppos'd, that ſhe found the number of Papiſts, equalling that of the Proteſtants, at her entrance to the Kingdom; eſpecially if we reckon into the account thoſe who were the *Trimmers* of the times; I mean ſuch, who privately were Papiſts, though under her Proteſtant Predeceſſour they appear'd otherwiſe. Therefore her difficulties in perſecuting her reform'd Subjects, were far from being ſo inſuperable, as ours now are, when the ſtrength and number of the Papiſts is ſo very inconſiderable. They who caſt in the Church of *England* as ready to embrace *Popery*, are either *Knaves* enough to know they *lye*, or *Fools* enough not to have conſider'd the *Tenents* of that Church, which are *diametrically oppoſite* to *Popery*; and more ſo than any of the *Sects*.

Not to inſiſt on the quiet and ſecurity, which Proteſtant Subjects at this day enjoy in ſome parts of *Germany*, under Popiſh Princes; where I have been aſſur'd, that *Maſs* is ſaid, and a *Lutheran Sermon* preach'd in different parts of the ſame Church, on the ſame day, without diſturbance on either ſide; nor on the Priviledges granted by *Henry the Fourth* of *France* to his Party, after he had forſaken their Opinions, which they quietly poſſeſſ'd for a long time after his death:

The *French Hiſtories* are full of *Examples*, manifeſtly proving, that the fierceſt of their *Popiſh Princes* have not thought themſelves bound to deſtroy their *Proteſtant Subjects*: and the ſeveral *Edicts* granted under them, in favor of the *Reform'd Religion*, are pregnant inſtances of this truth. I am not much given to Quotations, but *Davila* lies open for every man to read. *Tolerations*, and *free exerciſe of Religion*, granted more *amply* in *ſome*, more *reſtrain'dly* in *others*, are no ſign that thoſe Princes held themſelves oblig'd in *Conſcience* to deſtroy men of a different Perſwaſion. It will be ſaid thoſe Tolerations were gain'd by force of *Arms:* In the firſt place 'tis no great credit to the Proteſtant Religion, that the Proteſtants in *France* were actually *Rebels.* But the truth is, they were only *Geneva Proteſtants*, and their opinions were far diſtant from thoſe of the Church of *England*, which teaches *paſſive obedience* to all her Sons, and not to propagate *Religion* by *Rebellion.* But 'tis further to be conſider'd, that thoſe *French* Kings, though Papiſts, thought the preſervation of their Subjects, and the publick Peace, were to be conſider'd, before the gratification of the Court of *Rome*; and though the number of the *Papiſts*, exceeded that of the *Proteſtants*, in the proportion of three to one; though the Proteſtants were always beaten when they fought, and though the Popes preſs'd continually with Exhortations and Threatnings to extirpate *Calviniſm*, yet Kings thought it enough to continue in their own Religion themſelves, without forcing it upon their Subjects, much leſs deſtroying them who profeſſ'd another. But it will be objected thoſe Edicts of Toleration were not kept on the *Papiſts* ſide: They wou'd anſwer, becauſe the Proteſtants ſtretch'd their Privileges further than was granted: and that they often relapſ'd into *Rebellion:* But whether or no the *Proteſtants* were in *fault*, I leave Hiſtory to determine: 'tis matter of *fact*, that they were barbarouſly *maſſacred*, under the protection of the *Publick Faith:* Therefore to argue fairly, either an *Oath* from *Proteſtants* is not to be *taken* by a *Popiſh Prince*; or if *taken*, ought inviolably to be *preſerv'd.* For when we oblige our ſelves to any one, 'tis not his perſon we ſo much conſider, as that of the moſt high God, who is call'd to witneſs this our action: and 'tis to him we are to diſcharge our Conſcience. Neither is there, or can be any *tye* on *humane Society*, when that of an *Oath* is no more regarded: which being an appeal to God, he is immediate Judge of it; and Chronicles are not ſilent how often he has puniſh'd perjur'd Kings. The inſtance of

Vladiſlaus King of *Hungary*, breaking his faith with *Amurath the Turk*, at the inſtigation of *Julian* the *Popes Legate*, and his miſerable death enſuing it, ſhows that even to *Infidels*, much more to *Chriſtians*, that obligation ought to be accounted ſacred. And I the rather urge this, becauſe it is an Argument taken almoſt *verbatim* from a *Papiſt*, who accuſes *Catharine de Medicis* for violating her word given to the *Proteſtants* during her *Regency* of *France*. What ſecurities in particular we have, that our own Religion and Liberties wou'd be preſerv'd, though under a *Popiſh Succeſſour*, any one may inform himſelf at large in a Book lately written by the Reverend and learned Doctor *Hicks*, call'd *Jovian*, in anſwer to *Julian the Apoſtate*: in which, that truly Chriſtian Author has ſatisfy'd all ſcruples which reaſonable men can make, and prov'd that we are in no danger of loſing either; and wherein alſo, if thoſe aſſurances ſhou'd all fail (which is almoſt morally impoſſible) the Doctrine of *Paſſive Obedience* is *unanſwerably demonſtrated*: a Doctrine deliver'd with ſo much ſincerity, and reſignation of ſpirit, that it ſeems evident the Aſſertor of it is ready, if there were occaſion, to ſeal it with his blood.

I have done with mannerly Mr. *Hunt*, who is only *magni nominis umbra*; the moſt *malicious*, and withal, the moſt *incohærent ignorant Scribler* of the whole Party. I inſult not over his misfortunes, though he has himſelf occaſion'd them: and though I will not take his own excuſe, that he is in paſſion, I will make a better for him; for I conclude him crack'd: and if he ſhould return to *England*, I am charitable enough to wiſh his only Priſon might be *Bedlam*. This Apology is truer than that he makes for me: for *writing a Play*, as I conceive, is not entring into the *Obſervators Province*; neither is it the *Obſervators* manner *to confound truth with falſehood, to put out the eyes of*

People, and leave them without underſtanding. The quarrel of the Party to him, is that he has *undeceiv'd* the *ignorant*, and laid open the ſhameful contrivances of the *new vampt Aſſociation*: that though he is *on the wrong ſide of life*, as he calls it, yet he pleads not his *Age* to be *Emeritus*: that in ſhort, he has left the Faction as bare of *Arguments*, as *Eſops Bird* of *feathers*; and plum'd them of all thoſe fallacies and evaſions which they borrowed from *Jeſuit's* and *Presbyterians*.

Now for my *Templar* and *Poet* in *aſſociation* for a *Libel*, like the Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Jupiter* in a *fiery Sign*: what the *one* wants in *Wit*, the *other* muſt ſupply in *Law*. As for Malice, their quota's are indifferently well adjuſted: the *rough Draught* I take for granted, is the *Poets*, the *finiſhings* the *Lawyers*. They begin, that in order to one Mr. *Friend's* commands, one of them went to ſee the Play. This was not the *Poet*, I am certain, for no body ſaw him there, and he is not of a *Size* to be *conceal'd*. But the *Mountain*, they ſay, *was deliver'd of a Mouſe*: I have been *Goſſip* to many ſuch *Labors* of a *dull fat Scribler*, where the *Mountain* has been *bigger*, and the *Mouſe leſs*. The next Sally, is on the *City Elections*, and a Charge is brought againſt my *Lord Mayor*, and the two *Sheriffs*, for excluding true *Electors*. I have heard, that a *Whig Gentleman* of the *Temple*, hired a *Livery-Gown*, to give his Voice among the *Companies* at *Guild-Hall*: let the queſtion be put, *whether or no, he were a true Elector?* Then their own *Juries* are commended from ſeveral *Topiques*; they are the *Wiſeſt*, *Richeſt*, and moſt *Conſcientious*: to which is anſwer'd *Ignoramus*. But our *Juries* give moſt *prodigious* and *unheard of Damages*. Hithero there is nothing but *Boys-play* in our Authors: *My Mill grinds Pepper and Spice, your Mill grinds Rats and Mice.* They go on, *if I may be allow'd to judge*

judge (as men that do not *Poetize*, may be Judges of Wit, *Humane nature* and *Common Decencies:*) So then the Sentence is begun with *I* : there is but one of them puts in for a Judges Place: *that's he in the Gray:* but preſently 'tis men; *two more in Buckram*, wou'd be *Judges* too. *Neither* of them it ſeems, *Poetize*; that's true, but both of them are in at *Rhime Doggrel*; witneſs the Song againſt the *Biſhops*, and the *Tunbridge-Ballad.* By the way, I find all my Scribling Enemies have a mind to be *Judges*, and *Chief Barons*: proceed Gentlemen. *This Play (as I am inform'd by ſome, who have a nearer Communication with the Poets and the Players, than I have.)* Which of the two *Soſia's* is it that now ſpeaks? If the *Lawyer*, 'tis true, he has but little *Communication* with the *Players*: if the *Poet*, the *Players* have but *little Communication* with *him.* For 'tis not long ago, he ſaid to ſome body, *By G— my Lord, thoſe* Tory-rogues *will act none of my Plays.* Well, but the Accuſation, that this Play was once written by *another*, and then 'twas call'd the *Pariſian Maſſacre :* Such a Play, I have heard indeed was written; but I never ſaw it. Whether this be any of it or no, I can ſay no more, than for my own part of it. But pray, who denies the unparalleld villany of the *Papiſts*, in that bloody *Maſſacre*? I have enquired, why it was not Acted, and heard it was ſtopt, by the interpoſition of an *Ambaſſador*, who was willing to ſave the Credit of his Country, and not to have the Memory of an Action ſo barbarous, reviv'd. But that I tempted my Friend to alter it, is a notorious *Whiggiſm* to ſave the *broader Word.* The *Sicilian Veſpers* I have had *Plotted* by me above theſe ſeven *years:* The Story of it, I found under borow'd Names in *Giraldo Cinthio*; but the Rape in my Tragedy of *Amboyna*, was ſo like it, that I forbore the Writing. But what had this to do with *Proteſtants*? for the *Maſſacres* and the *Maſſacred* were all Papiſts.

But 'tis obſervable, they ſay, that though the *Maſſacre cou'd not be acted, as it was firſt written againſt* Papiſts, *yet when it was turn'd upon* Proteſtants, *it found reception.*

Now all's come out, the Scandal of the Story, turns at laſt upon the *Government*: that *Patroniſes Popiſh Plays*, and *forbids Proteſtant*. Ours is to be a *Popiſh Play*, why? becauſe it expoſes the Villany of *Sectaries* and *Rebels*? Prove them firſt to be *Proteſtants*, and ſee what you will get by it when you have done? your Party are certainly the men whom the Play attaques; and ſo far I will help you: the Deſigns and Actions repreſented in the Play, are ſuch as you have Copyed from the *League*; for though you have wickedneſs enough, yet you wanted the *Wit* to make a *new Contrivance*. But for ſhame, while you are carrying on ſuch palpable villany, do not aſſume the name of *Proteſtants*. You will tell us, you are friends to the *Government*, and the Kings *beſt Subjects*; but all the while, you are aſperſing both *it* and *him*. Who ſhall be Judges, whether you are Friends or not? the *Government* or *you*? Have not all Rebels always ſung the ſame Song? Was ever Thief or Murtherer Fool enough to plead *Guilty*? For your Love and Loyalty to the King, they who mean him beſt amongſt you, are no better Subjects than *Duke Trinculo*: They wou'd be content he ſhou'd be *Viceroy*, ſo they may be *Viceroys* over him.

The next Accuſation is particular to me, *that I the ſaid* Bays, *wou'd falſly and fellonioſly, have robb'd* Nat. Lee, *of his ſhare in the Reputation of* Oedipus: Now I am *Culprit*; I writ the firſt and third Acts of *Oedipus*, and drew the *Scenary* of the *whole Play*: when ever I have own'd a farther Proportion, let my Accuſers ſpeak: this was meant miſchievouſly, to ſet us two at variance: Who is the *old Serpent* and *Satan* now? When my Friends help my barren Fancy, I am thankful for it: I do not uſe to receive aſſiſtance, and afterwards ungratefully diſown it.

Not long after, *Exemplary Puniſhment* is due to me, for this moſt *deviliſh Parallel.* 'Tis a deviliſh one indeed; but who can help it, if I draw *Devils* like *one another*, the fault is in themſelves for being ſo: I neither made their Horns nor Claws, nor cloven Feet: I know not what I ſhou'd have done, unleſs I had drawn the *Devil* a *handſom proper Gentleman*, like the Painter in the Fable, to have made a *Friend* of him; but I ought to be *exemplarily puniſh*'d *for it*; when the *Devil* gets *uppermoſt*, I ſhall *expect* it. *In the mean time, let Magiſtrates* (*that reſpect their Oaths and Office*) which words you ſee, are put into a *Parentheſis*; as (if God help us) we had none ſuch now; let them put the Law in execution, againſt *leud Scriblers*, the *Mark* will be too *fair* upon a *Pillory*, for a *Turnip* or a *rotten Egg* to *miſs* it. But for my part, I have not Malice enough, to wiſh him ſo much harm; not ſo much as to have a Hair of his head periſh, much leſs, that one whole ſide of it ſhould be diſmantled: I am no Informer who writ ſuch a Song, or ſuch a *Libel*, if the *Dulneſs* betrays him not, he is *ſafe* for *me*. And may the ſame *dulneſs* preſerve him ever from *publick Juſtice*: 'tis a ſufficient thick *Mud-wall*, betwixt *him* and *Law*: 'tis his Guardian Angel, that protects him from Puniſhment, becauſe in ſpight of him, he cannot deſerve it. 'Tis that which preſerves him innocent, when he means moſt miſchief; and makes him a *Saint*, when he intends to be a *Devil.* He can never offend enough, to need the Mercy of the *Government*; for 'tis *beholding* to him, that he writes againſt it: and he never offers at a

Satyr, but he converts his *Readers* to the *contrary Opinion.*

Some of the ſucceeding Pargraphs, are intended for *very Ciceronian*: There the *Lawyer* flouriſhes in the *Pulpit*, and the *Poet* ſtands in *Socks* amongſt the Crowd to hear him. Now for *Narration*, *Refutation*, *Calumniation*, *Aggravation*, and the whole *Artillery* of *Tropes* and *Figures*, to defend the Proceedings at *Guild-Hall*: the moſt minute circumſtances of the Elections, are deſcrib'd ſo lively, that a man, who had not heard he was there in a *Livery-Gown*, might ſuſpect, there was a *quorum pars magna fui* in the Caſe: and multitudes of Electors, juſt as well qualified as himſelf, might give their Party the greater Number: but throw back their *guilt Shillings*, which were told for *Guinnies*, and their true Summ was conſiderably leſs. Well, there was no Rebellion at this time, therefore ſays my Adverſary, there was no *Parallel.* 'Tis true, there was no *Rebellion*; but whoever told him, that I intended this *Parallel* ſo far? if the likeneſs had been throughout, I may gueſs by their good will to me, that I had never liv'd to write it. But to ſhow his miſtake, which I believe wilful, the Play was wholly written a month or two before the laſt Election of the *Sheriffs.* Yet, it ſeems there was ſome kind of *Propheſie* in the Caſe: and till the Faction gets clear of a *Riot*, a part of the Compariſon will hold even there; yet, if he pleaſes to remember, there has been a King of *England* forc'd by the Inhabitants from his *Imperial Town.* 'Tis true, the Son has had better fortune than the Father; but the reaſon is, that he has now a ſtronger Party in the *City*, than his Enemies: the *Government* of it is ſecur'd in *Loyal* and *Prudent Hands*, and the Party is to weak to puſh their deſigns farther. *They reſcued not their beloved Sheriffs, at a time* (he tells you) *when they had moſt important* *uſe of them.* What the importancy of the occaſion was, I will not ſearch; 'tis well if their own Conſciences will acquit them. But let them be never ſo much belov'd, their Adherents knew it was a Lawful Authority that ſent them to the *Tower*; and an Authority, which to their ſorrow, they were not able to *reſiſt*: ſo that if four men guarded them without diſturbance, and to the contempt of their ſtrength, at broad noon day, and at full Exchange time, it was no more their honeſty, to ſtand looking on with their hands in their Pockets, than it is of a ſmall Band of *Robbers*, to let a *Caravan* go by, which is too ſtrong for them to aſſault.

After this, I am call'd after the old rate, *looſe and infamous Scribler*, and 'tis well I ſcape ſo cheap: bear your good fortune moderately, Mr. *Poet*: for as looſe and as infamous as I am, if I had written for your Party, your Penſion wou'd have been cut off, as uſeleſs. But they muſt take up with *Settle*, and ſuch as they can get: *Bartholomew-Fair Writers*, and *Bartholomew-Cloſe Printers*; there's a famine of Wit amongſt them, they are forc'd to give unconſcionable rates, and after all to have only Carrion for their money.

Then I am *an ignorant fellow for not knowing there were no Juries in Paris*: I do not remember I have written any ſuch thing: but whoever did, I am confident it was not his *ignorance*. Perhaps he had a mind to bring the caſe a little nearer home: if they had not *Juries* in *Paris*, we had them from the *Normans*, who were *French-men*: and as you manag'd them, we had as good have had none in *London*: Let it ſatisfie you we have them now; and ſome of your looſe and infamous Scriblers may come to underſtand it a little better.

The next is the Juſtification of a Noble Peer deceaſ'd: the Caſe is known, and I have no quarrel to his memory:

let it ſleep; he is now before another Judge. Immediately after I am ſaid to have intended *an abuſe to the Houſe of Commons*; which is call'd by our Authors, *the moſt Auguſt Aſſembly of Europe*. They are to prove I have abuſ'd that Houſe; but 'tis manifeſt they have leſſen'd the Houſe of *Lords*, by owning the Commons to be the *more Auguſt Aſſembly*. 'Tis an Houſe choſen (they ſay) by every *Proteſtant* who has a conſiderable Inheritance in *England*; which word *conſiderable* ſignifies forty ſhillings *per annum* of free Land. For the intereſt of the loyal Party, ſo much undervalued by our Authors, they have long agoe confeſs'd in print, that the Nobility and Gentry have diſown'd them: and the Yeomanry have at laſt conſider'd, *queis hæc conſevimus arva?* they have had enough of unlawful and arbitrary power; and know to their coſt, what *an Auguſt Aſſembly* they had once without a *King* and *Houſe of Peers*.

But now they have me in a burning ſcent, and run after me full cry: *Was ever ſuch licence conniv'd at yet, in an impious Libeller and Scribler, that the Succeſſion, ſo ſolemn a matter, that is not fit to be debated of but in Parliament, ſhou'd be profan'd ſo far as to be playd with on the Stage?*

Hold a little, Gentlemen, hold a little (as one of your fellow Citizens ſays in the Duke of *Guiſe*:) Is it ſo *unlawful* for me to argue *for the Succeſſion in the right Line* upon the *Stage*; and is it ſo very *lawful* for Mr. *Hunt*, and the *Scriblers* of *your Party*, to *oppoſe* it in their *Libels off* the Stage? Is it ſo ſacred, that a Parliament only is ſuffer'd to debate it, and dare you run it down both in your Diſcourſes and Pamphlets out of Parliament? In conſcience what can you urge againſt me, which I cannot return an hundred times heavier on yon? And by the way you tell me, that to affirm the contrary to this, is a *Præmunire*

munire againſt the Statute of the 13. of *Eliz.* If ſuch a *Præmunire* be, pray anſwer me who has moſt incurr'd it? In the mean time do me the favour to look into the *Statute-Book*, and ſee if you can find the *Statute:* you know your ſelves, or you have been told it, that this *Statute* is virtually *repeal'd*, by that of the firſt of King *James*, acknowledging his *immediate lawfull and undoubted right to this Imperial Crown*, *as the next lineal Heir:* thoſe laſt words are an *implicit anti-declaration* to the Statute in Queen *Elizabeth*, which for that reaſon is now omitted in our Books. The lawful Authority of an Houſe of Commons I acknowledge; but without fear and trembling, as my *Reflectors* wou'd have it: For why ſhou'd I fear my *Repreſentatives?* they are ſummon'd to conſult about the publick good, and not to frighten thoſe who choſe them. 'Tis for *you* to *tremble* who *libel the ſupream Authority of the Nation.* But we knaviſh Coxcombs and Villains are to know, ſay my Authors, that *a Vote is the opinion of that Houſe.* Lord help our underſtandings that know not this without their telling! What *Engliſh-man* do you think does not honour his Repreſentatives, and wiſh a Parliament void of heats and animoſities, to ſecure the quiet of the Nation? You cite his Majeſties laſt *Declaration* againſt thoſe who dare trifle with Parliaments: (a Declaration by the way, which you endeavour'd not to have read publickly in Churches, with a threatning to thoſe that did it.) *But we ſtill declare* (ſays his Majeſty) *that no irregularities of Parliament ſhall make us out of love with them:* Are not you unfortunate Quoters why now, ſhou'd you rub up the remembrance of thoſe *irregularities* mention'd in that *Declaration*, which cauſ'd, as the King informs us, its diſſolution?

The next Paragraph is already anſwer'd; 'tis only a clumſey Commendation of the D. of *M.* copied after Mr. *Hunt*, and a proof that he is unlike the Duke of *Guiſe*.

After having done my drudgery for me,and having moſt officiouſly prov'd that the *Engliſh* Duke, is no Parallel for the *French*; which I am ſure he is not, they are next to do their own buſineſs, which is, that I meant a Parallel betwixt *Henry the Third*, and our moſt gracious *Soveraign.* But, as fallacies are always couch'd in general Propoſitions, they plead the whole courſe of the *Drama*, which, they ſay, *ſeems* to inſinuate my intentions. One may ſee to what a miſerable ſhift they are driven: when, for want of any one inſtance, to which I challenge them, they have only to alledge, that the Play *SEEMS* to inſinuate it. I anſwer, it does not ſeem, which is a *bare Negative* to a *bare Affirmative*; and then we are juſt where we were before. Fat *Falſtaffe* was never ſet harder by the Prince for a *Reaſon*, when he anſwer'd, that that *if* Reaſons *grew as thick as* Black-berries, *he wou'd not give one.* Well, after long pumping, leſt the lie ſhou'd appear quite barefac'd, they have found, I ſaid, that at *King Henry*'s *Birth*, there ſhone a *Regal Star*: ſo there did at *King Charles the ſeconds*: therefore I have made a *Parallel* betwixt *Henry the third*, and *Charles the ſecond.* A very concluding *Sillogiſm*, if I ſhou'd anſwer it no farther.

Now let us look upon the Play, the words are in the *fourth Act.* The Conjurer there is asking his Devil, *what Fortune attended his Maſter, the* Guiſe, *and what the King?* The familiar anſwers concerning the King. *He cannot be Depos'd, he may be* kill'd; *a violent Fate attends him: but at his Birth, there ſhone a* Regal Star, (*Conj.*) My Maſter had a ſtronger, (*Devil*) *no not a* ſtronger, *but more* Popular. Let the whole Scene (which is one of the beſt in the Tragedy, though murder'd in the *Acting*) be read together; and it will be as clear as day-light, that the *Devil* gave an *Aſtrological* account of the *French Kings Horoſcope*: that the *Regal Star*, then *culminating*, was the *Sun* in the tenth *Houſe or Mid-heaven*; which *Cæteris paribus* is a *Regal Nativity* in that Art. The reſt of the Scene confirms what I have ſaid: for the *Devil* has taken the *Poſition* of the *Heaven's*, or *Scheam* of the *World*, at the point of the *Suns entrance into Aries*: I diſpute not here the *Truth* or *Lawfulneſs* of that Art; but 'tis uſual with *Poets*, eſpecially with the *Italians*, to mix *Aſtrology* in their Poems: *Chawcer*, amongſt us, is frequent in it; but this Revolution particularly I have taken out of *Luigi Pulci*, and there is one almoſt the ſame in *Boiardo's Orlando Inamorato.* Now if theſe *Poets* knew, that a *Star* were to appear at *our Kings Birth*, they were better *Prophets* than *Noſtradamus*, who has told us nothing of it. Yet this they ſay is *Treaſon with a Witneſs*, and *one of the Crimes for which they condemn'd me to be hang'd drawn and quarter'd*: I find they do not believe me to be one of their Party at the bottom, by their charitable wiſhes to me; and am proud enough, to think I have done them ſome little miſchief, becauſe they are ſo deſirous to be rid of me. But if *Jack Ketch* muſt needs have the handling of us *Poets*, let him begin firſt where he may take the *deepeſt Say*: let *me* be *hang'd*, but in my *turn*; for I am ſure I am neither the *fatteſt Scribler* nor the *worſt*; I'le be judg'd by their own Party. But for all our Comforts, the days of hanging are a little out of date: and I hope there will be no more *Treaſon with a Witneſs*, or *Witneſſes*; for now there is no more to be got by *Swearing*, and the *Market is over-ſtock'd beſides.*

But are you in earneſt, when you ſay I have made *Henry the Third fearful*, *weak*, *bloody*, *perfidious*, *hypocritical* and *fawning* in the *Play*? I am ſure an unbiaſs'd Reader will find a more favourable image of him in the *Tragedy*; what ever he was out of it. You wou'd not have told a lye ſo ſhameleſs, but that you were reſolv'd to ſecond it with a worſe; that I made a *Parallel* of that *Prince.* And now it comes to my turn, pray let me ask you, why you ſpend three Pages and a half, in heaping up all the villanies true or falſe, which you can rake together, to blaſt his memory? Why is all this pains taken, to expoſe the *Perſon* of King *Henry the Third?* Are you **Leaguers**, or *Covenanters*, or *Aſſociators?* What has the poor dead man done to nettle you? Were his *Rebels your Friends*, or *your Relations?* Were your *Norman* Anceſtors of any of thoſe Families, which were Conſpirators in the Play? I ſmell a Rat in this buſineſs: *Henry the Third* is not taken thus to task for nothing. Let me tell you, this is little better than an implicite confeſſion of the *Parallel* which I intended. This Gentleman of *Valois* ſticks in your ſtomacks: and though I do not defend his Proceedings in the States, any otherwiſe, than by the inevitable neceſſity which caus'd them, yet acknowledging *his Crime*, does not extenuate *their Guilt*, that forc'd him to it. 'Twas bad on both ſides, but the *Revenge* was not ſo wicked as the *Treaſon*: for 'twas a *voluntary* act of theirs, and a *compell'd* one of his. The ſhort on't is, he took a violent courſe to cut up the *Covenant* by the *Roots*; and there's your quarrel to him.

Now for a long winded Panegyrique of the King of *Navarre:* and here I am ſure they are in earneſt, when they take ſuch over pains, to prove there is no likeneſs, where they ſay I intended it. The *Heroe* at whom their malice is level'd, does but laugh at it I believe: And amongſt the other vertues of that Predeceſſor, wants neither his *Juſtice* nor his *Clemency*, to forgive all the Heads of the *League*, as faſt as they ſubmit: As for obliging them, (which our Authors wou'd fain hook in for an Ingredient) let them be ſatisfied, that no more Enemies are to be bought off with Places and Preferments: the Tryal which has been made in two Kings Reigns, will warn the Family from ſo *fruitleſs* and *dangerous* an *Expedient.* The reſt is already anſwer'd, in what I have ſaid to Mr. *Hunt*; but I thank them by the way, for their inſtance of the fellow, whom the King of *Navarre* had pardon'd, and done good to, *yet he wou'd not love him*: for that Story reaches home ſomewhere.

I muſt make haſte, to get out of hearing from this *Billingſgate Oratory*; and indeed, to make an end with theſe Authors, except I could call Rogue and Raſcal as faſt as they. Let us examine the little reaſon they produce, concerning the *Excluſion.*

Did the Pope, *the* Clergy, *the* Nobility *and* Commonalty *of* France *think it reaſonable to exclude a Prince for profeſſing a different Religion, and will the Papiſts be angry if the Proteſtants be of the ſame Opinion? No ſure, they cannot have the impudence.*

Firſt, here's the *different Religion* taken for *granted*, which was never *prov'd* on *one* ſide: though in the King of *Navarre*, it was *openly profeſs'd.* Then the *Pope*, and the *three Eſtates of France* had no power to alter the *Succeſſion*, neither did the King in being, conſent to it: or afterwards, did the greater part of the *Nobility*, *Clergy* and *Gentry* adhere to the *Excluſion*, but maintain'd the *lawful King* ſucceſfully againſt it; as we are bound to do in *England*, by the Oaths of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy*; made for the benefit of our Kings, and their Succeſſors: The Objections concerning which Oath, are fully anſwer'd by Doctor *Hicks*, in his Preface to *Jovian*, and thither I refer the Reader.

They tell us, that what it concerns *Proteſtants* to do in that caſe, enough has been heard by us in *Parliament Debates.*

I anſwer, that *Debates* coming not by an *Act* to any *Iſſue*, conclude that there is nothing to be done againſt a *Law eſtabliſh'd*, and *fundamental* of the *Monarchy*. They dare not infer a Right of taking up *Arms*, by vertue of a *Debate* or *Vote*, and yet they tacitly *inſinuate* this: I ask them, what it does concern *Proteſtants* to do in this caſe, and whether they mean any thing by that expreſſion? They have hamper'd themſelves before they were aware; for they proceed in the very next lines to tell us, they believe *the Crown of* England *being Hereditary, the next in Blood, have an undoubted right to ſucceed, unleſs God make them, or they make themſelves uncapable of* Reigning: So that according to them, if either of thoſe two Impediments ſhall happen, then it concerns the Proteſtants of *England* to do that ſomething, which if they had ſpoken out, had been direct *Treaſon.* Here's fine *Legerdemain* amongſt them; they have acknowledg'd a *Vote* to be no more than the Opinion of an *Houſe*, and yet from a *Debate*, which was abortive before it quicken'd into a *Vote*, they argue after the old Song, *that there's ſomething more to be done, which you cannot chuſe but gueſs.* In the next place, there's no ſuch thing as *Incapacity* to be ſuppos'd, in the immediate *Succeſſor* of the Crown; That is, the *rightful* Heir cannot be made uncapable on any account whatſoever to ſucceed: It may pleaſe God, that he may be *inhabilis*, or *inidoneus ad gerendam Rempublicam*, *unfit or unable to govern the Kingdom*; but this is no *impediment* to his *right* of reigning; he cannot either be *excluded* or *depoſ'd* for ſuch imperfection: For the Laws which have provided for *private* men in this caſe, have alſo made proviſion for the *Soveraign* and for the *Publick*: and the Council of State or the next of Blood, is to adminiſter the Kingdom for him. *Charles the ſixth of France* (for I think we have no *Engliſh* Examples which will reach it) forfeited not his Kingdom by his *Lunacy*, though a victorious King of *England* was then knocking at his Gates; but all things under his Name, and by his Authority, were manag'd. The caſe is the ſame, betwixt a King *non compos mentis*, and one who is *nondum compos mentis*, a diſtracted or an Infant King. Then the People cannot incapacitate the King, becauſe he derives not his Right from them, but from God only: neither can any *Action*, much leſs *Opinion* of a Soveraign, render him *uncapable* for the ſame reaſon; excepting only a *voluntary Reſignation* to his *immediate Heir*, as in the caſe of *Charles the fifth*: for that of *our Richard the ſecond* was *invalid*, becauſe *forc'd*; and not made to the *next Succeſſor*.

Neither does it follow, as our Authors urge, that *an unalterable Succeſſion ſuppoſes England to be the Kings Eſtate, and the People his Goods and Chattels on it*: For the preſervation of *his Right*, deſtroys not *our Propriety*, but maintains us in it. He has ty'd himſelf by *Law*, not to invade our Poſſeſſions, and we have oblig'd our ſelves as *Subjects* to him and all his *lawful Succeſſors*: By which irrevocable *Act* of ours, both for our ſelves and our Poſterity, we can no more exclude the *Succeſſor*, than we can depoſe the *preſent King*. The Eſtate of *England* is indeed the Kings, and I may ſafely grant their ſuppoſition, as to the *Government* of *England*: but it follows not, that the *People* are his *Goods* and *Chattels* on it; for then he might ſell, alienate, or deſtroy them as he pleas'd, from all which he has ty'd himſelf by the *Liberties* and *Priviledges* which he has granted us by Laws.

There's little elſe material in this Pamphlet: for to ſay, *I wou'd inſinuate into the King, a hatred to his capital City*, is to ſay, he ſhou'd hate his beſt friends, the laſt and the preſent Lord Mayor, our two Honourable Sheriffs, the Court of Aldermen, the worthy and Loyal Mr. Common Serjeant, with the reſt of the Officers, who are generally well affected, and who have kept out their factious Mem- from its Government. To ſay I wou'd inſinuate a ſcorn of Authority in the City, is in effect, to grant the *Parallel* in the *Play*: For the authority of *Tumults* and *Seditions* is only ſcorn'd in it: an Authority which they deriv'd not from the *Crown*, but exercis'd againſt it. And for them to confeſs I expos'd this, is to confeſs that *London* was like *Paris*.

They conclude with a Prayer to *Almighty God*: (in which I therefore believe the Poet did not club:) to libel the King through all the Pamphlet, and to pray for him in the concluſion, is an action of more prudence in them than of piety: perhaps they might hope to be forgiven, as one of their Predeceſſors was by King *James*; who after he had rail'd at him abundantly, ended his *Lampoon* with theſe two Verſes.

Now God preſerve our King, Queen, Prince and Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.

To take a ſhort review of the *whole*; 'Tis manifeſt, that there is no ſuch *Parallel* in the *Play*, as the *Faction* have *pretended*: that the *Story* wou'd not *bear* one where they have *plac'd* it; and that I cou'd not reaſonably *intend* one, ſo contrary to the *nature* of the *Play*, and ſo repugnant to the *Principles* of the *Loyal Party*. On the other ſide, 'tis clear, that the *Principles* and *Practices* of the *Publick Enemies*, have both *formerly reſembled* thoſe of the *League*, and *continue* to hold the *ſame Reſemblance*. It appears by the outcry of the *Party* before the *Play* was *acted*, that they *dreaded* and *foreſaw* the bringing of the *Faction* upon the *Stage*: and by the haſty printing of Mr. *Hunts Libel*, and the *Reflections*, before the *Tragedy* was *publiſh'd*, that they were infinitely concern'd to prevent any farther operation of it. It appears from the general conſent of the *Audiences*, that *Their Party* were *known* to be *repreſented*; and *Themſelves* own'd openly by their *hiſſing*, that they were incenſ'd at it, as an Object which they cou'd not bear. 'Tis evident by their endeavours to *ſhift off* this *Parallel* from *Their Side*, that their Principles are too ſhameful to be maintain'd: 'Tis notorious, that *They*, and *They only* have made the *Parallel* betwixt the Duke of *Guiſe* and the Duke of *M*. And that in *Revenge* for the *manifeſt likeneſs* they find in the *Parties themſelves*, they have carried up the *Parallel* to the *Heads* of the *Parties*, where there is *no Reſemblance at all*. Under which colour, while they pretend to *advert* upon *One Libell*, they *ſet up Another* : For what *reſemblance* cou'd they ſuggeſt betwixt two perſons ſo *unlike* in their *deſcent*, the qualities of their *minds*, and the diſparity of their war-like *Actions*, if they grant not, that there is a *Faction here*, which is like that other that was in *France*? ſo that if they do not firſt acknowledge *one Common Cauſe*, there is no foundation for a *Parallel*. The *Dilemma* therefore lies ſtrong upon them; and let them avoid it, if they can : that either they muſt *avow* the *wickedneſs* of their *deſigns*, or *diſown* the *likeneſs* of *thoſe two perſons*. I do further charge thoſe audacious Authors, that *they themſelves* have *made* the *Parallel* which they call *Mine*, and that under the *covert* of this *Parallel* they have odiouſly compar'd our *preſent King* with King *Henry the Third*. And farther, that they have *forc'd this Parallel expreſly* to wound his *Majeſty* in the *Compariſon*. For ſince there is a *Parallel* (as they would have it) it muſt be either *Theirs* or *Mine*. I have prov'd that it cannot poſſibly be *Mine*; and in ſo doing, that it muſt be *Theirs* by conſequence. Under this ſhadow all the *Vices* of the *French* King are charg'd by thoſe Libellers (by a ſide-wind) upon *Ours* : And 'tis indeed the bottom of their deſign to make the *King*, *cheap*; his *Royal Brother*, odious ; and to alter the courſe of the *Succeſſion.*

Now after the *Malice* of this *ſputtering Triumvirate* (Mr. *Hunt*, and the *Two Reflectors*) againſt the Perſon and Dignity of the *King*, and againſt all that endeavour to *ſerve* him (which makes their hatred to his Cauſe apparent,) the very *charging* of our *Play* to be a *Libel*, and ſuch a *Parallel* as theſe *Ignoramus's* wou'd render it, is almoſt as great an *affront* to his *Majeſty*, as the *Libellous Picture it ſelf*, by which they have expos'd him to his *Subjects* : for it is no longer our *Parallel*, but the *Kings*, by whoſe *Order* it was *Acted*, without any *ſhuffling* or *importunity* from the *Poets* ; The *Tragedy* (cry'd the Faction) is a *Libel* againſt *ſuch and ſuch Illuſtrious Perſons.* Upon this the *Play* was *ſtopt*, *examin'd*, *acquitted*, and order'd to be brought upon the *Stage* : Not one ſtroke in't, of a *Reſemblance* to anſwer the *Scope* and intent of the *Complaint*. There were ſome *Features* indeed, that the *Illuſtrious* Mr. *Hunt*, and his brace of Beagles (the Reflectors) might ſee reſembling theirs. And *no other Parallel* either *found* or *meant*, but betwixt the *French Leaguers and Ours* : and ſo far the Agreement held from Point to Point, as true as a couple of *Tallies*. But when neither the *King*, nor my Lord *Chamberlain*, with other honourable Perſons of eminent Faith, Integrity and Underſtanding, upon a ſtrict peruſal of the Papers, cou'd find one ſyllable to countenance the *Calumny*; up ſtarts the *Defender of the Charter, &c. opens his Mouth, and ſays; What d'ye talk of the* King? *he's* abus'd, *he's* impos'd upon. *Is my Lord* Chamberlain *and the* Scrutineers *that ſucceed him*, to tell US, when the *King* and the *Duke of York* are *abus'd*? What ſays my *Lord Chief Baron of Ireland* to the buſineſs? What ſays the *Livery-man Templer*? What ſays *Og the King of Baſan* to't? We are men that ſtand up for the *Kings Supremacy* in *all Cauſes*, and over *all Perſons*, as well *Eccleſiaſtical* as *Civil*, next and immediately under *God* and the PEOPLE. We are for eaſing his *Royal Highneſs* of his *Title* to the *Crown*, and the *Cares* that attend any ſuch Proſpect; and ſhall we ſee the *King* and the *Royal Family parallel'd* at this rate, and not *reflect* upon't?

But to draw to an End. Upon the laying of matters fairly together, what a *King* have theſe *Balderdaſh Scriblers* given us, under the *Reſemblance* of *Henry the Third*? How ſcandalous a

Character again, of his Majeſty, in telling the World that he is *Libell'd*, and *Affronted* to his *face*, *told on't*, *pointed to't*, and yet neither *He*, nor Thoſe *about* him can be brought to *ſee* or *underſtand* it. There needs no more to expound the meaning of theſe People, than to *compare* them with *Themſelves* : when it will evidently appear, that their *Lives* and *Converſations*, their *Writings* and their *Practices* do all take the *ſame Biaſs* : and when they dare not any longer revile his Majeſty or his Government *point blank*, they have an intention to play the Libellers in *Maſquerade*, and do the *ſame thing* in a way of *Myſtery* and *Parable*. This is truly the Caſe of the *Pretended Parallel*. They lay their Heads together, and compoſe the Lewdeſt Character of a P*rince* that can be imagin'd, and then exhibit that Monſter to the *People* as the *Picture* of the King in the *Duke of Guiſe* : So that the *Libel* paſſes for *current* with the *Multitude*, whoever was the *Author* of it : And it will be but Common Juſtice to give the Devil his due. But, the truth is, their contrivances are now ſo manifeſt, that their Party moulders both in Town and Country : (for I will not ſuſpect that there are any of them left in Court.) Deluded *well-meaners* come over out of *honeſty*, and *ſmall* offendors out of common *diſcretion*, or fear. None will ſhortly remain with them, but men of *deſperate fortunes* or *Enthuſiaſts* : thoſe who dare not ask pardon, becauſe they have *transgreſs'd beyond it*, and thoſe who gain by *Confuſion*, as Thieves do by *Fires* : to whom *forgiveneſs* were as vain, as a *Reprieve* to *condemn'd Beggars*; who muſt hang without it, or ſterve with it.

FINIS.

ALBION
AND
ALBANIUS:
AN
OPERA.

Perform'd at the QUEENS Theatre
in *Dorſet*-Garden.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

Diſcite Juſtitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos. Virg.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's Head*
in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-Street*. 1691.

THE
PREFACE.

IF Wit has truly been defin'd a Propriety of Thoughts and Words, then that Definition will extend to all ſorts of Poetry; and amongſt the reſt, to this preſent Entertainment of an *Opera*. Propriety of Thought is that Fancy which ariſes naturally from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. Propriety of Words, is the cloathing of thoſe Thoughts with ſuch Expreſſions, as are naturally proper to them: And from both theſe, if they are judiciouſly perform'd, the delight of Poetry reſults. An *Opera* is a Poetical Tale, or Fiction, repreſented by Vocal and Iſtrumental Muſick, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, and Dancing. The ſuppos'd Perſons of this Muſical *Drama*, are generally ſupernatural, as Gods, and Goddeſſes, and Heroes, which at leaſt are deſcended from them, and are in due time, to be adopted into their Number. The Subject therefore being extended beyond the Limits of Humane Nature, admits of that ſort of marvellous and ſurprizing Conduct, which is rejected in other Plays. Humane Impoſſibilties are to be receiv'd, as they are in Faith; becauſe where Gods are introduc'd, a Supreme Power is to be underſtood, and ſecond Cauſes are out of doors: Yet Propriety is to be obſerv'd even here. The Gods are all to manage their peculiar Provinces; and what was attributed by the Heathens to one Power, ought not to be perform'd by any other. *Phœbus* muſt foretel, *Mercury* muſt charm with his *Caduceus*, and *Juno* muſt reconcile the Quarrels of the Marriage-Bed. To conclude, they muſt all act according to their diſtinct and peculiar Characters. If the Perſons repreſented were to ſpeak upon the Stage, it wou'd follow of neceſſity, That the Expreſſions ſhould be Lofty, Figurative, and Majeſtical: But the Nature of an *Opera* denies the frequent uſe of thoſe

Poetical Ornaments: For Vocal Muſick, though it often admits a Loftineſs of Sound; yet always exacts an harmonious Sweetneſs: or to diſtinguiſh yet more juſtly, The recitative Part of the *Opera* requires a more Maſculine Beauty of Expreſſion and Sound: The other, which (for want of a proper Engliſh Word) I muſt call *The Songiſh Part*, muſt abound in the Softneſs and Variety of Numbers; its principal Intention, being to pleaſe the Hearing, rather than to gratifie the Underſtanding. It appears indeed prepoſterous at firſt ſight, That Rhime, on any conſideration ſhould take place of Reaſon. But in order to reſolve the Probleme, this fundamental Propoſition muſt be ſetled, That the firſt Inventors of any Art or Science, provided they have brought it to perfection, are, in reaſon, to give Laws to it; and according to their Model, all after-undertakers are to build. Thus in Epique Poetry, no Man ought to diſpute the Authority of *Homer*, who gave the firſt Being to that Maſter-piece of Art, and endued it with that Form of Perfection in all its Parts, that nothing was wanting to its excellency. *Virgil* therefore, and thoſe very few who have ſucceeded him, endeavour'd not to introduce or innovate any thing in a Deſign already perfected, but imitated the Plan of the Inventor; and are only ſo far true Heroick Poets, as they have built on the Foundations of *Homer*. Thus *Pindar*, the Author of thoſe Odes, (which are ſo admirably reſtor'd by Mr. *Cowley* in our Language,) ought for ever to be the Standard of them; and we are bound according to the practice of *Horace* and Mr. *Cowley*, to Copy him. Now, to apply this Axiom to our preſent purpoſe, whoſoever undertakes the writing of an *Opera*, (which is a modern invention, though built indeed, on the Foundations of Ethnick Worſhip,) is oblig'd to imitate the Deſign of the *Italians*, who have not only invented, but brought to perfection, this ſort of Dramatick Muſical Entertainment. I have not been able, by any ſearch, to get any light either of the time, when it began, or of the firſt Author. But I have probable Reaſons, which induce me to believe, that ſome *Italians* having curiouſly obſerv'd the Gallantries of the *Spaniſh Moors* at their *Zambra's*, or Royal Feaſts, where Muſick, Songs, and Dancing were in perfection; together with their Machines, which are uſual at their *Sortiia's*, or running at the Ring, and other Solemnities, may poſſibly have refin'd upon thoſe Moreſque Divertiſements, and produc'd this delightful Entertainment, by leaving out the warlike Part of the Carouſels, and forming a Poetical Deſign for the uſe of the Machines, the Songs, and Dances. But however it began, (for this is only conjectural,) we know that for ſome Centuries, the knowledge of Muſick has flouriſh'd principally in *Italy*, the Mother of Learning and of Arts; that Poetry and Painting have been there reſtor'd and ſo cultivated by *Italian* Maſters, That all *Europe* has been enrich'd out of their Treaſury, and the other Parts of it in relation to thoſe delightful Arts, are ſtill as much Provincial to *Italy*, as they were in the time of the *Roman* Empire. Their firſt *Opera's* ſeem to have been intended for the Celebration of the Marriages of their Princes, or for the Magnificence of ſome general time of Joy. Accordingly the Expences of them were from the Purſe of the Sovereign, or of the Republick, as they are ſtill practis'd at *Venice*, *Rome*, and other Places at their Carnivals. *Savoy* and *Florence* have often us'd them in their Courts, at the Weddings of their Dukes: And at *Turin* particularly, was perform'd the *Paſtor Fido*, written by the famous *Guarini*, which is a Paſtoral *Opera* made to ſolemnize the Marriage of a Duke of *Savoy*. The Prologue of it has given the Deſign to all the *French*; which is a Complement to the Sovereign Power by ſome God or Goddeſſes; ſo that it looks no leſs than a kind of Embaſſie from Heaven to Earth. I ſaid in the beginning of this Preface, that the Perſons repreſented in *Opera's*, are generally Gods, Goddeſſes, and Heroes deſcended from them, who are ſuppos'd to be their peculiar Care; which hinders not, but that meaner Perſons may ſometimes gracefully be introduc'd, eſpecially if they have relation to thoſe firſt Times, which Poets call the *Golden Age*: wherein by reaſon of their Innocence, thoſe happy Mortals were ſuppos'd to have had a more familiar Intercourſe with Superiour Beings; and therefore Shepherds might reaſonably be admitted, as of all Callings, the moſt innocent, the moſt happy, and who by reaſon of the ſpare Time they had, in their almoſt idle Employment, had moſt leiſure to make Verſes, and to be in Love; without ſomewhat of which Paſſion, no *Opera* can poſſibly ſubſiſt.

'Tis almoſt needleſs to ſpeak any thing of that noble Language, in which this Muſical *Drama* was firſt invented and perform'd. All, who are converſant in the *Italian*, cannot but obſerve, that it is the ſofteſt, the ſweeteſt, the moſt harmonious, not only of any modern Tongue, but even beyond any of the Learned. It ſeems indeed to have been invented for the ſake of Poetry and Muſick; the Vowels are ſo abounding in all Words, eſpecially in the Terminations of them, that excepting ſome few Monoſyllables, the whole Language ends in them. Then the Pronunciation is ſo Manly, and ſo Sonorous, that their very Speaking has more of Muſick in it than *Dutch Poetry*, and *Song*. It has withal deriv'd ſo much Copiouſneſs and Eloquence from the *Greek* and *Latin*, in the Compoſition of Words, and the Formation of them, that (if after all we muſt call it Barbarous) 'tis the moſt Beautiful and moſt Learned of any Barbariſm in Modern Tongues. And we may, at leaſt, as juſtly praiſe it, as *Pyrrhus* did the *Roman* Diſcipline and Martial Order, that it was of *Barbarians*, (for ſo the *Greeks* call'd all other Nations,) but had nothing in it of Barbarity. This Language has in a manner been refin'd and purify'd from the *Gothick*, ever ſince the time of *Dante*; which is above Four Hundred Years ago; and the *French*, who now caſt a longing Eye to their Country, are not leſs ambitious to poſſeſs their Elegance in Poetry and Muſick; in both which they labour at Impoſſibilities. 'Tis true indeed, they have reform'd their Tongue, and brought both their Proſe and Poetry to a Standard; the Sweetneſs, as well as the Purity is much improv'd, by throwing off the unneceſſary Conſonants, which made their Spelling tedious, and their Pronunciation harſh: But after all, as nothing can be improv'd beyond its own *Species*, or farther than its original Nature will allow; as an ill Voice, though never ſo throughly inſtructed in the Rules of Muſick, can never be brought to ſing harmoniouſly, nor many an honeſt Critick ever arrive to be a good Poet; ſo neither can the natural Harſhneſs of the *French*, or their perpetual ill Accent, be ever refin'd into perfect Harmony like the *Italian*. The *Engliſh* has yet more natural Diſadvantages than the *French*; our original *Teutonick* conſiſting moſt in Monoſyllables, and thoſe incumbred with Conſonants, cannot poſſibly be freed from thoſe Inconveniences. The reſt of our Words, which are deriv'd from the *Latin* chiefly, and the *French*, with ſome ſmall Sprinklings of *Greek*, *Italian* and *Spaniſh*, are ſome Relief in Poetry, and help us to ſoften our uncouth Numbers; which together with our *Engliſh Genius*, incomparably beyond the trifling of the *French*, in all the nobler Parts of Verſe, will juſtly give us the Preheminence. But, on the other hand, the Effeminacy of our Pronunciation, (a Defect common to us, and to the *Danes*,) and our Scarcity of Female Rhimes, have left the Advantage of Muſical Compoſition for Songs, though not for Recitative, to our Neighbours.

Through theſe Difficulties, I have made a ſhift to ſtruggle, in my part of the performance of this *Opera*; which, as mean as it is, deſerves at leaſt a Pardon, becauſe it has attempted a Diſcovery beyond any former Undertaker of our Nation; only remember, that if there be no North-Eaſt Paſſage to be found, the Fault is in Nature, and not in me. Or, as *Ben. Johnſon* tells us in the *Alchymiſt*, when Projection had fail'd, and the Glaſſes were all broken, there was enough however in the Bottoms of them to cure the Itch; ſo I may thus be poſitive, That if I have not ſucceeded, as I deſire, yet there is ſomewhat ſtill remaining, to ſatisfie the Curioſity or Itch of Sight and Hearing. Yet I have no great reaſon to deſpair; for I may without vanity, own ſome Advantages, which are not common to every Writer; ſuch as are the knowledge of the *Italian* and *French* Language, and the being converſant with ſome of their beſt Performances in this kind; which have furniſh'd me with ſuch variety of Meaſures, as have given the Compoſer Monſieur *Grabut* what Occaſions he cou'd wiſh, to ſhew his extraordinary Talent, in diverſifying the Recitative, the Lyrical Part, and the Chorus: In all which, (not to attribute any thing to my own Opinion,) the beſt Judges, and thoſe too of the beſt Quality, who have honour'd his Rehearſals with their Preſence, have no leſs commended the Happineſs of his Genius than his Skill. And let me have the Liberty to add one thing; that he has ſo exactly expreſs'd my Senſe, in all Places, where I intended to move the Paſſions, that he ſeems to have enter'd into my Thoughts, and to have been the Poet as well as the Compoſer. This I ſay, not to flatter him, but to do him Right; becauſe amongſt ſome *Engliſh* Muſicians, and their Scholars, (who are ſure to judge after them,) the imputation of being a *French-man*, is enough to make a Party, who maliciouſly endeavour to decry him. But the knowledge of *Latin* and *Italian* Poets, both which he poſſeſſes, beſides his Skill in Muſick, and his being acquainted with all the Performances of the *French Opera's*, adding to theſe the good Senſe to which he is born, having rais'd him to a degree above any Man, who ſhall pretend to be his Rival on our Stage. When any of our Countrey-men excell him, I ſhall be glad, for the ſake of old *England*, to be ſhewn my Errour; in the mean time, let Vertue be commended, though in the Perſon of a Stranger.

If I thought it convenient, I cou'd here diſcover ſome Rules which I have given to my ſelf in writing of an *Opera* in general;

and of this *Opera* in particular: But I conſider, that the Effect would only be, to have my own performance meaſur'd by the Laws I gave; and conſequently to ſet up ſome little Judges, who not underſtanding throughly, wou'd be ſure to fall upon the Faults, and not to acknowledge any of the Beauties; (an hard meaſure which I have often found from falſe Criticks.) Here therefore, if they will Criticize, they ſhall do it out of their own *Fond*; but let them be firſt aſſur'd, that their Ears are nice; for their is neither writing nor judging on this Subject, without that good quality. 'Tis no eaſie Matter in our Language to make Words ſo ſmooth, and Numbers ſo harmonious, that they ſhall almoſt ſet themſelves, and yet there are Rules for this in Nature: and as great a certainty of Quantity in our Syllables, as either in the *Greek* or *Latin*: But let Poets and Judges underſtand thoſe firſt, and then let them begin to ſtudy *Engliſh*. When they have chaw'd a while upon theſe Preliminaries, it may be they will ſcarce adventure to tax me with want of Thought, and Elevation of Fancy in this Work; for they will ſoon be ſatisfied, That thoſe are not of the nature of this ſort of Writing: The neceſſity of double Rhimes, and ordering of the Words and Numbers for the ſweetneſs of the Voice, are the main Hinges on which an *Opera* muſt move; and both of theſe are without the compaſs of any Art to teach another to perform; unleſs Nature in the firſt place has done her part, by enduing the Poet with that nicety of hearing, that the Diſcord of Sounds in Words ſhall as much offend him, as a Seventh in Muſick wou'd a good Compoſer. I have therefore no need to make Excuſes for Meanneſs of Thought in many places: The *Italians*, with all the Advantages of their Language, are continually forc'd upon it; or rather they affect it. The chief Secret is in the choice of Words; and by this Choice I do not here mean Elegancy of Expreſſion; but Propriety of Sound, to be varied according to the Nature of the Subject. Perhaps a time may come, when I may treat of this more largely, out of ſome Obſervations which I have made from *Homer* and *Virgil*, who amongſt all the Poets, only underſtood the Art of Numbers, and of that which was properly call'd *Rithmus* by the Ancients.

The ſame Reaſons which depreſs Thought in an *Opera*, have a ſtronger Effect upon the Words; eſpecially in our Language: For there is no maintaining the Purity of *Engliſh* in ſhort Meaſures, where the Rhime returns ſo quick, and is ſo often Female, or double Rhime, which is not natural to our Tongue, becauſe it conſiſts too much of Monoſyllables, and thoſe too, moſt commonly clogg'd with Conſonants; for which reaſon I am often forc'd to Coin new Words, revive ſome that are antiquated, and botch others; as if I had not ſerv'd out my Time in Poetry, but was bound 'Prentice to ſome Doggrel Rhimer, who makes Songs to Tunes, and ſings them for a Livelihood. 'Tis true, I have not been often put to this Drudgery; but where I have, the Words will ſufficiently ſhew, that I was then a Slave to the Compoſition, which I will never be again: 'Tis my part to Invent, and the Muſician's to Humour that Invention. I may be counſell'd, and will always follow my Friend's Advice, where I find it reaſonable; but will never part with the Power of the *Militia*.

I am now to acquaint my Reader with ſomewhat more particular concerning this *Opera*, after having begg'd his Pardon for ſo long a Preface to ſo ſhort a Work. It was originally intended only for a Prologue to a Play, of the Nature of the *Tempeſt*; which is a Tragedy mix'd with *Opera*; or a *Drama* written in blank Verſe, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, Songs and Dances: So that the Fable of it is all ſpoken and acted by the beſt of the Comedians; the other part of the Entertainment to be perform'd by the ſame Singers and Dancers who are introduc'd in this preſent *Opera*. It cannot properly be call'd a Play, becauſe the Action of it is ſuppos'd to be conducted ſometimes by ſupernatural Means, or Magick; nor an *Opera*, becauſe the Story of it is not ſung. But more of this at its proper time: But ſome intervening Accidents having hitherto deferr'd the performance of the main Deſign, I propos'd to the Actors, to turn the intended Prologue into an Entertainment by it ſelf, as you now ſee it, by adding two Acts more to what I had already written. The Subject of it is wholly Allegorical; and the Allegory it ſelf ſo very obvious, that it will no ſooner be read than underſtood. 'Tis divided according to the plain and natural Method of every Action, into Three Parts. For even *Ariſtotle* himſelf is contented to ſay ſimply, That in all Actions there is a Beginning, a Middle, and an End; after which Model, all the *Spaniſh* Plays are built.

The Deſcriptions of the Scenes, and other Decorations of the Stage, I had from Mr. *Betterton*, who has ſpar'd neither for Induſtry, nor Coſt, to make this Entertainment perfect, nor for Invention of the Ornaments to beautifie it.

To conclude, Though the Enemies of the Compoſer are not few, and that there is a Party form'd againſt him, of his own Profeſſion, I hope, and am perſuaded, that this Prejudice will turn in the end to his Advantage. For the greateſt part of an Audience is always unintereſs'd, though ſeldom knowing; and if the Muſick be well compos'd, and well perform'd, they who find themſelves pleas'd, will be ſo wiſe as not to be impos'd upon, and fool'd out of their ſatisfaction. The newneſs of the Undertaking is all the hazard: When *Opera's* were firſt ſet up in *France*, they were not follow'd over eagerly; but they gain'd daily upon their Hearers, till they grew to that height of Reputation, which they now enjoy. The *Engliſh* I confeſs, are not altogether ſo Muſical as the *French*; and yet they have been pleas'd already with the *Tempeſt*, and ſome Pieces that follow'd, which were neither much better Written, nor ſo well compos'd as this. If it finds encouragement, I dare promiſe my ſelf to mend my Hand, by making a more pleaſing Fable: In the mean time, every Loyal *Engliſhman* cannot but be ſatisfy'd with the Moral of this, which ſo plainly repreſents the double Reſtoration of his Sacred Majeſty.

POST-SCRIPT.

This Preface being wholly Written before the Death of my late Royal Maſter, (quem ſemper acerbum, ſemper honoratum, ſic Dii voluiſtis, habebo,) *I have now, lately reveiw'd it, as ſuppoſing I ſhou'd find many Notions in it, that wou'd require correction on cooler Thoughts. After Four Months lying by me, I look'd on it as no longer mine, becauſe I had wholly forgotten it; but, I confeſs, with ſome ſatisfaction, and perhaps a little Vanity, that I found my ſelf entertain'd by it; my own Judgment was new to me, and pleas'd me when I look'd on it as another Man's. I ſee no Opinion that I wou'd retract or alter, unleſs it be, that poſſibly the* Italians *went not ſo far as* Spain, *for the Invention of their* Opera's. *They might have it in their own Country; and that by gathering up the Shipwrecks of the* Athenian *and* Roman *Theatres; which we know were adorn'd with Scenes, Muſick, Dances and Machines, eſpecially the* Grecian. *But of this the Learned Monſieur* Voſſius, *who has made our Nation his ſecond Country, is the beſt, and perhaps the only Judge now living:*

As for the Opera *it ſelf, it was all compos'd, and was juſt ready to have been perform'd, when he, in Honour of whom it was principally made, was taken from us.*

He had been pleas'd twice or thrice to command, that it ſhou'd be practis'd before him, eſpecially the Firſt and Third Acts of it; and publickly declar'd more than once, That the Compoſition and Chorus's were more Juſt, and more Beautiful, than any he had heard in England. *How nice an Ear he had in Muſick, is ſufficiently known; his Praiſe therefore has eſtabliſh'd the Reputation of it, above Cenſure, and made it in a manner Sacred. 'Tis therefore humbly and religiouſly dedicated to his Memory.*

It might reaſonably have been expected, that his Death muſt have chang'd the whole Fabrick of the Opera; *or at leaſt a great part of it. But the Deſign of it originally was ſo happy, that it needed no alteration, properly ſo call'd; for the Addition of Twenty or Thirty Lines in the Apotheoſis of* Albion, *has made it entirely of a Piece. This was the only way which cou'd have been invented, to ſave it from a Botch'd Ending; and it fell luckily into my Imagination: As if there were a kind of Fatality, even in the moſt trivial things concerning the Succeſſion; a Change was made, and not for the worſe, without the leaſt confuſion or diſturbance: And thoſe very Cauſes which ſeem'd to threaten us with Troubles, conſpir'd to produce our laſting Happineſs.*

Names of the Perſons, Repreſented in the ſame Order as they appear firſt upon the STAGE.

Mercury.
Auguſta. *London.*
Thameſis.
Democracy.
Zelota, Feign'd Zeal.
Archon. *The General.*
Juno.
Iris.
Albion.
Albanius.
Pluto.
Alecto.
Apollo.
Neptune.
Nereids.
Acacia. *Innocence.*
Tyranny.
Aſebia. *Atheiſm,* or *Ungodlineſs.*
Proteus.
Venus.
Fame.
A Chorus of Cities.
A Chorus of Rivers.
A Chorus of the People.
A Chorus of Furies.
A Chorus of Nereids and *Tritons.*
A Grand Chorus of Hero's, Loves, and Graces.

The

The FRONTISPIECE.

THE Curtain riſes, and a new Frontiſpiece is ſeen, joyn'd to the great Pylaſters, which are on each ſide of the Stage: On the Flat of each Baſis is a Shield, adorn'd with Gold: In the middle of the Shield on one ſide, are two Hearts, a ſmall Scrowl of Gold over 'em, and an Imperial Crown over the Scrowl; on the other, in the Shield are two Quivers full of Arrows Saltyre, &c. Upon each Baſis ſtands a Figure bigger than the Life; one repreſents Peace, with a Palm in one, and an Olive-Branch in the other hand; t'other Plenty, holding a Cornucopia, *and reſting on a Pillar. Behind theſe Figures are large Columns of the* Corinthian *Order, adorn'd with Fruit and Flowers: Over one of the Figures on the Trees is the King's Cypher, over the other, the Queen's: Over the Capitals, on the Cornice, ſits a Figure on each ſide; one preſents* Poetry, *crown'd with Laurel, holding a Scrowl in one Hand, the other with a Pen in it, and reſting on a Book; the other,* Painting, *with a Pallat and Pencils, &c. On the Sweep of the Arch lies one of the Muſes, playing on a Baſe Voyal; another of the Muſes, on the other ſide, holding a Trumpet in one Hand, and the other on a Harp. Between theſe Figures, in the middle of the Sweep of the Arch, is a very large Pannel in a Frame of Gold; in this Pannel is painted on one ſide a Woman repreſenting the City of* London, *leaning her Head on her Hand in a dejected poſture, (ſhewing her Sorrow and Penitence for her Offences;) the other Hand holds the Arms of the City, and a Mace lying under it: On the other ſide, is a Figure of the* Thames, *with his Legs ſhackl'd, and leaning on an empty Urn: Behind theſe, are Two Imperial Figures; one repreſenting His preſent*

Majeſty ; and the other the Queen : By the King ſtands Pallas, *(or Wiſdom and Valour,) holding a* Charter *for the City, the King extending his Hand, as raiſing her drooping Head, and reſtoring her to her ancient Honour and Glory : Over the City are the envious devouring* Harpies *flying from the Face of Majeſty : By the Queen ſtand the* Three Graces, *holding Garlands of Flowers, and at her Feet* Cupids *bound, with their Bows and Arrows broken, the Queen pointing with her* Scepter *to the River, and commanding the* Graces *to take off their Fetters. Over the King, in a Scrowl, is this Verſe of* Virgil,

Diſcite Juſtitiam, moniti, & non temnere Divos.

Over the Queen, this of the ſame Author,

Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.

ALBION,
AND
ALBANIUS;
An Opera.

Decorations of the Stage in the Firſt Act.

TE *Curtain riſes, and there appears on either ſide of the Stage, next to the Frontiſpiece, a Statue on Horſe-back of Gold, on Pedeſtals of Marble, enrich'd with Gold, and bearing the Imperial Arms of* England . *One of theſe Statues is taken from that of the late King, at* Charing-Croſs ; *the other, from that Figure of his preſent Majeſty (done by that noble Artiſt Mr.* Gibbons) *at* Windſor.

The Scene, is a Street of Palaces, which lead to the Front of the Royal Exchange ; *the great Arch is open, and the view is continued through the open part of the* Exchange, *to the Arch on the other ſide, and thence to as much of the Street beyond, as could properly be taken.*

Mercury,

Mercury deſcends in a Chariot drawn by Ravens.

He comes to Auguſta, *and* Thameſis. *They lie on Couches, at a diſtance from each other in dejected poſtures; She attended by Cities, He by Rivers.*

On the ſide of Auguſta's *Couch are Painted Towers falling, a Scarlet Gown, and Gold Chain, a Cap of Maintenance thrown down, and a Sword in a Velvet Scabbard thruſt through it, the City Arms, a Mace with an old uſeleſs Charter, and all in diſorder. Before* Thameſis *are broken Reeds, Bull-ruſhes,* Sedge, &c. *with his Urn Reverſt.*

ACT. I.

Mercury *Deſcends.*

Merc. THou glorious Fabrick! ſtand for ever, ſtand:
Well Worthy Thou to entertain
The God of Traffick, and of Gain,
To draw the Concourſe of the Land,
And Wealth of all the Main.
But where the Shoals of Merchants meeting?
Welcome to their Friends repeating,
Buſie Bargains deafer ſound!
Tongues Confus'd of every Nation?
Nothing here but Deſolation,
Mournful ſilence reigns around.
Aug. O *Hermes!* pity me!
I was, while Heav'n did ſmile,
The Queen of all this Iſle,
Europe's Pride,
And *Albion*'s Bride;
But gone my Plighted Lord! ah, gone is He!
O *Hermes*! pity me!

Tham. And I the Noble Flood, whoſe tributary Tide
Does on her Silver Margent ſmoothly glide ;
But Heav'n grew jealous of our happy ſtate :
And bid revolving Fate,
Our Doom decree ;
No more the King of Floods am I,
No more the Queen of *Albion*, She!
These two Lines are ſung by Repriſes, betwixt Aug. & Tham.
Aug. O *Hermes!* pity me!
Tham. O *Hermes!* pity me!
Sung by Auguſta *and* Thameſis *together.*
Aug. Behold!
Tham. Behold!
Aug. My Turret's on the ground
That once my Temples crown'd!
Tham. The Sedgy Honours of my Brow's diſpers'd!
My Urn revers'd!
Merc. Riſe, riſe, *Auguſta*, riſe!
And wipe thy weeping Eyes :
Auguſta! for I call thee ſo!
'Tis lawful for the Gods to know
Thy future Name,
And growing Fame.
Riſe, riſe, *Auguſta*, riſe.
Aug. O never, never will I riſe!
Never will I ceaſe my mourning,
Never wipe my weeping Eyes,
Till my plighted Lord's returning!
Never, never will I riſe!
Merc. What brought Thee, Wretch, to this Deſpair?
The Cauſe of thy Misfortune ſhow.
Aug. It ſeems the Gods take little Care
Of Humane Things below,
When even our Suffrings here they do not know!
Merc. Not unknowing came I down,
Diſloyal Town!
Speak! didſt not Thou
Forſake thy Faith, and break thy Nuptial Vow?
Aug. Ah 'tis too true! too true!
But what cou'd I, unthinking City, do?
Faction ſway'd me,
Zeal allur'd me,

Both aſſur'd me,
Both betray'd me!
Merc. Suppoſe me ſent
Thy *Albion* to reſtore,
Can'ſt thou repent?
Aug. My Falſhood I deplore!
Tham. Thou ſeeſt her mourn; and I.
With all my Waters, will her Tears ſupply.
Merc. Then by ſome Loyal Deed regain
Thy long loſt Reputation,
To waſh away the Stain
That blots a Noble Nation!
And free thy famous Town again
From Force of Uſurpation.
Chor. of all. } We'll waſh away the ſtain
That blots a noble Nation.
And free this famous Town again
From force of Uſurpation. [*Dance of the Followers of* Mercury.
Aug. Behold *Democracy* and *Zeal* appear;
She that allur'd my Heart away,
And He that after made a Prey.
Merc. Reſiſt, and do not fear!
Chorus of all.] Reſiſt, and do not fear! [*Enter* Democracy *and* Zeal *attended by* Archon.
Democ. Nymph of the City! bring thy Treaſures,
Bring me more
To waſte in Pleaſures.
Aug. Thou haſt exhauſted all my Store,
And I Can give no more.
Zeal. Thou Horny Flood, for *Zeal* provide
A new Supply; And ſwell thy Moony Tide,
That on thy buxom Back the floating Gold may glide.
Tham. Not all the Gold the Southern Sun produces,
Or Treaſures of the fam'd *Levant*,
Suffice for Pious Uſes,
To feed the ſacred hunger of a Saint!
Democ. Woe to the Vanquiſh'd, woe!
Slave as thou art,
Thy Wealth impart,
And me thy Victor know!

Zeal. And me thy Victor know,
Reſiſtleſs Arms are in my hand,
Thy Barrs ſhall burſt at my Command,
Thy Towry Head lye low.
Woe to the Vanquiſh'd, woe!
Aug. Were I not bound by Fate
For ever, ever here,
My Walls I would tranſlate
To ſome more happy Sphere,
Remov'd from ſervile fear.
Tham. Remov'd from ſervile fear,
Wou'd I could diſappear
And ſink below the Mayn;
For Common-wealth's a Load
My old Imperial Flood
Shall never never bear again.

A Common-wealth's a Load
Our old Imperial Flood
Shall never never never bear again. } Thameſis *and* Auguſta *together.*
Dem. Pull down her Gates, Expoſe her bare;
I muſt enjoy the proud, diſdainful Fair.
Haſte, *Archon*, Haſte
To lay her waſte!
Zeal. I'll hold her faſt
To be embrac'd!
Dem. And ſhe ſhall ſee
A Thouſand Tyrants are in thee,
A Thouſand Thouſand more in me!
Archon to Aug. } From the *Caledonian* Shore
Hither am I come to ſave thee,
Not to force or to enſlave thee,
But thy *Albion* to reſtore:
Hark! the Peals the People ring.
Peace and Freedom and a King.
Chor.] Hark! the Peals the People ring,
Peace, and Freedom, and a King.
Aug. Tham. to Arms! to Arms!
Archon. I lead the way!
Merc. Ceaſe your Alarms!

And ſtay, brave *Archon*, ſtay!
'Tis Doom'd by Fates Decree!
'Tis Doom'd that *Albion*'s Dwelling,
All other Iſles excelling,
By Peace ſhall Happy be!

Archon. What then remains for me?

Merc. Take my *Caduceus*! Take this awful Wand;
With this th' Infernal Ghoſts I can command,
And ſtrike a Terrour thro' the *Stygian* Land.
Common-wealth will want Pretences,
Sleep will creep on all his Senſes;
Zeal that lent him her Aſſiſtance, } Archon *touches* Democracy *with a Wand.*
Stand amaz'd without Reſiſtance. }

Dem. I feel a lazy Slumber lays me down!
Let *Albion*! let him take the Crown!
Happy let him reign,
Till I wake again! [*falls aſleep.*

Zeal. In vain I rage, In vain,
I rouze my Powers;
But I ſhall wake again;
I ſhall to better Hours.
Ev'n in Slumber I will vex him;
Still perplex him,
Still incumber:
Know you that have ador'd him,
And Sovereign Power afford him,
We'll reap the Gains
Of all your Pains,
And ſeem to have reſtor'd him!

[Zel. *falls aſleep.*

Aug. and *Tham.* A ſtupifying ſadneſs
Leaves Her without motion;
But Sleep will cure her Madneſs.
And cool her to Devotion.

A double Pedeſtal riſes: On the Front of it is painted in Stone-Colour, Two Women; One holding a double-fac'd Vizor; the other a Book, repreſenting Hypocriſie *and* Phanaticiſm; *when* Archon *has charmed* Demacracy *and* Zeal *with the Caduceus of* Mercury, *they fall aſleep on the Pedeſtal, and it ſinks with them.*

Merc. CEaſe, *Auguſta!* Ceaſe thy Mourning,
Happy Days appear,
God-like *Albion* is returning
Loyal Hearts to Chear!
Every Grace his Youth adorning,
Glorious as the Star of Morning,
Or the Planet of the Year.
Chor. God-like *Albion* is returning, &c.
Merc. to *Arch.* } Haſte away, Loyal Chief, haſte away.
No Delay, but obey:
To receive thy Lov'd Lord! haſte away. [*Exit* Arch.
Tham. *Medway* and *Iſis*, you that augment me,
Tides that encreaſe my Watry Store,
And you that are Friends to Peace and Plenty,
Send my Merry Boys all aſhore;
Sea-Men Skipping,
Mariners Leaping,
Shouting Tripping,
Send my Merry Boys all aſhore!

A Dance of Water-men in the King's and Duke's Liveries.

The Clouds divide, and Juno *appears in a Machine drawn by Peacocks; while a Symphony is playing, it moves gently forward, and as it deſcends, it opens and diſcovers the Tail of the Peacock, which is ſo large, that it almoſt fills the opening of the Stage between Scene and Scene.*

Merc. THE Clouds divide, what Wonders,
What Wonders do I ſee!
The Wife of *Jove*! Tis She,
That Thunders, more than Thundring He!
Juno, No, *Herme*, No;
'Tis Peace above
As 'tis below:
For *Jove* has left his wandring Love.
Tham. Great Queen of gathering Clouds;
Whoſe Moiſture fills our Floods,
See; we fall before Thee,
Proſtrate we adore Thee!
Aug. Great Queen of Nuptial Rites,
Whoſe Pow'r the Souls unites,
And fills the Genial Bed with chaſte Delights
See; we fall before Thee,
Proſtrate we adore Thee!
Juno. 'Tis ratify'd above by every God,
And *Jove* has firm'd it with an Awful Nod;
That *Albion* ſhall his Love renew:
But oh, ungrateful Fair,
Repeated Crimes beware,
And to his Bed be true!

Iris *appears on a very large Machine. This was really ſeen the 18th. of* March 1684. *by Capt.* Chriſtopher Gunman, *on Board his R. H. Yacht, then in* Calais Pierre : *He drew it as it then appear'd, and gave a Draught of it to us. We have only added the Cloud where the Perſon of* Iris *ſits.*

Juno. SPeak *Iris*, from *Batavia*, ſpeak the News!
Has ſhe perform'd my dread Command,
Returning *Albion* to his longing Land,
Or dares the Nymph refuſe?
Iris. Albion, by the Nymph attended,
Was to *Neptune* recommended,
Peace and Plenty ſpread the Sails:
Venus in her Shell before him,
From the Sands in Safety bore him,
And ſupply'd *Eteſian* Gales. [*Retornella.*
Archon on the Shore commanding,
Lowly met him at his Landing,
Crowds of People ſwarm'd around;
Welcome rang like Peals of Thunder;
Welcome, rent the Skies aſunder;
Welcome, Heav'n and Earth reſound.
Juno. Why ſtay we then on Earth
When Mortals laugh and love?
'Tis time to mount above
And ſend *Aſtræa* down,
The Ruler of his Birth,
And Guardian of his Crown.
'Tis time to mount above,
And ſend *Aſtræa* down.
Me. Ju. Ir. 'Tis time to mount above,
And ſend *Aſtræa* down. [Mer. Ju. *and* Iris *aſcend.*
Aug. and *Tham.* The Royal Squadron marches,
Erect Triumphal Arches,
For *Albion* and *Albanius*:
Rejoyce at their returning,
The Paſſages adorning:
The Royal Sqadron marches,
Erect Triumphal Arches,
For *Albion* and *Albanius.*

Part of the Scene diſappears, and the Four Triumphal Arches erected at His Majeſties Coronation are ſeen.

Albion *appears*, Albanius *by his Side, preceded by* Archon, *followed by a Train*, &c.

Full Chor. HAil, Royal *Albion*, Hail.
Aug. Hail Royal *Albion*. Hail to thee,
Thy longing Peoples Expectation :
Tham. Sent from the God's to ſet us free
From Bondage and from Uſurpation !
Aug. To pardon and to pity me,
And to forgive a guilty Nation !
Tham. Behold the differing Climes agree,
Rejoycing in thy Reſtauration.

Entry. *Repreſenting the Four Parts of the World, rejoycing at the Reſtauration of* Albion.

ACT II.

The Scene is a Poetical Hell. The Change is Total. *The Upper Part of the Houſe, as well as the Side Scenes. There is the Figure of* Prometheus *chain'd to a Rock, the Vulture gnawing his Liver.* Siſiphus *rowling the Stone, the* Belides, *&c. beyond, abundance of Figures in various Torments. Then a great Arch of Fire. Behind this three Pyramids of Flames in perpetual Agitation. Beyond this; glowing Fire, which terminates the Proſpect.*

Pluto, *the Furies; with* Alecto, Democracy *and* Zelota.

Plut. INfernal Offspring of the Night,
Debarr'd of Heav'n your Native Right,
And from the glorious Fields of Light,
Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,
And fill with groans the gloomy Plain;
Since Pleaſures here are none below,
Be Ill our Good, our Joy be Woe;
Our Work t'embroil the Worlds above,
Diſturb their Union, diſunite their Love,
And blaſt the Beauteous Frame of our Victorious Foe.
Democ. & Zelot. together. Oh thou for whom thoſe Worlds are made,
Thou Sire of all things and their end,
From hence they ſpring, and when they fade,
In ſhuffled Heaps they hither tend;
Here Humane Souls receive their Breath,
And wait for Bodies after Death.
Dem. Hear our Complaint, and grant our Pray'r.

Pluto. Speak what you are,
And whence you fell?
Democ. I am thy firſt begotten Care,
Conceiv'd in Heav'n; but born in Hell,
When Thou didſt bravely undertake in fight
Yon Arbitrary Pow'r,
That rules by Sovereign Might,
To ſet thy Heav'n-born Fellows free
And leave no difference in Degree,
In that Auſpicious Hour
Was I begot by Thee.
Zelota. One Mother bore us at a Birth,
Her Name was *Zeal* before ſhe fell;
No fairer Nymph in Heav'n or Earth
Till Saintſhip taught her to rebel:
But looſing Fame,
And changing Name,
She's now the *Good Old Cauſe* in Hell.
Plut. Dear Pledges of a Flame not yet forgot,
Say, what on Earth has been your Lot?
Dem.& Zel. The Wealth of *Albion*'s Iſle was ours,
Auguſta ſtoop'd with all her ſtately Tow'rs!
Dem. Democracy kept Nobles under.
Zel. Zeal from the Pulpit roar'd like Thunder.
Dem. I trampled on the State.
Zel. I Lorded o'er the Gown.
Dem.& Zel. We both in Triumph ſate
Uſurpers of the Crown.
But oh prodigious Turn of Fate!
Heaven controuling,
Sent us rowling, rowling, down.
Plut. I wonder'd how of late our Acherontick Shore
Grew thin, and Hell unpeopl'd of her Store;
Charon, for want of Uſe, forgot his Oar.
The Souls of Bodies Dead flew all ſublime,
And hither none return'd to purge a Crime:
But now I ſee ſince *Albion* is reſtor'd,
Death has no Bus'neſs, nor the vengeful Sword.
'Tis too too much that here I lye
From glorious Empire hurl'd;

By *Jove* excluded from the Sky;
By *Albion* from the World.
Dem. Were Common-Wealth reſtor'd again,
Thou ſhould'ſt have Millions of the ſlain
To fill thy dark Abode.
Zel. For He a Race of Rebels ſends,
And *Zeal* the Path of Heav'n pretends;
But ſtill miſtakes the Rode.
Pluto. My lab'ring Thought
At length hath wrought
A bravely bold Deſign,
In which you both ſhall joyn;
In borrow'd Shapes to Earth return;
Thou *Commonwealth*, a Patriot ſeem,
Thou *Zeal*, like true Religion burn,
To gain the giddy Crowd's Eſteem.
Alecto, thou to fair *Auguſta* go,
And all thy Snakes into her Boſom throw.
Dem. Spare ſome to fling
Where they may ſting
The Breaſt of *Albion*'s King.
Zel. Let Jealouſies ſo well be mix'd,
That great *Albanius* be unfix'd!
Pluto. Forbear your vain Attempts, forbear;
Hell can have no admittance there:
The Peoples Fear will ſerve as well,
Make him ſuſpected, them rebel.
Zel. Y'have all forgot
To forge a Plot
In ſeeming Care of *Albion*'s Life;
Inſpire the Croud
With Clamours loud
T'involve his Brother and his Wife.
Alecto. Take of a Thouſand Souls at thy Command,
The baſeſt, blackeſt of the Stygian Band:
One that will ſwear to all they can invent,
So throughly Damn'd that he can ne'er repent:
One often ſent to Earth,
And ſtill at every Birth

He took a deeper ſtain :
One that in *Adam*'s time was *Cain* :
One that was burnt in *Sodom*'s Flame,
For Crimes ev'n here too black to name :
One, who through every form of ill has run :
One, who in *Naboth*'s days, was *Belial*'s Son :
One, who has gain'd a Body fit for Sin ;
Where all his Crimes
Of former Times
Lie crowded in a Skin.
Pluto. Take him ;
Make him
What you pleaſe ;
For He
Can be
A Rogue with eaſe.
One for mighty Miſchief born :
He can Swear and be Forſworn.
Pluto and *Alecto* } Take him, make him what you pleaſe ;
take him, &c. } For he can be a Rogue with eaſe.
Pluto. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our Woes,
The Wretch that is damn'd has nothing to loſe.
Ye Furies advance
With the *Ghoſts* in a Dance,
'Tis a Jubilee when the World is in Trouble:
When People rebel
We frolick in Hell ;
But when the King falls, the Pleaſure is double :

} *A ſingle Entry of a Devil follow'd by an Entry of* 12 *Devils.*

Chorus. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our Woes,
The Wretch that is damn'd hath nothing to loſe.

The Scene changes to a Proſpect taken from the middle of the Thames; *one ſide of it begins at* York-Stairs, *thence to* White-Hall, *and the* Mill-Bank, *&c. The other from the* Saw-Mill, *thence to the* Biſhop s Palace, *and on as far as can be ſeen in a clear Day.*

Enter Auguſta; *She has a Snake in her Boſom, hanging down.*

Aug. O Jealouſie, thou raging Ill,
Why haſt thou found a Room in Lovers Hearts,
Afflicting what thou canſt not kill,
And poyſoning Love himſelf, with his own Darts?
I find my *Albion*'s Heart is gone,
My firſt Offences yet remain,
Nor can Repentance Love regain;
One writ in Sand, alas, in Marble one.
I rave, I rave, my Spirits boyl
Like Flames increas'd, and mounting high with pouring Oyl:
Diſdain and Love ſucceed by turns;
One freezes me, and t'other burns; It burns.
Away ſoft Love, thou Foe to reſt,
Give Hate the full Poſſeſſion of my Breaſt.
Hate is the nobler Paſſion far
When Love is ill repay'd;
For at one Blow it ends the War,
And cures the Love-ſick Maid.

Enter Democracy *and* Zelota; *one repreſents a* Patriot, *the other* Religion.

Dem. LEt not thy generous Paſſion waſte its Rage,
But once again reſtore our Golden Age;
Still to weep and to complain,
Does but more provoke Diſdain.
Let Publick Good
Inflame thy Blood;

With Crowds of Warlike People thou art ſtor'd,
And heaps of Gold ;
Reject thy old,
And to thy Bed receive another Lord.
Zel. Religion ſhall thy Bonds releaſe,
For Heav'n can looſe, as well as tie all ;
And when 'tis for the Nation's peace
A King is but a King on Tryal ;
When Love is loſt, let Marriage end,
And leave a Husband for a Friend.
Dem. With Jealouſie ſwarming
The People are Arming
And frights of Oppreſſion invade them
Zelot. If they fall to relenting,
for fear of repenting,
Religion ſhall help to perſuade 'em.
Aug. No more, no more Temptations uſe
To bend my Will ;
How hard a Task 'tis to refuſe
A pleaſing Ill ?
Dem. Maintain the ſeeming duty of a Wife,
A modeſt ſhow will jealous Eyes deceive,
Affect a fear for hated *Albion*'s Life,
And for imaginary Dangers grieve.
Zelot. His Foes already ſtand protected,
His Friends by publick Fame ſuſpected,
Albanius muſt forſake his Iſle :
A Plot contriv'd in happy hour
Bereaves him of his Royal Pow'r,
For Heav'n to mourn and Hell to ſmile.

The former Scene continues.

Enter Albion *and* Albanius *with a Train.* } THen Zeal and Common-wealth infeſt
My Land again ;
The fumes of madneſs that poſſeſt
The Peoples giddy Brain,

Once more diſturb the Nation's reſt,
And dye Rebellion in a deeper Stain.

2.

Will they at length awake the ſleeping Sword,
And force revenge from their offended Lord?
How long, ye Gods, how long
Can Royal Patience bear
Th' Inſults and Wrong
Of mad Men's jealouſies, and cauſeleſs fear?

3.

I thought their love by mildneſs might be gain'd,
By Peace I was reſtor'd, in Peace I reign'd:
But Tumults, Seditions,
And haughty Petitions,
Are all the effects of a merciful Nature;
Forgiving and granting,
E'er Mortals are wanting,
But leads to Rebelling againſt their Creator.

Mercury *deſcends.*

Merc. With pity *Jove* beholds thy State,
But *Jove* is circumſcrib'd by Fate;
Th' o'erwhelming Tide rowls on ſo faſt,
It gains upon this Iſlands waſt:
And is oppos'd too late! too late!
Albion. What then muſt helpleſs *Albion* do?
Merc. Delude the fury of the Foe,
And to preſerve *Albanius*, let him go;
For 'tis decreed,
Thy Land muſt bleed,
For Crimes not thine, by wrathful *Jove*;
A Sacred Flood
Of Royal Blood,
Cries Vengeance, Vengeance loud above.

Mercury *aſcends.*

Albion. Shall I, t' aſſwage
Their Brutal rage,
The Regal Stem deſtroy;
Or muſt I loſe,
(To pleaſe my Foes,)
My ſole remaining joy?
Ye Gods what worſe,
What greater Curſe,
Can all your Wrath employ?
Alban. Oh *Albion*! hear the Gods and me!
Well, am I loſt in ſaving Thee.
Not exile or danger can fright a brave Spirit
With Innocence guarded,
With Vertue rewarded;
I make of my ſufferings a Merit.
Albion. Since then the Gods, and Thou wilt have it ſo;
Go: (can I live once more to bid Thee?) go,
Where thy Misfortunes call Thee and thy Fate:
Go, guiltleſs Victim of a guilty State,
In War my Champion to defend,
In peaceful Hours, when Souls unbend,
My Brother, and what's more my Friend!
Born where the Foamy Billows roar,
On Seas leſs dang'rous than the Shore:
Go, where the Gods thy Refuge have aſſign'd:
Go from my ſight; but never from my Mind.
Alban. Whatever Hoſpitable Ground
Shall be for me, unhappy Exile, found,
Till Heav'n vouchſafe to ſmile;
What Land ſo e'er,
Tho none ſo dear,
As this ungrateful Iſle;
O think! O think! no diſtance can remove
My vow'd Allegiance, and my loyal Love.
Albion. and *Alban.* The Roſie finger'd Morn appears,
And from her Mantle ſhakes her Tears,

In promiſe of a glorious Day:
The Sun, returning, Mortals chears,
And drives the Riſing Miſts away,
In promiſe of a glorious Day. { *Ritornelle.*

The farther part of the Heaven opens and diſcovers a Machine; as it moves forwards the Clouds which are before it divide, and ſhew the Perſon of Apollo, *holding the Reins in his hand. As they fall lower, the Horſes appear with the Rays and a great Glory about* Apollo.

Apoll. ALL Hail ye Royal pair!
The God's peculiar care:
Fear not the Malice of your Foes;
Their dark deſigning
And combining,
Time and Truth ſhall once expoſe:
Fear not the Malice of your Foes.

2.

My ſacred Oracles aſſure,
The Tempeſt ſhall not long indure;
But when the Nation's Crimes are purg'd away,
Then ſhall you both in Glory ſhine;
Propitious both, and both Divine:
In Luſtre equal to the God of Day. } Apollo *goes forward out of ſight.*

Neptune *riſes out of the Water, and a Train of Rivers,* Tritons, *and Sea-Nymphs attend him.*

Thames. OLd Father Ocean calls my Tyde:
Come away, come away;
The Barks upon the Billows ride,
The Maſter will not ſtay;

The merry Boſon from his ſide,
His Whiſtle takes to check and chide
The lingring Lads delay,
And all the Crew aloud has cry'd,
Come away, come away.

See the God of Seas attends Thee,
Nymphs Divine, a Beauteous Train:
All the calmer Gales befriend Thee
In thy paſſage o'er the Main:
Every Maid her Locks is binding,
Every *Triton*'s Horn is winding,
Welcome to the watry Plain.

Chacon.

Two Nymphs and Triton *ſing.*

YE Nymphs, the Charge is Royal,
Which you muſt convey;
Your Hearts and Hands employ all,
Haſten to obey;
When Earth is grown diſloyal,
Shew there's Honour in the Sea.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus of Nymphs and Tritons *repeat the ſame Verſes.*

The Chacon *continues.*

Two Nymphs and Tritons.

Sports and Pleaſures ſhall attend you
Through all the Watry Plains,
Where *Neptune* Reigns:
Venus ready to defend you,
And her Nymphs to eaſe your Pains.
No ſtorm ſhall offend you,
Paſſing the Main;
Nor Billow threat in vain,
So Sacred a Train,

Till the Gods that defend you,
Reſtore you again.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus repeat the ſame Verſes, Sports and Pleaſure, *&c.*

The Chacon *continues.*

The two Nymphs and Triton *Sing.*

See at your bleſt returning
Rage diſappears;
The Widow'd Iſle in Mourning
Dries up her Tears,
With Flowers the Meads adorning
Pleaſure appears,
And love diſpels the Nations cauſeleſs fears.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus of Nymphs and Triton *repeat the ſame Verſes,* See at your bleſt returning, *&c.*

The Chacon *continues.*

Then the Chorus repeat. See the God of Seas, *&c. And this Chorus concludes the Act.*

A C T. III.

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he Scene is a view of Dover, *taken from the* Sea : *a row of Cliffs fill up each ſide of the Stage, and the* Sea *the middle of it, which runs into the* Peer : *beyond the* Peer, *is the Town of* Dover : *on each ſide of the Town, is ſeen a very high Hill; on one of which is the Caſtle of* Dover ; *on the other, the great* Stone *which they call the* Devils drop. *Behind the Town ſeveral Hills are ſeen at a great diſtance which finiſh the view.*

Enter Albion *bare-headed:* Acacia *or* Innocence *with him.*

Albion. Behold ye Powers! from whom I own
A Birth immortal, and a Throne:

See a Sacred King uncrown'd,
See your Offſpring, *Albion*, bound:
The Gifts you gave with laviſh hand,
Are all beſtow'd in vain:
Extended Empire on the Land,
Unbounded o'er the Main.

Acacia.

Empire o'er the Land and Main,
Heav'n that gave can take again;
But a mind that's truly brave,
Stands deſpiſing,
Storms ariſing,
And can ne'er be made a Slave.
Albion. Unhelp'd I am, who pity'd the diſtreſs'd,
And none oppreſſing, am by all oppreſs'd;
Betray'd, forſaken, and of hope bereft:
Acacia. Yet ſtill the Gods and Innocence are left.
Albion. Ah! what canſt thou avail.
Againſt Rebellion arm'd with Zeal,
And fac'd with Publick Good?
O Monarchs ſee
Your Fate in me!
To rule by Love,
To ſhed no Blood,
May be extoll'd above;
But here below,
Let Princes know
'Tis fatal to be good.
Chorus of both. To rule by Love, *&c.*
Acacia. Your Father *Neptune* from the Seas,
Has *Nereids* and blue *Triton*'s ſent,
To charm your Diſcontent.

Nereids *riſe out of the Sea and ſing,* Tritons *dance.*

FRom the low Palace of old Father Ocean,
come we in pity your Cares to deplore:
Sea-racing Dolphins are train'd for our Motion,
Moony Tides ſwelling to rowl us a-ſhore.

2.

Ev'ry Nymph of the Flood, her Treſſes rending,
Throws off her Armlet of Pearl in the Main;
Neptune in anguiſh his Charge unattending,
Veſſels are foundring, and Vows are in vain.

Enter Tyranny, Democracy, *repreſented by Men, attended by*
Aſebia, Zelota, *Women.*

Tyran. HA, ha, 'tis what ſo long I wiſh'd and vow'd,
Our Plots and Deluſions,
Have wrought ſuch Confuſions,
That the Monarch's a Slave to the Croud.
Democ. A Deſign we fomented,
Tyr. By Hell it was new!
Dem. A falſe Plot invented,
Tyr. To cover a true.
Democ. Firſt with promis'd Faith we flatter'd,
Tyr. Then Jealouſies and Fears we ſcatter'd.
Aſebia. We never valu'd right and wrong,
But as they ſerv'd our Cauſe;
Zelot. Our Buſineſs was to pleaſe the Throng,
And court their wild applauſe:
Aſebia. For this we brib'd the Lawyers Tongue,
And then deſtroy'd the Laws.
Chor. For this, &c.
Tyran. To make him ſafe, we made his Friends our Prey;
Dem. To make him great we ſcorn'd his Royel Sway,
Tyran. And to confirm his Crown, we took his Heir away.

Democ. T'encreaſe his ſtore,
We kept him poor:
Tyran. And when to wants we had betray'd him,
To keep him low,
Pronounc'd a Foe,
Who e'er preſum'd to aid him.
Aſebia. But you forget the nobleſt part,
And Maſter-piece of all your Art,
You told him he was ſick at Heart.
Zelot. And when you could not work belief
In *Albion* of th' imagin'd Grief;
Your perjur'd vouchers in a Breath,
Made Oath that he was ſick to Death;
And then five hundred Quacks of Skill
Reſolv'd 'twas fit he ſhould be ill.
Aſebia. Now heigh for a Common-wealth,
We merrily Drink and Sing,
'Tis to the Nation's Health,
For every Man's a King.
Zelot. Then let the Mask begin,
The *Saints* advance,
To fill the Dance,
And the Property Boys comes in.

The Boys in White begin a Fantaſtick Dance

Chor. Let the Saints aſcend the Throne.
Dem. Saints have Wives, and Wives have Preachers,
Guiſted Men, and able Teachers;
Theſe to get, and thoſe to own;
Chor. Let the Saints aſcend the Throne.

Aſebia. Freedom is a bait alluring;
Them betraying, us ſecuring,
While to Soverign Pow'r we ſoar.
Zelota. Old Deluſions new repeated,
Shews them born but to be cheated,
As their Fathers were before.

Six Sectaries begin a formal affected Dance, the two graveſt whiſper the other Four, and draw 'em into the Plot: They pull out and deliver Libels to them, which they receive.

Democr. SEE Friendleſs *Albion* there alone,
Without Defence
But Innocence;
Albanius now is gone.
Tyran. Say then, What muſt be done?
Dem. The Gods have put him in our hand.
Zelota. He muſt be ſlain!
Tyran. But who ſhall then Command?
Dem. The People: for the Right returns to thoſe,
Who did the Truſt impoſe.
Tyran. 'Tis fit another Sun ſhou'd riſe,
To cheer the World, and light the Skies.
Dem. But when the Sun,
His race has run,
And neither cheers the World, nor lights the Skies;
'Tis fit a Common-wealth of Stars ſhou'd riſe.
Aſebia. Each noble Vice,
Shall bear a Price,
And Vertue ſhall a Drug become:
An empty Name
Was all her Fame,
But now ſhe ſhall be Dumb.

Zelota. If open Vice be what you drive at,
A Name ſo broad we'll ne'er connive at.
Saints love Vice, but more refin'dly,
Keep her cloſe, and uſe her kindly.
Tyran. Fall on.
Dem. Fall on: E'er *Albion*'s Death we'll try,
If one or many ſhall his room ſupply.

The white Boys dance about the Saints: *The* Saints *draw out the Aſſociation, and offer it to them: They refuſe it and quarrel about it: Then the white Boys and Saints fall into a confus'd Dance, imitating fighting. The white Boys at the end of the Dance, being driven out by the Sectaries with Proteſtant Flails.*

Albion. SEE the Gods my Cauſe defending,
When all humane help was paſt!
Acacia. Factions mutually contending,
By each other fall at laſt.
Albion. But is not yonder *Proteus* Cave,
Below that Steep,
Which riſing Billows brave?
Acacia. It is: And in it lies the God aſleep:
And ſnorting by,
We may deſcry,
The Monſters of the Deep.
Albion. He knows the paſt,
And can reſolve the future too.
Acacia. 'Tis true!
But hold him faſt,
For he can change his Hew.

The Cave of Proteus *riſes out of the Sea, it conſiſts of ſeveral Arches of Rock-work, adorn'd with Mother of Pearl, Coral, and abundance of Shells of various kinds: Thro' the Arches is ſeen the Sea, and parts of* Dover-Peer: *In the middle of the Cave is* Proteus *aſleep on a Rock adorn'd with Shells, &c. Like the Cave.* Albion *and* Acacia *ſeize on him; and while a Symphony is playing, he ſinks as they are bringing him forward, and changes himſelf into a Lyon, a Crocodile, a Dragon, and then to his own ſhape again: He comes toward the front of the Stage, and Sings.*

Symphony.

Proteus. A*Lbion*, lov'd of Gods and Men,
Prince of Peace too mildly Reigning

Ceaſe thy Sorrow and complaining ;
Thou ſhalt be reſtor'd agen :
Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men.

2.

Still thou art the Care of Heav'n,
In thy Youth to Exile driv'n :
Heav'n thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty Land repented :
In thy Age, when none could aid Thee,
Foes conſpir'd, and Friends betray'd Thee ;
To the brink of Danger driv'n,
Still thou art the Care of Heav'n.
Albion. To whom ſhall I my Preſervation owe ?
Proteus. Ask me no more ! for 'tis by *Neptune*'s Foe.

Proteus deſcends.

Democracy *and* Zelota *return with their Faction.*

Democ. Our ſeeming Friends, who join'd alone,
To pull down one, and build another Throne,
Are all diſpers'd and gone :
We brave republick Souls remain.
Zelot. And 'tis by us that *Albion* muſt be Slain :
Say, whom ſhall we employ
The Tyrant to deſtroy ?
Democ. That Archer is by Fate deſign'd,
With one Eye clear, and t'other blind.
Zelota. He ſeems inſpir'd to do't.
Omnes. Shoot Holy *Cyclop*, ſhoot.

The one Ey'd Archer advances, the reſt follow : A Fire ariſes betwixt them and Albion. *[Ritornel.*

Democ. Lo ! Heav'n and Earth combine,
To blaſt our bold Deſign.

What Miracles are ſhown?
Nature's alarm'd,
And Fires are arm'd,
To guard the Sacred Throne.
Zelota. What help, when jarring Elements conſpire
To puniſh our audacious Crimes.
Retreat betimes,
To ſhun th' avenging Fire.
Chor. To ſhun the avenging Fire. [*Ritor.*

As they are going back a Fire ariſes from behind: They all ſink together.

Albion. Let our tuneful Accents upwards move,
Till they reach the vaulted Arch of thoſe above;
Let us adore 'em;
Let us fall before 'em:
Acacia. Kings they made, and Kings they love.
When they protect a rightful Monarch's Reign,
The Gods in Heav'n, the Gods on Earth maintain.
Both. When they protect, &c.
Albion. But ſee what Glories guild the Main.
Acacia. Bright *Venus* brings *Albanius* back again,
With all the Loves and Graces in her Train.

A Machine riſes out of the Sea: It opens and diſcovers Venus *and* Albanius *ſitting in a great Scallop-ſhell, richly adorn'd:* Venus *is attended by the Loves and Graces,* Albanius *by* Heroes. *The Shell is drawn by Dolphins: It moves forward, while a Simphony of Fluts-Doux,* &c. *is playing till it Lands 'em on the Stage, and then it cloſes and ſinks.*

Venus Sings.

A*Lbion*, Hail; The Gods preſent Thee,
All the richeſt of their Treaſures,
Peace and Pleaſures,

To content Thee,
Dancing their eternal Meaſures.

Graces and Loves, Dance an Entry.

Venus. But above all humane Bleſſing ;
Take a Warlike Loyal Brother,
Never Prince had ſuch another :
Conduct, Courage, Truth expreſſing,
All Heroick Worth poſſeſſing.
Chor. of all. But above all, &c.

Here the Heroes Dance is performed.

[*Ritor.*

Whilſt a Symphony is playing ; a very large, and a very glorious Machine deſcends : The figure of it Oval, all the Clouds ſhining with Gold, abundance of Angels and Cherubins flying about 'em, and playing in 'em ; in the midſt of it ſits Apollo *on a Throne of Gold : he comes from the Machine to* Albion.

Phœb. From *Jove*'s Imperial Court,
Where all the Gods reſort ;
In awful Council met,
Surprizing News I bear :
Albion the Great,
Muſt change his Seat,
For He's adopted there.
Ven. What Stars above ſhall we diſplace ?
Where ſhall he fill a Room Divine ?
Nept. Deſcended from the Sea God's Race,
Let him by my *Orion* ſhine.
Phœb. No, Not by that tempeſtuous Sign :
Betwixt the *Balance* and the *Maid*,
The Juſt,
Auguſt,
And peaceful Shade,
Shall ſhine in Heav'n with Beams diſplay'd,
While great *Albanius* is on Earth obey'd :
Ven. *Albanius* Lord of Land and Main,
Shall with fraternal Vertues Reign ;

And add his own,
To fill the Throne;
Ador'd and fear'd, and lov'd no leſs:
In War Victorious, mild in Peace,
The Joy of Men, and *Jove*'s increaſe.
Acacia. O Thou! Who mount'ſt th'Æthereal Throne,
Be kind and happy to thy own;
Now *Albion* is come,
The People of the Sky,
Run gazing and cry,
Make Room, make Room,
Make Room for our New Deity.

Here Albion *mounts the Machine, which moves upward ſlowly:*

A full Chorus of all that Acacia *ſung.*

Ven. Behold what Triumphs are prepar'd to grace
Thy glorious Race,
Where Love and Honour claim an equal place;
Already they are fix'd by Fate,
And only ripening Ages wait.

The Scene changes to a walk of very high Trees: At the end of the Walk is a view of that part of Windſor, *which faces* Eaton: *In the midſt of it is a row of ſmall Trees, which lead to the Caſtle-hill: In the firſt Scene, part of the Town and part of the Hill: In the next the Terrace Walk, the King's Lodgings, and the upper part of St.* George's *Chappel, then the Keep; and laſtly, that part of the Caſtle, beyond the Keep.*

In the Air is a Viſion of the Honours of the Garter; the Knights in Proceſſion, and the King under a Canopy: Beyond this, the upper end of St. George's *Hall.*

Fame *riſes out of the middle of the Stage, ſtanding on a Globe; on which is the Arms of* England: *The Globe reſts on a Pedeſtal: On the Front of the Pedeſtal is drawn a Man with a long, lean, pale Face, with Fiends Wings, and Snakes twiſted round his Body: He is incompaſs'd by ſeveral Phanatical Rebellious Heads, who ſuck Poiſon from him, which runs out of a Tap in his Side.*

Fame. RENown, aſſume thy Trumpet!
From Pole to Pole reſounding:
Great *Albion*'s Name;
Great *Albion*'s Name ſhall be
The Theme of Fame, ſhall be great *Albion*'s Name,
Great *Albion*'s Name; Great *Albion*'s Name.
Record the Garters Glory:
A Badge for Heroes, and for Kings to bear:
For Kings to bear!
And ſwell th'Immortal Story,
With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear;
And ſwell th'Immortal Story,
With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear;
For Gods to hear.

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments: Trumpets and Ho-Boys make Ritornelloes of all Fame *ſings; and Twenty four Dancers are all the time in a Chorus, and Dance to the end of the* Opera.

FINIS.

PROLOGUE

To the OPERA.

By *Mr.* Dryden.

Full twenty years and more, our lab'ring Stage
Has loſt, on this incorrigible Age:
Our Poets, the John Ketches *of the Nation,*
Have ſeem'd to laſh ye, ev'n to Excoriation:
But ſtill no ſign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like Heroes, or you brib'd like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a Fop,
Like beating Nut-trees, makes a larger Crop?
Faith we'll e'en ſpare our Pains; and to content you,
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.
Satyre was once your Phyſick, Wit your Food;
One nouriſh'd not, and t'other drew no Blood.
We now preſcribe, like Doctors in Deſpair,
The Diet your weak Appetites can bear.
Since hearty Beef and Mutton will not do,
Here's Julep dance, Ptiſan of Song and Show:
Give you ſtrong Senſe, the Liquor is too heady;
You're come to Farce, that's Aſſes Milk, already
Some hopeful Youths there are, of callow Wit,
Who one day may be Men, if Heav'n think fit;
Sound may ſerve ſuch, e'er they to Senſe are grown;
Like Leading-ſtrings, till they can walk alone.
But yet to keep our Friend in Count'nance, know,
The Wiſe Italians *firſt invented Show;*
Thence, into France *the Noble Pageant paſt;*
'Tis England*'s Credit to be cozen'd laſt.*

Freedom and Zeal have chous'd you o'er and o'er ;
'Pray' give us leave to bubble you once more ;
You never were ſo cheaply fool'd before ;
We bring you Change, to humour your Diſeaſe ;
Change for the worſe has ever us'd to pleaſe :
Then 'tis the Mode of France, *without whoſe Rules,*
None muſt preſume to ſet up here for Fools :
In France, *the oldeſt Man is always young,*
See Operaes *daily, learns the Tunes ſo long,*
Till Foot, Hand, Head, keep time with ev'ry Song.
Each ſings his part, ecchoing from Pit and Box,
With his hoarſe Voice, half Harmony, half Pox.
Le plus grand Roy du Monde, *is always ringing ;*
They ſhow themſelves good Subjects by their ſinging.
On that condition, ſet up every Throat ;
You Whigs may ſing, for you have chang'd your Note.
Cits and Citeſſes, raiſe a joyful ſtrain,
'Tis a good Omen to begin a Reign :
Voices may help your Charter to reſtoring ,
And get by ſinging, what you loſt by roaring.

EPILOGUE

To the OPERA.

By Mr. Dryden.

After our Eſop's *Fable ſhown to day,*
I come to give the Moral of the Play.
Feign'd Zeal, you ſaw, ſet out the ſpeedier pace ;
But, the laſt Heat, Plain Dealing *won the Race :*
Plain Dealing *for a Jewel has been known ;*
But ne'er till now the Jewell of a Crown.

When Heav'n made Man, to ſhow the Work Divine,
Truth was his Image, ſtamp'd upon the Coin:
And, when a King is to a God refin'd,
On all he ſays and does, he ſtamps his Mind:
This proves a Soul without allay, and pure;
Kings, like their Gold, ſhould every touch endure.
To dare in Fields is Valour; but how few
Dare be ſo throughly Valiant to be true?
The Name of Great, let other Kings affect:
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct.
His Subjects know him now, and truſt him more,
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws before.
What ſafety could their publick Acts afford?
Thoſe he can break; but cannot break his Word.
So great a Truſt to him alone was due;
Well have they truſted whom ſo well they knew.
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, ſecurely trod,
While he believ'd the beckning of his God;
But, when his Faith no longer bore him out,
Began to ſink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native Character maintain,
'Tis of our growth, to be ſincerely plain.
T' excel in Truth, we Loyally may ſtrive;
Set Privilege againſt Prerogative:
He plights his Faith, and we believe him Juſt;
His Honour is to promiſe, ours to truſt,
Thus Britain's *Baſis on a Word is laid,*
As by a Word the World it ſelf was made.

FINIS.

DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal:

A TRAGEDY

Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

Writen by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

——Nec tarda Senectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem. Virgil.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jo. Hindmarſh,* at the *Golden Ball* in
Cornhil. MDCXCII.

Don SEBASTIAN King of Portugal.

A Tragedy.

Perſons Repreſented.

1 Don Sebaſtian King of Portugal,——By Mr. *Williams*.
2 Muley-Moluch Emperor of Barbary,—Mr. *Kynaſton*.
3 Dorax, a Noble Portugueſe now a Renegade, formerly Don Alonzo de Sylvera Alcalde, or Governor of Alcazar,————————Mr, *Betterton*.
4 Benducar, Chief Miniſter and Favour[illegible] to the Emperor,————————Mr. *Sandford*.
5 The Muſti Abdalla,——————Mr. *Underhill*.
6 Muley-Zeydan Brother to the Emperor, Mr. *Powell* Jun.
7 Don Antonio, a Young Noble amorous Portugueſe, now a Slave,————————Mr. *Montford*.
8 Don Alvarez, an old Counſellor to Don Sebaſtian, now a Slave alſo,——————Mr. *Boweman*.
9 Muſtapha Captain of the Rabble,———Mr. *Leigh*.

10 Almeyda a Captive Queen of Barbary,—Mrs. *Barry*.
11 Morayma, Daughter to the Muſti,—Mrs. *Montford*.
12 Johayma, Chief Wife to the Muſti,—Mrs. *Leigh*,

Two Merchants.
Rabble.
A Servant to Benducar.
A Servant to the Muſti.
Scene in the Caſtle of Alcazar.

TO THE
Right Honourable
PHILIP Earl of *LEYCESTER*, &c.

FAR be it from me, (My moſt Noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my meanneſs can produce, ſhou'd be worthy to be offer'd to your Patronage; or that ought which I can ſay of you ſhou'd recommend you farther, to the eſteem of good men in this preſent Age, or to the veneration which will certainly be paid you by Poſterity. On the other ſide, I muſt acknowledge it a great preſumption in me, to make you this Addreſs; and ſo much the greater, becauſe by the common ſuffrage even of contrary parties, you have been always regarded, as one of the firſt Perſons of the Age, and yet no one Writer has dar'd to tell you ſo: whether we have been all conſcious to our ſelves that it was a needleſs labour to give this notice to Mankind, as all men are aſham'd to tell ſtale news, or that we were juſtly diffident of our own preformances, as even *Cicero* is obſerv'd to be in awe when he writs to *Atticus*; where knowing himſelf overmatch'd in good ſenſe, aud truth of knowledge, he drops the gawdy train of words, and is no longer the vain-glorious Orator. From whatever reaſon it may be, I am the firſt bold offender of this kind: I have broken down the fence, and ventur'd into the Holy Grove; how I may be puniſh'd for my prophane attempt, I know not; but I wiſh it may not be of ill Omen to your Lordſhip; and that a crowd of bad Writers, do not ruſh into the quiet of your receſſes after me. Every man in all changes of Government, which have been, or may poſſibly arrive, will agree, that I cou'd not have offer'd my Incenſe, where it cou'd be ſo well deſerv'd. For you my Lord, are ſecure in your own merit; and all Parties, as they riſe uppermoſt, are ſure to court you in their turns; 'tis a tribute which has ever been paid your virtue: The leading men ſtill bring their bullion to your mint, to receive the ſtamp of their intrinſick value that they may afterwards hope to paſs with human kind. They riſe and fall in the variety of Revolutions; and are ſometimes great, and therefore wiſe in mens opinions, who muſt court them for their intereſt: But the reputation of their parts moſt commonly follows their ſucceſs; few of 'em are wiſe, but as they are in power: Becauſe indeed, they have no ſphere of their own, but like the Moon in the Copernican Syſteme of the World, are whirl'd about by the motion of a greater Planet. This it is to be ever buſie; neither to give reſt to their Fellow creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly rediculous, to themſelves: Tho' truly, the latter is a kind of juſtice, and giving mankind a due revenge, that they will not permit their own hearts to be at quiet, who diſturb the repoſe of all beſide them. Ambitious Meteors! how willing they are to ſet themſelves upon the Wing; and taking every occaſion of drawing upward to the Sun: Not conſidering that they have no more time allow'd them for their mounting, than the ſhort revolution of a day; and that when the light goes form them, they are of neceſſity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not ſay, for there is but one Phœnix in an Age,) who centring on himſelf, remains immovable, and ſmiles at the madneſs of the dance about him. He poſſeſſes the midſt, which is the portion of ſafety and content: He will not be higher, becauſe he needs it not; but by the prudence of that choice, he puts it out of fortunes power to throw him down. 'Tis confeſt, that if he had not ſo been born, he might have been too high for happineſs; but not endeavouring to aſcend, he ſecures the native height of his ſtation from envy; and cannot deſcend from what he is, becauſe he depends not on another. What a glorious Character was this once in *Rome*; I ſhou'd ſay in *Athens*, when in the diſturbances of a State as mad as ours, the wiſe *Pomponius* tranſported all the remaining wiſdom and virtue of his Country, into the Sanctuary of Peace and Learning. But I wou'd ask the World, (for you my Lord, are too nearly concern'd to judge this Cauſe) whether there may not yet be found, a Character of a Noble Engliſhman, equally ſhining with that illuſtrious *Roman* Whether I need to name a ſecond *Atticus*; or whether the World has not already prevented me, and fix'd it there without my naming. Not a ſecond with a *longo ſed proximus intervallo*, not a Young *Marcellus*, flatter'd by a Poet, into a reſemblance of the firſt, with a *frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu*, and the reſt that follows, *ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas Tu Mercellus eris*: But a Perſon of the ſame ſtamp and magnitude; who owes nothing to the former, beſides the Word *Roman*, and the Superſtition of reverence, devolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years. One who walks by him with equal paces, and ſhares the eyes of beholders with him: One, who had been firſt had he firſt liv'd; and in ſpight of doating veneration is ſtill his equal, Both of them born of Noble Families in unhappy Ages, of change and tumult; both of them retiring from Affairs of State: Yet not leaving the Common-wealth, till it had left it ſelf; but never returning to publick buſineſs, when they had once quitted it; tho courted by the Heads of either Party. But who wou'd truſt the quiet of their lives, with the extravagancies of their Countrymen, when they were juſt in the giddineſs of their turning; when the ground was tottering under them at every moment; and none cou'd gueſs whether the next heave of the Earthquake, wou'd ſettle them on the firſt Foundation, or ſwallow it? Both of 'em knew Mankind exactly well; for both of them began that ſtudy in themſelves; and there they found the beſt part of humane compoſition, the worſt they learn'd by long experience of the folly, ignorance, and immorality of moſt beſide them. their Philoſophy on both ſides, was not wholly ſpeculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain Ideas of things which cannot poſſibly be known; or if they cou'd, yet wou'd only terminate in the underſtanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical Philoſophy, which exerted it ſelf in all the offices of pity, to thoſe who were unfortunate, and deſerv'd not ſo to be. The Friend was always more conſider'd by them than the cauſe: And an *Octavius*, or an *Anthony* in diſtreſs, were reliev'd by them, as well as a *Brutus* or a *Caſſius*. For the lowermoſt party to a noble mind. is ever the fitteſt object of good will. The eldeſt of them, I will ſuppoſe for his honour, to have been of the Academick Sect, neither Dogmatiſt nor Stoick; if he were not, I am ſure he ought in common juſtice, to yield the precedency to his younger Brother. For ſtiffneſs of Opinion is the effect of Pride, and not of Philoſophy: 'Tis a miſerable Preſumption of that knowledg which humane Nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedneſs of a Stoick is only a ſilly affectation of being a God: To wind himſelf up by pulleys, to an inſenſibility of ſuffering; and at the ſame time to give the lye to his own Experience, by ſaying he ſuffers not, what he knows he feels. True, Philoſophy is certainly of a more pliant Nature, and more accommodated to human uſe; *Homo ſum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* A wiſe man will never attempt an impoſſibility; and ſuch it is to ſtrain himſelf beyond the nature of his Being; either to become a Deity, by being above ſuffering, or to debaſe himſelf into a Stock or Stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in our ſelves the Weakneſſes and Imperfections of our wretched Kind, is ſurely the moſt reaſonable ſtep we can make towards the Compaſſion of our fellow Creatures. I cou'd give Examples of this kind in the ſecond *Atticus*. In every turn of State, without medling on either ſide, he has always been favourable and aſſiſting to oppreſt Merit. The Praiſes which were given by a great Poet to the late Queen Mother on her re-building *Somerſet Palace*, one part of which was fronting to the mean Houſes on the other ſide of the Water, are as juſtly his:

For, the diſtreſt, and the afflicted lye
Moſt in his Thoughts, and always in his Eye.

Neither has he ſo far forgot a poor Inhabitant of his Suburbs, whoſe beſt proſpect is on the Garden of *Leiceſter-Houſe*; but that more than once he has been offering him his Patronage, to reconcile him to a World, of which his Misfortunes have made him weary. There is another *Sidney* ſtill remaining, tho' there can never be another *Spencer* to deſerve the Favour. But one *Sidney* gave his Patronage to the applications of a Poet; the other offer'd it unask'd. Thus. whether as a ſecond *Atticus*, or a ſecond Sir *Philip Sidney*, the latter in all reſpects, will not have the worſe of the Compariſon; and if he will take up with the ſecond place, the World will not ſo far flatter his Modeſty, as to ſeat him there, unleſs it be out of a deference of Manners, that he may place himſelf where he pleaſes at his own Table.

I may therefore ſafely conclude, that he, who by the conſent of all men, bears ſo eminent a Character, will out of his inborn Nobleneſs, forgive the Preſumption of this Addreſs. 'Tis an unfiniſh'd Picture, I confeſs, but the Lines and Features are ſo like, that it cannot be miſtaken for any other; and without writing any name under it, every beholder muſt cry out, at the firſt ſight, this was deſign'd for *Atticus*; but the bad Artiſt, has caſt too much of him into ſhades. But I have this Excuſe, that even the greateſt Maſters commonly fall ſhort of the beſt Faces. They may flatter an indifferent Beauty; but the excellencies of Nature, can have no right done to them: For there both the Pencil and the Pen are overcome by the Dignity of the Subject; as our admirable *Waller* has expreſs'd it;

The Hero's Race tranſcends the Poet's Thought.

There are few in any Age who can bear the load of a Dedication; for where Praiſe is undeſerv'd, 'tis Satyr; Tho Satyr on Folly is now no longer a Scandal to any one Perſon, where a whole Age is dipt together; yet I had rather undertake a Multitude one way, than a ſingle *Atticus* the other; for 'tis eaſier to deſcend, than 'tis to climb. I ſhould have gone aſham'd out of the World, if I had not at leaſt attempted this Addreſs, which I have long thought owing: and if I had never attempted I might have been vain enough to think I might have ſucceeded in it: now I have made the Experiment, and have fail'd, through my Unworthineſs. I may reſt ſatisfi'd, that either the Adventure is not to be atchiev'd or that it is reſerv'd for ſome other hand.

Be pleas'd therefore, ſince the Family of the *Attici* is and ought to be above the common Forms of Concluding Letters, that I may take my leave in the Words of *Cicero* to the firſt of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valdè pœnitet vivere: tantùm te oro, ut quoniam me ipſe ſemper amâſti, ut eodem amore ſis; ego nimirum, idem ſum. Inimici mei mea mihi non meipſum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

Dabam Cal.
Jan. 1690.

THE

THE

PREFACE.

WHether it happen'd through a long diſuſe of Writing, that I forgot the uſual compaſs of a Play; or that by crowding it, with Characters and Incidents, I put a neceſſity upon my ſelf of lengthning the main Action, I know not; but the firſt days Audience ſufficiently convinc'd me of my error; and that the Poem was inſupportably too long. 'Tis an ill ambition of us Poets, to pleaſe an Audience with more then they can bear: And, ſuppoſing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagin our ſelves to write; yet we ought to conſider, that no man can bear to be long tickled. There is a nauſeouſneſs in a City feaſt when we are to ſit four hours after we are cloy'd. I am, therefore, in the firſt place, to acknowledg with all manner of gratitude, their civility; who were pleas'd to endure it with ſo much patience, to be weary with ſo much good nature and ſilence, and not to explode an entertainment, which was deſign'd to pleaſe them; or diſcourage an Author, whoſe misfortunes have once more brought him againſt his will, upon the Stage. While I continue in theſe bad circumſtances, (and truly I ſee very little probability of coming out:) I muſt be oblig'd to write, and if I may ſtill hope for the ſame kind uſage, I ſhall the leſs repent of that hard neceſſity. I write not this out of any expectation to be pityed; for I have Enemies enow to wiſh me yet in a worſe condition; but give me leave to ſay, that if I can pleaſe by writing, as I ſhall endeavour it, the Town may be ſomewhat oblig'd to my misfortunes, for a part of their diverſion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having obſerv'd how difficult it was to pleaſe; that the humours of Comedy were almoſt ſpent, that Love and Honour (the miſtaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theaters cou'd not ſupport their charges, that the Audience forſook them, that young men without Learning ſet up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudeſt, who underſtood the leaſt: all theſe diſcouragements had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had alſo given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the diffi-

culties continue; they increaſe, and I am ſtill condemn'd to dig in thoſe exhauſted Mines. whatever fault I next commit, reſt aſſur'd it ſhall not be that of too much length: Above twelve hundred lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, ſince it was firſt deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed ſo judiciouſly lopt by Mr. Betterton, *to whoſe care and excellent action, I am equally oblig'd, that the connexion of the ſtory was not loſt; but on the other ſide, it was impoſſible to prevent ſome part of the action from being precipitated and coming on without that due preparation, which is requir'd to all great events: as in particular, that of raiſing the Mobile, in the beginning of the fourth Act; which a man of* Benducar's *Cool Character, cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all thoſe precautions, which he foreſaw wou'd be neceſſary to render his deſign ſucceſsful, On this conſideration, I have replac'd thoſe lines, through the whole Poem; and thereby reſtor'd it, to that clearneſs of conception, and (if I may dare to ſay it) that luſtre, and maſculine vigour, in which it was firſt written. 'Tis obvious to every underſtanding Reader, that the moſt Poetical parts, which are Deſcriptions, Images, Similitudes, and Moral Sentences; are thoſe which of neceſſity were to be par'd away, when the body was ſwoln into too large a bulk for the repreſentation of the Stage. But there is a vaſt difference betwixt a publique entertainment on the Theatre, and a private reading in the Cloſet: In the firſt we are confin'd to time, and though we talk not by the hour-glaſs, yet the Watch often drawn out of the pocket, warns the Actors, that their Audience is weary; in the laſt, every Reader is judge of his own convenience; he can take up the book, and lay it down at his pleaſure; and find out thoſe beauties of propriety, in thought and writing, which eſcap'd him in the tumult and hurry of repreſenting. And I dare boldly promiſe for this Play, that in the roughneſs of the numbers and cadences, (which I aſſure was not caſual, but ſo deſign'd) you will ſee ſome what more maſterly ariſing to your view, than in moſt, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the Figures and more ſuitable to the loftineſs of the Subject; and beſides this ſome newneſſes of* Engliſh, *tranſlated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the elegancies of the Latin; and here and there ſome old words are ſprinkled, which for their ſignificance and ſound, deſerv'd not to be antiquated; [illegible] as we often find in Saluſt amongſt the Roman Authors, and in* Milton's *Paradiſe amongſt ours; though perhaps the latter inſtead of ſprinkling, has dealt them with too* free a hand, even ſometimes to the obſcuring of his ſenſe.

As for the ſtory or plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely fiction; for I take it up where the Hiſtory has laid it down. We are aſſur'd by all Writers of thoſe times, that Sebaſtian a young Prince of great courage and expectation, undertook that War partly upon a religious account, partly at the ſolicitation of Muley-Mahumet, who had been driven out of his Dominions, by Abdelmelech, or as others call him Muley-Moluch his nigh Kinſman, who deſcended from the ſame Family of the Xeriff's; whoſe Fathers Hamet and Mahomet had conquer'd that Empire with joynt Forces; and ſhar'd it betwixt them after their Victory: That the body of Don Sebaſtian was never found in the Field of Battle; which gave occaſion for many to believe, that he was not ſlain; that ſome years after, when the Spaniards with a pretended title, by force of Arms had Uſurp'd the Crown of Portugal, from the Houſe of Braganza, a certain Perſon who call'd himſelf Don Sebaſtian, and had all the marks of his body and features of his face, appear'd at Venice, where he was own'd by ſome of his Country men; but being ſeiz'd by the Spaniards was firſt Impriſon'd, then ſent to the Gallies, and at laſt put to Death in private. 'Tis moſt certain, that the Portugueſes expected his return for almoſt an Age together after that Battel; which is at leaſt a proof of their extream love to his Memory; and the uſage which they had from their new Conquerors, might poſſibly make them ſo extravagant in their hopes and wiſhes for their old Maſter.

This ground work the Hiſtory afforded me, and I deſire no better to build a Play upon it: For where the event of a great action is left doubtfull, there the Poet is left Maſter: He may raiſe what he pleaſes on that foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the rule of probability. From hence I was only oblig'd, that Sebaſtian ſhou'd return to Portugal no more; but at the ſame time I had him at my own diſpoſal, whether to beſtow him in Affrick, or in any other corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his death; and the laſt of theſe was certainly the moſt eaſie, but for the ſame reaſen, the leaſt artful; becauſe as I have ſomewhere ſaid, the poyſon and the dagger are ſtill at hand, to butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the brains to ſave him. It being therefore only neceſſary according to the Laws of the Drama, that Sebaſtian ſhou'd no more be ſeen up[illegible] Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have diſpos'd of him according to art, or have bungled up the concluſion of his adventure. In the drawing of his Character I forgot

got not piety, which any one may obſerve to be one principal ingredient of it; even ſo far as to be a habit in him; though I ſhew him once to be tranſported from it by the violence of a ſudden Paſſion, to endeavour a ſelf murther. This being preſuppos'd, that he was Religious, the horror of his Inceſt, though innocently committed, was the beſt reaſon which the Stage cou'd give for hindering his return. 'Tis true I have no right to blaſt his Memory, with ſuch a crime: but declaring it to be fiction, I deſire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are ſeeing it repreſented: For that once ended, he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have reaſon to preſume he is. On this ſuppoſition, it was unreaſonable to have kill'd him? for the Learned Mr. Rymer *has well obſerv'd, that in all puniſhments we are to regulate our ſelves by Poetical juſtice; and according to thoſe meaſures an involuntary ſin deſerves not death; from whence it follows, that to divorce himſelf from the beloved object, to retire into a deſert, and deprive himſelf of a Throne, was the utmoſt puniſhment, which a Poet cou'd inflict, as it was alſo the utmoſt reparation, which* Sebaſtian *cou'd make. For what relates to* Almeyda, *her part is wholly fictious: I know it is the ſurname of a noble Family in* Portugal, *which was very Inſtrumental in the Reſtoration of* Don John de Braganza, *Father to the moſt Illuſtrious and moſt Pious Princeſs our Queen* Dowager. *The* French *Author of a Novel call'd* Don Sebaſtian, *has given that name to an* Affrican *Lady of his own invention, and makes her* [illegible]*er to* Muley-Mahumet. *But I have wholly chang'd the accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the ſuppoſition, that ſhe was belov'd by the King of* Portugal. *Tho, if I had taken the whole ſtory, and wrought it up into a Play I might have done it exactly according to the practice of almoſt all the Ancients; who were never accus'd of being Plaguaries, for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus* Auguſtus Cæſer *wrot an* Ajax, *which was not the leſs his own, becauſe* Euripides *had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late years* Corneille *writ an* Oedipus *after* Sophocles; *and I have deſign'd one after him, which I wrote with Mr.* Lee, *yet neither the* French *Poet ſtole from the* Greek, *nor we from the* French-man. *'Tis the contrivance, the new turn, and new Characters, which alter the property and make it ours. The* Materia Poetica *is as common to all Writers, as the* Materia Medica *to all Phyſicians. Thus in our* Chronicles, Daniels.

niels *Hiſtory is ſtill his own though* Matthew Paris, Stow *and* Hollingſhed *writ before him, otherwiſe we muſt have been content with their dull relations, if a better Pen had not been allow'd to come after them, and write his own account after a new and better manner.*

I muſt farther declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three Mechanick rules of unity: I knew them and had them in my eye, but follow'd them only at a diſtance; for the Genius of the En-gliſh *cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of Pleaſure. My Scenes are therefore ſometimes broken, becauſe my Under-plot requir'd them ſo to be; though the General Scene remains of the ſame Caſtle; and I have taken the time of two days, becauſe the variety of accidents, which are here repreſented, cou'd not naturally be ſuppos'd to arrive in one: But to gain a greater Beauty, 'tis lawfull for a Poet to superſede a leſs.*

I muſt likewiſe own, that I have ſomewhat deviated from the known Hiſtory, in the death of Muley-Moluch, *who, by all relations dyed of a feaver in the Battle, before his Army had wholly won the Field; but if I have allow'd him another day of Life, it was becauſe I ſtood in need of ſo ſhining a Character of brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the ſame, with that of the preſent Emperour* Muley-Iſhmael, *as ſome of our* Engliſh *Officers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd me.*

I have been liſtning what objections had been made, againſt the conduct of the Play, but found them all ſo trivial, that if I ſhou'd name them, a true critick wou'd imagin that I play'd booty, and only rais'd up fantoms for my ſelf to conquer. Some are pleas'd to ſay the Writing is dull; but ætatem habet de ſe loquatur. *Others that the double poyſon is unnaturall; let the common receiv'd opinion, and* Auſonius *his famous Epigram anſwer that. Laſtly a more ignorant ſort of Creatures than either of the former, maintain that the Character of* Dorax, *is not only unnatural, but inconſiſtent with it ſelf; let them read the Play and think again; and if yet they are not ſatisfied, caſt their eyes on that Chapter of the Wiſe* Montaigne, *which is intitled* de l'Inconſtance des actions humaines. *A longer reply, is what thoſe Cavillers deſerve not; but I will give them and their fellows to underſtand, that the Earl of* Dorſet, *was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was*

Acted; and did me the favour to ſend me word, that I had written beyond any of my former Plays; and that he was diſpleas'd any thing ſhou'd be cut away. If I have not reaſon to prefer his ſingle judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be judge; for the oppoſition is the ſame with that of Lucan's *Heroe againſt an Army;* concurrere bellum, atque virum. *I think I may modeſtly conclude, that whatever errors there may be, either in the deſign, or writing of this Play, they are not thoſe which have been objected to it. I think alſo, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of doating; and that I have given ſo much application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many groſs abſurdities; which may caution my Enemies from to raſh a cenſure; and may alſo encourage my Friends, who are many more then I cou'd reaſonably have expected, to believe their kindneſs has not been very undeſervedly beſtow'd on me. This is not a Play that was huddl'd up in haſt; and to ſhew it was not, I will own, that beſide the generall Moral of it, which is given in the four laſt lines, their is alſo another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters, which a judicious Critick will obſerve, though I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be alſo ſome ſecret Beauties in the decorum of parts, and uniformity of deſign, which my puny Judges will not eaſily find out; let them conſider in the laſt Scene of the fourth Act, whether I have not preſerv'd the rule of decency, in giving all the advantage to the Royal Character; and in making* Dorax *firſt ſubmit: Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was through indigence of Characters, that I have given the ſame to* Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda; *and conſequently made them alike in all things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this identity of Character in the greatneſs of their Souls; was intended for a preparation of the final diſcovery, and that the likeneſs of their nature, was a fair hint to the proximity of their blood.*

To avoid the imputation of too much vanity (for all Writers, and eſpecially Poets will have ſome) I will give but one other inſtance, in relation to the Uniformity of the deſign. I have obſerv'd, that the Engliſh *will not bear a thorough Tragedy; but are pleas'd, that it ſhou'd be lightned with underparts of mirth. It had been eaſie for me to have given my Audience a better courſe of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of* Antonio *and* Morayma. *But I dare* *appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any man cou'd have invented one which had been more of a peice, and more depending, on the ſerious part of the deſign. For what cou'd be more uniform, than to draw from out of the members of a Captive Court, the Subject of a Comical entertainment? To prepare this Epiſode, you ſee* Dorax *giving the Character of* Antonio, *in the beginning of the Play, upon his firſt ſight of him at the Lottery; and to make the dependence,* Antonio *is ingag'd in the Fourth Act, for the deliverance of* Almeyda; *which is alſo prepar'd, by his being firſt made a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble.*

I ſhou'd beg pardon for theſe inſtances; but perhaps they may be of uſe to future Poets, in the conduct of their Plays: At leaſt if I appear too poſitive; I am growing old, and thereby, in poſſeſſion of ſome experience, which men in years will always aſſume for a right of talking. Certainly, if a Man can ever have reaſon to ſet a value on himſelf, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the Counſel of my Old Maſter Virgil.

Tu, ne cede malis; ſed contra audentior ito.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE

TO

DON SEBASTIAN King of *Portugal.*

Spoken by a Woman.

THE Judge remov'd, tho he's no more My Lord,
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board:
So may caſt Poets write; there's no Pretenſion,
To argue loſs of Wit from loſs of Penſion.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I ſee not one, that wears a damning face.
The Britiſh *Nation, is too brave to ſhow,*
Ignoble vengeance, on a vanquiſh'd foe,
At leaſt be civil to the Wretch imploring;
And lay your Paws upon him, without roaring:
Suppoſe our Poet was your foe before;
Yet now, the bus'neſs of the Field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your Civil Wars alone,
When Troops are into Winter-quarters gone,
Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian;
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.
Take good advice, and pleaſe your ſelves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the Play.
Among good Fellows ev'ry health will paſs,
That ſerves to carry round another glaſs:
When, with full bowls of Burgundy *you dine,*
Tho at the Mighty Monarch you repine,
You grant him ſtill moſt Chriſtian, in his Wine.

Thus far the Poet, but his brains grow Addle;
And all the reſt is purely from this Noddle,
You've ſeen young Ladies at the Senate door,
Prefer Petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the Legiſlators were.

Their Cauſe went ne're the worſe for being fair,
Reaſons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring;
But I cou'd bribe you, with as good a thing,
I heard him make advances of good Nature;
That he for once, wou'd ſheath his cutting Satyr:
Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The Sacred Names of Fops and Beaus profane.
Strike up the Bargain quickly; for I ſwear,
As Times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not to hard on him, with Statutes neither,
Be kind; and do not ſet your Teeth together,
To ſtretch the Laws as Coblers do their Leather.
Horſes, by Papiſts *are not to be ridden;*
But ſure the Muſes Horſe was ne're forbidden.
For in no Rate-Book, it was ever found
That Pegaſus *was valued at Five-pound:*
Fine him to dayly Drudging and Inditing;
And let him pay his Taxes out in Writing.

Don

Don Sebaſtian,

King of Portugal.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

The Scene at Alcazar, *repreſenting a Market-Place under the Caſtle.*

Muley-Zeydan, Benducar.

Mul. Zeyd. NOW *Affrica's* long Wars are at an end;
And our parch'd earth is drench'd in Chriſtian Blood,
My conquering Brother will have ſlaves enow,
To pay his cruel Vows for Victory.
What here you of *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*?
Benducar. He fell among a heap of ſlaughter'd Moors;
Though yet his mangled Carcaſe is not found.
The Rival of our threatned Empire, *Mahumet*,
Was hot purſued; and in the general rout,
Miſtook a ſwelling Current for a Foord;
And in *Mucazer*'s Flood was ſeen to riſe;
Thrice was he ſeen; at length his Courſer plung'd,
And threw him off; the Waves whelm'd over him,
And helpleſs in his heavy arms he drownd.
Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then, a doubtful Title is extinguiſh'd:
Thus *Moluch*, ſtill the Favourite of Fate.
Swims in a ſanguine torrent to the Throne.
As if our Prophet only work'd for him;
The Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Servants.
As *Muley-Zeyden* were not worth their care,
And younger Brothers but the draff of Nature.
Bend. Be ſtill, and learn the ſoothing Arts of Court;
Adore his fortune, mix with flattering Crowds,
And when they praiſe him moſt, be you the lowdeſt;
Your Brother is luxurious, cloſe, and cruel,
Generous by fits, but permanent in miſchief.
The Shadow of a diſcontent wou'd ruin us;

We muſt be ſafe before we can be great:
Theſe things obſerv'd, leave me to ſhape the reſt.
Mul-Zeyd. You have the Key, he opens inward to you.
Bend. So often try'd, and ever found ſo true,
Has given me truſt, and truſt has given me means
Once to be falſe for all. I truſt not him:
For now his ends are ſerv'd, and he grown abſolute,
How am I ſure to ſtand who ſerv'd thoſe ends?
I know your nature open, mild, and grateful;
In ſuch a Prince the People may be bleſt,
And I be ſafe.
Mul. Zey. My Father! [*Embracing him.*
Bend. My future King? (auſpicious *Muley-Zeydan:*)
Shall I adore you? No, the place is publick;
I worſhip you within; the outward act
Shall be reſerv'd till Nations follow me,
And Heaven ſhall envy you the kneeling World:
You know th' Alcade of *Alcazar*, *Dorax*?
Mul. Zeyd. The gallant Renegade you mean? *Bend.* The ſame;
That gloomy outſide, like a ruſty Cheſt,
Contains the ſhining Treaſure of a Soul,
Reſolv'd and brave; he has the Souldiers hearts,
And time ſhall make him ours. *Mul.* He's juſt upon us.
Bend. I know him from a far,
By the long ſtride and by the ſullen port:
Retire my Lord.
Wait on your Brothers Triumph, yours is next,
His growth is but a wild and fruitleſs Plant,
I'll cut his barran branches to the ſtock,
And graft you on to bear.
Mul. Zeyd. My Oracle! [*Exit* Muley-Zeyd
Bend. Yes to delude your hopes, poor credulous Fool,
To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit
Of ſo much toil, ſuch guilt and ſuch damnation;
If I am damn'd it ſhall be for my ſelf:
This eaſy Fool muſt be my Stale, ſet up
To catch the Peoples eyes; he's tame and merciful,
Him I can manage, til I make him odious
By ſome unpopular act, and then dethrone him. Enter *Dorax.*
Now *Dorax*!
Dorax, Well *Bemboucar*!
Bend. Bare *Bemboucar*!

Dor. Thou wouldſt have Titles, take 'em then, Chief Miniſter,
First Hangman of the State.
Bend. Some call me Favourite.
Dorax, What's that his Minion?
Thou art to old to be a Catamite!
Now prithee tell me, and abate thy Pride,
Is not *Benducar* Bare, a better Name
In a Friend's mouth, then all thoſe gawdy Titles,
Which I diſdain to give the Man I love?
Bend. But always out of humour,——
Dor. I have cauſe:
Tho all mankind is cauſe enough for Satyr.
Bend. Why then thou haſt reveng'd thee on mankind,
They ſay in fight, thou hadſt a thirſty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.
Dor. I ſpitted Frogs, I cruſh'd a heap of Emmets,
A hundred of 'em to a ſingle Soul,
And that but ſcanty weight too: the great Devil
Scarce thank'd me for my pains; he ſwallows Vulgar
Like whip'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.
Bend. Brave Renegade! cou'dſt thou not meet *Sebaſtian*?
Thy Maſter had been worthy of thy Sword.
Dor. My Maſter? By what title,
Becauſe I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be King? And yet I ſerv'd him,
Nay, I was fool enough to love him too.
You know my ſtory, how I was rewarded,
For Fifteen hard Campaigns, ſtill hoop'd in Iron,
And why I turn'd Mahometan: I'm grateful,
But whoſoever dares to injure me,
Let that man know, I dare to be reveng'd.
Bend. Still you run off from biaſs; ſay what moves
Your preſent ſpleen?
Dor. You mark'd not what I told you;
I kill'd not one that was his Makers Image;
I met with none but vulgar two-leg'd Brutes.
Sebaſtian was my aim; he was a Man:
Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I muſt do him right; he was a Man,
Above mans height, ev'n towring to *Divinity*.
Brave, Pious, generous, great, and liberal:
Juſt as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seaſons,

He

He lov'd his People, him they Idoliz'd:
And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him,
That thus unblameable to all beſides
He err'd to me alone:
His goodneſs was diſus'd to human kind,
and all his cruelty confin'd to me.
Bend. You cou'd not meet him then?
Dor. No, though I ſought
Where ranks fell thickeſt; 'twas indeed the place
To ſeek *Sebaſtian*: through a track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Foes,
But ſtill I came to late, for he was flown
Like Lightning, ſwift before me to new Slaughters,
I mow'd a croſs, and made Irregular Harveſt,
Defac'd the pomp of Battel, but in vain,
For he was ſtill ſuplying Death elſewhere:
This mads me that perhaps ignoble hands
Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer:
Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone
Had right to ſlay; I too wou'd have been ſlain,
That catching hold upon his flitting Ghoſt
I might have rob'd him of his opening heav'n;
And drag'd him down with me, ſpight of Predeſtination.
Bend. 'Tis of as much import as *Affrica's* worth
To know what came of him, and of *Almeyda*
The Siſter of the Vanquiſh'd *Mahumet*,
Whoſe fatal Beauty to her Brother drew
The Lands third part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'ns.
Dor. I hope ſhe dy'd in her own Female calling,
Choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumciſion.
As for *Sebaſtian* we muſt ſearch the Field,
And where we ſee a mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below
There he ſhall find him at his Manly length
With his face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument,
Which his true Sword has digg'd.
Bend. Yet we may poſſibly here farther news;
For while our *Affricans* purſu'd the Chaſe,
The Captain of the Rabble iſſued out,
With a black ſhirt-leſs train to ſpoil the dead,
And ſeize the living.
Dor. Each of 'em an Hoaſt,

A Million ſtrong of Vermine ev'ry Villain:
No part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,
Chaos of Power, and priviledg'd deſtruction.

Bend. Yet I muſt tell you Friend, the Great muſt uſe 'em,
Sometimes as neceſſary tools of tumult.

Dor. I wou'd uſe 'em
Like Dogs in times of Plague, out-laws of Nature,
Fit to be ſhot and brain'd: without a proceſs,
To ſtop infection, that's their proper death.

Bend. No more,
Behold the Emperor coming to ſurvey
The Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.

Enter Muley-Moluch *the Emperor, with Attendants.*
The Mufty, *and* Muley-Zeydan.

Moluch. Our Armours now may ruſt, our idle Scymiters
Hang by our ſides, for Ornament not uſe:
Children ſhall beat our Atabals and Drums,
And all the noiſie trades of War, no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn: the *Xeriffs* blood
No longer in divided Channels runs,
The younger Houſe took end in *Mahumet.*
Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian*'s formidable Name,
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe!

Mufty. For this Victorious day our mighty Prophet
Expects your gratitude, The Sacrifice
Of Chriſtian Slaves, devoted, if you won.

Mol. The purple preſent ſhall be richly paid:
That Vow perform'd, faſting ſhall be aboliſh'd:
None ever ſerv'd Heav'n well with a ſtarv'd face:
Preach Abſtinence no more; I tell thee *Mufty*
Good feaſting is devout: and thou our Head,
Haſt a Religious, ruddy Countenance:
We will have learned Luxury: our lean Faith
Gives ſcandal to the Chriſtians; they feed high:
Then look for ſhoals of Converts, when thou haſt
Reform'd us into feaſting.

Muf. Faſting is but the Letter of the Law:
Yet it ſhows well to Preach it to the Vulgar.
Wine is againſt our Law, that's literal too,
But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides,
Wine is a Holy Liquor, for the Great. [Dorax *aſide*
This *Mufty* in my Conſcience is ſome *Engliſh*

This

Renegade, he talks ſo ſavourly of toping.

Mol. Bring forth th' unhappy Relicks of the War.

Enter Muſtapha *Captain of tht Rabble with his followers of the Black Gaurd*, &c. *and other Moors: with them a Company of* Portugueſe *Slaves without any of the chief Perſons.*

M. Mol Theſe are not fit to pay an Emperours Vow;
Our Bulls and Rams had been more noble Victims;
Theſe are but garbidge not a Sacrifice.

Muf. The Prophet muſt not pick and chooſe his Offrings;
Now he has given the Day, 'tis paſt recalling:
And he muſt be content with ſuch as theſe.

M. Mol. But are theſe all? Speak you that are their Maſters.

Muſta. All upon my Honour: If you'l take 'em as their Fathers got 'em, ſo. If not, you muſt ſtay till they get a better generation: Theſe Chriſtians are meer bunglers; they procreate nothing but out of their own Wives; and theſe have all the looks of eldeſt Sons.

M. Mol. Pain of your lives let none conceal a Slave.

Muſt. Let every man look to his own Conſcience, I am ſure mine ſhall never hang me.

Bend. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if thou wert privy to concealments: then thou art an Accomplice.

Muſt. Nay, if Accomplices muſt ſuffer, it may go hard with me; but here's the Devil on't, there's a great Man and a Holy Man too, concern'd with me. Now if I confeſs, he'l be ſure to ſcape between his Greatneſs and his Holyneſs, and I ſhall be murder'd, becauſe of my Poverty and Raſcality.

Mufty *winking at him.*

Then if thy ſilence ſave the Great and Holy,
'Tis ſure thou ſhalt go ſtraight to Paradiſe.

Muſt. 'Tis a fine place they ſay; but Doctor I am not worthy on't: I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough for ſuch a poor raſcally Muſulman as I am: Beſides I have learnt ſo much good manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be ſerv'd before me.

M. Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if the *Mufty* were concern'd:

Muſt. Your Majeſty may lay your Soul on't: but for my part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I ſcorn to be trick'd into Paradice, I wou'd he ſhou'd know it. The troth on't is an't like you, his reverence bought of me the flower of all the Market; theſe—— theſe are but Dogs meat to 'em, and a round price he pay'd me too I'll ſay that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for: If I get Paradice when my time comes I can't help my ſelf;

but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind Bargain.

M. Mol. Where are thoſe Slaves? produce 'em.

Muf. They are not what he ſays.

M. Mol. No more excuſes. [*One goes out to fetch them.*
Know thou may'ſt better dally
With a dead Prophet, then a living King.

Muf. I but reſerv'd 'em to preſent thy Greatneſs
An Off'ring worthy thee.

Muſt. By the ſame token their was a dainty Virgin, (Virgin ſaid I! but I won't be to poſitive of that neither) with a Roguiſh leering eye! he paid me down for her upon the nail a thouſand golden *Sultanins*; or he had never had her I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay ſo dear for ſuch a delicious Morſel, and give it away out of his own mouth; when it had ſuch a farewel with it too?

Enter Sebaſtian *conducted in mean habit, with* Alvarez, Antonio *and* Almeyda *: her face veil'd with a* Barnus.

M. Mol. Ay; Theſe look like the Workmanſhip of Heav'n:
This is the porcelain clay of humane kind,
And therefore caſt into theſe noble moulds.

Dorax *aſide while the Emperour whiſpers* Benducar.

By all my wrongs
'Tis he; damnation ſeize me but 'tis he!
My heart heaves up and ſwells; he's poyſon to me;
My injur'd honour, and my raviſh'd love,
Bleed at their Murderers ſight. [Bend. *to* Dor. *aſide.*
The Emperor wou'd learn theſe Pris,ners names;
You know 'em.

Dor. Tell him, no.
And trouble me no more.——I will not know 'em.
Shall I truſt Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd, [*aſide.*
With my revenge? then, where's my ſatisfaction?
No, it muſt be my own; I ſcorn a Proxy.

M. Mol. 'Tis decreed,
Theſe of a better aſpect, with the reſt
Shall ſhare one common Doom, and Lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd Captive put a ball
Into an Urn; three only black be there,
The reſt, all white, are ſafe.

Muf. Hold Sir, the Woman muſt not draw.

M. Mol. O *Mufty.*
We know your reaſon, let her ſhare the danger.

Muf. Our law ſays plainly Women have no Souls:
M. Mol. 'Tis true; their Souls are mortal, ſet her by:
Yet were *Almeyda* here, though Fame reports her
The faireſt of her Sex, ſo much unſeen,
I hate the Siſter of our Rival Houſe,
Ten thouſand ſuch dry Notions of our *Alcoran*
Shou'd not protect her life; if not Immortal:
Dye as ſhe cou'd, all of a piece, the better,
That none of her remain.

Here an Vrne is brought in: the Pris'ners approach with great concernment; and amongſt the reſt Sebaſtian, Alverez *and* Antonio; *who come more cherefully.*

Dor. Poor abject Creatures how they fear to dye! [*aſide*
These never knew one happy hour in life,
Yet ſhake to lay it down: is load ſo pleaſant?
Or has Heav'n hid the happineſs of Death
That men may bare to live?——Now for our Heroes.

The three approach.

O, theſe come up with Spirits more reſolv'd!
Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him,
The Fav'rite once of this *Sebaſtian's* Father;
Now Miniſter; (too honeſt for his Trade)
Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
In Age ill practis'd, yet his prop in Death.
O, he has drawn a black; and ſmiles upon't,
As who ſhould ſay my Faith and Soul are white
Tho my Lot ſwarthy: Now if their be hereafter
He's bleſt; if not, well cheated, and dyes pleas'd.

Anton. *holding his Lot in his clench'd hand.*

Here I have thee,
Be what thou wilt: I will not look to ſoon.
Thou haſt a colour; if thou prov'ſt not right,
I have a minute good ere I behold thee.
Now, Let me rowl, and grubble thee,
Blind Men ſay white feels ſmooth, and black feels rough;
Thou haſt a rugged ſkin; I do not like thee.

Dor. There's the Amorous airy ſpark. *Antonio*;
The wittieſt Womans toy in *Portugal*.
Lord what a loſs of Treats and Serenades!
The whole She Nation will be in mourning for him.

Antonio. I've a moiſt ſweaty palm; the more's my Sin;
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious

Damn'd Natural Ebony, there,s hope in rubbing
To waſh this Ethiope white.——(Looks) Pox of the Proverb!
As black as Hell: another lucky ſaying!
I think ths Devils in me:——good again,
I cannot ſpeak one ſyllable, but tends
To Death or to Damnation. [*Holds up his ball.*
Dor. He looks uneaſie at his future Journy: [*Aſide.*
And wiſhes his Boots off again; for fear
Of a bad Road, and a worſe Inn at night.
Go to bed fool, and take ſecure repoſe
For thou ſhalt wake no more. (Sebaſtian *comes up to draw.*)
M. M. to *Ben.* Mark him who now approaches to the Lott'ry,
He looks ſecure of Death, ſuperior greatneſs,
Like *Jove* when he made Fate, and ſaid thou art
The Slave of my Creation; I admire him.
Bend. He looks as Man was made, with face erect,
That ſcorns his brittle Corps, and ſeems aſham'd
He's not all Spirit, his eyes with a dumb Pride,
Accuſing Fortune that he fell not warm:
Yet now diſdains to live. (Sebaſt. *draws a black.*)
M. Mol. He has his wiſh;
And I have fail'd of mine!
Dor. Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial chance! [*Aſide*
Fine work above, that their anointed care
Shou'd dye ſuch little Death: or did his Genius
Know mine the ſtronger *Demon*, fear'd the grapple,
And looking round him, found this nook of fate
To skulk behind my Sword; ſhall I diſcover him?
Still he wou'd not dye mine: no thanks to my
Revenge: reſerv'd but to more royal ſhambles.
'Twere baſe too; and below thoſe Vulgar Souls,
That ſhar'd his danger, yet not one diſclos'd him:
But ſtruck with Reverence kept an awful ſilence.
I'll ſee no more of this: Dog of a Prophet! [*Exit* Dorax.
Mul. Mol. One of theſe Three is a whole Hecatomb;
And therefore only one of 'em ſhall dye.
The Reſt are but mute Cattle; and when Death
Comes, like a ruſhing Lion, couch like Spaniels,
With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw,
Let Lots again decide it.
(*The Three draw again: and the Lot falls on* Sebaſtian)

Sebaſt. Then there's no more to manage! if I fall
It ſhall be like my ſelf; a ſetting Sun
Shou'd leave a track of Glory in the Skies.
Behold *Sebaſtian* King of *Portugal.*

M. Mol. Sebaſtian! ha! it muſt be he; no other
Cou'd repreſent ſuch ſuffering Majeſty:
I ſaw him as he terms himſelf a Sun
Strugling in dark Eclipſe, and ſhooting day
On either ſide of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Sebaſt. Not leſs ev'n in this deſpicable now,
Than when my name fill'd Affrick with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid Zone.

Bend. to *M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! even to an Impudence
Of Greatneſs.

Sebaſt. Here Satiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield
Can take in all; and verge enough for more.
I wou'd have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of Land for a third World;
To give my looſen'd Subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I Fates: Now I have pleas'd my longing,
And trod the ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mouldring Clay:
For if you give it burial there it takes
Poſſeſſion of your Earth:
If burnt and ſcatter'd in the air: the Winds
That ſtrow my duſt, diffuſe my Royalty,
And ſpread me o're your Clime: for where one Atome
Of mine ſhall light; know there *Sebaſtian* Reigns.

M. Mol. What ſhall I do to conquer thee?

Seb. Impoſſible!
Souls know no Conquerors.

M. M. I'll ſhew thee for a Monſter through my Affrick.

Seb. No thou canſt only ſhew me for a Man:
Affrick is ſtor'd with Monſters; Man's a Prodigy,
Thy Subjects have not ſeen.

M. Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if
Still at the head of Battel.

Seb. Thou miſtak'ſt,

For then I would not talk.
Bend. Sure he wou'd ſleep.
Sebaſt. Till Dooms-day; when the Trumpet ſounds to riſe;
For that's a Soldiers call,
M. Mol. Thou 'rt brave too late:
Thou ſhou'dſt have dy'd in battle like a Soldier,
Seb. I fought and fell like one, but Death deceiv'd me,
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To cruſh my Soul out.
M. Mol. Still untameable!
In what a ruine has thy head-ſtrong Pride,
And boundleſs thirſt of Empire plung'd thy People.
Sebaſt. What ſay'ſt thou ha! No more of that.
M. Mol. Behold,
What Carcaſes of thine thy Crimes has ſtrew'd,
And left our Affrick Vultures to devour.
Bend. Thoſe Souls were thoſe thy God intruſted with thee,
To cheriſh not deſtroy.
Sebaſt. Witneſs, O Heaven, how much
This ſight concerns me! Wou'd I had a Soul
For each of theſe: how gladly wou'd I pay
The Ranſom down: but ſince I have but one,
'Tis a Kings life, and freely 'tis beſtow'd.
Not your falſ Prophet, but eternal Juſtice
Has deſtin'd me the Lot, to dye for theſe:
Tis fit a Soveraign ſo ſhou'd pay ſuch Subjects;
For Subjects ſuch as they are ſeldom ſeen,
Who not forſook me at my greateſt need;
Not for baſe lucre ſold their Loyalty,
But ſhar'd my dangers to the laſt event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own: Theſe thanks I pay you:
[*Wipes his Eyes.*
And know, that when *Sebaſtian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood.
M. Mol. They plead too ſtrongly
To be withſtood: My Clouds are gath'ring too,
In kindly mixture with his Royal ſhowr:
Be ſafe, and owe thy Life, not to my gift,
But to the greatneſs of thy mind, *Sebaſtian*:
Thy Subjects too ſhall live; a due reward
For their untainted Faith, in thy concealment.

Mufty. Remember, Sir, your Vow. [*A general ſhout*.

M. Mol. Do thou remember
Thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not blood.

Mul Zeyd. One of his generous Fits, too ſtrong to laſt.
[*Aſide to* Benducar.

Bend. The *Mufty reddens*, mark that holy Cheek. [*To him*.
He frets within, froths Treaſon at his mouth,
And churns it through his teeth; leave me to work him.

Sebaſt. A mercy unexpected, undeſir'd,
Surprizes more: You've learnt the art to vanquiſh:
You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you Sir)
Have giv'n me life but in my Subjects ſafety:
Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.

M. Mol. Still great, and grateful that's thy character.
Unveil the Woman; I wou'd view the Face
That warm'd our *Mufti's* Zeal:
Theſe pious Parrots peck the faireſt Fruit:
Such Taſters are for Kings.
[*Officers go to* Almeyda *to unveil her*.

Almeyda. Stand off ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

M. Mol. Slave is thy Title: Force her.

Seb. On your lives approach her not.

M. Mol. How's this!

Seb. Sir pardon me,
And hear me ſpeak.——

Almeyda. Hear me; I will be heard:
I am no Slave; the nobleſt blood of *Affric*
Runs in my Veins; a purer ſtream than thine;
For, though deriv'd from the ſame Source, thy Current
Is puddl'd and defil'd with Tyranny.

M. Mol. What Female Fury have we here!

Almeyda. I ſhou'd be one,
Becauſe of kin to thee: Wou'dſt thou be touch'd
By the preſuming hands of ſawcy Grooms?
The ſame reſpect, nay more, is due to me:
More for my Sex; the ſame for my deſcent.
Theſe hands are only fit to draw the Curtain.
Now, if thou dar'ſt behold *Almeyda's* face. [*Unveils her ſelf*.

Bend. Wou'd I had never ſeen it! [*aſide*.

Almeyda. She whom thy *Mufty* tax'd to have no Soul;
Let *Affric* now be judge;

Perhaps thou think'ſt I meanly hope to 'ſcape,
As did *Sebaſtian* when he own'd his greatneſs.
But to remove that ſcruple know, baſe Man,
My murther'd Father, and my Brother's Ghoſt
Still haunt this Breſt, and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I cou'd forgive nor dare thou pardon.

M. M. Woud'ſt thon revenge thee, Trait'reſs, had'ſt thou Power?

Alm. Traitor, I wou'd; the Name's more juſtly thine:
Thy Father was not more than mine, the Heir
Of this large Empire; but with arms united
They fought their way, and ſeiz'd the Crown by force:
And equal as their danger was their ſhare:
For where was Elderſhip where none had right
But that which Conqueſt gave? 'Twas thy ambition
Pull'd from my peaceful Father what his Sword
Help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom,
No provocation given, no War declar'd.

M. Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living Coal that burning in me
Wou'd flame to vengeance, cou'd it find a vent
My Brother too, that lies yet ſcarcely cold
In his deep watry bed: My wandring Mother,
Who in exile died.
O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee work; ſtill, ſtill, thou Tyrant,
And hiſs thee with the laſt.

M. Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over me:
Whether the Toyls of Battel, unrepar'd
With due repoſe, or other ſudden qualm.
Benducar do the reſt. [*Goes off, the Court follows him.*

Bend. Strange; in ful health! This pang is of the Soul;
The Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
Conduct theſe Royal Captives to the Caſtle;
Bid *Dorax* uſe 'em well, till farther order. *Going off, ſteps*
The inferior Captives their firſt owners take,
To ſell, or to diſpoſe.——You *Muſtapha*,
Set ope the Market for the ſale of Slaves [*Exit* Benducar.

The Maſters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of ſeveral Qualities come in and chaffer about the ſeveral Owners, who make their Slaves do Tricks.

Muſtapha, My Chattels are come into my hands again, and my Conſcience will ſerve me to ſell 'em twice over; any price now, before the *Mufty* comes to claim 'em.

Firſt Merchant to Muſtapha,

What do'ſt hold that old fellow at? [*Pointing to* Alvarez.
He's tough, and has no ſervice in his limbs.

Muſt. I confeſs he's ſomewhat tough; but I ſuppoſe you wou'd not boyl him. I ask for him a thouſand Crowns.

1ſt. Mer. Thou mean'ſt a thouſand Marvedi's.

Muſt. Prithee Friend, give me leave to know my own meaning.

1ſt. Mer. What virtues has he to deſerve that price?

Muſt. Marry come up Sir! Virtues quoth ah! I took him in the Kings Company; he's of a great Family, and rich, What other Virtues wou'dſt thou have in a Noble man?

1ſt. Mer. I buy him with another man's Purſe, thats my comfort. My Lord *Dorax* the Governer will have him at any rate:——
There's Handſel.
Come old Fellow, to the Caſtle.

Alver. To what is miſerable Age reſerv'd! [*Aſide*.
But oh the King! and oh the fatal Secret!
Which I have kept thus long to time it better,
And now I wou'd diſcloſe, 'tis paſt my Power. [*Exit with his Maſter*.

Muſt. Something of a Secret, and of the King I heard him mutter: A Pimp I warrant him, for I am ſure he is an old Courtier.
Now to put off t'other remnant of my Merchandize,——
Stir up Sirrah [*to* Antonio.

Anton. Dog, what wou'dſt thou have!

Muſt. Learn better manners, or I ſhall ſerve you a Dog-trick; come down upon all four immediately;
I'll make you know your Rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horſe of me?

Muſt. Horſe or Aſs, that's as thy Mother made thee:——
But take earneſt in the firſt place for thy Sawcineſs.
[*Laſhes him with his Whip*.
Be adviſ'd Friend, and buckle to thy Geers: behold my Enſign of Royalty diſplay'd over thee.

Ant. I hope one day to uſe thee worſe in *Portugal*.

Muſt. Ay, and good reaſon, Friend, if thou catcheſt me a conquering on thy ſide of the water, lay me on luſtily, I'll take it as kindly as thou doſt this.—— [*Holds up his Whip*.

Antonio *lying down*.

Hold my dear Thrum-cap: I obey thee cheerfully,
I ſee the Doctrine of Non-Reſiſtance is never practis'd throughly but when a man can't help himſelf.

Enter a Second Merchant.

2*d. Mer.* You, Friend, I wou'd ſee that Fellow do his Poſtures.

Muſtapha *bridling* Antonio.

Now Sirrah follow, for you have rope enough:
To your paces villain, amble, trot, and gallop:——
Quick about there.—Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your credit.

Antonio *follows at the end of the Bridle on his hands and feet, and does all his Poſtures.*

2*d. Merch.* He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good back; that's half in half. [*To* Muſtapha.] I wou'd ſee him ſtrip, has he no Diſeaſes about him?

Muſt. He's the beſt peice of Man's fleſh in the Market, not an Eye-ſore in his whole body. Feel his Legs, Maſter, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind gall. [*Claps him on the ſhoulder.*

Merchant *feeling about him, and then putting his hand to his ſide.*

Out upon him, how his flank heaves! The Whorſon's broken winded.

Muſt. Thick breath'd a little: Nothing but a ſorry cold with lying out a nights in Trenches; but ſound Wind and Limb, I warrant him.
Try him at a looſe trot a little.

Puts the Bridle into his hand, he ſtroakes him

Anton. For Heaven's ſake Owner ſpare me; you know I am but new broken.

2*d. Merch.* 'Tis but a waſhy Jade, I ſee: What do you ask for this Bauble?

Muſt. Bauble do you call him; he's a ſubſtantial true-bred Beaſt; bravely forehanded; mark but the cleanneſs of his ſhapes too; his Dam may be a Spaniſh Gennet, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no skill in Horſe-fleſh.——
Marry I ask Six Hundred Xeriffs for him.

Enter Mufti.

Mufti. What's that you are asking Sirrah?

Muſt. Marry I ask your Reverence Six Hundred Pardons; I was doing you a ſmall piece of ſervice here, puttiug off your Chattle for you.

Mufti. And putting the Mony into your own Pocket.

Muſt. Upon vulgar reputation,no my Lord, it was for your profit and emolument. What wrong the Head of my Religion? I was ſenſible you wou'd have damn'd me, or any man that ſhou'd have injur'd you in a ſingle Farthing; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

Mufti. Sacriledge you mean, Sirrah,—and damning ſhall be the leaſt part of your puniſhment: I have taken you in the manner, and will have the Law upon you.

Muſt. Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor man in this World, and damn me in the next.

Mufti No Sirrah, ſo you may repent, and ſcape puniſhment: Did not you ſell this very Slave amongſt the reſt to me, and take Mony for him. *Muſt.* Right my Lord.

Mufti. And ſelling him again? take Mony twice for the ſame Commodity? Oh, Villain!
But did you not know him to be my Slave Sirrah?

Muſt. Why ſhou'd I lye to your Honour, I did know him; and thereupon ſeeing him wander about; took him up for a ſtray, & impounded him, with intention to reſtore him to the right Owner.

Mufti. And yet at the ſame time was ſelling him to another: How rarely the ſtory hangs together.

Muſt. Patience, my Lord,
I took him up, as your Heriot, with intention to have made the beſt of him, and then have brought the whole product of him in a Purſe to you; for I know you wou'd have ſpent half of it upon your Pious Pleaſures, have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in Charities to the Poor.

Mufti. And what's become of my other Slave? Thou haſt ſold him him too I have a villainous ſuſpition.

Muſt. I know you have my Lord; but while I was managing this young robuſtious Fellow, that old Spark who was nothing but Skin and Bone,and by conſequence, very nimble,ſlipt through my fingers like an Eel, for there was no hold faſt of him, and ran away to buy himſelf a new Maſter.

Mufti *to* Antonio

Follow me home Sirrah: [*to* Muſt.] I ſhall remember you ſome other time. [*Exit* Mufti *with* Antonio.

Muſt. I never doubted your Lordſhips memory, for an ill turn: And I ſhall remember him too in the next riſing of the Mobile, for this act of Reſumption; and more eſpecially for the Ghoſtly Counſel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my ſelf in ſilence, to have ſav'd his Reverence. The beſt on't is, I am before forehand with him, for ſelling one of his Slaves twice over.—— And if he had not come juſt in the nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what ſhould a poor Man do, that gets his living by hard labor, but pray for bad times when he may get it eaſily. O, for ſome incomparable Tumult! Then ſhou'd I naturally wiſh, that the beaten Party might prevail, becauſe we have plunder'd t'other ſide already,& there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own intereſt pray,
'Tis ours to make our Fortuns while we may;
For Kingdoms are not conquer,d every day.

[*Exit* Muſtapha.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Suppos'd to be a Terrace Walk, on the ſide of the Caſtle of Alcazer.

Emperour. Benducar.

Emper. AND thinkſt thou not it was diſcover'd?
Bend. No:
The thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,
The walks of muffled Gods: Sacred retreat,
Where none but whom they pleaſe t'admit, approach.
Emp. Did not my Conſcious Eyes flaſh out a Flame
To lighten thoſe brown horrors, and diſcloſe
The ſecret path I trod?
Bend. I cou'd not find it, 'till you lent a Clue
To that cloſe Labarynth; how then ſhou'd they?
Emp. I wou,d be loath they ſhou'd: it breeds contempt
For Herds to liſten, or preſume to pry,
When the hurt Lyon groans within his Den:
But is't not ſtrange?
Bend. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in kind,
Familiar as our being.
Emp. Still 'tis ſtrange
To me: I know my Soul as wild as Winds,
That Sweeps the Deſerts of our moving Plains;
Love might as well be ſow'd upon our Sands,
As in a breſt ſo barren:
To love an Enemy, the only One

Remaining too, whom yeſter Sun beheld,
Muſt'ring her Charms, and rolling as ſhe paſt,
By every Squadron her alluring eyes:
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my ruin.
The ſhouts of Soldiers, and the burſt of Cannon,
Maintain even ſtill a deaf and murm'ring noiſe;
Nor is Heav'n yet recover'd of the ſound
Her Battle rows,d: Yet ſpite of me I love.
Bend. What Then controls you?
Her Perſon is as proſtrate as her Party.
Emp. A thouſand things controul this Conqueror,
My native pride to own th' unworthy paſſion,
Hazard of Int'reſt, and my Peoples love:
To what a Storm of Fate am I expos'd!
What if I had her murder'd? 'tis but what
My Subjects all expect, and ſhe deſerves.
Wou'd not the impoſſibility
Of ever, ever ſeeing, or poſſeſſing
Calm all this rage, this Hurrican of Soul?
Bend. That ever, ever,
I mark'd the double, ſhowes extream reluctance
To part with her for ever.
Emp. Right thou haſt me,
I wou'd but cannot kill: I muſt enjoy her:
I muſt and what I muſt be ſure I will.
What's Royalty but power to pleaſe my ſelf?
And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,
And my own Slaves the Sovereigns,——'tis reſolv'd,
Weak Princes flatter when they want the power
To curb their People; tender Plants muſt bend,
But when a Government is grown to ſtrength,
Like ſome old Oake, rough with its armed Bark,
It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to ſullen State.
Bend. Then you reſolve
T'implore her pity, and to beg relief?
Emp. Death, muſt I beg the pity of my Slave?
Muſt a King beg? Yes, Loves a greater King;
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that poſſeſſes me:
He tunes the Organs of my voice, and ſpeaks
Unknown to me within me; puſhes me,

And drives me on by force.——
Say I ſhou'd wed her, wou'd not my wiſe Subjects
Take check, and think it ſtrange? perhaps revolt?
Bend, I hope they wou'd not.
Emp. Then thou doubt'ſt they wou'd?
Bend. To whom.
Emp. To her
Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to thee.
[Bend. *in diſordar*.
To me! me did you mention? how I tremble!
The name of Treaſon ſhakes my honeſt Soul.
If I am doubted, Sir,
Secure your ſelf this moment, take my life,
Emp. no more: If I ſuſpected thee—I wou'd.
Bend. I thank your kindneſs: Guilt had almoſt loſt me! [*aſide*.
Emp. But clear my doubts: think'ſt thou they may rebel.
[Bend. *aſide*
This goes as I wou'd wiſh:——(*to th' Emp*.) 'Tis poſſible.
A ſecret Party ſtill remains, that lurks
Like Embers rak'd in aſhes——wanting but
A breath to blow aſide th' involving duſt,
And then they blaze abroad.
Emp. They muſt be trampled out,
Bend. But firſt be known.
Emp. Torture ſhall force it from 'em.
Bend. You wou'd not put a Nation to the Rack?
Emp. Yes the whole World; ſo I be ſafe, I care not.
Bend. Our Limbs and Lives
Are yours, but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.
Emp. All may be Foes; or how to be diſtinguiſh'd,
If ſome be Friends?
Bend. They may with eaſe be winnow'd:
Suppoſe ſome one who has deſerv'd your truſt,
Some one who knows Mankind, ſhou'd be employ'd
To mix among 'em, ſeem a Malecontent,
And dive into their breaſts, to try how far
They dare oppoſe your love?
Emp. I like this well: 'tis wholeſome wickedneſs.
Bend. Whomever he ſuſpects, he faſtens there.
And leaves no cranny of his Soul unſearch'd:
Then like a Bee bag'd with his honey'd venome,

He brings it to your Hive: if ſuch a Man
So able, and ſo honeſt may be found;
If not my project dyes.——

Emp. By all my hopes thou haſt deſcrib,d thy ſelf:—
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine,
Thou only coud'ſt contrive.

Bend. Sure I cou'd ſerve you:
I think I cou'd:——but here's the difficulty,
I'm ſo entirely yours,
That I ſhou'd ſcurvily diſſemble hate;
The cheat wou'd be too groſs.

Emp. Art thou a Stateſman
And canſt not be a Hypocrite? Impoſſible:
Do not diſtruſt thy Virtues.

Bend. If I muſt perſonate this ſeeming Villain,
Remember 'tis to ſerve you.

Emp. No more words:
Love goads me to *Almeyda*, all affairs
Are troubleſom but that; and yet that moſt. [*Going.*
Bid *Dorax* treat *Sebaſtian* like a King;
I had forgot him;—but this Love mars all,
And takes up my whole breſt. [*Exit Emperour.*

Bend. (to the *Emp.*) Be ſure I'le tell him.——
With all the aggravating Circumſtances [*Alone.*
I can, to make him ſwell at that Command,
The Tyrant firſt ſuſpected me:
Then, with a ſudden guſt, he whirld about,
And truſted me too far: Madneſs of Pow'r!
Now, by his own conſent I ruin him.
For, ſhou'd ſome feeble Soul, for fear or gain
Bolt out t'accuſe me, ev'n the King is cozen'd,
And thinks he's in the ſecret.
How ſweet is Treaſon when the Traytor's ſafe!
(*Sees the* Mufti *and* Dorax *entring and ſeeming to confer.*)
The *Mufti*, and with him my ſullen *Dorax*,
That firſt is mine already.
'Twas eaſie work to gain a covetous mind,
Whom rage to looſe his Pris'ners had prepar'd:
Now, caught himſelf,
He wou'd ſeduce another; I muſt help him:
For Church-men, though they itch to govern all,

Are ſilly, woful, awkard Polititions;
They make lame miſchief, though they mean it well:
Their Int'reſt is not finely drawn, and hid,
But ſeams are coarſly bungled up, and ſeen.
Muf. He'l tell you more,
Dor. I've heard enough already
To make me loath thy Morals.
Bend. to *Dor.* You ſeem warm:
The good Man's zeal, perhaps has gon too far.
Dor. Not very far; not farther than zeal goes
Of courſe; a ſmall days journey ſhort of Treaſon.
Muf. By all that's Holy, Treaſon was not nam'd:
I ſpar'd the Emperors broken Vows to ſave
The Slaves from Death; though it was cheating Heav'n,
But I forgave him that.
Dor. And ſlighted o're [*ſcornfully.*
The wrongs himſelf ſuſtain'd in property:
When his bought Slaves were ſeiz'd by force, no loſs
Of his conſider'd, and no coſt repaid.
Mufti, Not wholly ſlighted o'er, not abſolutely:
Some modeſt hints of private wrongs I urg'd.
Dorax. Two thirds of all he ſaid: there he began;
To ſhew the fulneſs of his heart, there ended:
Some ſhort excurſions of a broken Vow,
He made indeed, but flat inſipid ſtuff:
But when he made his loſs the Theme, he flouriſh'd,
Reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures,
And thunder'd at oppreſing Tyranny.
Mufti, Why not, when Sacriligious Pow'r wou'd ſeize
My Property, 'tis an affront to Heav'n,
Whoſe Perſon, though unworthy, I ſuſtain.
Dorax, You've made ſuch ſtrong Alliances above,
That 'twere Profaneneſs in us Laiety
To offer earthly Aid.
I tell thee, *Mufti*, if the World were wiſe,
They wou'd not wag one finger in your quarrels.
Your Heav'n you promiſe, but our Earth you covet.
The Phaethons of mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were ſent by Preaching but to warm.
Bend. This goes beyond the mark.
Mufti, No, let him rail;

His Prophet works within him;
He's a rare Convert.
Dorax, Now his Zeal yearns,
To ſee me burnt; he damns me from his Church,
Becauſe I wou'd reſtrain him to his Duty;
Is not the care of Souls a load ſufficient?
Are not your holy ſtipends pay'd for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noiſe,
To ſtudy Souls, their Cures and their Diſeaſes?
If this be ſo, we ask you but our own:
Give us your whole Employment, all your care:
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up every Cranny of your time,
And leave you much to anſwer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect,
Bend. to the *Mufti.* He ſpeaks but reaſon.
Dorax. Why then theſe forein thoughts of State-Employments,
Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding?
Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowſhip of bearded Boys,
What wonder is it if you know not Men?
Yet there you live demure, with down-caſt Eyes,
And humble as your Diſcipline requires:
But, when let looſe from thence to live at large,
Your little tincture of Devotion dyes:
Then Luxury ſucceeds, and ſet agog
With a new Scene of yet untaſted Joys,
You fall with greedy hunger to the Feaſt.
Of all your College Vertues, nothing now
But your Original Ignorance remains;
Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice,
You ſwell, to counſel Kings and govern Kingdoms.
Muf. He prates as if Kings had not Conſciences,
And none requir'd Directors but the Crowd.
Dor. As private men they want you, not as Kings;
Nor wou'd you care t'inſpect their publick Conſcience,
But that it draws dependencies of Pow'r
And Earthly Intereſt which you long to ſway.
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone;
For give you but a foot of Conſcience [illegible]

And you like *Archimedes*, toſs the Globe.
We know your thoughts of us that Laymen are
Lag Souls, and rubbiſh of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,
Set upright with a little puff of breath,
And bid us paſs for Men.
Muſt. I will not anſwer,
Baſe foul-mouth'd Renegade; but I'le pray for thee
To ſhew my Charity. [*Exit* Mufti.
Dor. Do; but forget not him who needs it moſt:
Allow thy ſelf ſome ſhare: He's gone too ſoon;
I had to tell him of his holy jugglings;
Things that wou'd ſtartle Faith, and make us deem
Not this or that, but all Religions falſe.
Bend. Our Holy Orator has loſt the Cauſe: [*Aſide*.
But I ſhall yet redeem it.—(to *Dorax*) let him go;
For I have ſecret Orders from the Emperour,
Which none but you muſt hear: I muſt confeſs
I cou'd have wiſh'd ſome other hand had brought 'em.
When did you ſee your Pris'ner Great *Sebaſtian*?
Dor. You might as well have ask'd me when I ſaw
A creſted Dragon, or a Baſilisk;
Both are leſs Poiſon to my Eyes and Nature.
He knows not I am I; nor ſhall he ſee me
Till time has perfected a lab'ring thought,
That rouls within my breſt,
Bend. 'Twas my miſtake:
I gueſs'd indeed that time, and his misfortunes,
And your returning duty had effac'd
The mem'ry of paſt wrongs; they wou'd in me;
And I judg'd you as tame and as forgiving.
Dor. Forgive him! no, I left my fooliſh Faith
Becauſe it wou'd oblige me to forgiveneſs.
Bend. I can but grieve to find you obſtinate:
For you muſt ſee him; 'tis our Emp'rours will,
And ſtrict Command.
Dor. I laugh at that Command.
Bend. You muſt do more than ſee; ſerve, and reſpect him.
Dor. See, ſerve him, and reſpect, and after all
My yet uncancell'd wrongs, I muſt do this!
But I forget my ſelf.

Bend. Indeed you do.
Dor. The Emp'rour is a ſtranger to my wrongs;
I need but tell my ſtory to revoke
This hard Commiſſion.
Bend. Can you call me Friend,
And think I cou'd neglect to ſpeak, at full
Th' Affronts you had from your ungrateful Maſter?
Dor. And yet enjoyn'd my Service and Attendance?
Bend. And yet enjoyn'd 'em both: wou'd that were all;
He ſcru'd his Face into a harden'd ſmile,
And ſaid *Sebaſtian* knew to govern Slaves.
Dor. Slaves are the growth of *Affrick*, not of *Europe*:
By Heav'n I will not lay down my Commiſſion;
Not at his foot, I will not ſtoop ſo low;
But if there be a part in all his face
More ſacred than the reſt, I'll throw it there.
Bend. You may; but then you looſe all future means
Of Vengance on *Sebaſtian*, when no more
Alcalde of this Fort.
Dor. That thought eſcap'd me.
Bend. Keep your Command and be reveng'd on both:
Nor ſooth your ſelf; you have no pow'r t' affront him;
The Emp'rour's love protects him from inſults.
And he who ſpoke that proud ill-natur'd word,
Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
May force your reconcilement to *Sebaſtian*:
Nay bid you kneel, and kiſs th'offending foot,
That kick'd you from his Preſence.
But think not to divide their puniſhment;
You cannot touch a hair of loath'd *Sebaſtian*,
While *Muley-Moluch* lives.
Dor. What means this Riddle?
Bend. 'Tis out: there needs no *Oedipus* to ſolve it.
Our Emp'rour is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I ſcarce remember in his Reign, one day
Paſs guiltleſs o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the Sun is loſt that ſees not bloud:
When none is ſhed we count it Holiday.
We, who are moſt in favour, cannot call
This hour our own?——you know the younger Brother
Mild *Muley Zeyden*:———

Dor. Hold and let me think.
Bend. The Soldiers Idolize you,
He truſts you with the Caſtle,
The Key of all his Kingdom.
Dor. Well; and he truſts you too.
Bend. Elſe I were mad,
To hazard ſuch a daring Enterprize.
Dor. He truſts us both; mark that, ſhall we betray him?
A Maſter who repoſes Life and Empire
On our fidelity: I grant he is a Tyrant,
That hated name my nature moſt abhors;
More, as you ſay, has loaded me with ſcorn:
Ev'n with the laſt contempt, to ſerve *Sebaſtian*.
Yet more I know he vacates my revenge;
Which but by this revolt I cannot compaſs:
But, while he truſts me 'were ſo baſe a part
To fawn and yet betray, I ſhou'd be hiſs'd
and whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.
Bend. Conſider well what I have done for you.
Dor. Conſider thou what thou wou'd have me do.
Bend. You've too much Honour for a Renegade.
Dor. And thou too little faith to be a Fav'rite.
Is not the bread thou eat'ſt, the Robe thou wear'ſt,
Thy Wealth and Honours, all the pure indulgence
Of him thou wou'dſt deſtroy?
And wou'd his Creature, nay his Friend betray him?
Why then no bond is left on humane kind:
Diſtruſts, Debates, immortal ſtrifes enſue;
Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;
All muſt be Rapine, Wars and Deſolation,
When truſt and gratitude no longer bind.
Bend. Well have you argued in your own defence:
You, who have burſt aſunder all thoſe bonds,
And turn'd a Rebel to your Native Prince.
Dor. True, I rebell'd: but when did I betray?
Indignities, which Man cou'd not ſupport,
Provok'd my vengence to this noble Crime,
But he had ſtrip'd me firſt of my Command,
Diſmiſs'd my Service, and abſolv'd my Faith;
And, with diſdainful Language, dar'd my worſt.
I but accepted War, which he denounc'd.

Elſe had you ſeen, not *Dorax*, but *Alonzo*,
With his couch'd Lance againſt your foremoſt *Moors*
Perhaps too turn'd the fortune of the day;
Made *Affrick* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.
Bend. Let me embrace thee.
Dor. Stand off Sycophant,
And keep Infection diſtant.
Bend. Brave and honeſt.
Dor. In ſpight of thy Temtations.
Bend. Call 'em Trials:
They were no more: thy faith was held in Balance,
And nicely weigh'd by jealouſie of Pow'r;
Vaſt was the truſt of ſuch a Royal Charge;
And our wiſe Emperour, might juſtly fear
Sebaſtian might be freed and reconcil'd,
By new Obligements to thy former love.
Dor. I doubt thee ſtill; thy reaſons were too ſtrong,
And driven too near the head, to be but Artifice.
And after all I know thou art a Stateſman,
Where truth is rarely found.
Bend. Behold the Emperour;
[*Enter* Emp. Seb. *and* Almeyda.]
Ask him I beg thee to be juſtifi'd,
If he employ'd me not to foord thy Soul,
And try the footing whether falſe or firm.
Dor. Death to my Eyes, I ſee *Sebaſtian* with him!
Muſt he be ſerv'd! avoid him, if we meet,
It muſt be like the cruſh of Heav'n and Earth,
T' involve us both in ruin. [*Exit* Dorax.
Bend. 'Twas a bare ſaving Game I made with *Dorax*,
But better ſo than loſt; he cannot hurt me,
That I precaution'd; I muſt ruin him.
But now this Love; Ay, there's the gath'ring ſtorm!
The Tyrant muſt not wed *Almeyda*; no,
That ruins all the Fabrick I am raiſing.
Yet ſeeming to approve it gave me time,
And gaining time gains all.

(Benducar *goes and waits behind the* Emperour.)
(*The* Emperour; Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda *advance to the front of the Stage.*) *Gaurds and Attendants.*

Emp. to *Seb.* I bad 'em ſerve you, and if they obey not,

I keep my Lions keen within their Dens,
To ſtop their maws with diſobedient Slaves.
Seb. If I had Conquer'd,
They cou'd not have with more obſervance waited:
Their eyes, hands, feet,
Are all ſo quick they ſeem t'have but one motion,
To catch my flying words. Only the *Alcade*
Shuns me, and with a grim Civility,
Bows, and declines my Walks.
Emp. A Renegade:
I know not more of him: but that he's brave,
And hates your Chriſtian Sect. If you can frame
A farther wiſh, give wing to your deſires,
And name the thing you want.
Seb. My Liberty:
For were ev'n Paradiſe it ſelf my Priſon,
Still I ſhou'd long to leap the Chriſtal walls.
Emp. Sure our two Souls have ſomewhere been acquainted:
In former beings: or ſtruck out together,
One ſpark to *Affrick* flew, and one to *Portugal*.
Expect a quick deliverance: (turning to *Alm.*) here's a third,
Of kindred Soul to both: pity our Stars
Have made us Foes! I ſhou'd not wiſh her death.
Almeyda. I ask no pity; if I thought my Soul
Of kin to thine, ſoon wou'd I rend my heart-ſtrings,
And tear out that Alliance: but thou Viper
haſt cancell'd kindred, made a rent in nature,
And through her holy bowels knaw'd thy way,
Through thy own blood to Empire.
Emp. This again:
And yet ſhe lives; and only lives t' upbraid me.
Seb. What honour is there in a Womans death!
Wrong'd as ſhe ſays but helpleſs to revenge;
Strong in her Paſſion, impotent of Reaſon,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be deſtroy'd.
Mark her Majeſtick Fabrick; She's a Temple
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands Divine;
Her Soul's the Deity, that lodges their:
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.
Emp, She's all that thou canſt ſay or I can think.
But the perverſneſs of her clam'rous Tongue

Striks Pity deaf.
Seb. Then only hear her Eyes;
Though they are mute they plead ; nay more command ;
For Beauteous Eyes have Arbitrary Power.
All Females have prerogative of Sex,
The She's even of the ſalvage herd are ſafe:
All when they Snarle or bite, have no return
But Courtſhip from the Male.
Emp. Were She not She, and I not *Muley-Moluch*
She's Miſtreſs of Inevitable Charms,
For all but me; nor am I ſo exempt,
But that —I know not what I was to ſay——
But I am too obnoxious to my Friends;
And ſway'd by your Advice.
Sebaſt. Sir, I advis'd not.
By Heav'n, I never Counſel'd Love but Pity.
Emp. By Heav'n thou didſt: deny it not thou didſt:
For what was all that prodigality
Of praiſe, but to enflame me!——
Seb. Sir.——
Emp, No more:
Thou haſt convinc'd me, that ſhe's worth my Love.
Seb. Was ever man ſo ruin'd by himſelf! [*aſide.*
Alm. Thy Love; that odious Mouth was never fram'd
To ſpeak a word ſo ſoft:
Name Death again, for that thou canſt pronounce
With horrid grace, becoming of a Tyrant.
Love is for humane hearts, and not for thine,
Where the brute Beaſt extinguiſhes the Man.
Emp. Such if I were, yet rugged Lions love,
And grapple, and compel their ſavage Dames.—
Mark my *Sebaſtian*, how that ſullen frown, [*She frowns.*
Like flaſhing Lightning opens angry Heaven;
And while it kills delights. But yet, inſult not
Too ſoon, proud Beauty, I confeſs no love.
Seb. No Sir, I ſaid ſo, and I witneſs for you,
Not love; but noble pity mov'd your mind:
Int'reſt might urge you too to ſave her life;
For thoſe who wiſh her party loſt, might murmur
At ſhedding Royal Blood.
Emp. Right, thou inſtruct'ſt me;

Int'reſt of State requires not Death, but Marriage;
T'unite the jarring Titles of our Line.
Seb. Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead, [*Aſide.*
Like Wild-fire thrown againſt the Wind, returns
With double force to burn me.
Emp. Cou'd I but bend to make my beauteous Foe
The Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed.——
Alm. Still thou diſſembleſt, but I read thy heart,
And know the power of my own Charms; thou lov'ſt,
And I am pleas'd for my revenge thou doſt.
Emp. And thou haſt cauſe.
Alm. I have; for I have power to make thee wretched.
Be ſure I will, and yet deſpair of freedom.
Emp. Well then, I love,—
And 'tis below my greatneſs to diſown it:
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;
Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun,
Through the parch'd Deſarts, and the ſcorching Sands,
T'enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.
Alm. 'Tis a falſe Courage, when thou threat'neſt me;
Thou canſt not ſtir a hand to touch my Life:
Do not I ſee thee tremble while thou ſpeak'ſt?
Lay by the Lions Hide, vain Conqueror,
And take the Diſtaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.
Emp. Confuſion! How thou vieweſt my very Heart!
I cou'd as ſoon,
Stop a Spring tide, blown in with my bare hand,
As this impetuous Love:——Yes, I will wed thee;
In ſpight of thee, and of my ſelf I will.
Alm. For what to People *Affrick* with Monſters,
Which that unnatural mixture muſt produce?
No were we joyn'd, e'ven tho it were in death,
Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile,
The Prodigy of *Thebs* wou'd be renew'd,
And my devided flame ſhou'd break from thine.
Emp. Serpent I will engender Poyſon with thee;
Joyn Hate with Hate, add Venom to the birth;
Our Off-ſpring, like the ſeed of Dragons Teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to death.
Alm. I'm calm again thou canſt not marry me.
Emp. As gleams of Sun-ſhine ſoften ſtorms to ſhowers,

So if you ſmile, the loudneſs of my rage
In gentle Whiſpers ſhall return, but this——
That nothing can divert my Love, but Death.
Alm. See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Chriſtian;
'Tis true unpractis'd in my new Belief,
Wrongs I reſent, nor pardon yet with eaſe:
Thoſe Fruits come late, and are of ſlow increaſe
In haughty hearts, like mine: Now, tell thy ſelf
If this one word deſtroy not thy deſigns:
Thy Law permits thee not to Marry me.
Emp. 'Tis but a ſpecious Tale, to Blaſt my hopes,
And baffle my pretenſions. Speak *Sebaſtian*,
And as a King ſpeak true.
Seb. Then, thus adjur'd.
On a Kings word 'tis truth, but truth ill tim'd;
For her dear Life is now expos'd anew;
Unleſs you wholly can put on Divinity,
And graciouſly forgive.
Alm. Now learn by this,
The little value I have left for life,
And trouble me no more.
Emp. I thank thee Woman;
Thou haſt reſtor'd me to my native Rage;
And I will ſeize my happineſs by force.
Seb. Know *Muley-Moluch* when thou dar'ſt attempt.
Emp. Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to uſe
A Conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy ſilence.
If thou wou'ſt merit to be thought my Friend,
I leave thee to perſwade her to compliance:
If not, there's a new guſt in Raviſhment,
Which I have never try'd.
Bend. They muſt be watch'd; [*aſide.*
For ſomething I obſerv'd creats a doubt. [*Exit* Emp. *and* Bend.
Seb. I've been too tame, have baſely born my Wrongs,
And not exerted all the King within me;
I heard him, O ſweet Heavens, he threat'ned Rape;
Nay inſolently urg'd me to perſwade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes;
For whom I ſuffer Life, and drag this being.
Alm. You turn my Priſon to a Paradiſe;
But I have turn'd your Empire to a Priſon:
In all your Wars good fortune flew before yon;

Sublime you ſate in Triumph on her Wheel;
Till in my fatal Cauſe your Sword was drawn;
The weight of my misfortuns drag'd you down.
Seb. And is't not ſtrange, that Heav'n ſhou'd bleſs my Arms
In common Cauſes, and deſert the beſt?
Now in your greateſt, laſt extremity,
When I wou'd ayd you moſt, and moſt deſire it,
I bring but Sighs, the Succors of a Slave.
Alm. Leave then the Luggage of your Fate behind
To make your flight more eaſie, leave *Almeda*.
Nor think me left a baſe ignoble Prey,
Expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's Luſt;
My Virtue is a gaurd beyond my ſtrength.
And Death, my laſt defence, within my call.
Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants can tye him up from your relief:
Nor has a Chriſtian privilege to dye.
Alas thou art too young in thy new Faith;
Brutus and *Cato* might diſcharge their Souls,
And give Furlo's for another World:
But we like Centry's are oblig'd to ſtand
In Starleſs nights, and wait the pointed hour.
Alm. If ſhunning ill be good
To thoſe who cannot ſhun it but by Death:
Divines but peep on undiſcover'd Worlds,
And draw the diſtant Landſhape as they pleaſe:
But who has e're return'd from thoſe Bright Regions,
To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws?
I'll venture landing on that happy ſhoar
with an unſully'd Body and white Mind;
If I have err'd, ſome kind Inhabitant
Will pity a ſtray'd Soul, and take me home.
Seb. Beware of Death, thou canſt not dye unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccompliſh'd Love behind:
Thy vows are mine; nor will I quit my claim:
The tye of minds are but imperfect Bonds,
Unleſs the Bodies joyn to Seal the Contract.
Alm. what Joys can you poſſeſs or can I give?
Where groans of Death ſucceed the ſighs of Love.
Our Hymen has not on his Saffron Robe;
But muffled up in Mourning, downward holds

His dropping Torch, extinguiſh'd with his Tears.
Sebaſt. The God of Love ſtands ready to revive it
With his etherial breath.
Alm. 'Tis late to joyn, when we muſt part ſo ſoon.
Seb. Nay rather let us haſt it, ere we part:
Our Souls for want of that acquaintance here,
May wander in the Starry Walks above,
And, forc'd on worſe Companions, miſs our ſelves.
Alm. The Tyrant will not long be abſent hence;
And ſoon I ſhall be raviſh'd from your arms,
Sebaſt. Wilt thou thy ſelf become the greater Tyrant,
And give not Love, while thou haſt Love to give?
In dangerous days when Riches are a Crime,
The wiſe betimes make over their Eſtates:
Make o're thy Honour, by a deed of truſt,
And give me ſeizure of the mighty wealth.
Alm. What ſhall I do! O teach me to refuſe!
I wou'd; and yet I tremble at the grant.
For dire preſages fright my Soul by day,
And boding Viſions haunt my nightly Dreams:
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of Ghoſts;
Thin, hollow ſounds, and lamentable ſcreams;
Then like a dying Eccho, from afar,
My Mothers Voice, that crys, Wed not *Almeyda!*
Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.
Seb. Some envious *Demon*, to delude our joys;
Love is not Sin, but where 'tis Sinful Love.
Alm. Mine is a flame ſo holy and ſo clear,
That the white taper leaves no ſoot behind;
No ſmoak of Luſt; but chaſt as Siſters love,
When coldly they return a Brother's kiſs,
Without the zeal that meets at lovers mouths.
Seb. Laugh then at fond preſages; I had ſome;
Fam'd *Noſtradamus*, when he took my Horoſcope,
Foretold my Father I ſhou'd wed with Inceſt:
Ere this unhappy War my Mother dy'd;
And Siſters I had none; vain Augury!
A long Religous Life, a Holy Age,
My Stars aſſign'd me too; impoſſible.
For how can Inceſt ſuite with Holineſs,
Or Prieſtly Orders with a Princely State?

Alm. Old venerable *Alvarez!*——(ſighing.)
Seb. But why that ſigh in naming that good Man?
Alm. Your Father's Counſellor and Confident——
Seb. He was; and, if he lives my ſecond Father:
Alm. Mark'd our farewel, when going to the fight,
You gave *Almeyda* for the word of Battel;
'Twas in that fatal moment, he diſcover'd
The Love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it; though my eyes ſtood full of tears,
Yet through the miſt I ſaw him ſtedfaſt gaze:
Then knock'd his Aged breaſt, and inward groan'd;
Like ſome ſad Prophet, that foreſaw the doom
Of thoſe whom beſt he lov'd, and cou'd not ſave.
Seb. It ſtartles me! and brings to my remembrance,
That, when the ſhock of Battle was begun,
He wou'd have much complain'd (but had not time)
Of our hid paſſion; then, with lifted hands,
He beg'd me by my Fathers Sacred Soul,
Not to eſpouſe you, if he dyed in fight:
For if he liv'd, and we were Conquerours,
He had ſuch things to urge againſt our Marriage,
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my ſword in Battel;
And daſtardize my Courage.
Alm. My blood cruddles;
And cakes about my heart.
Seb. I'll breath a ſigh, ſo warm into thy boſom,
Shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not
Thou art a Chriſtian; that produc'd his fear:
Leſt thou ſhoud'ſt ſooth my Soul with charms ſo ſtrong,
That Heav'n might prove to weak.
Alm. There muſt be more;
This cou'd not blunt your ſword.
Seb. Yes, if I drew it, with a curſt intent,
To take a Misbeliever to my bed;
It muſt be ſo.
Alm. Yet——
Seb. No, thou ſhalt not plead
With that fair mouth, againſt the Cauſe of Love.
Within this Caſtle is a Captive Prieſt,
My Holy Confeſſor, whoſe free acceſs
Not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd;

This happy hour his hands ſhall make us one.
Alm. I go; with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides,
To lead my way: half loath and half conſenting.
If, as my Soul forebodes, ſome dire event
Purſue this Union, or ſome Crime unknown,
Forgive me Heav'n; and all ye Bleſt above,
Excuſe the frailty of unbounded Love. [*Exeunt Ambo.*

SCENE. II.

Suppos'd a Garden; with Lodging Rooms behind it; or on the ſides.

Enter Mufti; Antonio *as a Slave*; *and* Johayma *the* Mufti's *Wife.*

Mufti. AND how do you like him, look upon him well; he's a perſonable Fellow of a Chriſtian Dog. Now I think you are fitted, for a Gardiner: Ha what ſay'ſt thou *Johayma*?

Johayma. He may make a ſhift to ſow lettice, raiſe Melons, and water a Garden plat.

But otherwiſe a very filthy Fellow; how odiouſly he ſmells of his Country garlick! fugh, how he ſtinks of *Spain*.

Mufti. Why honey bird I bought him a purpoſe for thee; didſt not thou ſay thou long'dſt for a Chriſtian Slave?

Joh. Ay, but the ſight of that loathſome creature has almoſt cur'd me; and how can I tell that he's a Chriſtian? and he were well ſearch'd he may prove a *Jew* for ought I know.

And beſides I have always long'd for an Eunuch; for they ſay that's a Civil Creature, and almoſt as harmleſs as your ſelf Husband: ſpeak fellow, are not you ſuch a kind of peaceable thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own Country; and not very peaceable neither when I am well provok'd.

Mufti. To your Occupation Dog; bind up the Jeſſamines in yond Arbor, and handle your pruning knife with dexterity; tightly I ſay, go tightly to your buſineſs; you have coſt me much; and muſt earn it in your work; here's plentiful proviſion for you, Raſcal, ſallating in the Garden, and water in the tanck, and on Holydays the licking of a platter of Rice, when you deſerve it.

Joh. What have you been bred up to Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my ſervice?

[Antonio *making Legs.*

Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man, in a fair Ladies Service.

I can play upon the Flute, and Sing; I can carry your Umbrella and fan your Ladyſhip, and cool you when you are too hot in fine, no Service either by day or by night ſhall come amiſs to me; and beſides am of ſo quick an apprehenſion, that you need but wink upon me at any time, to make me underſtand my duty.

[*She winks at him.*

Anton. Very fine ſhe has tip't the wink already.—— [*Aſide.*

Joh. The Whelp may come to ſomething in time, when I have enter'd him into his buſineſs.

Muf. A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning, you muſt be taught your diſtance Sirrah. (*Strikes him.*)

Joh. Hold, hold.——

He has deſerv'd it I confeſs; but for once let his ignorance plead his pardon; we muſt not diſcourage a beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity ev'n to Birds and Beaſts: here you filthy brute you:—take this little Alms to by you plaiſters.

(*gives him a piece of money.*)

Ant. Money and a Love-pinch in the inſide of my palm into the bargain. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Sir, my Lord *Benducar* is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace Gate.

Mufti Come in *Johayma*, regulate the reſt of my Wives and Concubines, and leave the fellow to his work.

Joh. how ſtupidly he ſtares about him, Like a Calf new come into the World: I ſhall teach you Sirrah to know your buſineſs a little better.——this way you awkard Raſcal, here lies the Arbour, muſt I be ſhewing you eternally? (*turning him about.*

Muf. Come away Minion; you ſhall ſhew him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the Arbor, where a Roſe-tree and a Myrtle are juſt falling for want of a prop; if they were bound together they wou'd help to keep up one another:——He's a raw Gardiner, and 'tis but Charity to teach him.

Muf. No more deeds of Charity to day; come in, or I ſhall think you a little better diſpos'd than I cou'd wiſh you.

Joh. Well go before, I will follow my Paſtor.

Muf. So you may caſt a ſheeps eye behind you: In before me. and you Sawcineſs, mind your pruning knife; or I may chance to uſe it for you.

Exeunt Mufti *and* Johayma.

Ant. alone. Thank you for that; but I am in no ſuch haſt to be made a Muſulman. For his Wedlock for all her haughtineſs, I find her coming. How far a Chriſtian ſhou'd reſiſt, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Chriſtian can reſiſt is another queſtion. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily neceſſity: Now have I a ſtrange temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family: I am not far from the Womens apartment I am ſure; and if theſe Birds are within diſtance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. (*puls out his Flute*) If there be variety of Moors fleſh in this Holy Market 'twere madneſs to lay out all my money upon the firſt bargain. [*He plays.*

A Grate opens and Morayma *the* Mufti's *Daughter appears at it.*

Anton. Ay there's an Apparition! This is a Morſel worthy of a *Mufti*; this is the reliſhing bit in ſecret; this is the Myſtery of his Alcoran, that muſt be reſerv'd from the knowledg of the prophane Vulgar. This is his Holyday Devotion; ſee, ſhe beckons too.—— [*She beckons to him.*

Mor. Come a little nearer and ſpeak ſoftly.

Ant. I come, I come I warrant thee; the leaſt twinckle had brought me to thee; ſuch another kind ſyllable or two, wou'd turn me to a Meteor and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not ſpeak, for fear of being over-heard; but if you think my Perſon worth your hazard, and can deſerve my love —— the reſt this Note ſhall tell you —— (throws down a handkerchief.) No more, my heart goes with you.

Exit from the Grate

Ant. O thou pretty little heart; art thou flown hither, I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new neſt: but now for my Treaſure trove, that's wrapt up in the handkerchief: No peeping here, though I long to be ſpelling her Arabick ſcrawls and pot-hooks. But I muſt carry off my prize, as Robbers do; and not think of ſharing the booty, before I am free from danger, and out of eye-ſhot from the other Windows. If her wit be as poynant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave. Our Northern Beauties are meer dough to theſe: Inſipid white Earth, meer Tobaccopipe-clay; With no more Soul and Motion in 'em than a Fly in Winter.

Here the warm Planet ripens, and ſublimes
The well bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes;
Our Cupid's but a bungler in his Trade;
His keeneſt Arrows are in Affrick made. [*Exit* Antonio.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

A Terrace-walk ; or ſome other publick place in the Caſtle of Alcazar.

Emperor Muley-Moluch ; Benducar.

Emp. MArry'd! I'll not believe it; 'tis impoſture;
Improbable they ſhou'd preſume t'attempt,
Impoſſible they ſhou'd effect their wiſh.
Bend. Have patience till I clear it.
Emp. I have none:
Go bid our moving plains of Sand lye ſtill,
And ſtir not, when the ſtormy South blows high:
From top to bottom thou haſt toſs'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the madneſs of the Whirl,
Requir'ſt a ſudden ſtop? unſay thy lye,
That may in time do ſomewhat.
Bend. I have done:
For, ſince it pleaſes you it ſhou'd be forg'd
'Tis fit it ſhou'd: far be it from your Slave,
To raiſe diſturbance in your Sacred breſt.
Emp. Sebaſtian is my Slave as well as thou;
Nor durſt offend my love but that preſumption.
Bend. Moſt ſure he ought not.
Emp. Then all means were wanting;
No Prieſt, no ceremomies of their Sect;
Or, grant we theſe defects cou'd be ſupply'd,
How cou'd our Prophet do an act ſo baſe,
So to reſume his gifts, and Curſe my Conqueſts.
By making me unhappy! No the Slave
That told thee ſo abſurd a ſtory, ly'd.
Bend. Yet till this moment I have found him faithful:
He ſaid he ſaw it too.
Emp. Diſpatch; what ſaw he?
Bend. Truth is conſidering with what earneſtneſs,
Sebaſtian pleaded for *Almeyda*'s life,
Inhanc'd her beauty, dwelt upon her praiſe,——
Emp. O ſtupid, and unthinking as I was!

I might have mark'd it too: 'twas groſs and palpable!
Bend. Methought I trac'd a Love Ill diſguiſ'd;
And ſent my ſpy, a ſharp obſerving Slave,
T'inform me better, if I gueſs'd aright.
He told me, that he ſaw *Sebaſtians* Page
Run croſs the Marble Square; who ſoon return'd,
And after him there lag'd a puffing Fryer;
Cloſe wrap'd he bore ſome ſecret Inſtrument
Of Chriſtian Superſtition in his hand:
My ſervant follow'd faſt, and through a chink,
Perceiv'd the Royal Captives hand in hand:
And heard the hooded Father mumbling charms,
That make thoſe Misbelievers Man and Wife.
Which done, the ſpouſes kiſs'd with ſuch a fervour,
And gave ſuch furious earneſt of their flames,
That their eyes Sparkled, and their mantling blood
Flew fluſhing o're their faces.
Emp. Hell confound 'em!
Bend. The Reverend Father, with a holy leer,
Saw he might well be ſpar'd, and ſoon withdrew:
This forc'd my Servant to a quick retreat,
For fear to be diſcover'd; gueſs the reſt.
Emp. I do. My fancy is too exquiſite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd bliſs.
Some Earthquake ſhou'd have riſen and rent the ground,
Have ſwallow'd him, and left the longing Bride,
In Agony of unaccompliſh'd Love. [*Walks diſorderly*

Enter the Mufti.

Bend. In an unlucky hour [*Aſide.*
That Fool intrudes, raw in this great affair,
And uninſtructed how to ſtem the tide.

Coming up to the Mufti *aſide.*

The Emp'ror muſt not marry, nor enjoy;
Keep to that Point; ſtand firm, for all's at ſtake.
Emperour ſeeing him. You, Druggerman of Heaven, muſt I attend
Your droaning Prayers? Why came you not before?
Doſt thou not know the Captive King has dar'd
To wed *Almeyda*? Cancel me that Marriage,
And make her mine; about the buſineſs, quick.
Expound thy Mahomet; make him ſpeak my ſenſe,

Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no *Muſti*,
Unleſs thou knowſt the trick of thy vocation,
To wreſt and rend the Law to pleaſe thy Prince.
Muf. Why, verily the Law is monſtrous plain:
There's not one doubtful Text in all the Alchoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your Project.
Emp. Forge one, and foiſt it into ſome by-place,
Of ſome old rotten Roll; do't, I command thee:
Muſt I teach thee thy Trade?
Muſti. It cannot be.
For Matrimony being the deareſt point
Of Law, the People have it all by heart:
A Cheat on Procreation will not paſs.
Beſides the offence is ſo exorbitant, [*In a higher tone.*
To mingle with a misbelieving Race,
That ſpeedy Vengeance wou'd purſue your Crime,
And holy *Mahomet* launch himſelf from Heav'n,
Before th' unready Thunderbolt were form'd.
Emperor taking him by the Throat with one hand, ſnatches out his Sword with the other, and points it to his Breaſt.
Emp. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this pomp and pow'r
To preach againſt my Will? Know I am Law;
And thou, not *Mahomet*'s Meſſenger, but mine:
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleaſure lawful:
Or firſt I ſtrip thee of thy Ghoſtly greatneſs,
Then ſend thee poſt, to tell thy Tale above;
And bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet
Of Juſtice done below for Diſobedience.
Muſti. For Heaven's ſake hold, the reſpite of a Moment,——
To think for you.
Emp. And for thy ſelf,——
Muſti. For both.
Bend. Diſgrace, and Death, and Avarice have loſt him! [*Aſide.*
Muſti. 'Tis true our Law forbids to wed a Chriſtian;
But it forbids you not to Raviſh her.
You have a Conquerors right upon your Slave;
And then, the more deſpight you do a Chriſtian,
You ſerve the Prophet more who loaths that Sect.
Emp. Oh now it mends; and you talk reaſon *Muſti.*
But ſtay! I promis'd freedom to *Sebaſtian.*
Now ſhou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul

Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated Bed.
Mufti. Kill him, for then you give him liberty;
His Soul is from his earthly Priſon Freed.
Emp. How happy is the Prince who has a Churchman
So learn'd and plyant to expound his Laws.
Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.
Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my Love.
Bend. Firſt, ſince our holy Man has made Rape lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to force:
Why ſhou'd you pluck the green diſtateful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of it ſelf and fall?
Emp. Grant her a day; though that's too much to give
Out of a Life which I devote to love.
Bend. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her deſir'd *Sebaſtian*,
Let *Dorax* be enjoyn'd to bring his head.
Emperour *to the* Mufti.
Go *Mufti*, call him to receive his Orders. [*Exit* Mufti.
I taſt thy Counſel, her deſires new rouz'd,
And yet unſlak'd, will kindle in her fanſy,
And make her eager to renew the Feaſt.
Bend. aſide. Dorax, I know before, will diſobey:
There's a Foes head well cropt.——
But this hot Love precipitates my Plot;
And bring's it to projection ere its time.
Enter Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda, *hand in hand; upon ſight of the Emperour, they ſeperate and ſeem diſtutrb'd.*
Almeyda. He breaks at unawars, upon our Walks,
And like a mid-night Wolf invades the Fold:
Make ſpeedy Preparation of your Soul,
and bid it arm apace: He come: for anſwer.
And brutal miſchief ſits upon his brow.
Seb. Not the laſt ſounding cou'd Surprize me more,
That ſummons drowzy Mortals to their doom,
When call'd in haſt they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for there charge:
My ſenſe has been ſo deeply plung'd in Joys,
The Soul out-ſlep her hour; and ſcarce awake,
Wou'd think too late, and cannot! But brave Minds
At worſt can dare their Fate.——

Emp.

Emperour coming up to them.

Emp. Have you perform'd
Your Embaſſy, and treated with ſucceſs?
Seb. I had not time.
Emp. No, not for my Affairs,
But for your own too much.
Seb. You talk in Clouds, explain your meaning, Sir.
Em' Explain yours firſt: What meant you hand in hand,
And when you ſaw me, with a guilty ſtart,
You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my preſence?
Seb. Affrighted?
Emp. Yes, aſtoniſh'd, and confounded.
Seb. What mak'ſt thou of thy ſelf, and what of me?
Art thou ſome Ghoſt, ſome Demon, or ſome God
That I ſhou'd ſtand aſtoniſh'd at thy ſight?
If thou cou'dſt deem ſo meanly of my Courage,
Why didſt thou not engage me man for man,
And try the virtue of that *Gorgan Face*,
To ſtare me into ſtatue?
Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at firſt, as if ſurpriz'd
At unexpected baſeneſs brought to light.
For know ungrateful man, that Kings like Gods,
Are every where; walk in th' abyſs of minds,
And view the dark receſſes of the Soul.
Seb. Baſe and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor till this turn of Fate, durſt thou have call'd me;
But, ſince thou boaſt'ſt th' omniſcience of a God,
Say in what cranny of *Sebaſtians* Soul,
Unknown to me, ſo loath'd a Crime is lodg'd?
Emp. Thou haſt not broke my truſt repos'd in thee?
Seb. Impos'd but not receiv'd: Take back that falſehood.
Emp. Thou art not Marry'd to *Almeyda*?
Seb. Yes.
Emp. And own'ſt the uſurpation of my Love?
Seb. I own it in the Face of Heav'n and thee,
No Uſurpation but a lawful claim,
Of which I ſtand poſſeſt.
Emp. Sh' has choſen well,
Betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.
Almeyda. Betwixt a Monſter and the beſt of Men.

He was the envy of his neighb'ring Kings;
For him their ſighing Queens deſpis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughtes bluſh'd when he was nam'd.
To ſhare his noble Chains is more to me,
Than all the ſalvage greatneſs of thy Throne.
Seb. were I to chooſe again, and knew my Fate,
For ſuch a night I wou'd be what I am.
The Joys I have poſſeſt are ever mine;
Out of thy reach behind Eternity,
Hid in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt;
But bleſt remembrance brings 'em hourly back.
Emp. Hourly indeed, who haſt but hours to live:
O mighty purchaſe of a boaſted bliſs!
To dream of what thou hadſt one fugitive night,
And never ſhalt have more.
Seb. Barbarian, thou canſt part us but a moment;——
We ſhall be one again in thy deſpight:
Life is but air,
That yields a paſſage to the whiſtling Sword,
And cloſes when 'tis gone.
Alm. How can we better dye than cloſe embrac'd,
Sucking each others Souls while we expire?
Which ſo transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
The Saints deceiv'd, ſhall by a ſweet miſtake,
Hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.
Emp. No I'll untwiſt you:
I have occaſion for your ſtay on Earth;
Let him mount firſt, and beat upon the Wing,
And wait an Age for what I here detain.
Or ſicken at immortal Joys above,
And languiſh for the Heav'n he left below.
Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has joyn'd?
Emp. Not break the Chain, but change a rotten link,
And rivet one to laſt.
Think'ſt thou I come to argue right and wrong?
Why lingers *Dorax* thus? Where are my Guards,
[Benducar *goes out for the Guards, and returns.*
To drag that Slave to death? [*Pointing to* Sebaſtian.
Now ſtorm and rage,
Call vainly on thy Prophet, then defie him
For wanting power to ſave thee.

Seb. That were to gratiſie thy Pride: I'le ſhew thee
How a Man ſhou'd, and how a King dare dye:
So even, that my Soul ſhall walk with eaſe
Out of its fleſh, and ſhut out Life as calmly
As it does words; without a ſigh to note
One ſtruggle in the ſmooth diſſolving frame.

Almeyda *to the* Emperour.

Expect Revenge from Heav'n, inhuman Wretch;
Nor hope t'aſcend *Sebaſtian's* holy Bed.
Flames, Daggers, Poyſons, guard the ſacred ſteps;
Thoſe are the Promis'd Pleaſures of my love.

Emp. And theſe might fright another, but not me.
Or me, if I deſign'd to give you pleaſure?
I ſeek my own and while that laſts, you live.

Enter two of the Gaurds.

Go, bear the Captive to a ſpeedy death,
And ſet my Soul at eaſe.

Alm. I charge you hold; ye Miniſters of death,
Speak my *Sebaſtian*;
Plead for thy life: Oh ask it of the Tyrant;
'Tis no diſhoner, truſt me, Love, 'tis none:
I wou,d die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty heart diſdains it, ev'n for thee.
Still ſilent! Will the King of *Portugal*
Go to his death, like a dumb Sacrifice?
Beg him to ſave my life in ſaving thine.

Seb. Farewell, my life's not worth another word.

Emp to the Guards. Perform your Orders.

Alm. Stay take my farewell too:
Farewell the greatneſs of *Almeyda's* Soul!
Look Tyrant, what exceſs of Love can do,
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy feet; [*Kneels to him.*
Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing hands,
Which bliſter when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can to ſave *Sebaſtian's* life.

Emp. A ſecret pleaſure trickles through my Veins:
It works about the inlets of my Soul!
To feel thy touch; and pity tempts the paſs;
But the tough mettle of my heart reſiſts;
'Tis warm'd with the ſoft fire, not melted down.

Alm. A flood of ſcalding Tears will make it run,

Spare him, Oh ſpare; can you pretend to love,
And have no pity? Love and that are Twins.
Here will I grow;
Thus compaſs you with theſe ſupplanting Cords,
And pull ſo long till the proud Fabrick falls.
Emp, Still kneel, and ſtill embrace; 'tis double pleaſure
So to be hugg'd and ſee *Sebaſtian* die.
Alm. Look Tyrant when thou nam'ſt *Sebaſtians* death,
Thy very Executioners turn pale,
Rough as they are, and harden'd in the trade
Of Death, they ſtart at an anointed Head,
And tremble to approach:——He hears me not;
Nor minds th' impreſſion of a God on Kings;
Becauſe no ſtamp on of Heav'n was on his Soul:
But the reſiſting Maſs drove back the Seal.
Say though thy heart be rock of Adamant,
Yet Rocks are not impregnable to Bribes:
Inſtruct me how to bribe thee: Name thy price;
Lo, I reſign my Title to the Crown;
Send me to exile with the Man I love,
And baniſhment is Empire.
Emp. Here's my claim; [*Claping his hand to his Sword*.
And this extinguiſh'd thine; thou giv'ſt me nothing.
Alm. My Father's, Mothers, Brothers death I pardon:
That's ſomewhat ſure; a mighty Sum of Murther,
Of innocent and kindred blood ſtruck off.
My Prayers and Pennance ſhall diſcount for theſe,
And beg of Heav'n to charge the bill on me:
Behold what price I offer, and how dear
To buy *Sebaſtians* Life.
Emp. Let after reck'nings trouble fearful fools;
I'll ſtand the trial of thoſe trivial Crimes:
But, ſince thou beg'ſt me to preſcribe my terms,
The only I can offer are thy love;
And this one day of reſpite to reſolve.
Grant or deny, for thy next word is Fate;
And Fate is deaf to Pray'r.
Alm. May Heav'n be ſo [*Riſing up*.
At thy laſt breath to thine: I curſe thee not,
For who can better curſe the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are? That Curſe be thine.

Now, do not ſpeak *Sebaſtian*, for you need not,
But dye, for I reſign your Life : Look Heav'n,
Almeyda dooms her dear *Sebaſtian*'s death!
But is there Heav'n, for I begin to doubt;
The Skyes are huſh'd ; no grumbling Thunders roul:
Now take your ſwing, ye impious ; Sin unpuniſh'd ;
Eternal providence ſeems overwatch'd,
And with a ſlumb'ring Nod aſſents to Murther.

Enter Dorax *attended by three Soldiers.*

Emp. Thou mov'ſt a Tortoiſe pace to my relief.
Take hence that, once a King ; that ſullen pride
That ſwells to dumbneſs ; lay him in the Dungeon,
And ſink him deep with Irons ; that when he wou'd
He ſhall not groan to hearing, when I ſend
The next commands are death.

Alm. Then Prayers are vain as Curſes.

Emp. Much at one
In a Slaves Mouth, againſt a Monarch's Pow'r.
This day thou haſt to think ;
At night, if thou wilt Curſe, thou ſhalt curſe kindly;
Then I'll provoke thy lips; lay ſiege ſo cloſe,
That all thy ſallying breath ſhall turn to Bleſſings.
Make haſt, ſeize, force her, bear her hence.

Alm. Farewel, my laſt *Sebaſtian*!
I do not beg, I challenge Juſtice now ;
O Pow'rs, If Kings be your Peculiar care,
Why plays this wretch with your Prerogative?
Now flaſh him dead, now crumble him to aſhes;
Or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace ;
And look not idely out upon a World
That is no longer yours.

She is carried off ſtrugling, Emperour *and* Benducar *follow*.
Sebaſtian *ſtruggles in his Guards Arms, and ſhakes off one of them, but two others come in, and hold him; he ſpeaks not all the while.*

Dor. I find I'm but a half-ſtrain'd Villain yet ; [*Aſide*.
But mungril-miſchievous ; for my Blood boyl'd,
To view this brutal act; and my ſtern Soul
Tug'd at my arm to draw in her defence.
Down thou rebelling Chriſtian in my heart;
Redeem thy Fame on this *Sebaſtian* firſt; [*Walks a turn*.
Then think on others wrongs, when thine are righted.

But how to right 'em? on a Slave diſarm'd;
Defenceleſs, and ſubmitted to my rage?
A baſe revenge is vengeance on my ſelf; [*walks again.*
I have it; and I thank thee honeſt head,
Thus preſent to me at my great neceſſity:—— [*Comes up to* Seb.
You know me not?

Seb. I hear men call thee *Dorax.*

Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once: you ſpeak too;
You were ſtruck mute before.

Sebaſt. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine:——
Diſpatch thy work good Executioner.

Dor. None of my blood were hangmen: add that falſhood
To a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

Seb. A King and thou can never have a reck'ning.

Dor. A greater ſumm perhaps than you can pay.
Mean time I ſhall make bold t'increaſe your debt,
(*gives him his Sword.*)
Take this and uſe it at your greateſt need.

Seb. This hand and this have been acquainted well;
(*Looks on it.*) It ſhou'd have come before into my graſp,
To kill the Raviſher.

Dor. Thou heard'ſt the Tyrants Orders; Guard thy life
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a Man.

Seb. I'm ſtill without thy meaning but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with that.

Seb. Such Surly kindneſs did I never ſee!

[Dorax *to the Captain of his Guards.*]

Muza, draw out a file, pick man by man,
Such who dare dye, and dear will ſell their Death.
Guard him to th' utmoſt; now conduct him hence,
And treat him as my Perſon.

Seb. Something like
That voice methinks I ſhou'd have ſomewhere heard:
But floods of woes have hurry'd it far off;
Beyond my kenn of Soul. *Exit* Sebaſtian *with the Soldiers.*

Dor. But I ſhall bring him back ungrateful Man, [*Solus.*
I ſhall, and ſet him full before thy ſight,
When I ſhall front thee, like ſome ſtaring Ghoſt,
With all my wrongs about me.——What ſo ſoon

Return'd? this haſt is boding.

Enter to him Emperour, Benducar, Mufti.

Emp. She's ſtill inexorable, ſtill Imperious;
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder.
Be quick ye falſe Phyſitians of my mind,
Bring ſpeedy Death or Cure.

Bend. What can be counſell'd while *Sebaſtian* lives?
The Vine will cling, while the tall poplar ſtands.
But that cut down creeps to the next ſupport,
And twins as cloſely there.

Emp. That's done with eaſe, I ſpeak him dead: proceed.

Muf. Proclaim your Marriage with *Almeyda* next,
That Civil Wars may ceaſe; this gains the Crowd;
Then you may ſafely force her to your will:
For People ſide with violence and injuſtice,
When done for publick good.

Emp. Preach thou that doctrine.

Bend. Th' unreaſonable fool has broach'd a truth [*Aſide.*
That blaſts my hopes; but ſince 'tis gone ſo far,
He ſhall divulge *Almeyda* is a Chriſtian:
If that produce no tumult I diſpair.

Emp. Why ſpeaks not *Dorax*?

Dor. Becauſe my Soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly ſay you went too far
To truſt the Preaching Pow'r on State Affairs,
To him or any Heavenly Demagogue.
'Tis a limb lopt from your Prerogative,
And ſo much of Heav'ns Image blotted from you.

Muf. Sure thou haſt never heard of Holy Men
(So Chriſtians call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs;
Such as in *Spain Xymenes*, *Albornoz*,
In *England Woolſey*; match me theſe with Laymen.

Dor. How you triumph in one or two of theſe,
Born to be Stateſmen, hap'ning to be Church-men:
Thou call'ſt 'em holy; ſo their function was;
But tell me *Mufti*, which of 'em were Saints?
Next, Sir, to you; the ſumm of all is this;
Since he claims power from Heav'n, and not from Kings,
When 'tis his int'reſt, he can int'reſt Heav'n
To preach you down; and Ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.

Emp. I'le truſt his Preaching while I rule his pay,

And I dare truſt my *Affricans*, to hear
Whatever he dare Preach.
Dor. You know 'em not.
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;
They ſcarcely want a Guide to move their madneſs:
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence,
Bluſtering when courted, crouching when oppreſt.
Wiſe to themſelves, and fools to all the World.
Reſtleſs in change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
They love Religion ſweetn'd to the ſenſe;
A good luxurious palatable Faith.
Thus Vice and Godlyneſs, prepoſt'rous pair,
Ride cheek by joul; but Churchmen hold the Reins.
And when ere Kings wou'd lower Clergy greatneſs,
They learn to late what pow'r the Preachers have,
And whoſe the Subjects are; the *Mufti* knows it;
Nor dares deny what paſs'd betwixt us two.
Emp. No more; what ere he ſaid was my Command.
Dor. Why then no more, ſince you will hear no more;
Some Kings are reſolute to their own ruin.
Emp. Without your medling where you are not ask'd,
Obey your Orders, and diſpatch *Sebaſtian*.
Dor. Truſt My revenge; be ſure I wiſh him dead.
Emp. What meanſt thou! what's thy wiſhing to my will.
Diſpatch him, rid me of the man I loath,
Dor. I hear you Sir I'le take my time and do't——
Emp. Thy time? what's all thy time, what's thy whole life
To my one hour of eaſe? no more replies,
But ſee thou doſt it; Or——
Dor. Choak in that threat: I can ſay Or as loud.
Emp. 'Tis well, I ſee my words have no effect,
But I may ſend a Meſſage to diſpoſe you.
[*Is going off.*
Dor. Expect an anſwer worthy of that Meſſage.
Muf. The Prophet ow'd him this: [*Aſide.*
And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.
Bend. By Holy Alha, I conjure you ſtay,
And judge not raſhly of ſo brave a Man.
(*Draws the* Emperour *aſide and whiſpers him*
I'le give you reaſons why he cannot execute
Your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.

Muſ. Benducar is a fool to bring him off. [*Aſide.*
I'll work my own revenge and ſpeedily.
Bend. The Fort is his, the Soldiers hearts are his;
A thouſand Chriſtian Slaves are in the Caſtle,
Which he can free to reinforce his pow'r;
Your Troops far off, beleaguering *Larache*,
Yet in the Chriſtians hands.
Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he muſt dye.
Bend. He ſhall by poyſon:
'Tis here, the deadly drug prepar'd in powder,
Hot as Hell-fire:——then, to prevent his Soldiers
From riſing to revenge their Gen'rals death,
While he is ſtruggling with his Mortal pangs,
The Rabble on the ſudden may be rais'd
To ſeize the Caſtle.
Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.
Bend. Yet more; but clear your brow; for he obſerves.
(*They whiſper again.*)
Dor. What will the Fav'rite prop my falling fortunes,
O Prodigie of Court! [*Aſide.*
Emperour *and* Benducar *return to* Dorax.
Emp. Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence;
I was too haſty to condemn unheard.
And you perhaps too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the Majeſty of Kings,
I ask excuſe.
Dor. I'm ſure I meant it well.
Emp. I know you did:—this to our love renew'd.——
[Emperour *drinks.*
Benducar fill to *Dorax.*
[Benducar *turns and Mixes a powder in it.*
Dor. Let it go round for all of us have need
To quench our heats; 'tis the Kings health *Benducar.*——
[*He drinks.*
And I wou'd pledge it though I knew 'twere poyſon.
Bend. Another Bowl, for what the King has touch'd,
[*Drinks out of another Bowl.*
And you have pledg'd, is ſacred to your loves.—
Muf. Since Charity becomes my calling, thus
Let me provoke your friendſhip: and Heav'n bleſs it

As I intend it well.———

Drinks and turning aſide pours ſome drops out of a little Vial into the Bowl; then preſents it to Dorax.

Dor. Heav'n make thee honeſt,
On that condition we ſhall ſoon be friends.— [*Drinks*
Muf. Yes, at our meeting in another World; [*Aſid*
For thou haſt drunk thy paſport out of this.
Not the Nonacrian fount, nor Lethe's Lake,
Cou'd ſooner numb thy nimble faculties
Than this, to ſleep eternal.
Emp. Now farewell *Dorax*; this was our firſt quarrel,
And I dare propheſie will prove our laſt.

Exit Emperour *with* Benducar *and the* Mufti.

Dor. It may be ſo: I'm ſtrangely diſcompos'd;
Quick ſhootings through my limbs, and pricking pains,
Qualms at my heart, Convulſions in my nerves,
Shiv'rings of cold, and burnings of my entrals
Within my little World make medley War,
Looſe and regain, beat and are beaten back
As momentory Victors quit their ground.
Can it be poyſon! poyſon's of one tenour,
Or hot or cold; this neither and yet both.
Some deadly Draught, ſome enemy of life
Boils in my bowels, and works out my Soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of ev'ry Clime;
Affrick, the Scene remov'd, is Portugal.
Of all Court-ſervice learn the common lot;
To day 'tis done to morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh were that all! my honeſt Corps muſt lye
Expos'd to ſcorn, and publick Infamy:
My ſhameful Death will be divulg'd alone;
The worth and honour of my Soul unknown. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Is a Night Scene of the* Mufti's *Garden where an Arbour is diſcover'd.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. SHE names her ſelf *Morayma*; the *Mufti's* only Daughter, and a Virgin! This is the time and place that ſhe appointed in her letter, yet ſhe comes not. Why thou ſweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with thy delay! dar'ſt thou be falſe to thy Aſſignation? What, in the cool and ſilence of the night, and to a new Lover? Pox on the Hypocrite thy Father, for inſtructing thee ſo little in the ſweeteſt point of his Religion. Hark, I hear the ruſtling of her Silk Mantle. Now ſhe comes; now ſhe comes; no hang't, that was but the whiſtling of the wind through the *Orange* Trees. Now again, I hear the pit a pat of a pretty foot through the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Mare that's broken looſe and munching upon the Melons:——Oh the miſery of an expecting Lover! Well I'll e'en deſpair, go into my Arbour, and try to ſleep; in a dream I ſhall enjoy her in deſpight of her.

[*Goes into the Arbour and lyes down.*

Enter Johayma *wrapt up in a Mooriſh Mantle.*

Joh. Thus far my love has carry'd me, almoſt without my knowledg whither I was going: Shall I go on, ſhall I diſcover my ſelf! —— What an injury am I doing to my old Husband! —— Yet what injury, ſince he's old, and has three Wives and ſix Concubines beſides me! 'Tis but ſtealing my own Tythe from him. [*She comes a little nearer the Arbour.*

Antonio *raiſing himſelf a little and looking.*

At laſt 'tis ſhe: this is no illuſion I am ſure; 'tis a true She-devil of Fleſh and Blood; and ſhe cou'd never have taken a fitter time to tempt me.——

Joh. He's young and handſome.——

Ant. Yes, well enough I thank nature. [*Aſide.*

Joh. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: ſure he will not refuſe me.

Ant. No thou mayſt pawn thy Maiden-head upon't he wonnot. [*Aſide.*

Joh. The *Mufti* wou'd feaſt himſelf upon other Women, and keep me faſting.

Ant. O, the holy Curmudgeon! [*Aſide*.

Joh Wou'd preach abſtinence, and practice luxury! but I thank my Stars I have edify'd more by his example than his precept.

Ant. Moſt divinely argu'd; ſhe's the beſt Caſuiſt in all *Affick*. [*aſide*.

He ruſhes out and embraces her.

I can hold no longer from embracing thee my dear *Morayma* the old unconſcionable Whorſon thy Father, cou'd he expect cold chaſtity from a Child of his begetting?

Joh. What nonſenſe do you talk? do you take me for the *Mufti*'s Daughter?

Ant. Why are you not Madam? [*throwing off her* Barnus

Joh. I find you had an appointment with *Morayma*.

Ant, By alls that's good, the nauſeous Wife. [*Aſide*

Joh. What you are confounded and ſtand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonpluſt I confeſs; to here you deny your name ſo poſitively; why are not you *Morayma* the *Muftis* Daughter? Did not I ſee you with him, did not he preſent me to you? Were you not ſo charitable as to give me Money? Ay and to tread upon my foot, and ſqueeze my hand too, If I may be ſo bold to remember you of paſt favours.

Joh. And you ſee I am come to make 'em good, but I am neither *Morayma* nor the *Mufti*'s Daughter?

Ant. Nay, I know not that: but I am ſure he is old enough to be your Father; and either Father or Reverend Father, I heard you call him.

Joh: Once again, how came you to name *Morayma*?

Ant. Another damn'd miſtake of mine: For asking one of my fellow Slaves, who were the chief Ladies about the houſe; he anſwer'd me *Morayma* and *Johayma*; but ſhe it ſeems is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

Joh. Say your beloved Miſtris if you pleaſe; for that's the Title I deſire. This Moon-ſhine grows offenſive to my Eyes, come, ſhall we walk into the Arbour? there we may rectify all miſtakes.

Ant. That's cloſe and dark.

Joh. And are thoſe faults to Lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot pleaſe my ſelf with the ſight of your beauty.

Joh. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant: But there's not a breath of air ſtirring.

Joh. The breath of Lovers is the ſweeteſt air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am conſidering indeed, that if I am taken with you.——

Joh. The beſt way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be diſcover'd.

Ant. where lodges your Husband?

Joh. Juſt againſt the face of this open Walk.

Ant. Then he has ſeen us already, for ought I know.

Joh. You make ſo many difficulties, I fear I am diſpleaſing to you.

Ant. aſide. If *Morayma* comes and takes me in the Arbor with her, I have made a fine exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

Joh. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the fury of your firſt embrace.

Ant. I confeſs, I was ſomewhat too furious at firſt, but you will forgive the tranſport of my paſſion; now I have conſider'd it better, I have a qualm of Conſcience.

Joh. Of Conſcience! why what has Conſcience to do with two young Lovers that have opportunity?

Ant. Why truly Conſcience is ſomething to blame for interpoſing in our matters: but how can I help it, if I have a ſcruple to betray my Maſter?

Joh. There muſt be ſomething more in't; for your Conſcience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayma*.

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter? For then I might have made you an honourable amends by Marriage.

Joh. You Chriſtians are ſuch peeking Sinners, you tremble at a ſhaddow in the Moon-ſhine.

Ant. And you Affricans are ſuch Termagants, you ſtop at nothing. I muſt be plain with you, you are married, and to a Holy Man, the Head of your Religion: go back to your Chamber, go back I ſay, and conſider of it for this night; as I will do on my part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next meeting, the ſweet Devil may have more power over me: I am true fleſh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Joh. Fleſh without blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fiſhes. But I'le teach thee, to thy coſt, what Vengeance is in ſtore for refuſing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love:——Help, Help, there; will no body come to my aſſiſtance?

Ant. What do you mean Madam, for Heaven's ſake peace; your Husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ingrateful Wretch, thou deſerv'ſt no pity: Help, Help, Husband, or I ſhall be raviſh'd: the Villain will be too ſtrong for me. Help, help, for pity of a poor Diſtreſſed Creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but impudence to aſſiſt me: I muſt drown her clamour what e're comes on't.

He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can poſſibly, and ſhe continues crying out.

Enter the Muſti *in his Night-gown, and two Servants.*

Muſti, O thou Villain, what horible impiety art thou committing? What raviſhing the Wife of my Boſom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of ſuch a Monſter. [*Servants ſeize him.*

Ant. Mercy dear Maſter, Mercy: Hear me firſt, and after. if I have deſerv'd hanging, ſpare me not: What have you ſeen to provoke you to this cruelty?

Muſti. I have heard the out-crys of my Wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: ſeen nothing ſayſt thou? If I ſee the Lamb lye bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn and bloody, is not that evidence ſufficient of the Murder? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in reaſon, Sir, is a Man to be put to death for a ſimilitude? No Violence has been committed; none intended: The Lamb's alive; and if I durſt tell you ſo. no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

Joh. How's that, Villain, dar'ſt thou accuſe me?

Ant. Be patient Madam, and ſpeak but truth, and I'll do any thing to ſerve you: I ſay again, and ſwear it too, I'll do any thing to ſerve you.

Joh. aſide. I underſtand him; but I fear 'tis now too late to ſave him:——Pray hear him ſpeak Husband; perhaps he may ſay ſomething for himſelf; I know not.

Muſ. Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed and thy Honour.

Joh. I forgive him freely for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me ſatisfaction, himſelf beſt knows.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, ſweet Madam: I ſhall refuſe no drudgery.

Muſ. But did he mean no miſchief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Joh. In my Conſcience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muſ. 'Tis Impoſſible; then what meant all thoſe out-crys?

Joh I heard Muſick in the Garden, and at an unſeaſonable time of Night; and I ſtole ſoftly out of my Bed, as Imagining it might be he.

Muſ. How's that *Johayma*? Imagining it was he, & yet you went?

Joh. Why not, my Lord? am not I the Miſtris of the Family? And is it not my place to ſee good Orders kept in it? I thought he might have allur'd ſome of the Shee-ſlaves to him; and was reſolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them; when on the ſudden he ruſh'd out upon me, caught me in his arms with ſuch a fury.——

Muſ. I have heard enough away with him.——

Joh. Miſtaking me no doubt, for one of his fellow Slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I diſcover'd my ſelf, and cry'd aloud: But as ſoon as ever he knew me, the Villain let me go, and I muſt needs ſay, he ſtarted back, as if I were ſome Serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muſ. O thou corrupter of my Family, that's cauſe enough of death; once again away with him.

Joh. What for an intended Treſpaſs? No harm has been done, whatever may be. He coſt you five hundred Crowns I take it.

Muſ. Thou ſay'ſt true, a very conſiderable Sum: He ſhall not dye, tho he had committed folly with a Slave; 'tis too much to looſe by him.

Ant. My only fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more ſhe cry'd, the more I play'd; that it might be ſeen I intended nothing to her.

Muſ. To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortify your fleſh, and conſider in whoſe Family you are.

Joh. And one thing more; remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muſ. aſide. For all her ſmoothneſs, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealouſie; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts

[*Exit* Mufty *with* Johayma *and Servants.*

Ant. I am mortify'd ſufficiently already, without the help of his Ghoſtly Counſel. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conſcience wou'd have gone in two Months. I finde my ſelf in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor Sin lyes dormant, Concupiſcence is retir'd to his winter quarters; and if *Morayma* ſhou'd now appear, I ſay no more, but alas for her and me!

(Morayma *comes out of the Arbour; ſhe ſteals behind him, and claps him on the back.*)

Mor.

Morayma, and if *Morayma* ſhou'd appear, as ſhe does appear, alas you ſay for her and you!

Antonio, Art thou there my ſweet temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my all!

Mor. A mighty Complement, when all theſe, by your own Confeſſion are juſt nothing.

Ant. Nothing till thou cameſt to new create me; thou doſt not know the power of thy own Charms: let me embrace thee and thou ſhalt ſee how quickly I can turn wicked.

Morayma ſtepping back. Nay, if you are ſo dangerous, 'tis beſt keeping you at a diſtance; I have no mind to warm a frozen Snake in my boſom; he may chance to recover and ſting me for my pains.

Ant. Conſider what I have ſuffer'd for thy ſake already; and make me ſome amends: two diſappointments in a night, O cruel Creature!

Mor. And you may thank your ſelf for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my time, through the back walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a freſh-water Soldier, ſtood guarding the paſs before: if you miſs'd the Enemy, you may thank your own dulneſs.

Ant. Nay if you will be uſing ſtratagems, you ſhall give me leave to make uſe of my advantages, now I have you in my power: we are fairly met; I'le try it out, and give no quarter.

Mor. By your favour, Sir, we meet upon treaty now, and not upon defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you ſhall have *Carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Johayma:* any thing to ſerve you Madam; I ſhall refuſe no drudgery: whoſe words were thoſe Gentleman? was that like a Cavalier of honour?

Ant. Not very heroick; but ſelf preſervation is a point above Honour and Religion too.——*Antonio* was a Rogue I muſt confeſs; but you muſt give me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your life ſo baſely; and to preſent your Sword to your Enemy; Oh Recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my fame indeed wou'd have ſounded loud, but I ſhou'd never have heard the blaſt: Come, don't make your ſelf worſe natur'd than you are: to ſave my life, you wou'd be content I ſhou'd promiſe any thing.

Mor. Yes if I were ſure you wou'd perform nothing.

Ant. Can you ſuſpect I wou'd leave you for *Johayma*?

Mor. No; but I can expect you wou'd have both of us: Love is covetous, I muſt have all of you; heart for heart is an equal truck In ſhort, I am younger; I think handſomer; and am ſure I love you better, ſhe has been my ſtep-mother theſe fifteen years: you think that's her face you ſee, but 'tis only a dawb,d Vizard: ſhe wears an Armour of proof upon't: an inch thick of Paint, beſides the Waſh: her Face is ſo fortify'd that you can make no approaches to it. without a Shovel. But for her conſtancy, I can tell you for your comfort, ſhe will love till death, I mean till yours: for when ſhe has worn you out, ſhe will certainly diſpatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales; as ſhe has already ſerv'd three Slaves, your Predeceſſors of happy memory in her favours. She has made my pious Father a three pil'd Cuckold to my knowledg: and now ſhe wou'd be robbing me of my ſingle Sheep too.

Ant. Prithee prevent her then; and at leaſt take the ſhearing of me firſt.

Mor. No I'll have a Butchers Pen'worth of you; firſt ſecure the Carcaſe, and then take the fleece into the Bargain.

Ant. Why ſure, you did not put your ſelf and me to all this trouble, for a dry come off; by this hand—(*taking it*:

Mor. Which you ſhall never touch; but upon better aſſurances than you imagine. (*Pulling her hand away*.)

Ant. I'll Marry thee, and make a Chriſtian of thee thou pretty damn'd Infidel.

Mor. I mean you ſhall: but no earneſt, till the bargain be made before witneſs: there's love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn you to; never doubt, but all upon honourable terms

Ant. I vow and ſwear by Love; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

Mor. But never to be truſted in any: he has another name too, of a worſe ſound. Shall I truſt an Oath' when I ſee your Eyes languiſhing, your Cheeks fluſhing, and can hear your heart throbbing? no, I'll not come near you: He's a fooliſh Phyſitian who will feel the pulſe of a Patient. that has the Plague-ſpots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little Moppet, argue ſo perverſly againſt ſo good a Cauſe! Come, prithee, let me anticipate a little of my Revenue.

Mor. You wou'd feign be fingring your Rents before-hand; but that makes a man an ill Husband ever after. Conſider, Marriage is a painfull Vocation, as you ſhall prove it, manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you ſhall find a hard task on't to make even at the years end, and yet to live decently'

Ant. I came with a Chriſtian intention' to revenge my ſelf upon thy Father; for being the head of a falſe Religion.

Mor. and ſo you ſhall; I offer you his Daughter for your Second: but ſince you are ſo preſſing, meet me under my Window to morrow night, body for body, about this hour; I'll ſlip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my hand.

Ant. How. thy Father!

Mor, I mean all that's good of him; his Pearls, and Jewels, his whole contents, his heart and Soul; as much as ever I can carry! I'll leave him his Alchoran; that's revenue enough for him: every page of it is Gold and Diamonds. He has the turn of an Eye, a demure Smile, and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him, I forgot to tell you, that I will have a Slave prepar'd at the Poſtern gate, with two Horſes ready ſadled: no more, for I fear, I may be miſs'd; and think I hear 'em calling for me,—if you have conſtancy and Courage.——

Ant. Never doubt it: and love, in abundance to wander with thee all the World over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thouſand Crowns in a Casket!——

Ant. A heavy burden Heaven knows! but we muſt pray for patience to ſupport it.

Mor. Beſides a willing Titt that will venture her Corps with you:—Come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore to ſhew I am in Charity—— [*He kiſſes her*.

Ant. Once more for pity; that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

Mor. No; frequent Charities make bold Beggers: and beſides I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a Hawk when I wou'd have him fly: that's enough——but if you will be nibling, here's a hand to ſtay your ſtomach.

[*Kiſſing her hand*.

Anton. Thus Conquer'd Infidels, that wars may ceaſe,
Are forc'd to give their hands, and ſign the Peace.

Mor. Thus Chriſtians are outwitted by the Foe;
You had her in your Pow'r and let her go.
If you releaſe my hand, the fault's not mine;
You ſhou'd have made me Seal as well as ſign.

She runs off, he follows her to the dore; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.

ACT. IV. SCENE. I.

Benducar's *Pallace in the Caſtle of* Alcazar.

Bend. MY future Fate, the colour of my life, *(Solus.*
My all depends on this important hour:
This hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales,
And Heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a Crown, have puſh'd me forward;
'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant muſt not raviſh her:
He and *Sebaſtian* ſtand betwixt my hopes;
He moſt; and therefore firſt to be diſpatch'd.
Theſe and a thouſand things are to be done
In the ſhort compaſs of this rowling Night,
And nothing yet perform'd,
None of my Emiſſaries yet return'd.

Enter Haly——Firſt Servant

Oh *Haly*, thou haſt held me long in pain.
What haſt thou learnt of *Dorax*? is he dead?
Haly. Two hours I warily have watch'd his Palace;
All doors are ſhut, no Servant peeps abroad;
Some Officers with ſtriding haſt paſs'd in,
While others outward went on quick diſpatch;
Sometimes huſh'd ſilence ſeem'd to reign within;
Then Cries confus'd, and a joynt clamour follow'd;
Then Lights went gliding by, from room to room,
And ſhot like thwarting Meteors croſs the houſe:
Not daring farther to enquire: I came
With ſpeed, to bring you this imperfect news.

Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:
His mournful Friends, ſummon'd to take their leaves,
Are throng'd about his Couch, and ſit in Council,
What thoſe Caballing Captains may deſign,
I muſt prevent,
By being firſt in Action.
To *Muley-Zeydan* fly wlth ſpeed, deſire him
To take my laſt inſtructions; tell th'importance
And haſt his Preſence here. [*Exit* Haly.
How has this Poyſon loſt its wonted way?
It ſhou'd have burnt its paſſege, not have linger'd
In the blind Labyrinths and crooked turnings,
Of human Compoſition; now it moves
Like a ſlow Fire that works againſt the Wind,
As if his ſtronger Stars had interpos'd.

Enter Hamet.

Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd?
From *Muſtapha* what Meſſage?
Hamet. What you wiſh:
The ſtreets are thicker in this noon of Night:
Than at the Mid-day Sun: a drowzy horrour
Sits on their Eyes, like fear not well awake,
All crowd in heaps, as at a Night Alarm
The Bees drive out upon each others backs,
T'imboſs their Hives in cluſters; all ask news:
Their buſie Captain runs the weary round
To whiſper orders; and commanding ſilence
Makes not Noiſe ceaſe; but deafens it to murmurs.
Bend. Night waſts apace: when, when will he appear?
Hamet. He only waits yout Summons.
Bend. Haſt their coming.
Let ſecrecy and ſilence be enjoyn'd
In their cloſe march: what news from the Lieutenant?
Hamet. I left him at the Gate, firm to your Intereſt,
T'admit the Townſmen at their firſt appearance.
Bend. Thus far 'tis well: go haſten *Muſtapha.*
[*Exit* Hamet.

Enter Orchan *the third Servant.*

O, *Orchan*, did I think thy diligence
Wou'd lag behind the reſt? what from the *Mufti*?
Orchan, I ſought him round his Palace; made enquiry

Of all the ſlaves: in ſhort, I us'd your name
And urg'd th'importance home; but had for anſwer
That ſince the ſhut of Evening none had ſeen him.

Bend. O the curſt fate of all Conſpiracies!
They move on many Springs, if one but fail
The reſtiff *Machine* ſtops.——In an ill hour he's abſent;
'Tis the firſt time, and ſure will be the laſt
That e'er a *Mufti* was not in the way,
When tumult and Rebellion ſhou'd be broach'd.
Stay by me; thou art reſolute and faithful;
I have Employment worthy of thy Arm. [*Walks.*

Enter Muley-Zeydan.

Muley Zeyd. You ſee me come impatient of my hopes,
And eager as the Courſer for the Race:
Is all in readyneſs?

Bend. All but the *Mufti*,

Muley-Zeyd. We muſt go on without him.

Bend. True we muſt;
For 'tis ill ſtopping in the full Career,
How e'er the leap be dangerous and wide.

Orchan looking out. I ſee the blaze of Torches from afar;
And hear the trampling of thick beating feet;
This way they move.

Bend. No doubt the Emperour.
We muſt not be ſurpriz'd in Conference.
Truſt to my management the Tyrants death;
And haſt your ſelf to joyn with *Muſtafa.*
The Officer who gaurds the Gate is yours;
When you have gain'd that Paſe, divide your Force;
Your ſelf in Perſon head one choſen half,
And march t'oppreſs the Faction in Conſult
With dying *Dorax*: Fate has driven 'em all
Into the Net: you muſt be bold and ſudden:
Spare none, and if you find him ſtruggling yet
With pangs of Death, truſt not his rowling Eyes
And heaving gaſps; for Poyſon may be falſe,
The home thruſt of a friendly Sword is ſure.

Muley-Zeyd. Doubt not my Conduct: they ſhall be ſurpriz'd;
Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night,
At Morn I'll take her in.——

Bend. Here lies your way,

You meet your Brother there.
Muley Zeyd. May we ne're meet:
For like the twins of *Leda*, when I mount
He gallops down the Skies.——

[*Exit* Muley Zeyd.

Bend. He comes: now Heart
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one attempt:
Set ope thy Sluces, ſend the vigorous blood
Through every active Limb for my relief:
Then take thy reſt within thy quiet Cell,
For thou ſhalt drum no more.

Enter Muley Moluch *and Guards attending him.*

Mul. Mol. What news of our Affairs, and what of *Dorax*.
Is he no more ſay that, and make me happy.
Bend. May all your Enemies be like that Dog,
Whoſe parting Soul is labouring at the Lips.
Mul. Mol. The People, are they rais'd?
Bend. And Marſhall'd too;
Juſt ready for the March.
Mul. Mol. Then I'm at eaſe.
Bend. The Night is yours, the glitering Hoaſt of Heav'n
Shines but for you; but moſt the Star of Love,
That twinkles you to fair *Almeyda's* Bed.
Oh there's a joy, to melt in her embrace,
Diſſolve in pleaſures;
And make the Gods curſe Immortality,
That ſo they cou'd not dye.
But haſt, and make 'em yours.
Mul. Mol. I will; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my Heart;
My flagging Soul flyes under her own pitch;
Like Fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,
As if ſhe were a body in a body,
And not a mounting Subſtance made of Fire.
My Senſes too are dull and ſtupifi'd,
Their edge rebated; ſure ſome ill approaches,
And ſome kind Spirit knocks ſoftly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand.
Bend. Meer Fancies all.
Your Soul has been beforehand with your Body,
And drunk ſo deep a Draught of promis'd bliſs,

She ſlumbers o're the Cup; no danger's near,
But of a Surfeit at two full a Feaſt.
Mul. Mol. It may be ſo; it looks ſo like the Dream
That overtook me at my waking hour
This Morn; and Dreams they ſay are then divine,
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
And ſome orepowering God continues ſleep.
'Twas then methought *Almeyda*, ſmiling, came
Attended with a Train of all her Race,
Whom in the rage of Empire I had murther'd.
But now, no longer Foes they gave me Joy
Of my new Conqueſt, and with helping hands
Heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's arms,
Who bore me in a Purple Cloud to Hea'vn.
Bend. Good Omen, Sir, I wiſh you in that Heav'n
Your Dream portends you.
Which preſages death—— [*Aſide.*
Mul. Mol. Thou too wert there;
And thou methought didſt puſh me from below,
With thy full force to Paradiſe.
Bend. Yet better.
Mul. Mol. Ha! What's that grizly Fellow that attends thee?
Bend. Why ask you Sir?
Mul. Mol. For he was in my Dream;
And help'd to heave me up.
Bend. With Prayers and Wiſhes;
For I dare ſwear him honeſt.
Mul. Mol. That may be;
But yet he looks Damnation.
Bend. you forget,
The Face wou'd pleaſe you better: Do you love,
And can you thus forbear?
Mul. Mol. I'll head my People;
Then think of dalliance when the danger's o're.
My warlike Spirits work now another way;
And my Souls tun'd to Trumpets.
Bend. You debaſe your ſelf,
To think of mixing with th'ignoble Herd.
Let ſuch perform the ſervile Work of War,
Such who have no *Almeyda* to enjoy;
What ſhall the People know their God-like Prince

Skulk'd in a nightly Skirmiſh? Stole a Conqueſt,
Headed a Rabble, and prophan'd his Perſon,
Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a tide of Ordure,
And ſtifled with their rank offenſive Sweat?

Mul. Mol. I am off again: I will not proſtitute
The Regal Dignity ſo far, to head ,em.

Bend. There ſpoke a King.
Diſmiſs your Guards to be employ'd elſewhere
In ruder Combats: you will want no Seconds
In thoſe Alarms you ſeek.

Mul. Mol. Go joyn the Crowd; [*to the Guards.*
Benducar, thou ſhalt lead 'em in my place. [*Exeunt* Guards.
The God of Love once more has ſhot his Fires
Into my Soul; and my whole Heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her Charms;
I feel her as ſhe glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood: So when our Prophet
Had long been ham'ring in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, inſipid, tedious Paradiſe,
A brisk Arabian Girl came tripping by;
Paſſing ſhe caſt at him a ſide-long glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be purſu'd:
He took the hint, embrac'd the flying Fair:
And having found his Heav'n he fix'd it there.
[*Exit* Muley Mol.

Bend. That Paradiſe thou never ſhalt poſſeſs.
His death is eaſy now, his Guards are gone;
And I can ſin but once to ſeize the Throne.
All after acts are ſanctify'd by power.

Orchan. Command my Sword and Life.

Bend. I thank thee *Orchan*,
And ſhall reward thy Faith: This Maſter Key
Frees every Lock, and leads us to his Perſon:
And ſhou'd we miſs our blow, as Heav'n forbid,
Secures retreat: Leave open all behind us;
And firſt ſet wide the *Mufti's* Garden Gate,
Which is his private paſſage to the Palace:
For there our Mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid. Now ſleep ye Stars
That ſilently o'rewatch the fate of Kings;
Be all propitious Influences barr'd,

And none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard.
[*Exit with* Orchan.

A Night Scene of the Muſti's *Garden*

Enter the Muſti *alone, in a Slaves habit, like that of* Antonio.

Muſt. This 'tis to have a ſound Head-piece; by this I have got to be chief of my Religion; that is, honeſtly ſpeaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe my ſelf. For what's *Mahomet* to me, but that I get by him? Now for my Policy of this night: I have mew'd up my ſuſpected Spouſe in her Chamber. No more Embaſſies to that luſty young Stallion of a Gardener. Next my habit of a Slave; I have made my ſelf as like him as I can, but all his youth and vigor; which when I had, I paſs'd my time as well as any of my Holy Predeceſſors. Now walking under the Windows of my Seraglio, If *Johamay* look out, ſhe will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I ſhall know what Concupiſcence is working in her; ſhe cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my ſafety; but if ſhe peep, if ſhe put her Noſe abroad, there's demonſtration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the firſt precedent for a Church-man to forgive Injuries.

Enter Morayma *running to him with a Casket in her hand, and embracing him.*

Mor. Now I can emb[illegible] you with a good Conſcience; here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

Muf. I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didſt thou know me In this diſguiſe? And what Pearls and Jewels doſt thou mean?

Mor. going back——What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad *Morayma*?

Mor. I think you'll make me ſo.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thy ſelf, and ſpeak ſenſe to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worſt of Fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten ſuch a Monſter? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a maſs of Wealth, by indirect and wicked means; the Spoils of Orphans are in theſe Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in theſe Pearls.

Muf. Thou amazeſt me!

Mor. I wou'd do ſo. This Casket is loaded with your Sins; 'tis the Cargo of Rapines, Simony, and Extortions; the Iniquity of thirty Years Muftiſhip, converted into Diamonds.

Muf. Wou'd ſome rich rayling Rogue wou'd ſay as much to me, that I might ſqueeze his purſe for ſcandal.

Mor. No Sir you get more by pious Fools than Raylers, when you inſinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they live, and begger their Heirs by getting Legacies, when they dye. And do you think I'll be the receiver of your Theft? I diſcharge my conſcience of it: Here take again your filthy Mammon, and reſtore it you had beſt to the true Owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own Daughter.

Mor and A great credit for me to be ſo: do but think how decent a Habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be diſguis'd like a Slave, and eves-dropping under the Womens Windows, to be ſaluted, as you deſerve it richly, with a Piſs-pot. If I had not known you caſually by your ſhambling gate, and a certain reverend awkardneſs that is naturall to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the laughter of your own Servants; who have been in ſearch of you through the whole Seraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

Muf. Prithee Child reproach me no more of human Failings; they are but a little of the pitch and ſpots of the World that are ſtill ſticking on me; but I hope to ſcour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou thinkſt; I am not the Man thou tak'ſt me for.

Mor. No to my ſorrow Sir you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd beginning, tho methought, to ſee thee come running in upon me with ſuch a warm embrace; prithee what was the meaning of that violent hot Hug?

Mor. I am ſure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

Muf. But thou wilt not teach me at this age the nature of a cloſe Embrace?

Mor. No indeed; for my Mother in Law complains, that you are paſt teaching: But if you miſtook my innocent Embrace for Sin, I wiſh heartily it had been given where it wou'd have been more acceptable.

Muf. Why this is as it ſhou'd be now: Take the Treaſure again, it can never be put into better hands.

Mor. Yes to my knowledge but it might. I have confeſs'd my Soul to you, if you can underſtand me rightly; I never diſobey'd you till this night, and now ſince through the violence of my paſſion, I have been ſo unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your bleſſing, and your leave, that upon the firſt opportunity I may go for ever from your ſight; for Heav'n knows, I never deſire to ſee you more.

Muf. Wiping his Eyes. Thou mak'ſt me weep at thy unkindneſs; indeed dear Daughter we will not part.

Mor. Indeed dear Daddy but we will.

Muf. Why If I have been a little pilfering, or ſo, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; ſince It was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without offence to his own Child: Here take the Jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

Mor. Well then, in vertue of Obedience I will take 'em but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

Muf. Meaning mine I know it.

Mor. Meaning his whom I love better than my Life.

Muf. That's me again.

Mor. I wou'd have you think ſo.

Muf. How thy good nature works upon me; well I can do no leſs than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to riſe to Night.

Enter Antonio *in an* Affrican *rich Habit.*

Ant. What do you mean my Dear to ſtand talking in this ſuſpicious place, juſt underneath *Johayma*'s Window? (to the *Mufti*) You are well met Comerade, I know you are the friend of our flight? are the horſes ready at the poſtern gate?

Muf Antonio. and in diſguiſe! now I begin to ſmell a rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-ſtinks it; falſe *Morayma*, haſt thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd my ſelf: He came diſguis'd like you, and I poor Innocent ran into his hands.

Muf. In good time you did ſo; I laid a trap for a Bitch Fox, and a worſe Vermine has caught himſelf in it: you wou'd fain break looſe now, though you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories and in call of Company, that's my comfort.

[Antonio, *taking him by the throat.*

No; I have a trik left to put thee paſt thy ſqueeking: I have given thee the quinzey; that ungracious tongue ſhall Preach no more falſe Doctrin.

Mor. What do you mean? you will not throttle him? conſider he's my Father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide firſt for our own ſafety; If I do not conſider him, he will conſider us with a vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my ſake give him back a little cranny of his Wind-pipe, and ſome part of Speech.

Ant. Not ſo much as one ſingle Interjection: Come away Father-in-Law, this is no place for Dialogues, when you are in the Moſque you talk by hours, and there no man muſt interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in-Law; now I am in the Pulpit 'tis your turn to hold your tongue.

[*He ſtruggles*.

Nay if you will be hanging back, I ſhall take care you ſhall hang forward.

[*Pulls him along the Stage with his Sword at his reins.*]

Mor. T'other way to the Arbour with him; and make haſt before we are diſcover'd.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil uſage; he deſerves not ſo much favour by any action of his life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your Miſtreſs.

Ant. I wou'd, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in ſilence, my Pythagorean Father-in-Law.

Joh. At the Balcony.—A Bird in a Cage may peep at leaſt; though ſhe muſt not fly; what buſtle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio* by all my hopes, I know him by his habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and haſting hence? this is no time for ſilence: Who's within call there, where are the Servants, why *Omar*, *Abedin*, *Haſſan* and the reſt, make haſt and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; arm all the Family and ſtop 'em.

[Antonio *turning back.*

O that Schreich Owl at the Window! we ſhall be purſu'd immediately; which way ſhall wee take?

[Morayma *giving him the Casket.*]

'Tis impoſſible to eſcape them; for the way to our Horſes lyes back again by the Houſe; and then we ſhall meet 'em full in the teeth; here take theſe Jewels; thou may'ſt leap the Walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then poor kind Soul?

Mor. I muſt take my fortune; when you are got ſafe into your own Country, I hope you will beſtow a ſigh on the memory of her who lov'd you!

Ant. It makes me Mad, to think how many a good night will be loſt betwixt us! take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Casket without thee; beſides I ſhou'd never leap well with the weight of all thy Fathers ſins about me, thou and they had been a bargain.

Mor. Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No; they'l ſerve to make thy peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming; ſhift for your ſelf at leaſt; remember I am yours for ever.

[*Servants crying this way, this way, behind the Scenes.*]

Ant. And I but the empty ſhaddow of my ſelf without thee! farewel Father-in-Law, that ſhou'd have been, if I had not been curſt in my Mothers belly—Now which way fortune.—

[*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.*

Servants within. Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.

Ant. O here's a gate open; but it leads into the Caſtle; yet I muſt venture it. [*Going out*

[A ſhout behind the Scenes where *Antonio* is going out]

Ant. There's the Rabble in a Mutiny; what is the Devil up at Midnight!——however 'tis good herding in a Crowd.

[*Runs out.*

Mufti *runs to* Morayma *and lays hold on her, then ſnatches away the Casket.*]

Muf. Now, to do things in order, firſt I ſeize upon the Bag, and then upon the Baggage: for thou art but my fleſh and bloud, but theſe are my Life and Soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my fleſh and blood, and keep to your ſelf your Life and Soul.

Muf. Both or none come away to durance.

Mor. Well if it muſt be ſo, agree'd, for I have another trick to play you; and thank your ſelf for what ſhall follow.

[*Enter Servants.*

Joh. (*From above.*) One of them took through the private way into the Caſtle; follow him be ſure, for theſe are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly *Omar Abedine*; I have hold on the Villain that ſtole my Jewels; but 'tis a luſty Rogue, and he will prove too ſtrong for me; what help I ſay, do you not know your Maſters Daughter?

Muf. Now if I cry out they will know my voice; and then I am diſgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous Cockatrice!

Mor. of your own begetting. [*The Servants ſeize him.*

Firſt Servant. What a glorious deliverance have you had Madam from this bloody-minded Chriſtian!

Mor. Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notorious Maliſactor to be puniſh'd by my Father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot. (*Takes the Jewels and runs out after* Antonio *at the ſame Paſſage.*)

Firſt Servant. I long to be handſelling his hide, before we bring him to my Maſter.

Second Servant. Hang him for an old Covetous Hyppocrite: he deſerves a worſe puniſhment himſelf for keeping us ſo hardly.

Firſt Servant. Ay, wou'd he were in this Villains place: thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus. [*Beats him.*

Second Servant. And thus wou'd I revenge my ſelf of my laſt beating.

[*He beats him too, and then the reſt.*]

Muf. Oh, oh, oh!

Firſt Servant. Now ſuppoſing you were the *Mufti*, Sir,——

[*Beats him again.*

Muf. The Devil's in that ſuppoſing Raſcal; I can bear no more; and I am the *Mufti*: Now ſuppoſe your ſelves my Servants, and hold your hands; an anointed halter take you all.

Firſt Servant. My Maſter! you will pardon the exceſs of our zeal for you, Sir, indeed we all took you for a Villain, and ſo we us'd you.

Muf.

Muſ. Ay ſo I feel you did; my back and ſides are abundant teſtimonies of your zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my Fugitive Daughter: run I ſay.

[*They run to the Gate and the firſt Servant runs back again.*]

Firſt Servant. Sir, the Caſtle is in a moſt terrible combuſtion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muſ. 'Tis a laudable commotion: the voice of the Mobile is the voice of Heaven. I muſt retire a little, to ſtrip me of the Slave, and to aſſume the *Mufti*; and then I will return: for the piety of the People muſt be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my Jewels, and my Daughter.

[*Exit* Mufti *and Servants*,

The Scene changes to the Caſtle Yard,

And diſcovers Antonio Muſtapha, *and the Rabble*
ſhouting, they come forward.

Ant. And ſo at length, as I inform'd you, I ſcap'd out of his covetous clutches; and now fly to your illuſtrious feet for my protection.

Muſt. Thou ſhalt have it and now defy the *Mufti*. 'Tis the firſt Petition that has been made to me ſince my exaltation to Tumult; in this ſecond Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the year of the *Hegyra*; the Lord knows what year; but 'tis no matter; for when I am ſettled, the learned are bound to find it out for me: for I am reſolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble, like other Monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again; though I cou'd not compaſs it before, and had deſign'd you a Casket of my Maſters Jewels too; for I knew the Cuſtom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Perſon, as you are, without a preſent: but he has defrauded my good intentions, and baſely robb'd you of 'em, 'tis a prize worth a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of mark about you.

Muſt. I ſhall make bold with his Treaſure, for the ſupport of my new government.

[*The People gather about him.*

What do theſe vile Ragga-muffins ſo near our Perſon? your ſavour is offenſive to us; bear back there, and make room for honeſt Men to approach us; theſe fools and knaves are always impudently crowding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deſerving, bear back I ſay

[*They make a wider Circle.*

That's dutifully done; now ſhout to ſhew your Loyalty (*A great ſhout.*) Hear'ſt thou that Slave *Antonio*? theſe obſtreperous Villains ſhout, and know not for what they make a noiſe. You ſhall ſee me manage 'em that you may judge what ignorant Beaſts they are. For whom do you ſhout now? who's to Live and Reign? tell me that the wiſeſt of you.

Firſt Rabble. Even who you pleaſe Captain.

Muſt. La you their; I told you ſo.

Second Rabble. We are not bound to know who is to Live and Reign; our buſineſs is only to riſe upon command and plunder.

Third Rabble. Ay, the Richeſt of both Parties; for they are our Enemies.

Muſt. This laſt Fellow is a little more ſenſible than the reſt; he has enter'd ſomewhat into the merits of the Cauſe.

Firſt Rabble. If a poor Man may ſpeak his mind, I think Captain, that your ſelf are the fitteſt to Live and Reign, I mean not over, but next and immediately under the People; and thereupon I ſay, *A Muſtafa, A Muſtafa.*

(*All Cry*) *A Muſtafa A Muſtafa.*

Muſt. I muſt confeſs the ſound is pleaſing, and tickles the ears of my ambition; but alas good People, it muſt not be: I am contented to be a poor ſimple Vice-Roy; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man: I ſhall take care to inſtruct him in the arts of Government; and in his duty to us all: and therefore mark my Cry *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

(*All Cry*) *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

Muſt. You ſee Slave *Antonio*, what I might have been.

Ant. I obſerve your Modeſty.

Muſt. But for a fooliſh promiſe I made once to my Lord *Benducar*, to ſet up any one he pleas'd.

[*Re-enter the* Mufti *with his Servants.*]

Ant. Here's the Old Hypocrite again; now ſtand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the Jewels, the Rich and

Glorious Jewels; they are deſign'd to be yours, by vertue of Prerogative,

Muſt. Let me alone to pick a quarrel, I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

(Mufti, *making up to the Mobile.*)

Good People, here you are met together.

Firſt Rabble. Ay, we know that without your telling, but why are we met together, Doctor? for that's it which no body here can tell.

Second Rabble. Why to ſee one another in the Dark; and to make Holy day at Midnigth.

Muf. You are met, as becomes good Muſulmen; to ſettle the Nation; for I muſt tell you, that though your Tyrant is a lawful Emperour, yet your lawful Emperour is but a Tyrant.

Ant. What ſtuff he talks!

Muſt. 'Tis excellent fine matter indeed, Slave *Antonio*; he has a rare tongue; Oh, he wou'd move a Rock of Elephant!

Ant. *Aſide.* What a Block have I to work upon, [*To him.* But ſtill remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels.

Muſt. Nay that's true on t'other ſide: the Jewels muſt be mine; but he has a pure fine way of talking; my Conſcience goes along with him, but the Jewels have ſet my heart againſt him.

Muf. That your Emperor is a Tyrant is moſt manifeſt; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you; and is taking your Religion away.

Second Rabble. We find that in our decay of Trade; I have ſeen for theſe hundred years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

Mufti. He is now upon the point of Marrying himſelf, without your Sovereign conſent; and what are the effects of Marriage?

Third Rabble. A ſcoulding, domineering Wife, if ſhe prove honeſt; and if a Whore, a fine gawdy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and ſpends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

Mufti. No, the natural effects of Marriage are Children: Now on whom wou'd he beget theſe Children? Even upon a Chriſtian! Oh horrible; how can you believe me, though I am ready to ſwear it upon the *Alcoran*! Yes, true believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

Muſt. That's fine in earneſt; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting Tongue.

Ant. But yet remember.——

Muſt. Ay, Ay, the Jewels! now again I hate him; but yet my Conſcience makes me liſten to him.

Mufti. Therefore to conclude all, Believers pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant: Remember the Courage of your Anceſtors; remember the Majeſty of the People; remember your ſelves, your Wives and Children; and laſtly, above all, remember your Religion, and our holy *Mahomet*; all theſe require your timous aſſiſtance; ſhall I ſay they beg it? No they claim it of you, by all the neareſt and deareſt Tyes of theſe three P's Self-Preſervation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now anſwer me with an unanimous chearful Cry, and follow me, who am your Leader to a glorious Deliverance.

(*All cry, A* Mufti, *A* Mufti, *aud are following him off the Stage.)*

Aut. Now you ſee what comes of your fooliſh Qualms of Conſcience: The Jewels are loſt, and they are all leaving you.

Muſt. What am I forſaken of my Subjects? Wou'd the Rogue purloin my liege People from me! I charge you in my own name come back ye Deſerters: and here me ſpeak,

1ſt Rabble. What will he come with his Balderdaſh, after the *Mufti's* eloquent Oration?

2d. Rabble. He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up, and elected upon a Stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak Captain for we will hear you.

Muſt. Do you remember the glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed? your breaking open and gutting of Houſes, your rummaging of Cellers, your demoliſhing of Chriſtian Temples, and bearing off in triumph the ſuperſtitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Alters, when all rich Moveables were ſentenc'd for Idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was ſeiz'd? Anſwer firſt for your remembrance, of all theſe ſweetneſſes of Mutiny; for upon thoſe Grounds I ſhall proceed.

Omnes. Yes we do remember, we do remember.

Muſt. Then make much of your retentive Faculties. And who led you to thoſe Hony-Combs? Your *Mufti*? No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it; but durſt not lead you; he was but your Councellor, but I was your Captain; he only loed you but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his Figures.

Muſt. I think I was, Slave *Antonio.* Alas I was ignorant of my own Talent.—Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Mufti*? Or a *Mufti* for your Captain? And further to inſtruct you how to cry, Will you have a *Mufti*, or no *Mufti*?

Omnes. No *Mufti*, no *Mufti*.

Muſt. That I laid in for 'em Slave *Antonio.*——
Do I then ſpet upon your Faces? do I diſcourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plundring? You may think I do believers, but Heaven forbid: No, I encourage you to all theſe laudable Undertakings; you ſhall plunder, you ſhall pull down the Government; but you ſhall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked inſtigation.

3d. Rabble Nay when his turn is ſerv'd, he may preach up Loyalty again, and Reſtitution, that he might have another Snack among us.

1ſt. Rabble. He may indeed; for 'tis but his ſaying 'tis Sin, and then we muſt reſtore; and therefore I wou'd have a new Religion, where half the Commandments ſhou'd be taken away, the reſt molifi'd, and there ſhou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes, Another Religion, A new Religion, another Religion.

Muſt. And that may eaſily be done, with the help of a little Inſpiration: For I muſt tell you, I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomets* own breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Peaſe out of my Ear, reſt ſatisfy'd till then, and you ſhall have another. But now I think on't, I am inſpir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depoſe the *Mufti*.

Ant. And good reaſon; for when Kings and Queens are to be diſcarded, what ſhou'd Knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnes. He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Muſt. Nay if he and his Clergy will needs be preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Bleſſing, 'tis but juſtice they ſhou'd have the firſt fruits of it.—Slave *Antonio*, take him into cuſtody; and doſt thou hear Boy, be ſure to ſecure the little tranſitory Box of Jewels; If he be obſtinate, put a civil Queſtion to him upon the Rack, and he ſqueeks I warrant him.

Ant. ſeizing the Mufti. Come my *quondam* Maſter, you and I muſt change Qualities.

Mufti. I hope you will not be ſo barbarous to torture me, we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Fleſh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Muſt. Now, late *Mufti*, not forgetting my firſt quarrel to you, we will enter our ſelves with the Plunder of your Palace: 'tis good to ſanctify a Work, and begin a God's name.

1ſt Rabble. Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the laſt *Mob.*

Mob. But he takes care of this himſelf.

As they are going out enter Benducar *leading* Almeyda: *He with a Sword in one hand*; Benducar's *Slave follows with* Muly-Moluch's *Head upon a Spear.*

Muſt. Not ſo much haſt Maſters; come back again: you are ſo bent upon miſchief, that you take a man upon the firſt word of Plunder. Here a ſight for you: the Emperour is come upon his head to viſit you. [*Bowing*] Moſt Noble Emperour, Now I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you. [*They all ſhout.*]

[Benducar *to* Almeyda *apart.* Think what I am, and what your ſelf may be,
In being mine: refuſe not proffer'd Love
That brings a Crown.

[Almeyda *to* [*him.* I have reſolv'd,
And theſe ſhall know my thoughts.

Bend. *to her,* On that I build.—— (*He comes up to the Rabble.*)
Joy to the People for the Tyrants Death!
Oppreſſion, Rapine, Baniſhment and Bloud
Are now no more; but ſpeechleſs as that tongue
That lies for ever ſtill.
How is my grief divided with my joy,
When I muſt own I kill'd him! bid me ſpeak,
For not to bid me, is to diſallow
What for your ſakes is done.

Muſtafa. In the name of the People we command you ſpeak: But that pretty Lady ſhall ſpeak firſt; for we have taken ſomewhat of a likeing to her Perſon, be not afraid Lady to ſpeak to theſe rude Ragga-muffins: There's nothing ſhall offend you, unleſs it be their ſtink, and pleaſe you. [*Making a Legg.*

Almeyda. Why ſhou'd I fear to ſpeak who am your Queen?
My peaceful Father ſway'd the Scepter long;
And you enjoy'd the Bleſſings of his Reign,
While you deſerv'd the name of *Affricans*.
Then not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearleſs I ſpeak: know me for what I am.

Bend. How ſhe aſſumes! I like not this beginning. [*aſide*.

Almeyda. I was not born ſo baſe, to flatter Crowds,
And move your pitty by a whining tale:
Your Tyrant wou'd have forc'd me to his Bed;
But in th'attempt of that foul brutal Act,
Theſe Loyall Slaves ſecur,d me by his Death. [*Pointing to* Ben.

Bend. Makes ſhe no more of me then of a Slave? [*aſide*.
Madan, I thought I had inſtructed you [*to* Almeyda.
To frame a ſpeech more ſuiting to the times:
The Circumſtances of that dire deſign,
Your own deſpair, my unexpected ayd,
My Life endander'd by his bold defence,
And after all, his Death, and your Deliverance,
Were themes that ought not to be ſlighted o're

Muſtafa, She might have paſs'd over all your petty buſineſſes and no great matter: But the raiſing of my Rabble is an Exploit of conſequence; and not to be mumbled up in ſilence for all her pertneſs.

Almeyda. When force invades the gift of Nature, Life,
The eldeſt Law of nature bids defend:
And if in that defence, a Tyrant fall, his Death's his Crime not ours.
Suffice it that he's Dead: all wrongs dy with him;
When he can wrong no more I pardon him:
Thus I abſolve my ſelf; and him excuſe,
Who ſav'd my life, and honour; but praiſe neither.

Benducar. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay;
But what ſpeak I of payment and reward!
Ungrateful Woman, you are yet no Queen;
Nor more than a proud haughty *Chriſtian* ſlave:
As ſuch I ſeize my right. [*going to lay hold on her*.

[Almeyda *drawing* Dare not to approach me;
[*a dagger*. Now *Affricans*,
He ſhows himſelf to you; to me he ſtood
Confeſt before, and own'd his Inſolence
T'eſpouſe my perſon, and aſſume the Crown,

Claym'd in my Right: for this he ſlew your Tyrant;
Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worſe;
Imbas'd your Slavery by his own vileneſs,
And loaded you with more ignoble bonds:
Then think me not ungrateful, not to ſhare,
Th' Imperial Crown with a preſuming Traytor.
He ſays I am a *Chriſtian*; true I am,
But yet no Slave: If *Chriſtians* can be thought,
Unfit to govern thoſe of other Faith,
'Tis left for you to judge.

Benducar. I have not patience; ſhe conſumes the time
In Idle talk, and owns her falſe Belief:
Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.

[Almeyda *to the* [*People*, No, let me rather dye your Sacrifice
Than live his Triumph;
I throw my ſelf into my Peoples arme;
As you are Men compaſſionate my wrongs,
And as good men protect me.

[Antonio *aſide* Something muſt be done to ſave her.
[*to* Muſtafa This is all addreſs'd to you Sir: She ſingled you out with her Eye, as commander in Chief of the Mobility.

Muſtafa, Think'ſt thou ſo Slave *Antonio*?

Antonio. Moſt certainly Sir; and you cannot in honour but protect her, now look to your hits, and make your fortune.

Muſtafa. Methought indeed ſhe caſt a kind leer towards me: Our Prophet was but juſt ſuch another Scoundrell as I am, till he rais'd himſelf to power, and conſequently to Holyneſs, by marrying his maſters Widow: I am reſolv'd I'le put forward for my ſelf: for why ſhou'd I be my Lord *Benducars* Fool and Slave, when I may be my own Fool and his Maſter.

Benducar. Take her into poſſeſſion *Muſtafa*.

Muſtafa. That's better Councell then you meant it: Yes I do take her into poſſeſſion, and into protection too: what ſay you, Maſters, will you ſtand by me?

Omnes. One and all; One and all.

Benducar. Haſt thou betray'd me Traytor?

Mufti. Speak and mind 'em of Religion. [Mufti *ſhakes his head*.

Muſtafa. Alas the poor Gentleman has gotten a cold with a Sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of four; and beſides, if he durſt ſpeak, mankinde is grown wiſer at this time of day than to cut one anothers throats about Religion. Our *Mufti* is a Green coat, and th[illegible]*ſtians* is a black coat; and we muſt wiſely go together b[illegible]e ears, whether green or black ſhall ſweep our ſpoils.

[*Drums within and ſhouts.*

Benducar. Now we ſhall ſee whoſe numbers will prevail:
The Conquering Troups of *Muley Zeydan*, come
To cruſh Rebellion, and eſpouſe my Cauſe.

Muſtaafa, We will have a fair Tryall of Skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have diſpatch'd with *Muley Zeydan*, your Lordſhip ſhall march in equall proportions of your body, to the four gates of the City: and every Tower ſhall have a Quarter of you,

[Antonio *draws them up and takes* Almeyda *by the hand*
[*Shouts again and Drums*.

Enter Dorax *and* Sebaſtian *attended by* Affrican *Soldiers and Portugueſes*. (Almeyda *and* Sebaſtian *run into each others armes and both ſpeak together*.

Seb. and *Alm*. My *Sebaſtian*! My *Almeyda*!

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How! *Dorax* and *Sebaſtian* ſtill alive!
The Moors and Chriſtians joyn'd! I thank thee Prophet.

Dor. The Citadell is ours; and *Muley Zeyden*
Safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince.
Lay down your Arms: ſuch baſe Plebeian bloud
Would only ſtain the brightneſs of my Sword,
And blunt it for ſome nobler work behind.

Muſt. I ſuppoſe you may put it up without offence to any man hear preſent? For my part, I have been Loyall to my Soveraign Lady: though that Villain *Benducar*, and that Hypocrite the *Mufti*, would have corrupted me; but if thoſe two ſcape publick Juſtice, then I and all my late honeſt Subjects here, deſerve hanging.

[*Benducar* to *Dorax*.] I'm ſure I did my part to poyſon thee,
What Saint ſoe're has Sodder'd thee again.
A Doſe leſs hot had burſt through ribs of Iron.

Muf. Not knowing that, I poyſon'd him once more,
And drench'd him with a draught ſo deadly cold
That, had'ſt not thou prevented, had congeal'd
The channell of his bloud, and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interpoſing Fool to M[illegible]le miſchief,
And think to mend the perfect work [illegible] Hell.

Dorax. Thus when Heaven pleaſes, double poyſons cure.
I will not tax thee of Ingratitude
To me thy Friend, who has betray'd thy Prince:
Death he deſerv'd indeed but not from thee.
But fate it ſeems reſerv'd the worſt of men
To end the worſt of Tyrants.
Go bear him to his Fate.
And ſend him to attend his Maſters Ghoſt.
Let ſome ſecure my other Poyſoning Friend,
Whoſe double dilligence preſerv'd my life.

Ant. You are fallen into good hands Father in law; your ſparkling Jewels, and *Morayma's* eyes may prove a better Bail than you deſerve.

Muf. The beſt that can come of me, in this condition, is to have my life begg'd firſt, and then to be begg'd for a Fool afterwards.
(*Exit* Antonio *with the* Mufti, *and at the ſame time* Benducar *is carry'd off.*

(Dorax *to* Muſtapha.) You and your hungry herd depart untouch'd;
For Juſtice cannot ſtoop ſo low, to reach
The groveling ſin of Crowds; but curſt be they
Who truſt revenge with ſuch mad Inſtruments,
Whoſe blindfold buſineſs is but to deſtroy:
And like the fire Commiſſion'd by the Winds,
Begins on ſheds, but rouling in a round,
On Pallaces returns. Away ye skum,
That ſtill riſe upmoſt when the Nation boyls:
Ye mungrill work of Heaven, with human ſhapes,
Not to be damn'd, or ſav'd, but breath, and periſh,
That have but juſt enough of ſence, to know
The maſters voice when rated, to depart.
(*Exeunt* Muſtafa *and* Rabble.

(Almeyda *kneeling to him.*
With gratitude as low, as knees can pay
To thoſe bleſt holy Fires, our Guardian Angels,
Receive theſe thanks; till Alters can be rais'd.

(Dorax *raiſing her up*
Ariſe fair Excellence, and pay no thanks,
Till time diſcover what I have deſerv'd.

Seb. More than reward can anſwer.
If *Portugal* and *Spain* were joyn'd to *Affrique*,
And the main Ocean cruſted into Land,
If Univerſail Monarchy were mine,
Here ſhould the gift be plac'd.
Dorax. And from ſome hands I ſhou'd refuſe that gift:
Be not too Prodigal of Promiſes;
But ſtint your Bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.
Seb. What I am
Is but thy gift, make what thou can'ſt of me.
Secure of no Repulſe.
Dorax to *Sebaſtian*: Diſmiſs your Train.
[*To* Almeyda. You, Madam pleaſe one moment to retire.

Sebaſtian *ſignes to the Portugeſes to go off.* Almeyda *bowing to him, goes off alſo: The* Affricans *follow her.*

Dorax To the Captain of his Guard.
With you one word in private. (*Goes out with the Captain.*
Sebaſtian Solus. Reſerv'd behaviour, open Nobleneſs,
A long miſterious Track of ſtern bounty.
But now the hand of Fate is on the Curtain,
And draws the Scene to ſight.

Re enter Dorax, *having taken off his Turbant and put on a Peruque Hat and Crevat.*

Dorax. Now do you know me?
Seb. Thou ſhoud'ſt be *Alonzo.*
Dor. So you ſhou'd be *Sebaſtian:*
But when *Sebaſtian* ceas'd to be himſelf,
I ceas'd to be *Alonzo.*
Seb. As in a Dream
I ſee thee here, and ſcarce believe mine eyes.
Dor. Is it ſo ſtrange to find me where my wrongs,
And your Inhumane Tyranny have ſent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my Injuries
Shall call ſo loud, that Lethargy ſhould wake;
And Death ſhou'd give you back to anſwer me.
A Thouſand Nights have bruſh'd their balmy wings

Over theſe eyes, but ever when they cloſ'd,
Your Tyrant Image ſorc'd 'em ope again,
And dry'd the dewes they brought,
The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly Vengence to redeem my Fame;
And that once clear'd, eternal ſleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a King;
Whoſe Royall Office is redreſs of Wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.
Dor. 'Tis the firſt Juſtice thou haſt ever done me.
Then though I loath this Womans War of tongues,
Yet ſhall my cauſe of Vengeance firſt be clear;
And Honour be thou Judge.
Sebaſt. Honour befriend us both,
Beware, I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming Majeſty to hear:
I warn thus, becauſe I know thy temper
Is Inſolent and haughty to Superiours:
How often haſt thou brav'd my peaceful Court,
Fill'd it with noiſy brawls, and windy boaſts;
And, with paſt ſervice, nauſeouſly repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince?
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in Kings: for puniſhment
Is Hangmans work, and drudgery for Devils.
I muſt and will reproach thee with my ſervice,
Tyrant, (it irks me ſo to call my Prince.)
But juſt reſentment and hard uſage coyn'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Seb. How Tyrant?
Dor. Tyrant.
Seb. Traytour; that name thou canſt not Eccho back:
That Robe of Infamy, that Circumciſion
Ill hid beneath that *Robe*, proclaim thee Traytor:
And, if a Name
More foul then Traytor be, 'tis *Renegade*.
Dor. If I'm a Traytor, think, and bluſh thou Tyrant,
Whoſe Injuries betray'd me into treaſon.
Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,

And hurry'd me from hopes of Heaven to Hell.
All theſe, and all my yet unfiniſh'd Crimes,
When I ſhall riſe to plead before the Saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning ſure.
Seb. Thy old preſumptuous Arrogance again,
That bred my firſt diſlike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.
Dor. Too well I know thee but for King no more:
This is not *Lisbonne*, nor the Circle this,
Where, like a Statue, thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd,
By Sycophants and Fools, the growth of Courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gawdy round,
Met nothing but a lye in every face;
And the groſs flattery of a gaping Crowd,
Envious who firſt ſhou'd catch, and firſt applaud
The Stuff or Royal Nonſence: when I ſpoke,
My honeſt homely words were carp'd, and cenſur'd,
For want of Courtly Stile: related Actions,
Though modeſtly reported, paſs'd for boaſts:
Secure of Merit if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread ſnatch'd from Pimps and paraſits.
Enriquez anſwer'd, with a ready lye,
To ſave his King's, the boon was beg'd before.
Seb. What ſay'ſt thou of *Enriquez*? now by Heaven
Thou mov'ſt me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd ſcurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him:
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and ſmile;
That Woman but more daub'd; or if a man,
Corrupted to a Woman: thy Man Miſtreſs.
Seb. All falſe as Hell or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as falſe
As that I ſerv'd thee fifteen hard Campaignes,
And pitch'd thy Standard in theſe Forreign Fields:
By me thy greatneſs grew; thy years grew with it,
But thy Ingratitude outgrew 'em both.
Seb. I ſee to what thou tend'ſt, but tell me firſt
If thoſe great Acts were done alone for me;
If Love produc'd not ſome, and Pride the reſt?

Dor. Why Love does all that's noble here below;
But all th'advantage of that Love was thine.
For, coming ſraughted back, in either hand
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own:
(For *Violante's* vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, er'e I ſpoke;
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Enriquez.*
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth:
Dor. Where juſtice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd Paſſenger expect a Bounty,
From thoſe rapitious hands who ſtrip'd him firſt?
Seb. He had my promiſe, e're I knew thy love,
Dor. My Services deſerv'd thou ſhould'd revoke it.
Seb. Thy Inſolence had cancell'd all thy Service;
To violate my Laws, even in my Court,
Sacred to peace, and ſafe from all affronts;
E'ven to my face. as done in my deſpight,
Under the wing of awful Majeſty
To ſtrike the Man I lov'd!
Dor. E'ven in the face of Heaven, a place more Sacred,
Would I have ſtruck the man, who propt by power,
Would ſeize my right, and rob me of my Love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy Injuſtice,
The haſty product of a juſt deſpair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou ſhoud'ſt make a Coward's Cauſe thy own!
Seb. He durſt; nay more deſir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy Challenge fairly; 'twas thy fault
To make it publique; but my duty, then'
To interpoſe; on pain of my diſpleaſure,
Betwixt your Swords,
Dor. On pain of Infamy
He ſhould have diſobey'd.
Seb. Th'Indignity thou didſt was meant to me;
Thy gloomy eyes were caſt on me, with Scorn,
As who ſhould ſay the blow was there intended;
But that thou didſt not dare to lift thy hands
Againſt Anointed power - ſo was I forc'd
to do a Soveraign juſtice to my ſelf;
And ſpurn thee from my preſence.

Dor. Thou haſt dar'd
To tell me, what I durſt not tell my ſelf:
I durſt not think that I was ſpurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boaſted to my face.
All my long Avarice of honour loſt,
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age;
Has honours Fountain then ſuck'd back the ſtream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-ſhod paſs,
And gather pebbles from the naked Ford.
Give me my Love, my Honour; give 'em back:——
Give me revenge; while I have breath to ask it.——
Seb. Now by this honour'd Order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'ſt ask it:—
Nor ſhall the Sacred Character of King
Be urg'd to ſhield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have Injur'd thee, that makes us equall:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou haſt charg'd me with Ingratitude;
Haſt thou not charg'd me ;ſpeak?
Dor. Thou know'ſt I have:
If thou diſown'ſt that Imputation, draw:
And prove my Charge a lye.
Seb. No; to diſprove that lye I muſt not draw:
Be conſcious to thy worth, and tell thy Soul
What thou haſt done this day in my defence:
To fight thee, after this, what were it elſe,
Than owuing that Ingratitude thou urgeſt?
That *Iſtmus* ſtands betwixt two ruſhing Seas;
Which mounting, view each other from afar;
And ſtrive in vain to meet.
Dor. I'le cut that *Iſtmus*.
Thou know'ſt I meant not to preſerve thy Life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I ſave'd thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I ſhould be loath to think thou dar'ſt not:
Beware of ſuch another vile excuſe.
Seb. O patience Heaven!
Dor. Beware of Patience too;
That's a ſuſpicious word: it had been proper
Before thy foot had ſpurn'd me; now 'tis baſe:
Yet, to diſarm thee of thy laſt defence,

I have thy Oath for my ſecurity:
The only boon I beg'd was this fare Combat:
Fight or be Perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
[Sebaſt. Now I can thank thee as thou would'ſt be thank'd:
drawing:] Never was vow of honour better pay'd,
If my true Sword but hold, than this ſhall be.
The ſprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding Night,
More gladly enters not the liſts of Love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be ſummon'd thus.
Go: bear my Meſſage to *Henriquez* Ghoſt;
And ſay his Maſter and his Friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His Ghoſt! then is my hated Rival dead?
Seb. The queſtion is beſide our preſent purpoſe;
Thou ſeeſt me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's Life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.
Seb. He's dead: make haſt, and thou may'ſt yet o're take him.
Dor. When I was haſty thou delay'ſt me longer.
I prithee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promiſe: for thy life preſerv'd:
Be kind; and tell me how that Rival dy'd,
Whoſe Death next thine I wiſh'd.
Seb. If it would pleaſe thee thou ſhoud'ſt never know:
But thou, like Jealouſie, enquir'ſt a Truth,
Which found will torture thee: He dy'd in Fight:
Fought next my Perſon; as in conſort fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his Shield in my defence;
And on his naked ſide receiv'd my wound.
Then when he could no more, he fell at once:
But rowl'd his falling body croſs their way;
And made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him ſuch a death!
Seb. I prophecy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it.
Now judge thy ſelf, who beſt deſerv'd my Love.
I knew you both; (and durſt I ſay) as Heaven
Foreknew among the ſhining Angell hoſt
Who would ſtand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted ſo, ſo had he fall'n;
And ſo, had I been favour'd, had I ſtood.

Seb. What had been is unknown; what is appears:
Confeſs he juſtly was preferr'd to thee.
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent Stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worſe than Hell? what Glory have I loſt,
And what has he acquir'd by ſuch a death!
I ſhould have fall'n by *Sebaſtians* ſide;
My Corps had been the Bulwork of my King.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill ſorted with a ſoft effeminate life;
It ſuited better with my Life than his
So to have dy'd: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your Service, dying at your feet.
Seb. The more effeminate and ſoft his life,
The more his Fame, to ſtruggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: Confeſs, proud Spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deſerv'd my love than thou.
Dor. O, whether would you drive me! I muſt grant
Yes I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling Soul,
Henriquez had your Love with more deſert:
For you he fought, and dy'd; I fought againſt you;
Through all the mazes of the bloudy field,
Hunted your Sacred Life; which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious errour of my fate,
Not of my Soul' my Soul's a Regicide.
Seb. Thou might'ſt have given it a more gentle name:
[*more calmly.*] Thou mean'ſt to kill a Tyrant not a King:
Speak didſt thou not, *Alonzo*?
Dor. Can I ſpeak!
Alas, I cannot anſwer to *Alonzo*:
No, *Dorax* cannot anſwer to *Alonzo*:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your Arms.
In that bleſt Age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into *Dorax*;
And loſt like *Lucifer* my name above.
Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my Life to *Dorax*.
Dor. I ſav'd you but to kill you; there's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou canſt be griev'd, thou canſt repent:
Thou coud'ſt not be a Villain, though thou woud'ſt:

Thou own'ſt too much in owning thou haſt err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.
Dor. O ſtop this headlong Torrent of your goodneſs:
It comes to faſt upon a feeble Soul,
Half drown'd in tears, before; ſpare my confuſion:
For pitty ſpare, and ſay not, firſt you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and ſhame,
[*Falls at his* To throw my ſelf beneath your Royall feet.
feet.] Now ſpurn this Rebell, this proud Renegade:
'Tis juſt you ſhould nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou ſhoud'ſt not ask forgiveneſs firſt,
[*taking him up,* But thou prevent'ſt me ſtill, in all that's noble,
Yet I will raiſe thee up with better news:
Thy *Violante's* heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, becauſe ſhe was my Ward,
Her Soul was abſent when ſhe gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his purſuing Courtſhip,
Effect the Conſumation of his Love:
So, ſtill indulging tears, ſhe pines for thee,
A Widdow and a Maid.
Dor. Have I been curſing Heav'n while Heav'n bleſt me!
I ſhall run mad with extaſy of Joy:
What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my King, and to my Love!
But pitty is my Friend and ſtops me ſhort,
For my unhappy Rival: poor *Henriquez*!
Seb. Art thou ſo generous too, to Pity him?
Nay, then I was unjuſt to love him better.
Embrac- Here let me ever hold thee in my arms:
ing him. And all our quarrels be but ſuch as theſe,
Who ſhall love beſt, and cloſeſt ſhall embrace:
Be what *Enriquez* was: be my *Alonzo*.
Dor. What, my *Alonzo* ſaid you? my *Alonzo*!
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot ſpeak:
And if I cou'd,
Words were not made to vent ſuch thoughts as mine.
Seb. Thou canſt not ſpeak, and I can ne're be ſilent.
Some ſtrange reverſe of Fate muſt, ſure attend
This vaſt profuſion, this extravagance
Of Heaven, to bleſs me thus. 'Tis Gold ſo pure

It cannot bear the Stamp, without allay:
Be kind, ye powers, and take but half away:
With eaſe the gifts of Fortune I reſign;
But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine.

Exeunt.

A C T. V. *The Scene is a Room of State.*

Enter Dorax *and* Antonio.

Dor. JOY is on every face, without a Cloud:
As, in the Scene of opening Paridice,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new being:
Pleas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other.
Such Joy have I, both in my ſelf, and Friends:
And double Joy, that I have made 'em happy.

Ant. Pleaſure has been the bus'neſs of my life;
And every change of Fortune eaſy to me,
Becauſe I ſtill was eaſy to my ſelf.
The loſs of her I lov'd would touch me neareſt;
Yet, if I found her, I might love too much;
And that's uneaſy Pleaſure.

Dor. If ſhe be fated
To be your Wife, your fate will find her for you:
Predeſtinated ills are never loſt.

Ant. I had forgot
T'enquire before, but long to be inform'd,
How, poiſon'd and betray'd and round beſet,
You could unwind your ſelf from all theſe dangers;
And move ſo ſpeedily to our relief!

Dor. The double poiſons, after a ſhort Combat,
Expell'd each other in their Civill War,
By natures benefit: and rous'd my thoughts
To Gaurd that life which now I found Attack'd.
I ſummon'd all my Officers in haſt,
On whoſe experienc'd Faith I might rely:
All came reſolv'd to dye in my defence.

Save that one villain who betray'd the Gate.
Our diligence prevented the ſurprize
We juſtly fear'd: ſo *Muley-Zeydan* found us
Drawn-up in Battle, to receive the Charge.
Ant. But how the *Moors* and *Chriſtian* Slaves were joyn'd,
You have not yet unfolded.
Dor That remains.
We knew their Intereſt was the ſame with ours:
And though I hated more than Death, *Sebaſtian*;
I could not ſee him dye by Vulgar hands:
But prompted by my Angell, or by his,
Free'd all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my ſelf,
Becauſe I would not have his Perſon known.
I need not tell the reſt, th'event declares it.
Ant. Your Conqueſt came of courſe; their men were raw,
And yours were diſciplin'd: one doubt remains,
Why you induſtriouſly conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had added Courage to his Men?
Dor. I would not hazard civill broils betwixt
His Friends and mine: which might prevent our combat:
Yet, had he fallen I had diſmis'd his Troops;
Or if Victorious, order'd his eſcape.
But I forgot a new increaſe of Joy,
To feaſt him with Surprize; I muſt about it:
Expect my ſwift return. [*Exit* Dorax.

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Serv. Here's a Lady at the door, that bids me tell you, ſhe is come to make an end of the game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of Woman is ſhe? Does ſhe not want two of the four Elements? has ſhe any thing about her but ayr and fire?

Servant. Truly, ſhe flys about the room, as if ſhe had wings inſtead of legs; I believe ſhe's juſt turning into a bird: a houſe-bird I warrant her: and ſo haſty to fly to you, that rather than fail of entrance, ſhe wou'd come tumbling down the Chimney, like a Swallow.

Enter Morayma.

[Antonio *running to her and Embracing her.*
Look if ſhe be not here already: what, no deniall it ſeems will ſerve your turn? why! thou little dun, is thy debt ſo preſſing?

Mor. Little Devil if you pleaſe: your leaſe is out, good Mr. Conjurer; and I am come to fetch you Soul and Body; not an hour of lewdneſs longer in this world for you.

Ant. Where the Devil haſt thou been? and how the Devil didſt thou find me here?

Mor. I follow'd you into the Caſtle-yard: but there was nothing but Tumult, and Confuſion: and I was bodily affraid of being pick'd up by ſome of the Rabble: conſidering I had a double charge about me,———my Jewells and my Maidenhead.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my Worſhips ſole uſe and Property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

Ant. Not a mouthfull a piece: 'twas too much odds in Conſcience.

Mor. So ſeeking for ſhelter, I naturally ran to the old place of Aſſignation, the Garden-houſe: where for want of inſtinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well for thy Comfort, I have ſecur'd thy Father; and I hope thou haſt ſecur'd his effects for us.

Mor. Yes truly I had the prudent foreſight to conſider that when we grow old, and weary of Solacing one another, we might have, at leaſt, wherewithall to make merry with the World; And take up with a worſe pleaſure of eating and drinking, when we were diſabled for a better.

Ant. Thy fortune will be e'en too good for thee: for thou art going into the Country of Serenades, and Gallantries; where thy ſtreet will be haunted every Night, with thy fooliſh Lovers, and my Rivals; who will be ſighing, and ſinging under thy inexorable windows, lamentable dities, and call thee Cruel, and Goddeſs, and Moon, and Stars, and all the Poeticall names of wicked Rhime: while thou and I, are minding our bus'neſs, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em; at leaſure-minuts, which will be very few, take that by way of threatning.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff ſo much beforehand: but, they ſay, your Churches are fine places for Love-devotion: many a ſhe Saint is their worſhip'd.

Ant. Temples are there as they are in all other Countries, good conveniences for dumb enter-views: I hear the Proteſtants ar'not much reform'd in that point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the naturall name of Meeting houſes. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs muſt, good future Spouſe; and always in a veile; for thoſe eyes of thine are damn'd enemies to mortification.

Mor. The beſt thing I have heard of Chriſtendom, is that we women are allow'd the priviledge of having Souls; and I aſſure you, I ſhall make bold to beſtow mine upon ſome Lover when ever you begin to go aſtray, and if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will ſerve the turn.

Ant. When that day comes, I muſt take my revenge and turn Gardener again: for I find I am much given to Planting.

Mor. But take heed, in the mean time, that ſome young *Antonio* does not ſpring up in your own Family; as falſe as his Father, though of another mans planting.

Reenter Dorax *with* Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda. Sebaſtian *enters ſpeaking to* Dorax, *while in the mean time* Antonio *preſents* Morayma *to* Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our Royall Pris'ner, *Muley Zeydan*?
Dor. Diſpos'd to grant whatever I deſire,
To gain a Crown, and Freedom: well I know him,
Of eaſy temper, naturally good.
And faithfull to his word.
Seb. yet one thing wants,
To fill the meaſure of my happyneſs
I'm ſtill in pain for poor *Alvarez*'s life.
Dor. Releaſe that fear; the good old man is ſafe:
I pay'd his Ranſome.
And have already order'd his Attendance.
Seb. O bid him enter for I long to ſee him.

Enter Alvarez *with a Servant, who departs when* Alvarez *is enter'd.*

[*Alvarez falling down and embracing the Kings knees.*]

Now by my Soul, and by theſe hoary hairs,
I'm ſo ore-whelm'd with pleaſure, that I feel
A latter ſpring within my with'ring limbs,
That ſhoots me out again.
[*Sebaſtian raiſing him.*]
Thou good old Man!
Thou haſt deceiv'd me into more, more joys;
Who ſtood brim-full before.

Aln. O my dear Child!
I love thee ſo, I cannot call thee King,
Whom I ſo oft have dandled in theſe arms!
What, when I gave thee loſt to find thee living!
'Tis like a Father who himſelf had ſcap'd
A falling houſe, and after anxious ſearch,
Hears from afar, his only Son within:
And digs through rubbiſh, till he drags him out
To ſee the friendly light.
Such is my haſt ſo trembling is my joy
To draw thee forth from under neath thy Fate.

Seb. The Tempeſt is ore-blown; the Skys are clear,
And the Sea charm'd into a Calm ſo ſtill,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her ſmooth face.

Alv. Juſt ſuch ſhe ſhows before a riſing ſtorm:
And therefore am I come with timely ſpeed,
To warn you into Port.

Almeyda. My Soul fore-bodes [*aſide.*
Some dire event involv'd in thoſe dark words;
And juſt diſcloſing in a birth of fate.

Alv. Is there not yet an Heir of this vaſt Empire,
Who ſtill Survives of *Muley-Moluchs* branch?

Dor. Yes ſuch a one there is, a Captive here,
And Brother to the Dead.

Alv. The Pow'rs above
Be prais'd for that: my prayers for my good Maſter
I hope are heard.

Seb. Thou haſt a right in Heaven,
But why theſe prayers for me?
Alv. A door is open yet for your deliverance,
Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*,
Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that Captives life.
Seb. We have him here an honourable Hoſtage
For terms of peace: what more he can Contribute
To make me bleſt, I know not.
Alv. Vaſtly more:
Almeyda may be ſettled in the Throne;
And you review your native Clime with fame:
A firm Alliance, and eternall Peace,
(The glorious Crown of honourable War,)
Are all included in that Princes life:
Let this fair Queen be given to *Muley-Zeydan*;
And make her love the Sanction of your League.
Seb. No more of that: his Life's in my diſpoſe;
And Pris'ners are not to inſiſt on terms.
Or if they were, yet he demands not theſe.
Alv. You ſhould exact 'em.
Alm. Better may be made;
Theſe cannot: I abhor the Tyrants race;
My Parents Murtherers, my Throne's Uſurpers.
But, at one blow to cut off all deſpute,
Know this thou buſy, old, officious Man,
I am a Chriſtian; now be wiſe no more;
Or if thou woud'ſt be ſtill thought wiſe, be ſilent.
Alv. O I perceive you think your Int'reſt touch'd:
'Tis what before the Battail I obſerv'd:
But I muſt ſpeak, and will.
Seb. I prithee peace;
Perhaps ſhe thinks they are to near of bloud.
Alv. I wiſh ſhe may not wed to bloud more near.
Seb. What if I make her mine?
Alv. Now Heav'n forbid!
Seb. Wiſh rather Heav'n may grant.
For, if I cou'd deſerve, I have deſerv'd her:
My toyls, my hazards, and my Subjects lives,
(Provided ſhe conſent) may claim her love:
And, that once granted, I appeal to theſe,

If better, I cou'd chuſe a beauteous Bride.
Ant. The faireſt of her Sex.
Mor. The pride of Nature.
Dor. He only merits her; ſhe only him.
So payr'd, ſo ſuited in their minds and Perſons,
That they were fram'd the Tallyes for each other.
If any Alien love had interpos'd
It muſt have been an eyeſore to beholders,
And to themſelves a Curſe.
Alv. And to themſelves
The greateſt Curſe that can be, were to joyn.
Seb. Did I not love thee, paſte a change to hate,
That word had been thy ruine; but no more,
I charge thee on thy life, perverſe old man.
Alv. Know, Sir, I wou'd be ſilent if I durſt:
But, if on Shipbord, I ſhou'd ſee my Friend,
Grown frantique in a raging Calenture,
And he, imagining vain flowry fields,
Wou'd headlong plunge himſelf into the deep,
Shou'd I not hold him from that mad attempt,
Till his ſick fancy were by reaſon cur'd?
Seb. I pardon thee th'effects of doting Age;
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;
The ſecond Non-age of a Soul, more wiſe;
But now decay'd, and ſunck into the Socket,
Peeping by fits and giving feeble light.
Alv. Have you forgot?
Seb. thou mean'ſt my Fathers Will,
In bar of Marriage to *Almeyda*'s bed:
Thou ſeeſt my faculties are ſtill entire,
Though thine are much impair'd, I weigh'd that Will,
And found 'twas grounded on our diff'rent Faiths;
But, had he liv'd to ſee her happy change,
He wou'd have cancell'd that harſh Interdict,
And joyn'd our hands himſelf.
Alv. Still had he liv'd and ſeen this change,
He ſtill had been the Same.
Seb. I have a dark remembrance of my Father;
His reas'nings and his Actions both were juſt;
And, granting that, he muſt have chang'd his meaſures.

Alv. Yes, he was juſt, and therefore cou'd not change.
Seb. 'Tis a baſe wrong thou offer'ſt to the Dead.
Alv. Now Hea'vn forbid,
That I ſhou'd blaſt his pious Memory:
No, I am tender of his holy Fame:
For dying he bequeath'd it to my charge.
Beleive, I am; and ſeek to know no more,
But pay a blind obedience to his Will.
For to preſerve his Fame I wou'd be ſilent.
Seb. Craz'd fool, who woud'ſt be thought an Oracle.
Come down from of thy Tripos, and ſpeak plain;
My Father ſhall be juſtify'd; he ſhall:
'Tis a Son's part to riſe in his defence;
And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.
Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd:
But, to be clear'd at my dead Maſters coſt,
O there's the wound! but let me firſt adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed Soul,
No more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.
Seb. Not Hea'vn and Earth combin'd can hinder it.
Alv. Then, witneſs Hea'vn and Earth, how loath I am
To ſay, you muſt not, nay you cannot wed.
And ſince not only a dead Fathers fame,
But more a Ladies honour muſt be touch'd,
Which nice as Ermines will not bear a Soil;
Let all retire; that you alone may hear
What ev'n in whiſpers I wou'd tell your ear.
[*All are going out*.
Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you ſtay.
And, were my voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
To reach the round of Hea'vn, and Earth, and Sea,
All Nations ſhou'd be ſummon'd to this place.
So little do I fear that fellows charge:
So ſhou'd my honour like a riſing Swan,
Bruſh with her wings, the falling drops away,
And proudly plough the waves.
Seb. This noble Pride becomes thy Innocence:
And I dare truſt my Fathers memory,
To ſtand the charge of that foul forging tongue.
Alv. It will be ſoon diſcover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your Father in his youth,

When newly marry'd, travel'd into *Spain*,
And made a long abode in *Phillips* Court ?
Seb. Why ſo remote a queſtion ? which thy ſelf
Can anſwer to thy ſelf, for thou wert with him,
His Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boaſt:
And neareſt to his Soul.
Alv. Too near indeed, forgive me Gracious Heaven
That ever I ſhould boaſt I was ſo near.
The Confident of all his young Amours.
[*to* Almeyda] And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard,
Have you not often heard, your Exil'd Parents
Were refug'd in that Court, and at that time ?
Alm. 'Tis true : and often ſince, my Mother own'd
How kind that Prince was, to eſpouſe her cauſe ;
She Counſell'd, nay, Enjoyn'd me on her bleſſing
To ſeek the Sanctuary of your Court:
Which gave me firſt encouragement to come,
And, with my Brother, beg *Sebaſtians* aid.
Sebaſt. Thou help'ſt me well, to juſtify my War:
to Alm.] My dying Father ſwore me, then a Boy :
And made me kiſs the Croſs upon his Sword,
Never to ſheath it, till that exil'd Queen
Were by my Arms reſtor'd.
Alv. And can you finde
No miſtery, couch'd in this exceſs of kindneſs ?
Were Kings e're known in this degenerate Age,
So paſſionately fond of noble Acts,
Where Intereſt ſhar'd not more than half with honour ?
Seb. Baſe groveling Soul, who know'ſt not honours worth ;
But weigh'ſt it out in mercenary Scales ;
The Secret pleaſure of a generous Act,
Is the great minds great bribe.
Alv. Show me that King, and I'le believe the Phœnix.
But knock at your own breaſt, and ask your Soul
If thoſe fair fatall eyes, edg'd not your Sword,
More than your Fathers charge, and all your vows ?
If ſo ; and ſo your ſilence grants it is,
Know King, your father had, like you, a Soul ;
And Love is your Inheritance from him.
Almeyda's Mother too had eyes, like her,
And not leſs charming, and were charm'd no leſs

Than your's are now with her, and her's with you.
Alm. Thou ly'ſt Impoſtor, Perjur'd Friend thou ly'ſt.
Seb. Wa'ſt not enough to brand my Father's fame,
But thou muſt load a Ladies memory ?
O Infamous baſe, beyond repair.
And to what end this ill concerted lye,
Which palpable and groſs, yet granted true,
It barrs not my Inviolable vows.
Alv. Take heed and double not your Fathers crimes;
To his Adult'ry, do not add your Inceſt.
Know, ſhe is the product of unlawfull Love :
And 'tis your Carnall Siſter you wou'd wed.
Seb. Thou ſhalt not ſay thou wert condemn'd unheard.
Elſe, by my Soul, this moment were thy laſt.
Alm. But think not Oaths ſhall juſtify thy charge;
Nor Imprecations on thy curſed head,
For who dares lye to Heaven, thinke Heaven a Jeſt,
Thou haſt confeſs'd thy ſelf the Conſcious Pander
Of that pretended paſſion:
A Single Witneſs, infamouſly known,
Againſt two Perſons of unqueſtion'd fame;
Alv. What Int'reſt can I have, or what delight
To blaze their ſhame, or to divulge my own?
If prov'd you hate me, if unprov'd Condemn?
Not Racks or Tortures could have forc'd this ſecret,
But too much care, to ſave you from a Crime,
Which would have ſunk you both. For let me ſay,
Almeyda's beauty well deſerves your love:
Alm. Out baſe Impoſture, I abhor thy praiſe.
Dor. It looks not like Impoſture: but a truth,
On utmoſt need reveal'd,
Seb. Did I expect from *Dorax*, this return?
Is this the love renew'd?
Dorax. Sir, I am ſilent;
Pray Heav'n my fears prove falſe.
Seb. Away; you all combine to make me wretched!
Alv. But hear the ſtory of that fatal love;
Where every Circumſtance ſhall prove another;
And truth ſo ſhine, by her own native light,
That if a lye were mixt, it muſt be ſeen.

Seb. No; all may ſtill be forg'd, and of a piece.
No; I can credit nothing thou canſt ſay.
Alv. One proof remains; and that's your Fathers hand:
Firm'd with his Signet; both ſo fully known,
That plainer Evidence can hardly be,
Unleſs his Soul wou'd want her Hea'vn awhile.
And come on Earth to ſwear.
Seb. Produce that Writing.
[*Alv*. *Alonzo* has it in his Cuſtody.
to *Dorax*]The ſame, which when his nobleneſs redeem'd me,
And in a friendly viſit own'd himſelf,
For what he is, I then depoſited:
And had his Faith to give it to the King.

Dorax *giving a Seal'd Paper to the King*.

Untouch'd, and Seal'd, as when intruſted with me,
Such I reſtore it, with a trembling hand,
Leſt ought within diſturb your peace of Soul.

Sebaſtian *tearing open the Seals*.

Draw near *Almeyda*: thou art moſt concern'd.
For I am moſt in Thee.
Alonzo mark the Characters:
Thou knowſt my Fathers hand obſerve it well:
And if th'Impoſtors Pen, have made one ſlip,
That ſhews it Counterfeit, mark that and ſave me.
Dor. It looks indeed, too like my Maſters hand:
So does the Signet more I cannot ſay;
But wiſh 'twere not ſo like.
Seb. Methinks it owns
The black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda*'s birth;
But ſuch a miſt of grief comes o're my eyes,
I cannot or I wou'd not read it plain.
Alm. Heav'n cannot be more true, than this is falſe.
Seb. O coud'ſt thou prove it, with the ſame aſſurance!
Speak, haſt thou ever ſeen my Father's hand?
Alm. No; but my Mothers honour has been read
By me, and by the world, in all her acts;
In Characters more plain, and legible
Then this dumb Evidence, this blotted lye.

Oh that I were a man, as my Soul's one,
To prove thee Traytor, an Aſſaſſinate
Of her fame: thus mov'd I'd tear thee, thus:— [*Tearing the Paper.*]
And ſcatter o're the field thy Coward limbs,
Like this foul offspring of thy forging brain.
(*Scatt'ring the Paper*)

Alv. Juſt ſo ſhalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
For know proud Woman, know in thy deſpight,
The moſt Authentique proof is ſtill behind.
Thou wear'ſt it on thy finger: 'tis that Ring,
Which match'd to that on his, ſhall clear the doubt.
'Tis no dumb forgery: for that ſhall ſpeak;
And ſound a rattling peal to either's Conſcience:

Seb. This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold
And ſhaking hand, juſt in the pangs of Death,
Put on my finger; with a parting ſigh,
And wou'd have ſpoke; but falter'd in his ſpeech
With undiſtinguiſh'd ſounds.

Alv. I know it well:
For I was preſent: now *Almeyda*, ſpeak:
And, truly tell us, how you come by yours?

Alm. My Mother, when I parted from her ſight
to go to *Portugall* bequeath'd it to me,
Preſaging ſhe ſhou'd never ſee me more:
She pull'd it from her finger, ſhed ſome tears,
Kiſs'd it, and told me 'twas a pledge of Love;
And hid a Miſtery of great importance
Relating to my Fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now,
While I diſcloſe that fatall Miſtery.
Thoſe rings when you were born and thought anothers,
Your Parents glowing yet in ſinfull love,
Bid me beſpeak: a Curious Artiſt wrought 'em:
With joynts ſo cloſe, as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each others Counterpart.
Her part had *Juan* inſcrib'd, and his had *Zayda*.
(You know thoſe names are theirs:) and in the midſt,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd,
Now if the rivets of thoſe rings inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:
But if they joyn, you muſt for ever part,

[Seb. *pulling off his Ring*
Alm. *does the ſame, and*
gives it to Alv. *who un-*
ſcrues both the Rings &
fits one half to the other.]

Seb. Now life or death.
Alm. And either thine, or ours.
Alm. I'm loſt for ever.——(*ſwoons*)
(*The Women and* Morayma *take*
her up and carry her off.)

[Seb. *here ſtands amaz'd without motion, his eyes fixt upward.*]

Seb. Look to the Queen my Wife; For I am paſt
All pow'r of aid, to her or to my ſelf.
Alv. His Wife, ſaid he, his Wife! O fatall ſound!
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reach'd their ears.
So they had ſtill been bleſt in Ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.
Dor. I knew it but too late: and durſt not ſpeak.
[Seb. *ſtarting out of his amazement.*] I will not live: no not a moment more;
I will not add one moment more to Inceſt.
I'll cut it off, and end a wretched being.
For, ſhould I live, my Soul's ſo little mine,
and ſo much hers, that I ſhould ſtill enjoy.
Ye Cruell Powers
Take me as you have made me, miſerable;
You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my fate
And you made that, not I. [*Draws his Sword.*

Antonio *and* Alv. *lay hold on him, and* Dorax *wreſts*
the Sword out of his hand.

Ant. For Heav'ns ſake hold, and recollect your mind.
Alv. Conſider whom you puniſh, and for what;
Your ſelf unjuſtly: You have charg'd the fault,
On Heav'n that beſt may bear it.
Though Inceſt is indeed a deadly Crime,
You are not guilty, ſince unknown 'twas done,
And known, had been abhorr'd.
Seb. By Heav'n your Traytors all, that hold my hands.
If death be but ceſſation of our thought,
Then let me dye, for I would think no more.
I'le boaſt my Innocence above;
And let 'em ſee a Soul they cou'd not ſully:

I ſhall be there before my Fathers Ghoſt;
That yet muſt languiſh long in froſts and fires,
For making me unhappy by his Crime:
[*ſtruggling* Stand off, and let me take my fill of death:
again.] For I can hold my breath in your deſpight,
And ſwell my heaving Soul out, when I pleaſe.
Alv. Heav'n comfort you!
Seb. What art thou giving Comfort!
Woud'ſt thou give comfort, who haſt giv'n deſpair?
Thou ſeeſt *Alonzo* ſilent; he's a man.
He knows, that men abandon'd of their hopes
Shou'd aſk no leave, nor ſtay for ſueing out
A tedious Writ of eaſe, from lingering Heav'n,
But help themſelves, as timely as they cou'd,
And teach the fates their duty.
[Dorax *to* Alv. Let him go:
and Anto.] He is our King; and he ſhall be obey'd.
Alv. What to deſtroy himſelf O Parricide!
Dor. Be not Injurious in your fooliſh zeal,
But leave him free; or by my Sword I ſwear,
To hew that arm away, that ſtops the paſſage
To his Eternal reſt
[Anto. *letting go his hold.*] Let him be guilty of his own death if he pleaſes. for I'le not be guilty of mine; by holding him.

The King ſhakes off Alvarez.
Alvarez, *to* Dorax. Infernal Fiend,
Is this a Subjects part?
Dor. 'Tis a Friends Office.
He has convinc'd me that he ought to dye,
And rather than he ſhould not, here's my Sword
To help him on his journey.
Seb. My laſt, my only Friend, how kind art thou
And how Inhuman theſe!
Dor. To make the trifle Death, a thing of moment!
Seb. And not to weigh the Important cauſe I had,
To rid my ſelf of life?
Dor. True; for a Crime
So horrid in the face of Men and Angells,
As wilfull Inceſt is!

Seb. Not wilfull neither.
Dor. Yes, if you liv'd and with repeated Acts,
Refreſh'd your Sin, and loaded crimes with crimes,
To ſwell your ſcores of Guilt.
Seb. True; if I liv'd.
Dor. I ſaid ſo, if you liv'd.
Seb. For hitherto was fatall Ignorance:
And no intended crime.
Dor. That you beſt know.
But the malicious World will judge the worſt.
Alv. O what a Sophiſter has Hell procur'd,
To argue for Damnation!
Dor. Peace, old Dotard.
Mankind that always judge of Kings with malice,
Will think he knew this Inceſt, and purſu'd it.
His only way to rectify miſtakes,
And to redeem her honour, is to dye.
Seb. Thou haſt it right, my dear, my beſt *Alonzo*!
And that, but petty reparation too;
But all I have to give.
Dor. Your pardon, Sir;
You may do more, and ought.
Seb. What, more than death?
Dor. Death? why that's Childrens ſport: a Stage-Play, Death.
We act it every Night we go to bed.
Death to a Man in miſery is ſleep,
Wou'd you, who perpetrated ſuch a Crime.
As frighten'd nature, made the Saints above
Shake Heav'ns Eternal pavement with their trembling,
To view that act, wou'd you but barely dye?
But ſtretch your Limbs, and turn on t'other ſide.
To lengthen out a black volupturus ſlumber,
And Dream you had your Siſter in your arms.
Seb. To expiate this, can I do more then dye?
Dor. O yes: you muſt do more; you muſt be damn'd:
You muſt be damn'd to all Eternity.
And ſure ſelf-Murder is the readieſt way,
Seb. How, damn'd?
Dor. Why is that News?
Alv. O, horrour! horrour!

Dor. What thou a Stateſman,
And make a buſ'neſs of Damnation?
In ſuch a World as this, why 'tis a trade,
The Scrivener, Uſurer, Lawyer, Shop keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live but by damnation.
The Politition does it by advance:
And gives all gone before-hand.
Seb. O thou haſt given me ſuch a glimſe of Hell,
So puſh'd me forward, even to the brink,
Of that irremeable burning Gulph,
That looking in the *Abyſs*; I dare uot leap.
And now I ſee what good thou meanſt my Soul,
And thank thy pious fraud: Thou haſt indeed,
Appear'd a Devill, but didſt an Angells work.
Dor. 'Twas the laſt Remedy, to give you leaſure,
For, if you cou'd but thing, I knew you ſafe.
Seb. I thank thee my *Alonzo*: I will live:
But never more to *Portugall* return:
For, to go back and reign, that were to ſhew
Triumphant Inceſt, and pollute the Throne.
Alv. Since Ignorance——
Seb. O, palliate not my wound:
When you have argu'd all you can 'tis Inceſt:
No, 'tis reſolv'd, I charge you plead no more;
I cannot live without *Almeyda*'s ſight,
Nor can I ſee *Almeyda* but I ſin.
Heav'n has inſpir'd me with a Sacred thought,
To live alone to Heav'n: and dye to her.
Dor. Mean you to turn an Anchoret?
Seb. What elſe?
The world was once too narrow for my mind,
But one poor little nook will ſerve me now;
To hide me from the reſt of human kinde.
Affrique has deſerts wide enough to hold
Millions of Monſters, and I am, ſure, the greateſt.
Alv. You may repent and wiſh your Crown too late.
Seb. O never, never: I am paſt a Boy,
A Scepter's but a play thing, and a Globe
A bigger bounding Stone. He who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the reſt with eaſe.

Dor. O truly great!
A Soul fix'd high and capable of Heav'n.
Old as he is your Uncle Cardinall,
Is not ſo far enamour'd of a Cloyſter,
But he will thank you for the Crown you leave him.
Seb. To pleaſe him more let him believe me dead:
That he may never dream I may return.
Alonzo, I am now no more thy King,
But ſtill thy Friend, and by that holy Name,
Adjure thee, to perform my laſt requeſt:
Make our Conditions with yon Captive King,
Secure me but my Solatary Cell;
'Tis all I ask him for a crown reſtor'd.
Dor. I will do more:
But fear not *Muley Zeydan*; his ſoft mettall
Melts down with eaſy warmth; runs in the mould,
And needs no farther forge:

[*Exit* Dorax.

Re-enter Almeyda *led by* Morayma, *and follow'd by her Attendants*.

Seb. See where ſhe comes again.
By Heav'n when I behold thoſe beauteous eyes,
Repentance lags and Sin comes hurrying on.
Alm. This is too cruell!
Seb. Speak'ſt thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death,
Or double Death, for we muſt part *Almeyda*.
Alm. I ſpeak of all.
For all things that belong to us are cruell.
But what's moſt cruell, we muſt love no more.
O 'tis too much that I muſt never ſee you,
But not to love you is impoſſible:
No, I muſt love you: Heav'n may bate me that,
And charge that Sinfull Sympathy of Souls;
Upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well.
Seb. Good Heav'n, thou ſpeak'ſt my thoughts, & I ſpeak thine.
Nay then there's Inceſt in our very Souls.
For we were form'd too like.
Alm. Too like indeed,
And yet not for each other.
Sure when we part (for I reſolv'd it too

Tho' you propos'd it firſt,) however diſtant,
We ſhall be ever thinking of each other.
And, the ſame moment, for each other pray.
Seb. But if a wiſh ſhou'd come athwart our prayers!
Alm. It wou'd do well to curb it: if we cou'd.
Seb. We cannot look upon each others face,
But, when we read our love, we read our guilt,
And yet methinks I cannot chuſe but love;
Alm. I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durſt for ſhame,
If ſtill you lov'd? you gave it Air before me.
Ah why were we not born both of a Sex;
For then we might have lov'd, without a Crime!
Why was not I your Brother? though that wiſh
Involv'd our Parents, we had not parted;
We had been Friends, and Friendſhip is not Inceſt.
Seb. Alas, I know not by what name to call thee!
Siſter and Wife are the two deareſt Names;
And I wou'd call thee both; and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that ſtill we muſt confound
The deareſt names into a common Curſe.
Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!
Seb. To have but one poor night of all our lives;
It was indeed a glorious; guilty night:
So happy, that, forgive me Heav'n, I wiſh
With all its guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know ſo ſoon, or why at all,
That Sin cou'd be conceal'd in ſuch a bliſſe?
Alm. Men have a larger priviledge of words,
Elſe I ſhou'd ſpeak: but we muſt part *Sebaſtian*,
That's all the name that I have left to call thee.
I muſt not call thee by the name I wou'd;
But when I ſay *Sebaſtian*, dear *Sebaſtian*,
I kiſs the name I ſpeak.
Seb. We muſt make haſt, or we ſhall never part.
I wou'd ſay ſomething that's as dear as this;
Nay, wou'd do more then ſay: one moment longer,
And I ſhou'd break through Laws Divine and Humane;
And think 'em Cobwebs ſpred for little man,
Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks.
The vigorous young world was ignorant
Of theſe reſtrictions, 'tis decrepit now;

Not more devout but more decay'd, and cold,
All this is impious; therefore we muſt part:
For gazing thus, I kindle at thy ſight,
And once burnt down to tinder, light again
Much ſooner than before.

Re-enter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the ſad denouncer of my fate,
To toul the mournfull knell of Separation;
While I as on my Death-bed. hear the ſound,
That warns me hence for ever.
[Sebaſtian *to* Now be brief,
Dorax.] And I will try to liſten.
And ſhare the minute that remains, betwixt
The care I owe my Subjects and my Love.

Dorax. Your fate has gratify'd you all ſhe can;
Gives eaſy miſery, and makes Exile pleaſing.
I truſted *Muley-Zeydan*, as a friend,
But ſwore him firſt to ſecreſy: he wept
Your fortune, and with tears, not ſqueez'd by Art,
But ſhed from nature, like a kindly ſhower:
In ſhort, he proffer'd more than I demanded;
A ſafe retreat, a gentle Solitude,
Unvex'd with noiſe, and undiſturb'd with fears:
I choſe you one.——

Alm. O do not tell me where:
For if I knew the place of his abode,
I ſhou'd be tempted to purſue his ſteps,
And then we both were loſt.

Seb. E'ven paſt redemption.
For, if I knew thou wert on that deſign,
(As I muſt know, becauſe our Souls are one,)
I ſhou'd not wander but by ſure Inſtinct,
Shou'd meet thee juſt half-way, in pilgrimage
And cloſe for ever: for I know my love
More ſtrong than thine, and I more frail than thou.

Alm. Tell me not that: for I muſt boaſt my Crime,
And cannot bear that thou ſhoud'ſt better love.

Dor. I may inform you both: for you muſt go,
Where Seas, and Winds, and Deſarts will divide you.

Under the ledge of *Atlas*, lies a Cave,
Cut in the living Rock, by natures hands:
The Venerable Seat of holy Hermites.
Who there, ſecure in ſeparated Cells,
Sacred ev'n to the Moors, enjoy Devotion:
And from the purling Streams and ſavage fruits,
Have wholeſome bev'rage, and unbloudy feaſts.
Seb. 'Tis pennance too voluptuous, for my Crime.
Dor. Your Subjects, conſcious of your life are few:
But all deſirous to partake your Exile:
And to do office to your Sacred Perſon.
The reſt who think you dead, ſhall be diſmis'd,
Under ſafe Convoy till they reach your Fleet.
Alm. But how am wretched I to be diſpos'd?
A vain Enquiry, ſince I leave my Lord:
For all the world beſide is Baniſhment!
Dor. I have a Siſter, Abbeſſe in *Tercera's*,
Who loſt her Lover on her Bridall day.——
Alm. There, fate provided me a fellow-Turtle;
To mingle ſighs with ſighs, and tears with tears.
Dor. Laſt for my ſelf, if I have well fullfill'd
My ſad Commiſſion, let me beg the boon,
To ſhare the ſorrows of your laſt receſs:
And mourn the Common loſſes of our loves.
Alv. And what becomes of me? muſt I be left,
(As Age and time had worn me out of uſe?)
Theſe Sinews are not yet ſo much unſtrung,
To fail me when my Maſter ſhou'd be ſerv'd:
And when they are, then will I ſteal to death:
Silent and unobſerv'd, to ſave his tears.
Seb. I've heard you both; *Alvarez* have thy wiſh:
But thine *Alonzo*, thine, is too unjuſt.
I charge thee with my laſt Commands, return,
And bleſs thy *Violante* with thy vows.
Antonio, be thou happy too, in thine.
Laſt, let me ſwear you all to ſecreſy:
And to conceal my ſhame conceal my life.
Dor. Ant. Mor. We ſwear to keep it ſecret.
Alm. Now I wou'd ſpeak the laſt farewell, I cannot.
It wou'd be ſtill farewell, a thouſand times:
And, multiply'd in Eccho's, ſtill farewell.

I will not ſpeak; but think a thouſand thouſand;
And be thou ſilent too, my laſt *Sebaſtian*;
So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.
My heart's too great; or I wou'd dye this moment:
But Death I thank him, in an hour, has made
A mighty journey, and I haſt to meet him.
(*She ſtaggers and her Women hold her up*)

Seb. Help to ſupport this feeble drooping flower:
This tender Sweet, ſo ſhaken by the ſtorm.
For theſe fond arms muſt, thus be ſtretch'd in vain,
And never, never muſt embrace her more.
'Tis paſt:——my Soul goes in that word;——farewell.

Alvarez *goes with* Sebaſtian *to one end of the Stage. Women with* Almeyda *to the other*.

Dorax *coming up to* Antonio *and* Morayma, *who ſtand on the Middle of the Stage*.

Dor. Haſt to attend *Almeyda*: for your ſake
Your Father is forgiven: but to *Antonio*
He forfeits half his Wealth: be happy both:
And let *Sebaſtian* and *Almeyda's* Fate,
This dreadfull Sentence to the World relate,
That unrepented Crimes of Parents dead,
Are juſtly puniſh'd on their Childrens head

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

Sent to the Authour by an unknown hand, and propos'd to be ſpoken
By Mrs. Montford *dreſt like an Officer.*

Bright Beauties who in awfull Circle ſit,
And you grave Synod of the dreadfull Pit,
And you the Upper-tire of pop-gun wit.

Pray eaſe me of my wonder if you may
Is all this Crowd barely to ſee the play,
Or is't the Poets Execution day?

His breath is in your hands I will preſume
But I adviſe you to defer his doom:
Till you have got a better in his room.

And don't maliciouſly combine together,
As if in ſpight and ſpleen you were come hither,
For he has kept the Pen tho' loſt the feather.

And on my Honour Ladies I avow.
This play was writ in Charity to you,
For ſuch a dearth of wit who ever knew?

Sure 'tis a Judgment on this Sinfull Nation.
For the abuſe of ſo great Diſpenſation:
And therefore I reſolv'd to change Vocation.

For want of Petti-coat I've put on buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you Sirs, is it not well enough.

Of Bully Criticks I a Troup wou'd lead;
But one reply'd, thank you there's no ſuch need,
I at Groom-Porters Sir can ſafer bleed.

Another who the name of danger loaths,
Vow'd he wou'd go, and ſwore me forty Oaths,
But that his Horſes were in body-cloaths.

A third cry'd Dam my bloud, I'd be content
To puſh my Fortune, if the Parliament
Would but recall Claret from Baniſhment.

'A Fourth (and I have done) made this excuſe
I'de draw my Sword in Ireland *Sir to chuſe:*
Had not their Women gouty leggs and wore no Shoes:

Well, I may march thought I and fight and trudge,
But of theſe blades the Devill a man will budge,
They there would fight e'n juſt as here they judge.

Here they will pay for leave to find a fault,
But when their Honour calls they can't be bought,
Honour in danger, bloud and wounds is ſought.

Loſt Virtue whether fled, or where's thy dwelling,
Who can reveal, at leaſt 'tis paſt my telling,
Unleſs thou art Embarkt for Iniskelling.

On Carrion tits thoſe Sparks denounce their rage
In boot of wiſp and Leinſter Freeſe ingage,
What would you do in ſuch an Equipage?

The Siege of Derry *does you Gallants threaten:*
Not out of Errant ſhame of being beaten,
As fear of wanting meat or being eaten.

Were Wit like Honour to be won by Fighting
How few juſt Judges would there be of writing,
Then you would leave this Villanous back-biting.

Your Talents lye how to expreſs your ſpight,
But where is he knows how to praiſe aright,
You praiſe like Cowards but like Criticks fight.

Ladies be wiſe, and wean theſe yearling Calves
Who in your Service too are meer faux-braves,
They Judge and Write and Fight, and ——Love by halves.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

TO

Don Sebaſtian, King of Portugall.

Spoken betwixt Antonio *and* Morayma.

Mor. I *Quak'd at heart for fear the Royal Faſhion*
Shou'd have ſeduc'd Us two to Seperation:
To be drawn in, againſt our own deſire,
Poor I to be a Nun, poor You a Fryar.
Ant. *I trembled when the Old Mans hand was in,*
He would have prov'd we were too near of kin:
Diſcovering old Intrigues of Love, like t'other,
Betwixt my Father and thy ſinful Mother;
To make Us Siſter Turk and Chriſtian Brother.
Mor. *Excuſe me there; that League ſhou'd have been rather*
Betwixt your Mother and my Mufti-*Father;*
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit
Your Friends ſhou'd bear the Baſtard, mine ſhou'd get it.
Ant. *Suppoſe us two* Almeyda *and* Sebaſtian
With Inceſt prov'd upon us:——
Mor. *Without queſtion*
Their Conſcience was too queazy of digeſtion.
Ant. *Thou woud'ſt have kept the Councell of thy Brother*
And ſinn'd till we repented of each other.
Mor. *Beaſt as you are on Natures Laws to trample;*
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example
And ſince all Marriage in Repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.
To ſave a Maids remorſes and Confuſions
E'en leave me now before We try Concluſions.
Ant. *To copy their Example firſt make certain*
Of one good hour like theirs before our parting;
Make a debauch o're Night of Love and Madneſs;
And marry when we wake in ſober ſadneſs.
Mor. *I'le follow no new Sects of your inventing,*
One Night might coſt me nine long months repenting:
Firſt wed, and if you find that life a fetter,
Dye when you pleaſe, the ſooner Sir the better:
My wealth wou'd get me love e're I cou'd ask it:
Oh there's a ſtrange Temptation in the Casket:
All theſe Young Sharpers wou'd my grace importune,
And make me thundring Votes of lives and fortune.

AMPHITRYON;

OR,

The Two Soſia's.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal.

Egregiam verò laudem, & ſpolia ampla refertis;
Una, dolo, Divûm, ſi Fœmina victa duorum eſt. Virg.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges Head* near
the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1694.

To the Honourable

Sir *WILLIAM LEVISON GOWER*, Bar.

THere is one kind of Vertue, which is inborn in the Nobility, and indeed in moſt of the Ancient Families of this Nation; they are not apt to inſult on the Misfortunes of their Countrymen. But you, Sir, I may tell it you without Flattery, have grafted on this natural Commiſſeration, and rais'd it to a Nobler Vertue: As you have been pleas'd to honour me, for a long time, with ſome part of your Eſteem and your good Will; ſo in particular, ſince the late Revolution, you have increas'd the Proofs of your kindneſs to me; and not ſuffer'd the difference of Opinions, which produce ſuch Hatred and Enmity in the brutal Part of Human kind, to remove you from the ſettled Baſis of your good Nature and good Sence. This Nobleneſs of yours, had it been exercis'd on an Enemy, had certainly been a Point of Honour, and as ſuch I might have juſtly recommended it to the World: But that of Conſtancy to your former Choice, and the purſuance of your firſt Favours, are Vertues not overcommon amongſt *Engliſh* Men. All things of Honour have, at beſt, ſomewhat of Oſtentation in them, and Self-love; there is a Pride of doing more than is expected from us, and more than others would have done. But to proceed in the ſame Tract of Goodneſs, Favour, and Protection, is to ſhew that a Man is acted by a thorough Principle: It carries ſomewhat of Tenderneſs in it, which is Humanity in a Heroical Degree; 'tis a kind of unmoveable good Nature; a word which is commonly Deſpis'd, becauſe it is ſo ſeldom Practis'd. But after all, 'tis the moſt generous Vertue, oppos'd to the moſt degenerate Vice, which is that of Ruggedneſs and Harſhneſs to our Fellow Creatures.

'Tis upon this knowledge of you, Sir, that I have choſen you, with your permiſſion, to be the Patron of this Poem. And, as ſince this wonderful Revolution, I have begun with the beſt Pattern of Humanity, the Earl of *Leiceſter*; I ſhall continue to follow the ſame Method, in all, to whom I ſhall Addreſs; and endeavour to pitch on ſuch only, as have been pleas'd to own me in this Ruin of my ſmall Fortune; who, though they are of a contrary Opinion themſelves, yet blame not me for adhering to a loſt Cauſe; and judging for my ſelf what I cannot chuſe but judge; ſo long as I am a patient Sufferer, and no diſturber of the Government. Which, if it be a ſevere Penance, as a great Wit has told the World, 'tis at leaſt enjoyn'd me by my ſelf: And *Sancho Panca*, as much a Fool as I, was obſerv'd to diſcipline his Body, no farther than he found he could endure the ſmart.

You ſee, Sir, I am not entertaining you, like *Ovid*, with a Lamentable Epiſtle from *Pontus*; I ſuffer no more, than I can eaſily undergo; and ſo long as I enjoy my Liberty, which is the Birth-right of an *Engliſh* Man, the reſt ſhall never go near my Heart. The Merry Philoſopher is more to my Humour than the Melancholick; and I find no diſpoſition in my ſelf to Cry, while the mad World is daily ſupplying me with ſuch Occaſions of Laughter. The more reaſonable ſort of my Countrymen, have ſhewn ſo much favour to this Piece, that they give me no doubt of their Protection for the future.

As you, Sir, have been pleas'd to follow the Example of their Goodneſs, in favouring me: So give me leave to ſay, that I follow yours in this Dedication, to a Perſon of a different Perſwaſion. Though I muſt confeſs withal, that I have had a former Encouragement from you for this Addreſs; and the warm Remembrance of your noble Hoſpitality to me at *Trentham*, when ſome years ago I viſited my Friends and Relations in your Country, has ever ſince given me a violent Temptation to this boldneſs.

'Tis true, were this Comedy wholly mine, I ſhould call it a Trifle, and perhaps not think it worth your Patronage; but when the Names of *Plautus* and *Moliere* are joyn'd in it; that is, the two greateſt Names of Ancient and Modern Comedy, I muſt not preſume ſo far on their Reputation, to think their beſt and moſt unqueſtion'd Productions can be term'd Little. I will not give you the trouble, of acquainting you what I have added, or alter'd in either of them, ſo much it may be for the worſe; but only that the difference of our Stage from the *Roman* and the *French* did ſo require it. But I am afraid, for my own Intereſt, the World will too eaſily diſcover, that more than half of it is mine; and that the reſt is rather a lame Imitation of their Excellencies, than a juſt Tranſlation. 'Tis enough, that the Reader know by you, that I neither deſerve nor deſire any Applauſe from it: If I have perform'd any thing, 'tis the Genius of my Authors that inſpired me; and if it has pleas'd in Repreſentation, let the Actors ſhare the Praiſe amongſt themſelves. As for *Plautus* and *Moliere*, they are dangerous People; and I am too weak a Gameſter to put my ſelf into their Form of Play. But what has been wanting on my Part, has been abundantly ſupplied by the Excellent Compoſition of Mr. *Purcell*; in whoſe Perſon we have at length found an *Engliſh-man*, equal with the beſt abroad. At leaſt my Opinion of him has been ſuch, ſince his happy and judicious Performances in the late *Opera*; and the Experience I have had of him, in the ſetting my three Songs for this *Amphitryon*: To all which, and particularly to the Compoſition of the *Paſtoral Dialogue*, the numerous Quire of Fair Ladies gave ſo juſt an Applauſe on the Third Day. I am only ſorry, for my own ſake, that there was one Star wanting, as Beautiful as any in our Hemiſphere; that young *Berenice*, who is miſimploying all her Charms on ſtupid Country Souls, that can never know the Value of them; and loſing the Triumphs, which are ready prepar'd for her in the Court and Town. And yet I know not whether I am ſo much a loſer by her abſence; for I have reaſon to apprehend the ſharpneſs of her Judgment, if it were not allay'd with the ſweetneſs of her Nature; and after all, I fear ſhe may come time enough, to diſcover a Thouſand Imperfections in my Play, which might have paſs'd on Vulgar Underſtandings. Be pleas'd to uſe the Authority of a Father over her, on my behalf; enjoyn her to keep her own Thoughts of *Amphitryon* to her ſelf; or at leaſt not to compare him too ſtrictly with *Moliere*'s. 'Tis true, I have an Intereſt in this Partiality of hers; but withal, I plead ſome ſort of Merit for it, in being ſo Particularly as I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, humble Servant,

October 24.
1690.

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE
TO
Amphitryon; or, *The Two Socia's.*

Spoken by Mr. *Bracegirdle.*

THE *lab'ring Bee, when his ſharp Sting is gone,*
Forgets his Golden Work, and turns a Drone:
Such is a Satyr, when you take away
That Rage, in which his Noble Vigour lay.
What gain you, by not ſuffering him to teize ye?
He neither can offend you, now, nor pleaſe ye.
The Honey-bag, and Venome, lay ſo near,
That both, together, you reſolv'd to tear;
And loſt your Pleaſure, to ſecure your Fear.
How can he ſhow his Manhood, if you bind him
To box, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind him?
This is plain levelling of Wit; in which
The Poor has all th' advantage, not the Rich.
The Blockhead ſtands excus'd, for wanting Senſe;
And Wits turn Blockheads in their own defence.
Yet, though the Stages Traffick is undone,
Still Julian'*s interloping Trade goes on:*
Though Satyr on the Theatre you ſmother,
Yet in Lampoons, you Libel one another.
The firſt produces ſtill, a ſecond Jig;
You whip 'em out, like School-boys, till they gig:
And, with the ſame ſucceſs, we Readers gueſs;
For, ev'ry one, ſtill dwindles to a leſs.
And much good Malice, is ſo meanly dreſt,
That we wou'd laugh, but cannot find the Jeſt.

Iſſ

If no advice your Rhiming Rage can ſtay,
Let not the Ladies ſuffer in the Fray.
Their tender Sex, is priviledg'd from War;
'Tis not like Knights, to draw upon the Fair.
What Fame expect you from ſo mean a Prize?
We wear no murd'ring Weapons, but our Eyes.
Our Sex, you know, was after yours deſign'd;
The laſt Perfection of the Maker's mind:
Heav'n drew out all the Gold for us, and left your Droſs behind.
Beauty, for Valour's beſt Reward, He choſe;
Peace, after War; and after Toil, Repoſe.
Hence ye Prophane; excluded from our ſights;
And charm'd by Day, with Honour's vain delights,
Go, make your beſt of ſolitary Nights.
Recant betimes, 'tis prudence to ſubmit:
Our Sex, is ſtill your Overmatch, in Wit:
We never fail, with new, ſucceſsful Arts,
To make fine Fools of you; and all your Parts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER,	Mr. *Betterton.*
MERCURY,	Mr. *Lee.*
PHOEBUS,	Mr. *Bowman.*
AMPHITRYON,	Mr. *Williams.*
SOSIA,	Mr. *Nokes.*
GRIPUS,	Mr. *Sandford.*
POLIDAS.	Mr. *Bright.*
TRANIO,	Mr. *Bowen.*
ALCMENA,	Mrs. *Barry.*
PHÆDRA,	Mrs. *Mountford.*
BROMIA,	Mrs. *Corey.*
NIGHT,	Mrs. *Butler.*

AMPHI-

AMPHITRYON;

Or, The Two SOCIA'S.

The Scene *THEBES.*

Mercury *and* Phæbus *deſcend in ſeveral Machines.*

Phœb. KNOW you the Reaſon of this preſent Summons?
'Tis neither Council-day, nor is this Heav'n;
What buſineſs has our *Jupiter* on Earth?
Why more at *Thebes* than any other Place?
And why we two of all the Herd of Gods
Are choſen out to meet him in Conſult?
They call me God of Wiſdom,
But *Mars* and *Vulcan*, the two Fools of Heav'n,
Whoſe Wit lies in their Anvil and their Sword,
Know full as much as I.

Merc. And *Venus* may know more than both of us,
For 'tis ſome Petticoat Affair I gueſs,

I have diſcharg'd my Duty; which was to ſummon you, *Phœbus*: we ſhall know more anon, when the Thunderer comes down. 'Tis our Part to obey our Father; for, to confeſs the Truth, we two are little better than Sons of Harlots: and if *Jupiter* had not been pleas'd to take a little pains with our Mothers, inſtead of being Gods, we might have been a couple of Linck-Boys.

Phœb. But know you nothing farther, *Hermes*? What news in Court?

Merc. There has been a deviliſh Quarrel, I can tell you, betwixt *Jupiter* and *Juno*: She threaten'd to ſue him in the Spiritual Court, for ſome Matrimonial Omiſſions; and he ſtood upon his Prerogative. Then ſhe hit him on the Teeth of all his Baſtards; and your Name and mine were us'd with leſs reverence than became our Godſhips. They were both in their Cups; and at the laſt the matter grew ſo high, that they were ready to throw Stars at one anothers Heads.

Phœb. 'Twas happy for me that I was at my Vocation, driving Day-light about the World; but I had rather ſtand my Father's Thunderbolts, than my Step-mother's Railing.

Merc. When the Tongue-battle was over, and the Championeſs had harneſs'd her Peacocks, to go for *Samos*, and hear the Prayers that were made to her———

Phœb. By the way her Worſhippers had a bad time on't; ſhe was in a damnable Humour for receiving Petitions———

Merc. *Jupiter* immediately beckons me aſide; and charges me, that as ſoon as ever you had ſet up your Horſes, you and I ſhou'd meet him here at *Thebes*: now, putting the Premiſes together, as dark as it is, methinks I begin to ſee Day-light.

Phœb. As plain as one of my own Beams; ſhe has made him uneaſie at home, and he is going to ſeek his Diverſion abroad: I ſee Heav'n it ſelf is no priviledg'd Place for happineſs, if a Man muſt carry his Wife along with him.

Merc. 'Tis neither better nor worſe upon my Conſcience: he is weary of hunting in the ſpacious Forreſt of a Wife, and is following his Game *incognito*, in ſome little Purliew here at *Thebes*; that's many an honeſt Man's Caſe on Earth too, *Jove* help 'em; as indeed he does to make 'em Cuckolds.

Phœb. But if ſo *Mercury*, then I, who am a Poet, muſt indite his Love-letter; and you, who are by Trade a Porter, muſt convey it.

Merc. No more, he's coming down ſowſe upon us, and hears as far as he can ſee too; he's plaguy hot upon the buſineſs, I know it by his hard driving. [Jupiter *deſcends.*

Jupiter. What, you are deſcanting upon my Actions?
Much good may do you with your Politicks:
All Subjects will be cenſuring their Kings.
Well, I confeſs I am in love; what then?

Phœb. Some Mortal, we preſume, of *Cadmu*'s Blood:
Some *Theban* Beauty; ſome new *Semele*,
Or ſome *Europa*.

Merc. I'll ſay that for my Father, he's conſtant to an handſome Family: He knows when they have a good ſmack with 'em; and ſuffs up Incenſe ſo ſavourly, when 'tis offer'd him by a fair Hand.

Jup. Well, my familiar Sons, this ſawcy Carriage
I have deſerv'd; for he who truſts a Secret
Makes his own Man his Maſter.
I read your Thoughts;
Therefore you may as ſafely ſpeak as think.

Merc. Mine was a very homely Thought: I was conſidering into what form your Almighty-ſhip would be pleas'd to transform your ſelf to night. Whether you wou'd fornicate in the Shape of a Bull, or a Ram, or an Eagle, or a Swan: What Bird or Beaſt you wou'd pleaſe to honour, by tranſgreſſing your own Laws, in his likeneſs; or in ſhort, whether you wou'd recreate your ſelf in Feathers, or in Leather?

Phœb. Any diſguiſe to hide the King of Gods.
Jup. I know your Malice, *Phœbus*, you wou'd ſay
That when a Monarch ſins it ſhou'd be ſecret;
To keep exteriour ſhow of Sanctity;
Maintain Reſpect, and cover bad Example:
For Kings and Prieſts are in a manner bound
For Reverence ſake to be cloſe Hypocrites.
Phœb. But what neceſſitates you to this Love,
Which you confeſs a Crime, and yet commit?
For to be ſecret makes not ſin the leſs:
'Tis only hidden from the vulgar view:
Maintains, indeed, the Reverence due to Princes,
But not abſolves the Conſcience from the Crime.
Jup. I love, becauſe 'twas in the Fates I ſhou'd.
Phœb. With reverence be it ſpoke, a bad excuſe:
Thus every wicked Act in Heav'n or Earth,
May make the ſame defence; but what is Fate?
Is it a blind contingence of Events?
Or ſure neceſſity of Cauſes linck'd,
That muſt produce Effects? or is't a Pow'r
That orders all things by Superior Will,
Foreſees his Work, and works in that foreſight?
Jup. Fate is, what I
By vertue of Omnipotence have made it:
And Pow'r omnipotent can do no wrong,
Not to my ſelf, becauſe I will'd it ſo:
Nor yet to Men, for what they are is mine.
This night I will enjoy *Amphitryon*'s Wife:
For, when I made her, I decreed her ſuch
As I ſhou'd pleaſe to love. I wrong not him
Whoſe Wife ſhe is; for I reſerv'd my Right,
To have her while ſhe pleas'd me; that once paſt,
She ſhall be his again.

Merc. Here's Omnipotence with a Vengeance, to make a Man a Cuckold, and yet not to do him wrong. Then I find, Father *Jupiter*, that when you made Fate, you had the wit to contrive a Holy-day for your ſelf now and then. For you Kings never Enact a Law, but you have a kind of an Eye to your own Prerogative.

Phœb. If there be no ſuch thing as right and wrong,
Of an Eternal Being, I have done———
But if there be———
Jup. Peace, thou diſputing Fool:
Learn this; if thou could'ſt comprehend my ways,
Then thou wert *Jove*, not I: yet, thus far know,
That, for the good of Human-kind, this Night
I ſhall beget a future *Hercules*:
Who ſhall redreſs the Wrongs of injur'd Mortals,

Shall conquer Monſters, and reform the World.

Merc. Ay, Brother *Phœbus*; and our Father made all thoſe Monſters for *Hercules* to Conquer, and contriv'd all thoſe Vices on purpoſe for him to reform too, there's the Jeaſt on't.

Phœb. Since Arbitrary Pow'r will hear no Reaſon, 'tis Wiſdom to be ſilent.———

Merc. Why that's the Point; this ſame Arbitrary Power is a knock-down Argument; 'tis but a Word and a Blow; now methinks our Father ſpeaks out like an honeſt bare-fac'd God, as he is; he lays the ſtreſs in the right Place, upon abſolute Dominion: I confeſs if he had been a Man, he might have been a Tyrant, if his Subjects durſt have call'd him to account: But you Brother *Phœbus*, are but a meer Country Gentleman, that never comes to Court; that are abroad all day on Horſe-back, making Viſits about the World; are drinking all Night, and in your Cups are ſtill rayling at the Government: O theſe Patriots, theſe bumpkin Patriots, are a very ſilly ſort of Animal.

Jup. My preſent Purpoſe and Deſign you heard:
T' enjoy *Amphitryon*'s Wife, the fair *Alcmena*:
You two muſt be ſubſervient to my Love.

Merc. to *Phœb.* No more of your Grumbletonian Morals, Brother; there's Preferment coming, be advis'd and Pimp dutifully

Jup. *Amphitryon*, the brave *Theban* General
Has overcome his Country's Foes in Fight;
And in a ſingle Duel ſlain their King:
His Conquering Troops are eager on their march
Returning home; while their young General
More eager to review his beauteous Wife,
Poſts on before, wing'd with impetuous Love,
And, by to Morrow's dawn will reach this Town.

Merc. That's but ſhort warning, Father *Jupiter*: having made no former advances of Courtſhip to her, you have need of your Omnipotence, and all your Godſhip, if you mean to be beforehand with him.

Phœb. Then how are we to be employ'd this Evening;
Time's precious, and theſe Summer Nights are ſhort;
I muſt be early up to light the World.

Jup. You ſhall not riſe; there ſhall be no to morrow.

Merc. Then the World's to be at an end, I find.

Phœb. Or elſe a Gap in Nature, of a Day.

Jup. A day, will well be loſt to buſie Man:
Night ſhall continue ſleep, and care ſhall ceaſe.
So, many Men ſhall live, and live in peace,
Whom Sun-ſhine had betray'd to envious Sight,
And Sight to ſudden Rage, and Rage to Death.
Now, I will have a night for love and me:
A long luxurious Night, fit for a God
To quench and empty his immortal Heat.

Merc. I'll lay on the Womans ſide for all that; that ſhe ſhall love longeſt to night, in ſpight of your Omnipotence.

Phœb. I ſhall be curs'd by all the lab'ring Trades,
That early riſe, but you muſt be obey'd.
Jup. No matter for the cheating part of Man;
They have a day's ſin leſs to anſwer for.
Phœb. When wou'd you have me wake?
Jup. Why, when *Jove* goes to ſleep: when I have finiſh'd,
Your Brother *Mercury* ſhall bring you word. [*Exit* Phœbus *on his Chariot.*
To *Merc.* Now, *Hermes*, I muſt take *Amphitryon*'s form.
T' enjoy his Wife;
Thou muſt be *Soſia*, this *Amphitryon*'s Slave;
Who, all this Night, is travelling to *Thebes*,
To tell *Alcmena* of her Lord's approach;
And bring her joyful news of Victory.
Merc. But why muſt I be *Soſia*?
Jup. Dull God of Wit, thou Statue of thy ſelf!
Thou muſt be *Soſia*, to keep out *Soſia*:
Who, by his entrance, might diſcover *Jove*,
Diſturb my Pleaſures, raiſe unruly Noiſe,
And ſo diſtract *Alcmena*'s tender Soul,
She wou'd not meet my warmth, when I diſſolve
Into her Lap, nor give down half her Love.
Merc. Let me alone; I'll cudgel him away:
But I abhor ſo Villanous a ſhape.
Jup. Take it; I charge thee on thy Duty, take it:
Nor dare to lay it down, till I command.
I cannot bear a moments loſs of Joy.
[Night *appears above in her Chariot.*
Look up, the *Night* is in her ſilent Chariot;
And rouling juſt o're *Thebes*: bid her drive ſlowly,
Or make a double turn about the World;
While I drop *Jove*, and take *Amphitryon*'s Dreſs,
To be the greater, while I ſeem the leſs. [*Exit* Jupiter.

Merc. to *Night.* Madam *Night*, a good Even to you: fair and ſoftly, I beſeech you, Madam: I have a word or two to you, from no leſs a God than *Jupiter.*

Night. O, my nimble finger'd God of Theft, what makes you here on Earth, at this unſeaſonable hour? what Banker's Shop is to be broken open to Night? or what Clippers, and Coiners, and Conſpirators, have been invoking your Deity for their aſſiſtance.

Merc. Faith none of thoſe Enormities; and yet I am ſtill in my Vocation: for you know I am a kind of Jack of all Trades: at a word, *Jupiter* is indulging his Genius to night, with a certain noble ſort of Recreation, call'd Wenching: The truth on't is, Adultery is its proper name.

Night. *Jupiter* wou'd do well to ſtick to his Wife *Juno*.

Merc. He has been marry'd to her above theſe hundred years; and that's long enough in conſcience to ſtick to one Woman.

Night. She's his Siſter too, as well as his Wife; that's a double tye of affection to her.

Merc. Nay, if he made bold with his own Fleſh and Blood, 'tis likely he will not ſpare his Neighbours.

Night. If I were his Wife, I would raiſe a Rebellion againſt him, for the violation of my Bed.

Merc. Thou art miſtaken, *Old Night:* his Wife cou'd raiſe no faction: all the Deities in Heav'n wou'd take the part of the Cuckold-making God; for they are all given to the Fleſh moſt damnably. Nay the very Goddeſſes wou'd ſtickle in the cauſe of Love; 'tis the way to be Popular to Whore and Love. For what doſt thou think old *Saturn* was depos'd, but that he was cold and impotent; and made no court to the fair Ladies. *Pallas* and *Juno* themſelves, as chaſte as they are, cry'd ſhame on him. I ſay unto thee, *Old Night*, Wo be to the Monarch that has not the Women on his ſide.

Night. Then by your rule, *Mercury*, A king who wou'd live happily, muſt debauch his whole Nation of Women.

Merc. As far as his ready Money will go, I mean; for *Jupiter* himſelf can't pleaſe all of 'em. But this is beſide my preſent Commiſſion; he has ſent me to will and require you to make a ſwinging long Night for him: for he hates to be ſtinted in his Pleaſures.

Night. Tell him plainly, I'll rather lay down my Commiſſion: What wou'd he make a Bawd of me?

Merc. Poor Ignorant! why he meant thee for a Bawd when he firſt made thee. What art thou good for, but to be a Bawd? Is not Day-light better for Mankind, I mean as to any other uſe, but only for Love and Fornication? Thou haſt been a Bawd too, a Reverend, Primitive, Original Bawd, from the firſt hour of thy Creation! and all the laudible actions of Love, have been committed under thy Mantle. Prithee for what doſt thou think that thou art worſhipp'd?

Night. Why for my Stars and Moonſhine.

Merc. That is, for holding a Candle to iniquity: but if they were put out, thou wou'dſt be double worſhipt, by the willing baſhful Virgins.

Night. Then for my quiet, and the ſweetneſs of my ſleep.

Merc. No, for thy ſweet waking all the Night: for ſleep comes not upon Lovers till thou art vaniſh'd.

Night. But it will be againſt Nature, to make a long Winters Night at Midſummer.

Merc. Trouble not your ſelf for that: *Phœbus* is order'd to make a ſhort Summers Day to Morrow: ſo in four and twenty Hours all will be at rights again.

Night. Well, I am edified by your diſcourſe; and my comfort is, that whatever work is made, I ſee nothing.

Merc. About your buſineſs then: put a Spoke into your Chariot Wheels, and order the Seven Stars to halt, while I put my ſelf into the habit of a Serving man; and dreſs up a falſe *Soſia*, to wait upon a falſe *Amphitryon.* Good night, *Night.*

Night. My ſervice to *Jupiter.* Farewell *Mercury.*

[Night *goes backward.* *Exit.* Mercury.

SCENE II.

Amphitryon's *Pallace.*

Enter Alcmena *alone.*

Alcm. WHy was I marri'd to the Man I love!
For, had he been indifferent to my choice,
Or had been hated, abſence had been pleaſure:
But now I fear for my *Amphitryon*'s life:
At home, in private, and ſecure from War,
I am amidſt an Hoaſt of armed Foes:
Suſtaining all his Cares, pierc'd with his Wounds,
And if he falls (which O ye Gods avert)
Am, in *Amphitryon* ſlain! wou'd I were there,
And he were here; ſo might we change our Fates;
That he might grieve for me, and I might die for him!

Enter Phædra, *running.*

Phæd. Good news, good news, Madam, O ſuch admirable news, that if I kept it in a moment, I ſhou'd burſt with it!

Alc. Is it from the Army?

Phæd. No matter.

Alc. From *Amphitryon*?

Phæd. No matter, neither.

Alc. Anſwer me, I charge thee, if thy good news be any thing relating to my Lord: if it be, aſſure thy ſelf of a Reward.

Phæd. Ay, Madam, now you ſay ſomething to the matter: you know the buſineſs of a poor Waiting-woman, here upon Earth, is to be ſcraping up ſomething againſt a rainy Day, call'd the Day of Marriage: every one in our own Vocation: but what matter is it to me if my Lord has routed the Enemies, if I get nothing of their ſpoils?

Alc. Say, is my Lord victorious?

Phæd. Why he is victorious; indeed I pray'd devoutly to *Jupiter* for a Victory; by the ſame token, that you ſhou'd give me ten pieces of Gold, if I brought you news of it.

Alc. They are thine; ſuppoſing he be ſafe too.

Phæd. Nay, that's a new bargain; for I vow'd to *Jupiter*, that then you ſhou'd give me ten Pieces more: but I do undertake for my Lord's ſafety: if you will pleaſe to diſcharge his Godſhip *Jupiter* of the Debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in ſafety, *Jupiter* and I will pay your Vow.

Phæd. And I am ſure I articled with *Jupiter*, that if I brought you news, that my Lord was upon return, you ſhou'd grant me one ſmall favour more, that will coſt you nothing.

Alc. Make haſte, thou Torturer; is my *Amphitryon* upon return?

Phæd. Promiſe me that I ſhall be your bedfellow to Night, as I have been ever ſince my Lord's abſence,——unleſs I ſhall be pleas'd to releaſe you of your word.

Alc. That's a ſmall requeſt, 'tis granted.

Phæd. But ſwear by *Jupiter.*

Alc. But why by *Jupiter?*

Phæd. Becauſe he's the greateſt: I hate to deal with one of your little baffling Gods that can do nothing but by permiſſion: but *Jupiter* can ſwinge you off; if you ſwear by him, and are forſworn.

Alc. I ſwear by *Jupiter.*

Phæd. Then I believe he is Victorious, and I know he is ſafe: for I look'd through the Key-hole, and ſaw him knocking at the Gate; and I had the Conſcience to let him cool his Heels there.

Alc. And wou'dſt thou not open to him! Oh thou Traitreſs!

Phæd. No, I was a little wiſer: I left *Soſia*'s Wife to let him in: for I was reſolv'd to bring the news, and make my penny-worths out of him; as time ſhall ſhow.

Enter Jupiter, *in the ſhape of* Amphitryon, *with* Soſia'*s Wife*, Bromia.
[*He kiſſes and embraces* Alcmena.]

Jup. O let me live for ever on thoſe Lips!——
The Nectar of the Gods to theſe is taſteleſs.
I ſwear, that were I *Jupiter*, this Night
I wou'd renounce my Heav'n, to be *Amphitryon*,

Alc. Then, not to ſwear beneath *Amphitryon*'s Oath,
(Forgive me *Juno* if I am prophane)
I ſwear, I wou'd be what I am this Night;
And be *Alcmena*, rather than be *Juno.*

Brom. Good my Lord, what's become of my poor Bedfellow, your Man *Soſia*: you keep ſuch a billing and colling here, to ſet ones Mouth a watring: what, I ſay, though I am a poor Woman, I have a Husband as well as my Lady; and ſhou'd be as glad as ſhe, of a little honeſt Recreation.

Phæd. And what have you done with your old Friend, and my old Sweetheart, Judge *Gripus?* has he brought me home a cram'd Purſe that ſwells with Bribes? if he be rich, I'll make him welcome, like an honourable Magiſtrate: but if he has not had the wit to ſell Juſtice, he judges no Cauſes in my Court, I warrant him.

Alc. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Battel?
Is *Thebes* Victorious, are our Foes deſtroy'd?
For now I find you ſafe, I ſhou'd be glad
To hear you were in danger?

Jup. aſide. A Man had need be a God, to ſtand the fury of three talking Women! I think in my Conſcience I made their Tongues of Thunder.

Bromia *pulling him on one ſide.* I ask'd the firſt queſtion: anſwer me, my Lord.

Phædra *pulling him on t'other ſide.* Peace, mine's a Lover, and yours is but a Husband: and my Judge is my Lord too; the Title ſhall take place, and I will be anſwer'd.

Jup. *Soſia* is ſafe: *Gripus* is rich: both coming:
I rode before 'em, with a Lovers haſte.—— [*Aſide.*
Was e're poor God ſo worry'd! but for my Love,
I wiſh I were in Heav'n again with *Juno.*

Alc. Then I, it ſeems, am laſt to be regarded?

Jup. Not ſo, my Love, but theſe obſtreperous Tongues
Have ſnatch'd their anſwers firſt: they will be heard;
And ſurely *Jove* wou'd never anſwer Pray'r
That Women made, but only to be freed
From their Eternal Noiſe: make haſte to Bed:
There let me tell my Story, in thy Arms;
There in the gentle pauſes of our Love,
Betwixt our dyings, e're we live again,
Thou ſhalt be told the Battel, and ſucceſs:
Which I ſhall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make ſo ſweet confuſion in our talk,
That thou ſhalt ask, and I ſhall anſwer things,
That are not of a piece: but patch'd with Kiſſes,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;
And Nonſenſe ſhall be Eloquent, in Love.

Brom. to *Phædra.* My Lord is very hot upon't: this abſence is a great Friend to us poor neglected Wives; it makes us new again.

Alc. I am the Fool of Love; and find within me
The fondneſs of a Bride, without the fear.
My whole Deſires and Wiſhes are in you.

Phæd. aſide. My Lady's Eyes are pinking to Bedward too; Now is She to look very ſleepy, counterfeiting yauning, but She ſhall ask me leave firſt.

Alc. Great *Juno,* thou whoſe holy care preſides
Over the Nuptial Bed, pour all thy Bleſſings
On this Auſpicious Night.

Jup. *Juno* may grudge: for ſhe may fear a Rival,
In thoſe bright Eyes; but *Jupiter* will grant,
And doubly bleſs this Night.

Phæd. aſide. But *Jupiter* ſhou'd ask my leave firſt, were he here in Perſon.

Alc. *Bromia,* prepare the Bed:
The tedious Journey has diſpos'd my Lord,
To ſeek his needful reſt. [*Exit* Bromia.

Phæd. 'Tis very true, Madam; the poor Gentleman muſt needs be weary; and therefore, 'twas not ill contriv'd that he muſt lie alone to Night, to recruit himſelf with ſleep, and lay in enough for to morrow night, when you may keep him waking.

Alc. to *Jupiter.* I muſt confeſs I made a kind of promiſe.——

Phædra *almoſt crying.* A kind of promiſe, do you call it? I ſee you wou'd fain be coming off: I am ſure you ſwore to me, by *Jupiter,* that I ſhou'd be your Bedfellow, and I'll accuſe you to him too, the firſt Prayers I make, And I'll pray a purpoſe too, that I will, though I have not pray'd to him this ſeven Years.

Jup. O, the malicions Hilding!

Alc. I did ſwear indeed, my Lord.

Jup. Forſwear thy ſelf; for *Jupiter* but laughs
At Lovers Perjuries.

Phæd. The more ſhame for him if he does; there wou'd be a fine God indeed for us Women to worſhip, if he laughs when our Sweet-hearts cheat us of our Maiden-heads: No, no, *Jupiter* is an honeſter Gentleman than you make of him.

Jup. I'm all on fire; and wou'd not loſe this Night
To be the Maſter of the Univerſe.

Phæd. Ay, my Lord, I ſee you are on fire: but the Devil a Bucket ſhall be brought to quench it, without my leave: you may go to Bed, Madam; but you ſhall ſee how Heav'n will bleſs your Nights work, if you forſwear your ſelf:———Some Fool, ſome mere Elder-Brother, or ſome blockheadly Hero, *Jove*, I beſeech thee, ſend her.

Jup. aſide. Now I cou'd call my Thunder to revenge me,
But that were to confeſs my ſelf a God,
And then I loſt my Love!———*Alcmena*, come,
By Heav'n I have a Bridegroom's fervour for thee,
As I had ne're enjoy'd.

Alc. ſighing. She has my Oath;
And ſure ſhe may releaſe it, if ſhe pleaſe.———

Phæd. Why truly, Madam, I am not cruel in my nature, to poor diſtreſſed Lovers; for it may be my own caſe another day: And therefore, if my Lord pleaſes to conſider me———

Jup. Any thing, any thing, but name thy wiſh, and have it.———

Phæd. Ay, now you ſay, any thing, any thing; but you wou'd tell me another ſtory to morrow Morning. Look you, my Lord, here's a Hand open to receive; you know the meaning of it: I am for nothing but the Ready———

Jup. Thou ſhalt have all the Treaſury of Heaven.

Phæd. Yes, when you are *Jupiter* to diſpoſe of it.

Jup. aſide. I had forgot, and ſhow'd my ſelf a God;
This Love can make a Fool of *Jupiter*.

Phæd. You have got ſome part of the Enemies Spoil I warrant you; I ſee a little trifling Diamond upon your Finger; and I am proud enough to think it wou'd become mine too.

Jupiter, *taking a Ring off his Finger and giving it.* Here, take it;
This is a very Woman:
Her Sex is Avarice, and ſhe, in One,
Is all her Sex.

Phæd. Ay, ay, 'tis no matter what you ſay of us. What wou'd you have your Mony out of the Treaſury, without paying the Officers their Fees? Go, get you together, you naughty Couple, till you are both weary of worrying one another, and then to morrow morning, I ſhall have another Fee for parting you. [Phædra *goes out before* Alcmena *with a Light.*

Jupiter ſolus.

Why now I am, indeed, the Lord of all:
For what's to be a God, but to enjoy?
Let human-kind their Sovereign's leiſure waite;
Love is, this Night, my great Affair of State:
Let this one Night, of Providence be void:
All *Jove*, for once, is on himſelf employ'd.
Let unregarded Altars ſmoke in vain;
And let my Subjects praiſe me, or complain.
Yet, if betwixt my Intervals of bliſs,
Some am'rous youth his Oraiſons addreſs,
His Pray'r is in a happy hour preferr'd:
And when *Jove* loves, a Lover ſhall be heard.

ACT II.

Night-Scene of a Pallace.

Soſia *with a Dark-Lanthorn:* Mercury, *in* Soſia'*s ſhape, with a Dark-Lanthorn alſo.*

Soſia. WAS not the Devil in my Maſter, to ſend me out in this dreadful dark Night, to bring the news of his Victory to my Lady? and was not I poſſeſs'd with ten Devils, for going on his Errand, without a Convoy for the ſafeguard of my Perſon? Lord, how am I melted into Sweat with fear! I am diminiſh'd of my natural weight, above two Stone: I ſhall not bring half my ſelf home again, to my Poor Wife and Family: I have been in an Ague fit, ever ſince ſhut of Evening; what with the fright of Trees by the High-way, which look'd Maliciouſly like Thieves, by Moon-ſhine: and what with Bulruſhes by the River-ſide, that ſhak'd like Spears, and Lances at me. Well! the greateſt Plague of a Serving-man, is to be hir'd to ſome great Lord! They care not what drudgery they put upon us, while they lye lolling at their Eaſe a Bed, and ſtretch their lazy Limbs, in expectation of the Whore which we are fetching for them.

Mer. aſide. He is but a poor Mortal, that ſuffers this! but I, who am a God, am degraded to a foot Pimp; a Waiter without Doors; a very civil employment for a Deity!

Soſ. The better ſort of 'em will ſay, Upon my Honour, at every word: yet ask 'em for our Wages, and they plead the Priviledge of their Honour, and will not pay us; nor let us take our Priviledge of the Law upon them. Theſe are a very hopeful ſort of Patriots, to ſtand up as they do for Liberty and Property of the Subject: there's Conſcience for you!

Mer. aſide. This Fellow, has ſomething of the Republican Spirit in him.

Soſia *looking about him.* Stay; this methinks ſhou'd be our Houſe: and I ſhou'd thank the Gods, now, for bringing me ſafe home: but I think I had as good let my Devotions alone, till I have got the reward for my good news, and then thank 'em once for all: for if I praiſe 'em, before I am ſafe within

Doors, ſome damn'd Maſtiff Dog may come out, and worrie me; and then my thanks are thrown away upon 'em.

Merc. Aſide. Thou art a wicked Rogue, and wilt have thy Bargain before hand: Therefore thou get'ſt not into the Houſe this Night; and thank me accordingly as I uſe thee.

Soſia. Now am I to give my Lady an Account of my Lord's Victory; 'tis good to exerciſe my Parts before hand, and file my tongue into eloquent Expreſſions, to tickle her Ladyſhips imagination.

Mer. Aſide. Good! and here's the God of Eloquence to judge of thy Oration.

Soſia, *ſetting down his Lanthorn.* This Lanthorn, for once ſhall be my Lady: becauſe ſhe is the Lamp of all Beauty and Perfection.

Merc. Aſide. No, Rogue, 'tis thy Lord is the Lanthorn by this time, or *Jupiter* is turn'd Fumbler.

Soſia. Then thus I make my Addreſſes to her: (*Bowes*) Madam, my Lord has choſen me out, as the moſt Faithful, though the moſt unworthy of his followers; to bring your Ladyſhip this following Account of our glorious Expedition. Then ſhe——O my poor *Soſia*, (*in a ſhrill Tone*) how am I overjoy'd to ſee thee! She can ſay no leſs:—— Madam, you do me too much Honour, and the World will envy me this glory:——well anſwer'd on my ſide——And how does my Lord *Amphitryon*?——Madam, he always does like a Man of Courage, when he is call'd by Honour.——There I think I nick'd it.——But when will he return?——As ſoon as poſſibly he can: but not ſo ſoon as his impatient Heart cou'd wiſh him with your Ladyſhip.

Merc. aſide. When *Thebes* is an Univerſity, thou deſerveſt to be their Orator.

Soſia. But what does he do, and what does he ſay? Prithee tell me ſomething more of him.——He always ſays leſs than he does, Madam: and his Enemies have found it to their coſt.—— Where the Devil did I learn theſe Elegancies and Gallantries?

Merc. So; he has all the Natural Endowments of a Fop; and only wants the Education!

Soſia, *ſtaring up to the Sky.* What is the Devil in the Night! ſhe's as long as two Nights: the ſeven Stars are juſt where they were ſeven Hours ago! high Day——high Night, I mean, by my favour. What has *Phœbus* been playing the Good-fellow, and overſlept himſelf, that he forgets his duty to us Mortals?

Merc. How familiarly the Raskal treats us Gods! but I ſhall make him alter his tone immediately. [Mercury *comes nearer, and ſtands juſt before him.*

Soſia, *ſeeing him, and ſtarting back, aſide.* How now? what do my Eyes dazle, or is my dark Lanthorn falſe to me! is not that a Giant before our Door? or a Ghoſt of ſome body ſlain in the late Battel? if he be, 'tis unconſcionably done, to fright an honeſt Man thus, who never drew Weapon wrathfully in all my Life!——Whatever Wight he be, I am deviliſhly afraid, that's certain: but 'tis diſcretion to keep my own Counſel: I'll ſing, that I may ſeem Valiant. [Soſia *ſings; and as* Mercury *ſpeaks, by little and little drops his Voice.*

Merc. What ſaucy Companion is this, that deafens us with his hoarſe Voice? what Midnight Ballad-ſinger have we here? I ſhall teach the Villain to leave off Catterwawling.

Soſia. I wou'd I had Courage, for his ſake; that I might teach him to call my ſinging Catterwawling, an Illiterate Rogue; an Enemy to the Muſes and to Muſick.

Merc. There is an ill ſavour that offends my Noſtrils; and it wafteth this way?

Soſia. He has ſmelt me out: my fear has betray'd me into this ſavour.—— I am a dead Man: the bloody Villain is at his fee, fa, fum, already.

~~*Merc.* Stand, who goes there?~~

Soſia. A Friend.

Merc. What Friend?

Soſia. Why a Friend to all the World that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Merc. I defie Peace and all its Works; my Arms are out of exerciſe, they have maul'd no body theſe three days: I long for an honourable Occaſion to pound a Man; and lay him aſleep at the firſt Buffet.

Soſia aſide. That wou'd almoſt do me a kindneſs; for I have been kept wakeing, without tipping one wink of ſleep theſe three Nights.

Merc. Of what Quality are you, Fellow?

Soſia. Why I am a Man, Fellow.——Courage *Soſia*——

Merc. What kind of Man?

Soſia. Why a Two-legg'd Man, What Man ſhou'd I be?——(*Aſide.*)——I muſt bear up to him, he may prove as errant a Milkſop as my ſelf.

Merc. Thou art a Coward, I warrant thee, do not I hear thy teeth chatter in thy Head?

Soſia. Ay, ay, that's only a ſign they wou'd be ſnapping at thy Noſe.—— (*Aſide*)——Bleſs me, what an Arm and Fiſt he has, with great Thumbs too: and Gols and Knuckle-bones of a very Butcher.

Merc. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you? anſwer me directly, upon pain of Aſſaſſination.

Soſia. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go: that's directly home——though this is ſomewhat an uncivil manner of proceeding, at the firſt ſight of a Man, let me tell you.

Merc. Then to begin our better Acquaintance, let me firſt make you a ſmall Preſent of this box o' the Ear.—— (*Strikes him.*

Soſia. If I were as cholerick a Fool as you now, here wou'd be fine work betwixt us two; but I am a little better bred, than to diſturb the ſleeping Neighbourhood, and ſo good night Friend.—— (*Is going.*

Merc. ſtopping him. Hold Sir; you and I muſt not part ſo eaſily; once more, whither are you going?

Soſia. Why I am going as faſt as I can, to get out of the reach of your Clutches: let me but only knock at that Door there.

Merc. What buſineſs have you at that Door, Sirrah?

Soſia. This is our Houſe; and when I am got in, I'll tell you more.

Merc. Whoſe Houſe is this, Sawcineſs, that you are ſo familiar with, to call it ours?

Soſia. 'Tis mine, in the firſt place; and next, my Maſters; for I lye in the Garret, and he lyes under me.

Merc. Have your Maſter and you no Names, Sirrah?

Soſia. His Name is *Amphitryon*, hear that and tremble.

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Soſia. O, has his Name mollify'd you! I have brought you down a Peg lower already, Friend.

Merc. And your Name is——

Soſia. Lord, Friend, you are ſo very troubleſom——What ſhou'd my Name be but *Soſia*?

Merc. How, *Soſia*, ſay you? how long have you taken up that Name, Sirrah?

Soſia. Here's a fine queſtion: why I never took it up, Friend, it was born with me.

Merc. What was your Name born, *Soſia*? take this remembrance for that Lye. (*beats him.*

Soſia. Hold Friend, you are ſo very flippant with your Hands, you won't hear Reaſon: What offence has my Name done you, that you ſhou'd beat me for it? *S. O. S. I. A.* They are as civil, honeſt, harmleſs Letters, as any are in the whole Alphabet.

Merc. I have no quarrel to the Name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Soſia. What am not I *Soſia*, ſay you?

Merc. No.

Soſia. I ſhould think you are ſomewhat merrily diſpos'd, if you had not beaten me, in ſuch ſober ſadneſs. You wou'd perſwade me out of my Heathen Name, wou'd you?

Merc. Say you are *Soſia* again at your Peril, Sirrah.

Soſia. I dare ſay nothing, but Thought is free; but whatever I am call'd, I am *Amphitryon*'s Man, and the firſt Letter of my Name is *S.* too. You had beſt tell me that my Maſter did not ſend me home to my Lady, with News of his Victory?

Merc. I ſay he did not.

Soſia. Lord, Lord, Friend one of us two is horribly giv'n to lying—— but I do not ſay which of us, to avoid Contention.

Merc. I ſay, my Name is *Soſia*, and yours is not.

Soſia. I wou'd you cou'd make good your words, for then I ſhou'd not be beaten, and you ſhou'd.

Merc. I find you wou'd be *Soſia* if you durſt---but if I catch you thinking ſo--

Soſia. I hope I may think I was *Soſia*; and I can find no difference between my former ſelf, and my preſent ſelf; but that I was plain *Soſia* before; and now I am lac'd *Soſia.*

Merc. Take this, for being ſo impudent to think ſo. (*Beats him.*

Soſia kneeling. Truce a little, I beſeech thee! I wou'd be a Stock or a Stone now by my good will, and wou'd not think at all, for ſelf preſervation. But will you give me leave to argue the Matter Fairly with you? and promiſe me to depoſe that Cudgel, if I can prove my ſelf to be that Man that I was before I was beaten?

Merc. Well, proceed in ſafety; I promiſe you I will not beat you.

Soſia. In the firſt Place then, is not this Town call'd *Thebes*?

Merc. Undoubtedly.

Soſia. And is not this Houſe *Amphitryon*'s?

Merc. Who denys it?

Soſia. I thought you wou'd have deny'd that too? for all hangs upon a String. Remember then, that thoſe two preliminary Articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the foreſaid *Amphitryon* beat the *Teleboans*, kill their King *Pterelas*, and ſend a certain Servant, meaning ſome Body, that for ſake-ſak ſhall be nameleſs, to bring a Preſent to his Wife, with news of his Victory, and of his Reſolution to return to morrow?

Merc. This is all true, to a very tittle; but who is that certain Servant, there's all the queſtion?

Soſia. Is it Peace or War betwixt us?

Merc. Peace.

Soſia. I dare not wholly truſt that abominable Cudgel; but 'tis a certain Friend of yours and mine; that had a certain Name before he was beaten out of it; but if you are a Man that depend not altogether upon force and brutality, but ſomewhat alſo upon Reaſon, now do you bring better Proofs that you are that ſame certain Man; and in order to it, anſwer me to certain Queſtions.

Merc. I ſay I am *Soſia*, *Amphitryon*'s Man; what reaſon have you to urge againſt it?

Soſia. What was your Father's Name?

Merc. *Davus*; who was an honeſt Husbandman, whoſe Siſter's Name was *Harpage*, that was married, and died in a Foreign Country.

Soſia. So far you are right, I muſt confeſs; and your Wife's Name is——

Merc. *Bromia*, a deviliſh Shrew of her Tongue, and a Vixon of her Hands; that leads me a miſerable Life; keeps me to hard duty a Bed; and beats me every Morning when I have riſen from her ſide, without having firſt——

Soſia. I underſtand you; by many a ſorrowful Token; this muſt be I——(*Aſide.*

Merc. I was once taken upon ſuſpicion of Burglary, and was whipt through *Thebes*, and branded for my pains.

Soſia. Right me again; but if you are I, as I begin to ſuſpect; that whipping and branding might have been paſt over in ſilence, for both our Credits—— And yet now I think on't, if I am I, (as I am I) he cannot be I. All theſe Circumſtances he might have heard; but I will now interrogate him upon ſome private Paſſages——What was the Preſent that *Amphitryon* ſent by you or me, no matter which of us, to his Wife *Alcmena*?

Merc. A Buckle of Diamonds, conſiſting of five large Stones.

Soſia. And where are they now?

Merc. In a Caſe ſeal'd with my Maſter's Coat of Arms.

Soſia. This is prodigious, I confeſs; but yet 'tis nothing now I think on't, for ſome falſe Brother may have reveal'd it to him. (*Aſide.*) But I have another Queſtian to ask you, of ſomewhat that paſs'd only betwixt my ſelf and me; if you are *Soſia*, what were you doing in the heat of Battel?

Merc. What a wiſe Man ſhou'd, that has reſpect for his own Perſon: I ran into our Tent, and hid my ſelf amongſt the Baggage.

Soſia aſide. Such another cutting Anſwer, and I muſt provide my ſelf of another name. (*To him.*) And how did you paſs your time in that ſame Tent; You need not anſwer to every Circumſtance ſo exactly now; you muſt lye a little, that I may think you the more me.

Merc. That cunning ſhall not ſerve your turn, to circumvent me out of my name: I am for plain naked Truth: —There ſtood a Hogſhead of old Wine, which my Lord reſerv'd for his own drinking.——

Soſia aſide. O the Devil! as ſure as Death, he muſt have hid himſelf in that Hogſhead, or he cou'd never have known that!

Merc. And by that Hogſhead, upon the ground, there lay the kind Inviter and Provoker of good drinking——

Soſia. Nay, now I have caught you; there was neither Inviter nor Provoker, for I was all alone.

Merc. A luſty Gammon of——

Soſia ſighing. Bacon——that word has quite made an end of me:——let me ſee,——this muſt be I, in ſpight of me.——but let me view him nearer.

(*Walks about* Mercury *with his dark Lanthorn.*

Merc. What are you walking about me for, with your dark Lanthorn?

Soſia. No harm, Friend; I am only ſurveying a parcel of Earth here, that I find we two are about to bargain for:—He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, there's the Patch upon my Noſe, with a Pox to him——*Item*, a very fooliſh Face with a long Chin at end on't: *Item*, one pair of ſhambling Legs, with two ſplay Feet belonging to them. And——*ſumma totalis*, from Head to Foot all my Bodily Apparel.——(*To Mercury*) Well, you are *Soſia*; there's no denying it; but what am I then? for my mind gives me, I am ſome body ſtill, if I knew but who I were.

Merc. When I have a mind to be *Soſia* no more, then thou may'ſt be *Soſia* again.

Soſia. I have but one requeſt more to thee, that, though not as *Soſia*, yet as a ſtranger, I may go into that Houſe, and carry a civil Meſſage to my Lady.

Merc. No, Sirrah, not being *Soſia*, you have no Meſſage to deliver, nor no Lady in this Houſe.

Soſia. Thou canſt not be ſo barbarous, to let me lye in the Streets all night, after ſuch a Journey, and ſuch a beating——and therefore I am reſolv'd to knock at the Door in my own defence.

Merc. If you come near the Door, I recall my word, and break off the truce:——and then expect—— [*Holds up his Cudgel.*

Soſia. No; The Devil take me if I do expect: I have felt too well what ſower Fruit that Crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord *Amphitryon*; to ſee if he will acknowledge me for *Soſia*; if he does not, then I am no longer his Slave; there's my Freedom dearly purchas'd with a ſore drubbing; if he does acknowledge me, then I am *Soſia* again; ſo far 'tis tolerably well; but then I ſhall have a ſecond drubbing, for an unfortunate Ambaſſador as I am; and that's intolerable. [*Exit* Soſia.

Mercury *alone.*

I have fobb'd off his Excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the beſt of his Credentials. I think too I have given *Jupiter* ſufficient time for his Conſummation. Oh, he has taken his Cue; and here he comes as leiſurely and as lank as if he had empty'd himſelf of the beſt part of his Almightyſhip.

SCENE II.

Enter Jupiter *leading* Alcmena, *follow'd by* Phœdra. *Pages with Torches before them.* Jupiter *to the Pages.*

THoſe Torches are offenſive: ſtand aloof:
For though they bleſs me with thy heavenly ſight, [*To her.*
They may diſcloſe the Secret I would hide:
The *Thebans* muſt not know I have been here;
Detracting Crowds wou'd blame me that I robb'd
Theſe happy Moments from my publick Charge,
To Conſecrate to thy deſir'd Embrace:
And I cou'd wiſh no Witneſs but thy ſelf;
For thou thy ſelf art all I wiſh to pleaſe.
Alcm. So long an abſence, and ſo ſhort a ſtay!
What, but one Night! one Night of Joy and Love,
Cou'd only pay one Night of Cares and Fears;
And all the reſt are an uncancell'd Sum!
Curſe on this Honour and this publick Fame;
Wou'd you had leſs of both, and more of Love!
Jup. Alcmena, I muſt go.
Alcm. Not yet, my Lord.
Jup. Indeed I muſt.
Alc. Indeed you ſhall not go.
Jup. Behold the ruddy Streaks o're yonder Hill,
Thoſe are the Bluſhes of the breaking Morn,
That kindle Day-light to this neather World.
Alc. No matter for the Day, it was but made
To number out the hours of buſie Men.
Let 'em be buſie ſtill, and ſtill be wretched;
And take their fill of anxious drudging Day:
But you and I will draw our Curtains cloſe,
Extinguiſh Day-light, and put out the Sun:
Come back, my Lord, in faith you ſhall retire.
You have not yet lay long enough in Bed,
To warm your widow'd Side.

Phædra, aſide. I find my Lord is an excellent Schoolmaſter, my Lady is ſo willing to repeat her Leſſon.

Merc. aſide. That's a plaguy little Devil; what a roguiſh Eye ſhe has! I begin to like her ſtrangely; ſhe's the Perquiſite of my Place too; for my Ladies Waiting-Woman is the proper Fees of my Lord's Chief Gentleman. I have the Priviledge of a God too; I can view her naked through all her Clothes:——Let me ſee——Let me ſee: I have diſcover'd ſomething that pleaſes me already.

Jup. Let me not live but thou art all Enjoyment!
So charming and ſo ſweet,
That not a Night, but whole Eternity,
Were well employ'd,

To love thy each Perfection as it ought.
Alc. kiſſing him. I'll bribe you with this kiſs to ſtay a while.
Jup. kiſſing her. A Bribe indeed that ſoon will bring me back.
But, to be juſt, I muſt reſtore your Bribe.
How I cou'd dwell for ever on thoſe Lips!
O I cou'd kiſs 'em pale with eagerneſs!
So ſoft, by Heav'n, and ſuch a juicy ſweet,
That ripen'd Peaches have not half the flavour.
Alc. Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:
You fill 'em with Diſeaſes, Wants, and Woes,
And only daſh 'em with a little Love;
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a ſparing Hand:
Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to Age,
They wou'd but make a day of ev'ry year:
Take back your ſev'nty years, (the ſtint of Life)
Or elſe be kind, and cram the Quinteſſence
Of Sev'nty years into ſweet Sev'nty days:
For all the reſt is flat, inſipid Being.
Jup. But yet one Scruple pains me at my parting;
I love ſo nicely, that I cannot bear
To owe the Sweets of Love which I have taſted,
To the ſubmiſſive Duty of a Wife:
Tell me: and ſooth my Paſſion e're I go,
That in the kindeſt Moments of the Night,
When you gave up your ſelf to Love and me,
You thought not of a Husband, but a Lover.
Alc. But tell me firſt, why you wou'd raiſe a Bluſh upon my Cheeks, by asking ſuch a Queſtion?
Jup. I wou'd owe nothing to a Name ſo dull
As Husband is, but to a Lover all.
Alc. You ſhou'd have ask'd me then, when Love and Night,
And Privacy, had favour'd your demand.
Jup. I ask it now, becauſe my tenderneſs
Surpaſſes that of Husbands for their Wives.
O that your lov'd like me! then you wou'd find
A thouſand thouſand Niceties in Love;
The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:
But Love refin'd will fancy to it ſelf
Millions of gentle Cares, and ſweet Diſquiets;
The being happy is not half the Joy;
The manner of the happineſs is all!
In me (my charming Miſtreſs) you behold
A Lover that diſdains a Lawful Title;
Such as of Monarchs to ſucceſſive Thrones:
The Generous Lover holds by force of Arms;
And claims his Crown by Conqueſt.

lc. Me-

Alcm. Methinks you ſhou'd be pleas'd, I give you all
A Vertuous and a Modeſt Wife can give.

Jup. No, no, that very name of Wife and Marriage,
Is Poyſon to the deareſt ſweets of Love:
To pleaſe my niceneſs you muſt ſeparate
The Lover from his Mortal Foe, the Husband.
Give to the yawning Husband your cold Vertue,
But all your vigorous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
Your amorous Murmurs, be your Lover's part.

Alcm. I comprehend not what you mean, my Lord,
But only Love me ſtill; and love me thus,
And think me ſuch as beſt may pleaſe your Thought.

Jup. There's Myſtery of Love in all I ſay:
Farewell; and when you ſee your Husband next
Think of your Lover then.

Exeunt Jupiter *and* Alcmena *ſeverally*: Phædra *follows her.*

Merc. alone. Now I ſhou'd follow him; but Love has laid a Lime-twig for me, and made a lame God of me. Yet why ſhou'd I love this *Phædra?* She's Intereſſed, and a Jilt into the Bargain. Three thouſand years hence, there will be a whole Nation of ſuch Women, in a certain Country that will be call'd *France*; and there's a Neighbour Iſland too, where the Men of that Country will be all Intereſt. Oh what a precious Generation will that be, which the Men of the Iſland ſhall Propagate out of the Women of the Continent?

(*Phædra re-enters*) ——And ſo much for Propheſie: for ſhe's here again, and I muſt love her in ſpight of me. And ſince I muſt, I have this Comfort, that the greateſt Wits are commonly the greateſt Cullies; becauſe neither of the Sexes can be wiſer than ſome certain Parts about 'em will give 'em leave.

Phædra. Well *Soſia*, and how go Matters?

Merc. Our Army is Victorious.

Phædra. And my Servant Judge *Gripus?*

Merc. A Voluptuous Gourmand.

Phædra. But has he gotten wherewithal to be Voluptuous, is he Wealthy?

Merc. He ſells Juſtice as he uſes, fleeces the Rich Rebels, and hangs up the Poor.

Phædra. Then while he has Money he may make Love to me. Has he ſent me no Token?

Merc. Yes a Kiſs; and by the ſame Token, I am to give it you, as a Remembrance from him.

Phæd. How now, Impudence! A beggarly Serving-man preſume to kiſs me?

Merc. Suppoſe I were a God, and ſhou'd make Love to you?

Phæd. I wou'd firſt be ſatisfi'd whether you were a poor God or a rich God.

Merc. Suppoſe I were *Mercury*, The God of Merchandiſe?

Phæd. What the God of ſmall Wares, and Fripperies, of Pedlars and Pilferers?

Merc. aſide. How the Gipſie deſpiſes me?

Phædra. I had rather you were *Plutus* the God of Money, or *Jupiter* in a Golden Shower: there was a God for us Women! he had the Art of making

Love: Doſt thou think that Kings, or Gods either, get Miſtreſſes by their good Faces? no, 'tis the Gold and the Preſents they can make: there's the Prerogative they have over their fair Subjects.

Merc. All this notwithſtanding, I muſt tell you pretty *Phædra*, I am deſperately in love with you.

Phæd. And I muſt tell thee, ugly *Soſia*, thou haſt not wherewithal to be in love.

Merc. Yes, a poor Man may be in love I hope?

Phæd. I grant a poor Rogue may be in love, but he can never make love: Alas *Soſia*, thou haſt neither Face to invite me, nor Youth to pleaſe me: nor Gold to bribe me: And beſides all this, thou haſt a Wife, poor miſerable *Soſia*! What ho *Bromia*!

Merc. O thou mercileſs Creature, why doſt thou conjure up that ſpright of a Wife?

Phæd. To rid my ſelf of that Devil of a poor Lover: ſince you are ſo lovingly diſpos'd, I'll put you together, to exerciſe your Fury upon your own Wedlock: What *Bromia*, I ſay, make haſte; here's a Veſſel of yours, full fraighted, that's going off without paying Duties.

Merc. Since thou wilt not let me ſteal Cuſtom: She ſhall have all the Cargo I have gotten in the Wars: but thou mightſt have lent me a little Creek to ſmuggle in.

Phæd. Why, what have you gotten, good Gentleman Souldier, beſides a Legion of——— (*knaps her Fingers.*

Merc. When the Enemy was routed, I had the plundering of a Tent.

Phæd. That's to ſay, a Houſe of Canvas, with moveables of Straw; make haſte *Bromia*———

Merc. But it was the General's own Tent.

Phæd. You durſt not fight I'm certain; and therefore came laſt in, when the rich Plunder was gone before hand.———Will you come, *Bromia*?

Merc. Prithee do not call ſo loud:———A great Goblet that holds a Gallon.

Phæd. Of what was that Goblet made? anſwer quickly, for I am juſt calling very loud———*Bro.*———

Merc. Of beaten Gold. Now call aloud if thou doſt not like the Mettal.

Phæd. Bromia. (*Very ſoftly.*

Merc. That ſtruts in this Faſhon, with his Arms a Kimbo, like a City Magiſtrate: and a great bouncing Belly, like an Hoſteſs with Child of a Kilderkin of Wine. Now what ſay you to that Preſent, *Phædra*?

Phæd. Why I am conſidering———

Merc. What I prithee?

Phæd. Why, how to divide the Buſineſs equally; to take the Gift, and refuſe the Giver, thou art ſo damnably ugly and ſo old.

Merc. aſide. Now the Devil take *Jupiter*, for confining me to this ungodly ſhape to day!
But *Gripus* is as old and as ugly too. (*To her.*

Phæd. But *Gripus* is a perſon of Quality, and my Ladies Uncle, and if he marries me I ſhall take place of my Lady. Hark, your Wife! ſhe has ſent her Tongue before her. I hear the Thunder-clap already: there's a ſtorm approaching.

Merc. Yes, of thy Brewing, I thank thee for it: O how I ſhou'd hate thee now, if I cou'd leave loving thee!

Phæd. Not a word of the dear Golden Goblet, as you hope for——you know what, *Soſia*.

Merc. You give me Hope then——

Phæd. Not abſolutely Hope neither: but Gold is a great Cordial, in Love matters; and the more you apply of it, the better——[*Aſide.*] I am honeſt, that's certain; but wen I weigh my Honeſty againſt the Goblet, I am not quite reſolv'd on which ſide the Scale will turn. [*Exit* Phœdra.

Merc. a-loud. Farewell *Phædra*; remember me to my Wife, and tell her——

Enter Bromia.

Brom. Tell her, what Traytor! that you are going away without ſeeing her.

Merc. That I am doing my Duty, and following my Maſter.

Brom. *Umph*-----ſo brisk too! your Maſter did his Duty to my Lady before he parted: He cou'd leave his Army in the lurch, and come Galloping home at midnight, to have a lick at the Honey-pot; and ſteal to Bed as quietly as any Mouſe, I warrant you: My Maſter knew what belong'd to a Married life; but you, Sirrah.————You Trencher-carrying Raſcal, you worſe than Dunghil-Cock; that ſtood clapping your Wings and crowing without doors, when you ſhou'd have been at Rooſt, you Villain.————

Merc. Hold your peace, Dame *Partlet*, and leave your Cackling: My Maſter charg'd me to ſtand Centry without Doors.

Brom. My Maſter! I dare ſwear thou bely'ſt him, My Maſter's more a Gentleman than to lay ſuch an unreaſonable command upon a poor diſtreſſed marri'd Couple, and after ſuch an abſence too. No, there's no compariſon between my Maſter and thee, thou Sneaksby.

Merc. No more than there is betwixt my Lady and you, *Bromia*. You and I have had our time in a civil way, Spouſe, and much good love has been betwixt us: but we have been Married fifteen Years, I take it: and that hoighty toighty buſineſs ought, in Conſcience, to be over.

Brom. Marry come up, my ſaucy Companion! I am neither old, nor ugly enough to have that ſaid to me.

Merc. But will you hear reaſon, *Bromia*? My Lord and my Lady are yet in a manner Bride and Bridegroom; they are in Honey Moon ſtill: do but think in decency what a jeſt it wou'd be to the Family, to ſee two Venerable old married People, lying ſnug in a Bed together, and ſighing out fine tender things to one another!

Brom. How now, Traytor, dar'ſt thou maintain that I am paſt the Age of having fine things ſaid to me?

Merc. Not ſo, my Dear: but certainly I am paſt the Age of ſaying 'em.

Brom. Thou deſerv'ſt not to be yok'd with a Woman of Honour, as I am, thou Perjur'd Villain.

Merc. Ay, you are too much a Woman of Honour, to my ſorrow: many a poor Husband wou'd be glad to compound for leſs Honour in his Wife, and more quiet. Prethee be but honeſt and continent in thy Tongue, and do thy worſt with every thing elſe about thee.

Brom. Thou wou'dſt have a Woman of the Town, wou'dſt thou! to be always ſpeaking my Husband fair, to make him digeſt his Cuckoldom more eaſily: wou'dſt thou be a Wittol, with a vengeance to thee? I am reſolv'd I'll ſcour thy Hide, for that word. [*Holds up her Ladle at him.*

Merc. Thou wilt not ſtrike thy Lord, and Husband, wilt thou?

Brom. Since thou wilt none of the Meat, 'tis but juſtice to give thee the baſtings of the Ladle. [*She courſes him about.*

Mercury *running about. aſide.* Was ever poor Deity ſo Henpeck'd as I am! nay, then 'tis time to charm her aſleep with my enchanted Rod—— before I am diſgrac'd or raviſh'd.——

[*Plucks out his Caduceus and ſtrikes her upon the ſhoulder with it.*

Brom. What, art thou rebelling againſt thy annointed Wife? I'il make thee-- how now———What, has the Rogue bewitch'd me! I grow dull and ſtupid on the ſudden———I can neither ſtir Hand nor Foot———I am juſt like him; I have loſt the uſe of all my—Members— [*yawning*]——I can't ſo much as wag my Tongue—— neither, and that's the laſt Live—ing part about a——Woman——— [*falls down.*

Mercury *alone.*

Lord what have I ſuffer'd, for being but a counterfeit married Man one day! If ever I come to this Houſe, as a Husband again—then—and yet that then, was a lye too—— For while I am in Love with this young Gipſie, *Phœdra*, I muſt return——But lie thou there, thou Type of *Juno*: thou that want'ſt nothing of her Tongue, but the immortality. If *Jupiter* ever let thee ſet Foot in Heaven, *Juno* will have a ratling Second of thee; and there will never be a fair Day in Heaven or Earth after it.

For two ſuch Tongues, will break the Poles aſunder;
And, hourly ſcolding, make perpetual Thunder. [*Exit* Mercury.

ACT. III.

Scene *before* Amphitryon's *Pallaſe.*

Amphitryon *and* Soſia.

Amp. NOw Sirrah, follow me into the Houſe, thou ſhalt be convinc'd at thy own coſt, Villain! What horrible lyes haſt thou told me! ſuch improbabilities, ſuch ſtuff, ſuch nonſence!——that the Monſter with two long Horns, that frighted the great King, and the Devil at the Stone-cutters, are Truths to theſe!

Soſ. I am but a Slave, and you are Maſter; and a poor man is always to lye, when a rich man is pleas'd to contradict him: but as ſure as this is our Houſe---

Amp. So ſure 'tis thy place of Execution. Thou art not made for lying neither.

Soſ. That's certain: for all my Neighbours ſay I have an honeſt Face; or elſe they wou'd never call me Cuckold, as they do.

Amp. I mean thou haſt not wit enough to make a lye, that will hang together: thou haſt ſet up a Trade, that thou haſt not Stock enough to manage: O that I had but a Crab-tree Cudgel for thy ſake!

Soſ. How, a Cudgel, ſaid you! the Devil take *Jupiter* for inventing that hard-hearted, mercileſs, knobby Wood.

Amp. The bitterneſs is yet to come: thou haſt had but a half Doſe of it.

Soſ. I was never good at ſwallowing Phyſick: and my Stomach wambles at the very thought of it; but, if I muſt have a ſecond beating, in conſcience let me ſtrip firſt, that I may ſhow you the black and blue ſtreaks upon my Sides and Shoulders. I am ſure I ſuffer'd them in your ſervice.

Amp. To what purpoſe wou'dſt thou ſhow them?

Soſ. Why to the purpoſe that you may not ſtrike me upon the ſore places: and that as he beat me laſt Night croſs-ways, ſo you wou'd pleaſe to beat me long-ways, to make clean work on't, that at leaſt my Skin may look like Checquer-work.

Amp. This requeſt is too reaſonable to be refus'd; but, that all things may be done in order, tell me over again the ſame ſtory, with all the circumſtances of thy Commiſſion: that a blow may follow in due form for every lye. To Repetition Rogue, to Repetition.

Soſ. No, it ſhall be all a lye if you pleaſe, and I'll eat my Words to ſave my Shoulders.

Amp. Ay, Sirrah, now you find you are to be diſproved: but 'tis too late: to Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Soſ. With all my heart, to any Repetition but the Cudgel: but, wou'd you be pleas'd to anſwer me one civil queſtion? Am I to uſe Complaiſance to you, as to a great Perſon, that will have all things ſaid your own way; or am I to tell you the naked Truth alone, without the Ceremony of a farther beating?

Amp. Nothing but the Truth, and the whole Truth: ſo help thee Cudgel——

Soſ. That's a damn'd concluſion of a Sentence: but ſince it muſt be ſo—— Back and Sides, at your own peril——I ſet out from the Port in an unlucky Hour: the dusky Canopy of Night invelaping the Hemiſphere——

Amph. *ſtrikes him. Imprimis* for Fuſtian:——Now proceed.

Soſ. I ſtand corrected: in plain Proſe then, I went darkling, and whiſtling, to keep my ſelf from being afraid; mumbling Curſes betwixt my Teeth, for being ſent at ſuch an unnatural time of Night.

Amp. How Sirrah, Curſing and Swearing againſt your Lord and Maſter! take—— [*Going to ſtrike.*

Soſ. Hold, Sir——pray conſider, if this be not unreaſonable, to ſtrike me for telling the whole Truth, when you commanded me: I'll fall into my old dog-trot of lying again, if this muſt come of plain dealing.

Amp. To avoid impertinences, make an end of your journey; and come to the Houſe: what found you there a God's Name?

Soſ. I came thither in no God's Name at all; but in the Devil's name, I found before the door a ſwingeing Fellow, with all my Shapes and Features; and accoutred alſo in my Habit.

Amp. Who was that Fellow?

Soſ. Who ſhou'd it be, but another *Soſia!* a certain kind of other me: who knew all my unfortunate Commiſſion, preciſely, to a word, as well as I *Soſia*; as being ſent by your ſelf from the Port, upon the ſame errand to *Alcmena*.

Amp. What groſs Abſurdities are theſe!

Soſ. O Lord, O Lord, what Abſurdities! as plain as any Packſtaff. That other me, had poſted himſelf there before me, me. You won't give a Man leave to ſpeak Poetically now; or elſe I wou'd ſay, That I was arriv'd at the Door, before I came thither.

Amp. This muſt either be a Dream, or Drunkenneſs, or Madneſs in thee: Leave your Buffooning and Lying, I am not in humour to bear it, Sirrah.

Soſ. I wou'd you ſhou'd know I ſcorn a Lye, and am a Man of Honour in every thing, but juſt Fighting. I tell you once again in plain ſincerity, and ſimplicity of Heart, that before laſt Night I never took my ſelf but for one ſingle individual *Soſia*; but, coming to our Door, I found my ſelf I know not how divided, and as it were ſplit into two *Soſia*'s.

Amp. Leave Buffooning: I ſee you wou'd make me laugh, but you play the Fool ſcurvily.

Soſ. That may be: but if I am a Fool, I am not the only Fool in this company.

Amp. How now, Impudence! I ſhall———

Soſ. Be not in wrath, Sir: I meant not you: I cannot poſſibly be the only Fool; for if I am one Fool, I muſt certainly be two Fools; becauſe, as I told you, I am double.

Amp. That one ſhou'd be two, is very probable!

Soſ. Have not you ſeen a Six-pence ſplit into two halves, by ſome ingenious School-Boy; which bore on either ſide the Impreſſion of the Monarch's Face: now as thoſe moieties were two Three-pences, and yet in effect but one Six-pence.———

Amp. No more of your villanous Tropes and Figures.

Soſ. Nay, if an Orator muſt be diſarm'd of his ſimilitudes———

Amp. A Man had need of patience, to endure this Gibberiſh: be brief, and come to a concluſion.

Soſ. What wou'd you have, Sir? I came thither, but the t'other I was there before me: for that there was two I's, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this Head of mine. This I, that am here, was weary: the t'other I was freſh: this I was peaceable, and t'other I was a hectoring Bully I.

Amp. And thou expect'ſt I ſhou'd believe thee?

Soſ. No, I am not ſo unreaſonable: for I cou'd never have believ'd it my ſelf, if I had not been well beaten into it: But a Cudgel you know is a convincing Argument in a brawny Fiſt: What ſhall I ſay, but that I was compell'd at laſt to acknowledge my ſelf! I found that he was very I, without fraud, cozen, or deceit. Beſides, I view'd my ſelf, as in a Mirror, from Head to Foot: He was Handſome, of a noble Preſence, a charming Air, looſe and free in all his Motions. And ſaw he was ſo much I, that I ſhou'd have reaſon to be better ſatisfied with my own Perſon, if his Hands had not been a little of the heavieſt.

Amp. Once again to a Concluſion: Say you paſs'd by him, and entred into the Houſe.

Sof. I am a Friend to Truth, and ſay no ſuch thing: He defended the door, and I could not enter.

Amp. How, not enter!

Sof. Why, how ſhou'd I enter, unleſs I were a Spright to glide by him, and ſhoot my ſelf through Locks, and Bolts, and two-inch-boards?

Amph. O Coward! didſt thou not attempt to paſs?

Sof. Yes, and was repuls'd and beaten for my pains.

Amp. Who beat thee?

Sof. I beat *Me.*

Amp. Didſt thou beat thy ſelf?

Sof. I don't mean *I*, here: but the abſent *Me*, beat me here preſent.

Amp. There's no end of this intricate piece of Nonſenſe.

Sof. 'Tis only Nonſenſe becauſe I ſpeak it, who am a poor Fellow; but it wou'd be Senſe, and Subſtantial Senſe, if a great Man ſaid it, that was back'd with a Title, and the Eloquence of ten Thouſand Pounds a Year.

Amp. No more; But let us enter: Hold; my *Alcmena* is coming out, and has prevented me! How ſtrangely will ſhe be ſurpriz'd to ſee me here, ſo unexpectedly!

Enter Alcmena *and* Phædra.

Alc. to *Phædra.* Make haſte after me to the Temple; that we may thank the Gods for this glorious Succeſs, which *Amphitryon* has had againſt the Rebels.
Oh Heavens! [*Seeing him.*

Amp. Thoſe Heav'ns, and all their bleſt Inhabitants, [*Saluting her.*
Grant, that the ſweet Rewarder of my pains
May ſtill be kind, as on our Nuptial Night.

Alc. So ſoon return'd!

Amp. So ſoon return'd! Is this my Welcome home? [*Stepping back.*
So ſoon return'd, ſays I am come unwiſh'd.
This is no Language of deſiring Love:
Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years:
And every little Abſence is an Age.

Alc. What ſays my Lord?

Amp. No, my *Alcmena*, no:
True Love by its impatience meaſures Time,
And the dear Object never comes too ſoon.

Alc. Nor ever came you ſo, nor ever ſhall:
But you, your ſelf are chang'd from what you were,
Pall'd in Deſires, and ſurfeited of Bliſs;
Not ſo I met you at your laſt return;
When, Yeſternight, I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace.

Amp. How's this?

Alc. Did not my Soul ev'n ſparkle at my Eyes,
And ſhoot it ſelf into your much lov'd Boſom?

Did I not tremble with exceſs of Joy?
Nay agonize with pleaſure at your ſight,
With ſuch inimitable Proofs of Paſſion,
As no falſe Love cou'd feign!

Amp. What's this you tell me?

Alc. Far ſhort of Truth, by Heav'n!
And you return'd thoſe Proofs with Uſury;
And, left me with a Sigh, at Break of Day.
Have you forgot?

Amp. Or have you dream't, *Alcmena?*
Perhaps ſome kind, revealing Deity,
Has whiſper'd in your Sleep, the pleaſing News
Of my Return; and you believ'd it real!
Perhaps too, in your Dream, you us'd me kindly;
And my preventing Image, reap'd the Joys
You meant awake to me.

Alc. Some melancholy Vapour, ſure, has ſeiz'd
Your Brain, *Amphitryon*, and diſturb'd your Senſe:
Or Yeſternight is not ſo long a time,
But you might yet remember; and not force
An honeſt Bluſh into my glowing Cheeks,
For that which lawful Marriage makes no Crime.

Amp. I thank you for my Melancholy Vapour.

Alc. 'Tis but a juſt requital for my Dream.

Phæd. I find my Maſter took too much of the Creature laſt night, [*Aſide.* and now is angling for a Quarrel, that no more may be expected from him to Night, when he has no Aſſets. [*In the mean time* Amph. *and* Alcm. *walk by themſelves, and frown at each other as they meet.*

Amph. You dare not juſtifie it to my face.

Alc. Not what?

Amp. That I return'd before this hour?

Alc. You dare not, ſure, deny you came laſt night,
And ſtaid till Break of Day?

Amp. O Impudence!——Why *Soſia!*

Soſ. Nay, I ſay nothing; for all things here, may go by Enchantment (as they did with me) for ought I know.

Alc. Speak, *Phædra*; Was he here?

Phæd. You know, Madam, I am but a Chamber-maid; and by my place, I am to forget all that was done over-night in Love-Matters,—unleſs my Maſter pleaſe to rub up my Memory with another Diamond.

Amp. Now in the name of all the Gods, *Alcmena*,
A little recollect your ſcatter'd Thoughts;
And weigh what you have ſaid.

Alc. I weigh'd it well, *Amphitryon*, e're I ſpoke:
And She, and *Bromia*, all the Slaves, and Servants,
Can witneſs they beheld you, when you came.
If other Proof were wanting, tell me how

I came to know your Fight, your Victory,
The Death of *Pterelas*, in ſingle Combat?
And, farther, from whoſe hands I had a Jewel:
The Spoyls of him you ſlew.

Amph. This is amazing!
Have I already given you thoſe Diamonds,
The Preſent I reſerv'd?

Alcm. 'Tis an odd Queſtion:
You ſee I wear 'em; Look.

Amph. Now anſwer, *Sosia.*

Sosia. Yes, now I can anſwer with a ſafe Conſcience, as to that point, all the reſt may be Art Magick; but as for the Diamonds, here they are, under ſafe cuſtody.

Alcm. Then what are theſe upon my Arm? [*To* Sosia.

Sos. Flints, or Pebbles, or ſome ſuch Trumpery of enchanted Stones.

Phædra. They ſay the proof of a true Diamond is to glitter in the dark; I think my Maſter had beſt take my Lady into ſome By-corner, and try whoſe Diamond will ſparkle beſt.

Sos. Yet now I think on't, Madam, did not a certain Friend of mine preſent 'em to you?

Alcm. What Friend?

Sos. Why another *Sosia*; one that made himſelf *Sosia* in my deſpight, and alſo unſociated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave your nauſeous Nonſenſe: break open the Seal, and take out the Diamonds.

Sos. More words than one to a Bargain, Sir; I thank you: That's no part of prudence for me to commit Burglary upon the Seals: Do you look firſt upon the Signet, and tell me in your Conſcience, whether the Seals be not as firm as when you clapt the Wax upon them.

Amph. The Signature is firm. [*Looking.*

Sos. Then take the Signature into your own cuſtody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper peril. [*Giving him the Casket.*

Amph. O Heav'ns! here's nothing, but an Empty ſpace; the Neſt where they were laid. [*Breaking open the Seal.*

Sos. Then if the Birds are flown, the Fault's not mine; here has been fine conjuring work; or elſe the Jewel, knowing to whom it ſhou'd be given, took occaſion to ſteal out, by a natural inſtinct, and ty'd it ſelf upon that pretty Arm.

Amp. Can this be poſſible!

Sos. Yes, very poſſible: You, my Lord *Amphitryon*, may have brought forth another You my Lord *Amphitryon*, as well as I *Sosia*, have brought forth another *Me Sosia*; and our Diamonds may have procreated theſe Diamonds; and ſo we are all three double.

Phædra. If this be true, I hope my Goblet has gigg'd another Golden Goblet: and then they may carry double upon all four. [*Aside.*

Alcm. My Lord, I have ſtood ſilent, out of wonder
What you cou'd wonder at.

Amph. A chilling Sweat, a damp of Jealouſie, [*Aſide.*
Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limbs.
I fear; and yet I muſt be ſatisfied:
And, to be ſatisfy'd, I muſt diſſemble.

Alcm. Why muſe you ſo, and murmur to your ſelf?
If you repent your Bounty, take it back——

Amph. Not ſo: but, if you pleaſe, relate what paſt,
At our laſt Enterview.

Alcm. That Queſtion wou'd infer you were not here.

Amph. I ſay not ſo;
I only wou'd refreſh my memory;
And have my Reaſons to deſire the Story.

Phædra. So: This is as good ſport for me as an Examination of a great Belly before a Magiſtrate.

Alcm. The Story is not long: you know I met you,
Kiſs'd you, and preſt you cloſe within my Arms,
With all the tenderneſs of Wively Love.

Amph. I cou'd have ſpar'd that Kindneſs. [*Aſide.*
And what did I? [*To her.*

Alcm. You ſtrain'd me with a Maſculine Embrace;
As you wou'd ſqueeze my Soul out.

Amph. Did I ſo?

Alcm. You did.

Amph. Confound thoſe Arms that were ſo kind—— [*Aſide.*
Proceed, proceed—— [*To her.*

Alcm. You wou'd not ſtay to ſup; but, much complaining of your drowſineſs, and want of natural Reſt——

Amph. Made haſte to Bed: Ha, was't not ſo? Go on—— [*Aſide.*
And ſtab me with each Syllable thou ſpeak'ſt.

Phædra. So, now 'tis coming, now 'tis coming.

Alcm. I have no more to ſay.

Amph. Why, went we not to Bed?

Alcm. Why not?
Is it a Crime for Husband and for Wife
To go to Bed, my Lord?

Amph. Perfidious Woman!

Alcm. Ungrateful Man!

Amph. She juſtifies it too!

Alcm. I need not juſtifie: Of what am I accus'd?

Amph. Of all that prodigality of Kindneſs,
Giv'n to another, and uſurp'd from me.
So bleſs me Heav'n, if ſince my firſt departure,
I ever ſet my foot upon this Threſhold.
So am I innocent of all thoſe Joys,
And dry of thoſe Embraces.

Alcm. Then I, it ſeems, am falſe?

Amph. As ſurely falſe, as what thou ſay'ſt is true.

Alcm. I have betray'd my Honour, and my Love?
And am a foul Adultreſs?
Amph. What thou art,
Thou ſtand'ſt condemn'd to be, by thy Relation.
Alcm. Go, thou unworthy; Man for ever go:
No more my Husband; go thou baſe Impoſtour;
Who tak'ſt a vile pretence to taint my Fame;
And, not content to leave, would'ſt ruine me.
Enjoy thy wiſh'd Divorce: I will not plead
My Innocence of this pretended Crime:
I need not; ſpet thy Venom; do thy worſt:
But know, the more thou wou'dſt expoſe my Vertue,
Like pureſt Linen laid in open Air,
'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the view.
Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy Divorce:
For, know thou too, that after this Affront,
This foul Indignity, done to my Honour,
Divorcement is but petty Reparation:
But, ſince thou haſt, with Impudence affirm'd
My falſe Return, and brib'd my Slaves to vouch it,
The Truth ſhall, in the Face of *Thebes* be clear'd;
Thy Uncle, the Companion of my Voyage,
And all the Crew of Seamen, ſhall be brought,
Who were embark'd, and came with me to Land;
Nor parted, till I reach'd this curſed Door:
So ſhall this Viſion of my late Return,
Stand a detected Lye; and woe to thoſe
Who thus betray'd my Honour.
Sof. Sir, ſhall I wait on you?
Amph. No, I will go alone: Expect me here. [*Exit* Amphitryon.
Phædra. Pleaſe you——that I—— [*To* Alcmena.
Alcm. Oh! Nothing now can pleaſe me:
Darkneſs, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inſeparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever—— [*Exit* Alcmena.

Sof. What if I ſhou'd lye now, and ſay we have been here before? I never ſaw any good that came of telling truth. [*Aſide.*

Phædra. He makes no more Advances to me: I begin a little to ſuſpect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but Copper. [*Aſide.*

Sof. Yes, 'tis reſolv'd, I will lye abominably, againſt the Light of my own Conſcience. For ſuppoſe the tother *Soſia* has been here: perhaps that ſtrong Dog has not only beaten me, but alſo has been predominant upon my Wife, and moſt carnally miſus'd her! now, by asking certain Queſtions of her, with a Side-Wind, I may come to underſtand how Squares go; and whether my Nuptial Bed be violated. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. Moſt certainly he has learn'd Impudence of his Maſter; and will deny his being here: but that ſhall not ſerve his turn, to cheat me of my Preſent!——*Aſide.* Why *Soſia*! what in a brown Study?

Soſ. A little *cogitabund*, or ſo; concerning this diſmal Revolution in our Family!

Phædra. But that ſhou'd not make you neglect your duty to me, your Miſtreſs.

Soſ. Pretty Soul; I wou'd thou wert: upon condition that old *Bromia* were ſix Foot under ground.

Phædra. What! Is all your hot Courtſhip to me, dwindl'd into a poor unprofitable Wiſh? You may remember I did not bid you abſolutely deſpair.

~~*Soſ.* No; for all things yet may be~~ accommodated, in an amicable manner, betwixt my Maſter and my Lady.

Phædra. I mean, to the buſineſs, betwixt you and me——

Soſ. Why, I hope we two never quarrel'd?

Phæd. Muſt I remember you of a certain Promiſe that you made me at our laſt parting?

Soſ. Oh, when I went to the Army: that I ſhou'd ſtill be praiſing thy Beauty to Judge *Gripus*, and keep up his Affections to thee.

Phæd. No, I mean the Buſineſs betwixt you and me this Morning,——that you promis'd me——

Soſ. That I promis'd thee——I find it now: That ſtrong Dog, my Brother *Soſia*, has been here before me, and made Love to her. [*Aſide.*

Phædra. You are conſidering, whether or no, you ſhould keep your Promiſe——

Soſ. That I ſhou'd keep my Promiſe.————The truth on't is, ſhe's anothergheſs Morſel than old *Bromia.* [*Aſide.*

Phæd. And I had rather you ſhou'd break it, in a manner, and, as it were, and in ſome Senſe.——

Soſ. In a manner, and as it were, and in ſome Senſe, thou ſay'ſt?——I find, the ſtrong Dog has only tickl'd up her Imagination, and not enjoy'd her: ſo that with my own Limbs, I may perform the ſweetneſs of his Function with her. [*Aſide.* No, ſweet Creature, the Promiſe ſhall not be broken; but what I have undertaken, I will perform like a Man of Honour. [*To her.*

Phæd. Then, you remember the Preliminaries of the Preſent——

Soſ. Yes, yes, in groſs I do remember, ſomething; but this diſturbance of the Family, has ſomewhat ſtupify'd my Memory: Some pretty *Quelque choſe*, I warrant thee; ſome acceptable Toy, of ſmall value.

Phæd. You may call a Gold Goblet, a Toy: But I put a greater value upon your Preſents.

Soſ. A Gold Goblet, ſayſt thou! Yes, now I think on't, it was a kind of a Gold Goblet; as a Gratuity after Conſummation.

Phæd. No, no; I had rather make ſure of one Bribe beforehand, than be promis'd ten Gratuities.

Soſ. Yes, now I remember, it was, in ſome Senſe, a Gold Goblet, by way of Earneſt; and it contain'd——

Phæd. One large——

Soſ. How, one large——

Phæd. Gallon.

Soſ. No; that was ſomewhat too Large, in Conſcience: It was not a whole Gallon; but it may contain, reaſonaly ſpeaking, one large——Thimble-full:

But Gallons and Thimble-fulls are ſo like, that in ſpeaking, I might eaſily miſtake them.

Phæd. Is it come to this? Out Traytor!

Soſ. I had been a Traytor, indeed, to have betray'd thee to the ſwallowing of a Gallon: but a Thimbleful of Cordial-water, is eaſily ſipt off: and then, this ſame Goblet is ſo very light too, that it will be no Burthen, to carry it about with thee, in thy Pocket.

Phæd. O Apoſtate to thy Love! O perjur'd Villain! [*Enter* Bromia. ~~What, are you here, *Bromia!* I was telling him his own: I was giving him~~ a Rattle for his Treacheries to you, his Love: You ſee I can be a Friend, upon occaſion.

Brom. Ay, Chicken, I never doubted of thy Kindneſs: but, for this Fugitive,——this Rebel,——this Miſcreant.——

Soſ. A kind Welcome, to an abſent Lover, as I have been.

Brom. Ay; and a kind Greeting you gave me, at your Return; when you us'd me ſo barbarouſly, this Morning.

Soſ. The t'other *Soſia* has been with her too: and has us'd her barbarouſly: barbarouſly, that is to ſay, uncivilly: and uncivilly; I am afraid that means, too civilly. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. You had beſt deny you were here this Morning! And by the ſame Token——

Soſ. Nay, no more Tokens, for Heaven's ſake, dear *Phædra.* Now muſt I ponder with my ſelf a little, whether it be better for me, to have been here, or not to have been here, this Morning. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Servant. *Phædra*, My Lord's without; and will not enter till he has firſt ſpoken with you. [*Exit Servant.*

Phæd. Oh that I could ſtay to help worry thee for this Abuſe: but the beſt on't is, I leave thee in good hands—— {*To him in private.*
——Farewell Thimble.——To him, *Bromia.* [*Exit* Phædra.

Brom. No; you did not beat me, and put me into a Swound, and deprive me of the natural uſe of my Tongue for a long Half-hour: You did not beat me down, with your little Wand: But I ſhall teach you to uſe your Rod another time——I ſhall.

Soſ. Put her into a Swound, with my little Wand, and ſo forth: That's more than ever I cou'd do. Theſe are terrible Circumſtances that ſome *Soſia* or another, has been here: Now, if he has literally beaten her, Grammercy, Brother *Soſia*; he has but done, what I wou'd have done, if I had durſt: But I am afraid it was only a damn'd Love-figure; and that the Wand that lay'd her aſleep, might ſignifie the Peace-maker. [*Aſide.*

Brom. Now you are ſnuffling upon a cold Scent, for ſome pitiful Excuſe: I know you: twenty to one, but you will plead a Drunkenneſs: You are us'd to be pot-valiant.

Soſ. I was pumping, and I thank her, ſhe has invented for me.——Yes, *Bromia*, I muſt confeſs I was exalted: and, poſſibly, I might ſcour upon thee, or perhaps be a little more familiar with thy Perſon, by the way of Kindneſs, than if I had been ſober; but, prithee, inform me what I did; that I may conſider what ſatisfaction I am to make thee.

Brom. Are you there, at your Dog tricks! You wou'd be forgetting, wou'd you? like a drunken Bully that affronts over-night, and, when he is call'd to account, the next Morning, remembers nothing of the Quarrel; and aſks pardon, to avoid fighting.

Soſ. By *Bacchus*, I was overtaken; but I ſhou'd be loth that I committed any folly with thee.

Brom. I am ſure, I kept my ſelf awake all night, that I did, in expectation of your coming. [*Crying.*

Soſ. But what amends did I make thee, when I came!

Brom. You know well enough, to my ſorrow; but that you play the Hypocrite.

Soſ. I warrant, I was monſtrous kind to thee——

Brom. Yes, monſtrous kind indeed: You never ſaid a truer word: for, when I came to kiſs you, you pull'd away your Mouth, and turn'd your Cheek to me.

Soſ. Good.

Brom. How, Good! Here's fine Impudence: He juſtifies!——

Soſ. Yes, I do juſtifie, that I turn'd my Cheek, like a prudent Perſon, that my Breath might not offend thee: for, now I remember, I had eaten Garlick.

Brom. Ay, you remember, and forget, juſt as it makes for you, or againſt you: but, to mend the matter, you never ſpoke one civil word to me: but ſtood like a ſtock, without ſenſe or motion.

Soſ. Yet better. (*Aſide.*

Brom. After which, I lovingly invited you to take your place in your Nuptial Bed, as the Laws of Matrimony oblige you: and you inhumanly refuſ'd me.

Soſ. Ay, there's the main point of the Buſineſs! Art thou morally certain, that I refuſ'd thee: Look me now in the face, and ſay I did not commit Matrimony with thee!

Brom. I wonder how thou canſt look me in the face, after that refuſal!

Soſ. Say it once again, that I did not feloniouſly come to Bed to thee!

Brom. No, thou cold Traitor, thou know'ſt thou didſt not.

Soſ. Beſt of all; 'twas diſcreetly done of me to abſtain.

Brom. What do you inſult upon me too!

Soſ. No, I do not inſult upon you;——but——

Brom. But what; How was it diſcreetly done then? Ha!

Soſ. Becauſe it is the receiv'd Opinion of Phyſicians, that nothing but puling Chitts, and Booby-Fools, are procreated in Drunkenneſs.

Brom. A receiv'd Opinion, Snivel-guts! I'll be judg'd by all the marry'd Women of this Town, if any one of 'em has receiv'd it: The Devil take the Phyſicians, for medling in our Matters: If a Huſband will be rul'd by them, there are five weeks of Abſtinence in *Dog-days* too; for fear a Child that was got in *Auguſt*, ſhou'd be born juſt nine Months after, and be blear-ey'd, like a *May*-Kitten.

Soſ. Let the Phyſicians alone; they are honeſt Men, whatever the World ſays of 'em. But, for a certain reaſon, that I beſt know, I am glad that Matter ended ſo fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes 'twas very fair and peaceable: to ſtrike a Woman down, and beat her moſt outragiouſly.

Soſ. Is it poſſible that I drubb'd thee!

Brom. I find your drift: You wou'd fain be provoking me to a new Trial now: but, i'faith, you ſhall bring me to no more handy-blows: I ſhall make bold to truſt to my Tongue hereafter: You never durſt have offer'd to hold up a finger againſt me, till you went a Trooping.

Soſ. Then I am a Conqueror: and I laud my own Courage: This Renown I have atchiev'd by Souldierſhip and Stratagem. Know your Duty, Spouſe, henceforward to your Supream Commander. [*Strutting*.

Enter Jupiter *and* Phædra, *attended by Muſicians and Dancers.*

Phæd. Indeed I wondred at your quick return.

Jup. Ev'n ſo Almighty Love will have it, *Phædra*;
And the ſtern Goddeſs of ſweet-bitter Cares,
Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke.
I wou'd have mann'd my heart, and held it out;
But when I thought of what I had poſſeſt;
Thoſe joys, that never end, but to begin,
O, I am all on fire to make my peace:
And die, *Jove* knows, as much as I can die,
Till I am reconcil'd.

Phæd. I fear 'twill be in vain.

Jup. 'Tis difficult;
But nothing is impoſſible to Love:
To Love like mine; for I have prov'd his force,
And my *Alcmena* too has felt his Dart.
If I ſubmit, there's hope.

Phæd. 'Tis poſſible I may ſollicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promiſe me to do thy beſt?

Phæd. Nay I promiſe nothing——unleſs you begin
To promiſe firſt.—— [*Curt'ſying*.

Jup. I wou'not be ungrateful.

Phæd. Well; I'll try to bring her to the Window: You ſhall have a fair ſhoot at her: if you can bring her down, you are a good Markes-man.

Jup. That's all I ask:
And I will ſo reward thee, Gentle *Phædra*——

Phæd. What, with Cats-guts and Roſin! This *Sol-la*; is but a lamentable, empty, ſound.

Jup. Then there's a ſound will pleaſe thee better. [*Throwing her a Purſe.*

Phæd. Ay, there's ſomething of Melody in this ſound.
I cou'd dance all day, to the Muſick of *Chink*, *Chink*. [*Exit* Phædra.

Jup. Go *Soſia* round our *Thebes*,
To *Polydas*, to *Tranio*, and to *Gripus*,
Companions of our War; invite 'em all,
To joyn their Pray'rs to ſmooth *Alcmena*'s Brow;
And, with a ſolemn Feaſt, to crown the day.

Soſ. (*Taking* Jupiter *about the Knees.*)
Let me embrace you, Sir—— [Jupiter *puſhes him away.*
Nay, you muſt give me leave to expreſs my Gratitude; I have not eaten, to ſay eating, nor drunk, to ſay drinking, never ſince our villanous encamping ſo near the Enemy: 'Tis true, I ſcap'd the bloody-Flux, becauſe I had ſo little in my Bowels to come out; and I durſt let nothing go, in Conſcience, becauſe I had nothing to ſwallow in the room on't.

Jup. You, *Bromia*, ſee that all things be prepar'd,
With that Magnificence, as if ſome God
Were Gueſt, or Maſter here.

Soſ. Or rather, as much, as if twenty Gods were to be Gueſts, or Maſters here.

Brom. That you may eat for to day, and to morrow.

Soſ. Or, rather again, for to day and yeſterday; and as many Months backwards, as I am indebted to my own Belly.

Jup. Away both of you. [*Exeunt* Soſia *and* Bromia *ſeverally.*

Jup. Now I have pack'd him hence; thou, other *Soſia*,
(Who, tho' thou art not preſent, hear'ſt my voice,)
Be ready to attend me at my Call;
And to ſupply his place. [*Enter* Mercury *to* Jupiter.

Alcmena *and* Phædra *appear above.* Jupiter *ſeeing* Alcmena.

Jup. See, ſhe appears:
This is my Bribe to *Phædra*; when I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*,
And gave my own Omnipotence away.

Jupiter *ſings to the Muſicians.* *Song and Dance: after which,* Alcmena *withdraws, frowning.*

SONG.

I.

CElia, *that I once was bleſt*
Is now the Torment of my Breaſt;
Since to curſe me, you bereave me
Of the Pleaſures I poſſeſt:
Cruel Creature, to deceive me!
Firſt to love, and then to leave me!

II.

Had you the Bliſs refus'd to grant,
Then I had never known the want:
But poſſeſſing once the Bleſſing,
Is the Cauſe of my Complaint:
Once poſſeſſing is but taſting;
'Tis no Bliſs that is not laſting.

III.

Celia *now is mine no more;*
But I am hers, and muſt adore:
Nor to leave her will endeavour;
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No unkindneſs can diſſever;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

Jup. O ſtay.

Merc. She's gone; and ſeem'd to frown at parting.

Jup. Follow, and thou ſhalt ſee her ſoon appeas'd:
For I, who made her, know her inward ſtate:
No Woman, once well pleas'd, can throughly hate:
I gave 'em Beauty, to ſubdue the ſtrong:
(A mighty Empire, but it laſts not long:)
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave;
But, in exchange, to Men I Flattery gave:
Th' offending Lover, when he loweſt lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to riſe.

The End of the Third Act.

The FOURTH ACT.

Jupiter *following* Alcmena ; Mercury *and* Phædra,

Jupiter. O Stay, my dear *Alcmena*, hear me ſpeak.
Alcm. No, I wou'd fly thee, to the ridge of Earth,
And leap the Precipice, to ſcape thy ſight.
Jup. For pity———
Alcm. Leave me, thou ungrateful Man.
Jup. I cannot leave you : no ; but like a Ghoſt
Whom your unkindneſs murder'd, will I haunt you.
Alcm. Once more, be gone : I'm odious to my ſelf
For having lov'd thee once.
Jup. Hate not the beſt and faireſt of your Kind:
Nor can you hate your Lover though you wou'd :
Your Tears, that fall ſo gently, are but grief :
There may be Anger ; but there muſt be Love.
The Dove, that murmurs at her Mate's neglect,
But counterfeits a Coyneſs, to be courted.
Alcm. Courtſhip from thee, and after ſuch affronts !
Jup. Is this that everlaſting Love you vow'd,
Laſt Night when I was Circled in your Arms?
Remember what you ſwore———
Alcm. Think what thou wert, and who cou'd ſwear too much?
Think what thou art, and that unſwears it all.
Jup. Can you forſake me, for ſo ſmall a fault ?
'Twas but a Jeſt, perhaps too far purſu'd :
'Twas but at moſt, a Trial of your Faith,
How you cou'd bear unkindneſs :
'Twas but to get a reconciling Kiſs,
A wanton Stratagem of Love.
Alcm. See how he doubles, like a hunted Hare,
A jeſt, and then a Trial, and a Bait ;
All ſtuff, and daubing!
Jup. Think me jealous, then :
Alcm. O that I cou'd ; for that's a noble Crime ;
And which a Lover can with eaſe, forgive:
'Tis the high pulſe of Paſſion, in a Fever ;
A ſickly draught, but ſhews a burning Thirſt :
Thine was a Surfeit, not a Jealouſie:
And in that loathing of a full gorg'd Love,
Th[illegible] ſaw'ſt the nauſeous Object, with diſdain.

Jup. O think not that: for you are ever new:
Your fruits of Love, are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes, where ſome are in the bud,
Some green, and ripening ſome, while others fall.
Alcm. Ay, now you tell me this,
When rous'd deſires, and freſh recruits of force,
Enable languiſh'd Love to take the field.
But never hope to be receiv'd again:
You wou'd again deny you were receiv'd;
And brand my ſpotleſs Fame.
Jup. I will not dare to juſtifie my Crime,
But only point you where to lay the blame:
Impute it to the Husband, not the Lover.
Alcm. How vainly wou'd the Sophiſter divide,
And make the Husband and the Lover, two!
Jup. Yes 'tis the Husband, is the guilty Wretch:
His Inſolence forgot the Sweets of Love,
And, deeming them his due, deſpis'd the Feaſt.
Not ſo the Famiſh'd Lover cou'd forget:
He knew he had been there, and had been bleſt,
Withall that Hope can wiſh, or Senſe can bear.
Alcm. Husband, and Lover, both alike I hate.
Jup. And I confeſs I have deſerv'd that hate: [*Kneeling.*
Too charming fair, I kneel for your forgiveneſs:
I beg by thoſe fair Eyes,
Which gave me wounds, that time can never cure;
Receive my Sorrows, and reſtore my Joys.
Alcm. Unkind, and cruel! I can ſpeak no more.
Jup. O give it vent *Alcmena*, give it vent;
I merit your reproach, I wou'd be curs'd:
Let your Tongue curſe me while your Heart forgives.
Alcm. Can I forget ſuch Uſage!
Jup. Can you hate me?
Alcm. I'll do my beſt: for ſure I ought to hate you.
Jup. That word was only hatch'd upon your Tongue,
It came not from your Heart. But try again,
And if, once more, you can but ſay, I hate you,
My Sword ſhall do you juſtice.
Alcm. Then I hate you.———
Jup. Then you pronounce the Sentence of my Death?
Alcm. I hate you, much; but yet I love you more.
Jup. To prove that Love, then ſay, that you forgive me:
For there remains but this Alternative:
Reſolve to pardon, or to puniſh me.
Alcm. Alas, what I reſolve appears too plain:
In ſaying that I cannot hate, I pardon.

Jup. But what's a Pardon worth, without a Seal?
Permit me, in this Tranſport of my Joy—— [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
Alcm. Forbear; I am offended with my ſelf,
That I have ſhewn this Weakneſs.——Let me go, { *Putting him gently away with her Hand.*
Where I may bluſh, alone.—— [*Going; and looking back on him.*
But come not you:
Leſt I ſhou'd ſpoil you, with exceſs of Fondneſs,
And let you love again. [*Exit* Alcmena.
Jup. Forbidding me to follow, ſhe invites me: [*Aſide.*
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex:
I gave 'em but one Tongue to ſay us nay;
And two kind Eyes, to grant. Be ſure that none [*To* Mercury.
Approach, to interrupt our privacy. [*Exit* Jupiter *after* Alcmena.

Mercury *and* Phædra *remain.*

Merc. Your Lady has made the Challenge of Reconciliation to my Lord: Here's a fair Example for us two, *Phædra.*

Phæd. No Example at all, *Soſia*: for my Lady had the Diamonds aforehand, and I have none of the Gold Goblet.

Merc. The Goblet ſhall be forth-coming; if thou wilt give me weight for weight.

Phæd. Yes and meaſure for meaſure too, *Soſia*: that is, for a Thimbleful of Gold, a Thimbleful of Love.

Merc. What think you now, *Phædra*? Here's a weighty Argument of Love for you. { *Pulling out the Goblet in a Caſe, from under his Cloak.*

Phæd. Now *Jupiter*, of his Mercy, let me kiſs thee, O thou dear Metal! { *Taking it in both Hands.*

Merc. And *Venus*, of her Mercy, let me kiſs thee, dear, dear *Phædra.*

Phæd. Not ſo faſt, *Soſia!* there's a damn'd Proverb in your way: *Many things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lips*, you know.

Merc. Why thou wilt not cheat me of my Goblet?

Phæd. Yes; as ſure as you wou'd cheat me of my Maiden-head: I am yet, but juſt even with you, for the laſt Trick you play'd me. And, beſides; this is but a bare Retaining Fee; you muſt give me another, before the Cauſe is open'd.

Merc. Shall I not come to your Bed-ſide, to Night.

Phæd. No, nor to Morrow-Night neither: but this ſhall be my Sweeet-heart in your place: 'tis a better Bed-fellow, and will keep me warmer, in cold Weather. [*Exit* Phædra.

Mercury *alone.*

Merc. Now, what's the God of Wit in a Woman's Hand? This very Goblet I ſtole from *Gripus*; and he got it out of Bribes too. But this is the common fate of ill gotten Goods, that as they came in by Covetouſneſs, they go out by Whoring.——Oh, here's *Amphitryon* again, but I'll manage him bove in the Balcony. [*Enter* Amphitryon. *Exit* Mercury.

Amph. Not one of thoſe I look'd for, to be found!
Has ſome Enchantment hid 'em from my ſight!
Perhaps, as *Soſia* ſays, 'tis Witchcraft all:
Seals may be open'd, Diamonds may be ſtol'n;
But how I came, in perſon, yeſterday,
And gave that Preſent to *Alcmena*'s hands,
That which I never gave, nor ever came,
O there's the Rock, on which my Reaſon ſplits:
Wou'd that were all! I fear my Honour, too!
I'll try her once again: She may be mad:
A wretched Remedy; but all I have,
To keep me from deſpair.

Mercury. This is no very charitable Action of a God, to uſe him ill, who has never offended me: but my Planet diſpoſes me to Malice: and when we great Perſons do but a little Miſchief, the World has a good bargain of us. [*From the Balcony*, (*Aſide*.

Amph. How now! what means the locking up of my Doors, at this time of day? [*Knocks*.

Merc. Softly, Friend, ſoftly: You knock as loud and as ſawcily, as a Lord's Footman, that was ſent before him, to warn the Family of his Honour's Viſit. Sure you think the Doors have no feeling! What the Devil are you, that rap with ſuch Authority?

Amph. Look out, and ſee: 'tis I.

Merc. You: What You?

Amph. No more, I ſay, but open.

Merc. I'll know to whom firſt?

Amph. I am one that can command the Doors open.

Merc. Then you had beſt command 'em, and try whether they will obey You.

Amph. Doſt thou not know me!

Merc. Prithee, how ſhou'd I know thee? Doſt thou take me for a Conjurer?

Amph. What's this Midſummer-Moon? Is all the World gone a madding? Why *Soſia*!

Merc. That's my Name indeed: Didſt thou think I had forgot it!

Amph. Doſt thou ſee me?

Merc. Why, doſt thou pretend to go inviſible? If thou haſt any buſineſs here, diſpatch it quickly; I have no leiſure to throw away upon ſuch pratling Companions.

Amph. Thy Companion, Slave? How dar'ſt thou uſe this inſolent Language to thy Maſter!

Merc. How! Thou my Maſter? By what Title? I never had any other Maſter, but *Amphitryon*.

Amph. Well: and for whom doſt thou take me?

Merc. For ſome Rogue or other; but what Rogue I know not.

Amph. Doſt thou not know me for *Amphitryon*, Slave!

Merc. How ſhou'd I know thee, when I ſee thou doſt not know thy ſelf! thou *Amphitryon*? In what Tavern haſt thou been? And how many Bottles did thy buſineſs, to metamorphoſe thee into my Lord?

Amph. I will ſo drub thee for this inſolence.

Merc. How now, Impudence! are you threatning your Betters! I ſhou'd bring you to condign puniſhment, but that I have a great reſpect for the good Wine, though I find it in a Fool's Noddle.

Amph. What, none to let me in? Why *Phædra!* *Bromia!*

Merc. Peace Fellow; if my Wife hear's thee, we are both undone. At a word, *Phædra* and *Bromia* are very buſie; one in making a Cawdle for my Lady? and the other in heating Napkins, to rub down my Lord, when he riſes from Bed.

Amph. Amazement ſeizes me.

Merc. At what art thou amaz'd? My Maſter and my Lady had a falling out, and are retir'd without Seconds, to decide the Quarrel. If thou wert not a meddleſome Fool, thou wou'dſt not be thruſting thy Noſe into other Peoples Matters. Get thee about thy buſineſs, if thou haſt any; for I'll hear no more of thee. [*Exit* Mercury *from above.*

Amph. Brav'd by my Slave, diſhonour'd by my Wife,
To what a deſp'rate plunge am I reduc'd,
If this be true the Villain ſays? But why
That feeble, If! It muſt be true; She owns it.]
Now, whether to conceal, or blaze th' Affront?
One way, I ſpread my infamy abroad;
And, t'other, hide a burning coal, within;
That preys upon my Vitals: I can fix
On nothing, but on Vengeance.

Enter to him Soſia, Polydas, Gripus, Tranio.

Gripus. Yonder he is; walking haſtily to and fro, before his door; like a Citizen, clapping his Sides before his Shop, in a froſty Morning: 'tis to catch a Stomach, I believe.

Soſ. I begin to be afraid, that he has more ſtomach to my Sides, and Shoulders, than to his own Victuals. How he ſhakes his head! and ſtamps, and what ſtrides he fetches! He's in one of his damn'd Moods again; I don't like the Looks of him.

Amph. Oh, my mannerly, fair-ſpoken, obedient Slave, are you there! I can reach you now, without climbing: Now we ſhall try who's drunk, and who's ſober.

Soſ. Why this is as it ſhou'd be: I was ſomewhat ſuſpicious that you were in a peſtilent humour; Yes, we will have a craſh at the Bottle, when your Lordſhip pleaſes: I have ſummon'd 'em, you ſee; and they are notable Topers; eſpecially Judge *Gripus*.

Grip. Yes, 'faith; I never refuſe my Glaſs, in a good Quarrel.

Amph. Why, thou inſolent Villain; I'll teach a Slave how to uſe his Maſter thus. [*To* Soſia.

Soſ. Here's a fine buſineſs towards! I am ſure I ran as faſt as ever my legs cou'd carry me, to call 'em: nay you may truſt my diligence, in all affairs belonging to the belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his Commiſſion, I'll bear him witneſs.

Amph. How can you be witneſs, where you were not preſent? the Balcony! Sirrah, the Balcony!

Soſ. Why, to my beſt remembrance, you never invited the Balcony.

Amph. What Nonſenſe doſt thou plead for an Excuſe, of thy foul language, and thy baſe replies!

Soſ. You fright a Man out of his ſenſes, firſt; and blame him, afterwards, for talking nonſenſe:——but 'tis better for me to talk nonſenſe, than for ſome to do nonſenſe: I will ſay that, what e're comes on't. Pray Sir, let all things be done decently: what, I hope, when a man is to be hang'd, he is not truſs'd upon the Gallows, like a dumb Dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amph. By your pardon, Gentlemen: I have no longer patience to forbear him.

Soſ. Juſtice, juſtice, my Lord *Gripus:* as you are a true Magiſtrate, protect me. Here's a proceſs of Beating going forward, without ſentence given.

Grip. My Lord *Amphitryon*, this muſt not be: Let me firſt underſtand the demerits of the Criminal.

Soſ. Hold you to that point, I beſeech your Honour, as you commiſerate the Caſe of a poor, innocent Malefactor.

Amph. To ſhut the door againſt me, in my very face, to deny me entrance, to brave me from the Balcony, to laugh at me, to threaten me: what proofs of Innocence call you theſe? but if I puniſh not this Inſolence——I beg you let me go—— [*Is going to beat him and is held by* Polydas *and* Tranio.

Soſ. I charge you in the King's name hold him faſt; for you ſee he's bloodily diſpos'd.

Grip. Now, what haſt thou to ſay for thy ſelf, *Soſia?*

Soſ. I ſay, in the firſt place, be ſure you hold him, Gentlemen: for I ſhall never plead worth one farthing, while I am bodily afraid.

Polyd. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Soſ. Then, if I may ſpeak boldly, under my Lord's favour, I do not ſay he lyes neither: no, I am too well bred for that: but his Lordſhip fibbs moſt abominably.

Amph. Do you hear his Impudence? yet will you not let me go?

Soſ. No Impudence at all, my Lord: for how cou'd I, naturally ſpeaking, be in the Balcony, and affronting you; when at the ſame time I was in every Street of *Thebes*, inviting theſe Gentlemen to Dinner?

Grip. Hold a little: How long ſince was it that he ſpoke to you, from the ſaid Balcony?

Amph. Juſt now; not a Minute before he brought you hither.

Soſ. Now ſpeak my Witneſſes.

Grip. I can anſwer for him, for this laſt half hour.

Polyd. And I.

Tran. And I.

Soſ. Now judge equitably, Gentlemen; whether I was not a civil well-bred perſon, to tell my Lord he ſibbs only.

Amph. Who gave you that order, to invite 'em?

Soſ. He that beſt might; your ſelf: by the ſame token, you bid old *Bromia* provide and 'twere for a God; and I put in for a brace, or a leaſe; no, now I think on't, it was for ten couple of Gods, to make ſure of plenty.

Amph. When did I give thee this pretended Commiſſion?

Soſ. Why you gave me this pretended Commiſſion, when you were juſt ready to give my Lady the Fiddles and a Dance; in order, as I ſuppoſe, to your ſecond bedding.

Amph. Where, in what place, did I give this order?

Soſ. Here, in this place; in the preſence of this very door, and of that Balcony: and if they cou'd ſpeak, they wou'd both juſtifie it.

Amph. O Heaven! theſe accidents are ſo ſurprizing, that the more I think of 'em, the more I am loſt in my imagination.

Grip. Nay, he has told us ſome paſſages, as he came along, that ſeem to ſurpaſs the power of Nature.

Soſ. What think you now, my Lord, of a certain twin Brother of mine, call'd *Soſia?* 'tis a ſly Youth: pray Heaven you have not juſt ſuch another Relation, within doors, call'd *Amphitryon.* It may be it was he, that put upon me, in your likeneſs: and perhaps he may have put ſomething upon your Lordſhip too, that may weigh heavy upon the forehead.

Amph. to thoſe who hold him. Let me go:——*Soſia* may be innocent, and I will not hurt him:——Open the door; I'll reſolve my doubts immediately.

Soſ. The door is peremptory, that it will not be open'd without Keys: and my Brother, on the inſide, is in poſſeſſion; and will not part with 'em.

Amph. Then 'tis manifeſt that I am affronted; break open the door there.

Grip. Stir not a man of you, to his aſſiſtance.

Amph. Doſt thou take part with my Adultreſs too, becauſe ſhe is thy Niece?

Grip. I take part with nothing, but the Law; and, to break the doors open, is to break the Law.

Amph. Do thou command 'em, then.

Grip. I command nothing without my Warrant; and my Clerk is not here to take his Fees for drawing it.

Amph. (*aſide.*) The Devil take all Juſtice-brokers:——I curſe him too when I have been hunting him all over the Town, to be my Witneſs!——But I'll bring Souldiers to force open the doors, by my own Commiſſion. [*Exit* Amphitryon.

Soſ. Pox o' theſe forms of Law, to defeat a man of a Dinner, when he's ſharp ſet: 'tis againſt the priviledge of a free-born Stomach; and is no leſs than ſubverſion of Fundamentals. [Jupiter *above in the Balcony.*

Jup. Oh, my Friends, I am ſorry I have made you wait ſo long: you are welcome; and the door ſhall be open'd to you immediately. [*Exit* Jupiter.

Grip. Was not that *Amphitryon?*

Soſ. Why, who ſhou'd it be elſe?

Grip. In all appearance it was he: but how got he thither?

Polyd. In ſuch a trice too!

Tran. And after he had juſt left us?

Grip. And ſo much alter'd, for the better, in his humour?

Soſ. Here's ſuch a company of fooliſh queſtions, when a man's a hungry: You had beſt ſtay dinner till he has prov'd himſelf to be *Amphrityon* in form of Law: But I'll make ſhort work of that buſineſs: for I'll take mine Oath 'tis he.

Grip. I ſhou'd be glad it were.

Soſ. How glad it were? with your damn'd Interrogatories, when you ought to be thankful, that ſo it is.

Grip. (*aſide*) That I may ſee my Miſtreſs *Phædra*, and preſent her with my great Gold Goblet.

Soſ. If this be not the true *Amphitryon*, I wiſh I may be kept without doors, faſting, and biting my own Fingers, for want of Victuals; and that's a dreadful Imprecation! I am for the inviting, and eating, and treating *Amphitryon*: I am ſure 'tis he is my lawfully begotten Lord: and if you had an Ounce of true juſtice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t'other *Amphitryon*, and committed him for a Rogue, and an Impoſtour, and a Vagabond.

[*The Door is open'd:* Mercury *from within.*

Merc. Enter quickly, Maſters: The Paſſage on the right-hand leads to the Gallery, where my Lord expects you:——for I am call'd another way.

[Gripus, Tranio, *and* Polydas *go into the Houſe.*

Soſ. I ſhou'd know that Voice, by a ſecret Inſtinct; 'tis a Tongue of my Family; and belongs to my Brother *Soſia*: it muſt be ſo; for it carries a cudgelling kind of ſound in it.——But put the worſt: let me weigh this matter wiſely: Here's a beating, and a belly-full: againſt no beating, and no belly-full. The beating is bad; but the dinner is good: now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good; but, not to fill my belly, is poſitively bad.——Upon the whole matter, my final reſolution is, to take the good and the bad as they come together [*Is entring:* Mercury *meets him at the Door.*

Merc. Whither now, you kitchen-ſkumm? From whence this Impudence, to enter here without permiſſion?

Soſ. Moſt Illuſtrious Sir: my Ticket is my hunger: ſhew the full Bowels of your Compaſſion, to the empty bowels of my famine.

Merc. Were you not charg'd to return no more? I'll cut you into quarters, and hang you upon the Shambles.

Soſ. You'll get but little credit by me: Alas, Sir, I am but meer Carrion! Brave *Soſia*, Compaſſionate Coward *Soſia*: and beat not thy ſelf in beating me.

Merc. Who gave you that privilege, Sirrah, to aſſume my Name? have you not been ſufficiently warn'd of it? and receiv'd part of puniſhment already?

Soſ. May it pleaſe you, Sir, the Name is big enough for both of us: and we may uſe it in common, like a Strumpet: witneſs heaven, that I wou'd have obey'd you, and quitted my Title to the Name; but where ever I come, the malicious World will call me *Soſia*, in ſpight me: I am ſenſible there are two *Amphitryons*; and why may not there be two *Soſia's*? Let thoſe two cut one anothers throats at their own pleaſure: but you and I will be wiſer, by my conſent, and hold good Intelligence together.

Merc. No, no: Two *Soſia's* wou'd but make two Fools.

Soſ. Then let me be the fool; and be you the prudent perſon: and chuſe for your ſelf ſome wiſer name: or you ſhall be the Elder Brother; and I'll be content to be the Younger; though I loſe my Inheritance.

Merc. I tell thee, I am the only Son of our Family.

Soſ. Then let me be your Baſtard Brother, and the Son of a Whore; I hope that's but reaſonable.

Merc. No, Thou ſhalt not diſgrace my Father: For there are few Baſtards now-a-days worth owning.

Soſ. Ah! Poor *Soſia!* What will become of thee?

Merc. Yet again profanely uſing my proper name?

Soſ. I did not mean my ſelf: I was thinking of another *Soſia*, a poor fellow, that was once of my acquaintance, unfortunately baniſh'd out of doors, when dinner was juſt coming upon the Table.

Enter Phædra.

Phæd. *Soſia*, you and I muſt——Bleſs me! What have we here, a Couple of you, or do I ſee double?

Soſ. I wou'd fain bring it about, that I might make one of 'em: But he's unreaſonable and will needs incorporate me, and ſwallow me whole into himſelf. If he wou'd be content to be but one and a half, 'twou'd never grieve me.

Merc. 'Tis a perverſe Raſcal: I kick him, and cudgel him to no purpoſe: for ſtill he's obſtinate to ſtick to me: and I can never beat him out of my reſemblance.

Phæd. Which of you two is *Soſia?* For t'other muſt be the Devil.

Soſ. You had beſt ask him that has play'd the Devil with my back and ſides.

Merc. You had beſt ask him who gave you the Gold Gobblet?

Phæd. No, that's already given: but he ſhall be my *Soſia*, that will give me ſuch another.

Merc. I find you have been Interloping, Sirrah.

Soſ. No, indeed, Sir; I only promis'd her a gold Thimble: which was as much as comes to my proportion of being *Soſia.*

Phæd. This is no *Soſia* for my money: beat him away t'other *Soſia:* he grows inſufferable.

Soſ. (*aſide.*) Wou'd I were valiant, that I might beat him away; and ſucceed him at the dinner; for a pragmatical Son of a Whore, as he is——

Merc. What's that you are muttering betwixt your Teeth, of a Son of a Whore, Sirrah?

Soſ. I am ſure I meant you no offence: for, if I am not *Soſia*, I am the Son of a Whore, for ought I know: and, if you are *Soſia*, you may be the Son of a Whore for ought you know.

Merc. What ever I am, I will be *Soſia* as long as I pleaſe: and whenever you viſit me, you ſhall be ſure of the civility of the Cudgel.

Soſ. If you will promiſe to beat me into the houſe, you may begin when you pleaſe with me: but, to be beaten out of the houſe, at dinner time, fleſh and blood can never bear it.

Mercury beats him about, and Soſia *is ſtill making towards the door: but Mercury gets betwixt; and at length drives him off the Stage.*

Phæd. In the name of wonder, what are you, that are *Soſia*, and are not *Soſia*?

Merc. If thou would'ſt know more of me, my perſon is freely at thy diſpoſing.

Phæd. Then I diſpoſe of it to you again: for 'tis ſo ugly, 'tis not for my uſe.

Merc. I can be ugly or handſom, as I pleaſe: go to bed old, and riſe young. I have ſo many Sutes of perſons by me, that I can ſhift 'em when I will.

Phæd. You are a Fool then, to put on your worſt Cloaths, when you come a wooing.

Merc. Go to: Ask no more queſtions; I am for thy turn; for I know thy heart: and ſee all thou haſt about thee.

Phæd. Then you can ſee my back-ſide too; there's a bargain for you——

Merc. In thy right pocket:----let me ſee:——three Love Letters from Judge *Gripus*, written to the bottom, on three ſides; full of fuſtian paſſion, and hearty nonſence: as alſo in the ſame Pocket, a Letter of thine intended to him; conſiſting of nine Lines and a half: ſcrawl'd and falſe ſpell'd, to ſhow thou art a Woman; and full of fraudulence, and equivocations, and ſhoeing-horns of Love to him; to promiſe much, and mean nothing; to ſhow, over and above, that thou art a meer Woman.

Phæd. Is the Devil in you, to ſee all this? Now for Heaven's ſake, do not look into t'other Pocket.——

Merc. Nay, there's nothing there, but a little godly Prayer-book, and——a bawdy Lampoon, and——

Phæd. (*Giving a great friſk.*)

Look no farther, I beſech you.——

Merc. And a Silver Spoon——

Phæd. (*Shrieking.*)——Ah!

Merc. Which you purloin'd laſt night from *Bromia.*

Phæd. Keep my Counſel, or I am undone for ever. *Holding up her hands to him.*

Merc. No, I'll Mortifie thee, now I have a handle to thy Iniquity, If thou wilt not love me.——

Phæd. Well, if you'll promiſe me to be ſecret, I will love you: becauſe indeed I dare doe no other.

Merc. 'Tis a good Girl; I will be ſecret; and further, I will be aſſiſting to thee in thy filching: for thou and I were born under the ſame Planet.

Phæd. And we ſhall come both to the ſame end too, I'm afraid.

Merc. No, no; ſince thou haſt wit enough already to cozen a Judge, thou need'ſt never fear hanging.

Phæd. And will you make your ſelf a younger man, and be handſome too: and rich? for you that know hearts, muſt needs know, that I ſhall never be conſtant to ſuch an ugly old *Soſia.*

Merc. Thou ſhalt know more of that another time: in the mean while, here's a caſt of my Office for thee.

He ſtamps upon the ground: ſome Dancers come from under-ground: and others from the ſides of the Stage: A Song, and a fantaſtick Dance.

Mercury's *SONG to* Phædra.

I.

F*Air* Iris *I love, and hourly I dye,*
But not for a Lip, nor a languiſhing Eye:
She's fickle and falſe, and there we agree;
For I am as falſe, and as fickle as ſhe:
We neither believe what either can ſay;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II.

'Tis civil to ſwear, and ſay things of courſe;
We mean not the taking for better for worſe.
When preſent, we love; when abſent, agree:
I think not of Iris, *nor* Iris *of me:*
The Legend of Love no Couple can find
So eaſie to part, or ſo equally join'd.

After, the Dance.

Phædra. This Power of yours makes me ſuſpect you for little better than a God; but if you are one, for more certainty, tell me what I am juſt now thinking.

Merc. Why, thou art thinking, let me ſee; for thou art a Woman, and your minds are ſo variable, that it's very hard even for a God to know them. But, to ſatisfie thee, thou art wiſhing, now, for the ſame Power I have exercis'd; that thou mighteſt ſtamp, like me; and have more Singers come up for another Song.

Phædra. Gad, I think the Devil's in you. Then I do ſtamp in ſome body's Name, but I know not whoſe; (*ſtamps*) Come up, Gentle-folks, from below; and ſing me a Paſtoral Dialogue, where the Woman may have the better of the Man; as we always have in Love matters. [*New Singers come up and ſing a Song.*

A Paſtoral Dialogue betwixt *Thyrſis* and *Iris.*

I.

Thyrſis. F*Air* Iris *and her Swain*
Were in a ſhady Bow'r;
Where Thyrſis *long in vain*
Had ſought the Shepherd's hour:
At length his Hand advancing upon her ſnowy Breaſt;
He ſaid, O kiſs me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
If you will make me Bleſt.

II.

Iris. *An eaſie yielding Maid,*
By truſting is undone;
Our Sex is oft betray'd,
By granting Love too ſoon.
If you deſire to gain me, your Suff'rings to redreſs;
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
Before you ſhall poſſeſs.

III.

Thyrſis. *The little Care you ſhow,*
of all my Sorrows paſt;
Makes Death appear too ſlow,
And Life too long to laſt.
Fair Iris *kiſs me kindly, in pity of my Fate;*
And kindly ſtill, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IV.

Iris. *You fondly Court your Bliſs,*
And no Advances make;
'Tis not for Maids to kiſs,
But 'tis for Men to take.
So you may Kiſs me kindly, and I will not rebell;
And kindly ſtill, and kindly,
But Kiſs me not and tell.

V.

A RONDEAU.

Chorus. *Thus at the height we love and live,*
And fear not to be poor:
We give, and give, and give, and give,
Till we can give no more:
But what to day will take away,
To morrow will reſtore.
Thus at the heighth we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.

Phædra. Adieu, I leave you to pay the Muſick: Hope well, Mr. Planett; there's a better Heav'n in ſtore for you: I ſay no more, but you can gueſs.

Mercury, alone.

Such Bargain-loves, as I with *Phædra* treat,
Are all the Leagues and Friendſhips of the Great:
All ſeek their Ends; and each wou'd other cheat.
They only ſeem to hate, and ſeem to love;
But Int'reſt is the point on which they move.
Their Friends are Foes; and Foes are Friends agen;
And, in their turns, are Knaves, and Honeſt men.
Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold:
'Tis who bids moſt; for all Men wou'd be ſold. [*Exit* Mercury.

ACT V.

Gripus, Phædra.

Gripus *has the Gobblet in his hand.*

Phæd. YOU will not be ſo baſe to take it from me?

Grip. 'Tis my proper Chattel: and I'll ſeize my own, in whatever hands I find it.

Phæd. You know I only ſhow'd it you to provoke your generoſity, that you might out-bid your Rival with a better Preſent.

Grip. My Rival is a Thief: and I'll indite you for a Receiver of Stoln Goods.

Phæd. Thou Hide-bound Lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary Miſtreſs!

Phæd. Thou moſt mercenary Magiſtrate!

Grip. Thou Seller of thy ſelf!

Phæd. Thou Seller of other People: thou Weather-cock of Government: that when the Wind blows for the Subject, point'ſt to Priviledge; and when it changes for the Soveraign, veers to Prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my Preſent?

Phæd. No: but I'll ſend thy Rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a Thief is Rival to his Judge, the Hangman will ſoon decide the difference. [*Exit* Phædra.

Enter Mercury, *with two Swords.*

Merc. Bowing.] Save your good Lordſhip.

Grip. From an impertinent Coxcomb: I am out of humour, and am in haſte: leave me.

Merc. 'Tis my duty to attend on your Lordſhip, and to eaſe you of that undecent Burden.

Grip. Gold was never any Burden, to one of my Profeſſion.

Merc. By your Lordſhip's permiſſion, *Phædra* has ſent me to take it from you.

Grip. What, by Violence?

Merc. Still bowing.] No; but by your Honour's permiſſion, I am to reſtore it to her, and perſwade your Lordſhip, to renounce your Pretenſions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one, nor t'other.

Merc. O my good Lord, I dare paſs my word for your free conſent to both.—Will your Honour be pleas'd to take your choice of one of theſe?

Grip. Why theſe are Swords: what have I to do with them?

Merc. Only to take your choice of one of them; which your Lordſhip pleaſes; and leave the other to your moſt Obedient Servant.

Grip. What, one of theſe ungodly Weapons? take notice, I'll lay you by the heels, Sirrah: this has the appearance of an unlawful bloody challenge.

Merc. You Magiſtrates are pleas'd to call it ſo, my Lord; but with us Swordmen, 'tis an honourable Invitation to the cutting of one anothers Throats.

Grip. Be anſwer'd; I have no Throat to cut. The Law ſhall decide our Controverſie.

Merc. By your permiſſion, my Lord; it muſt be diſpatch'd this way.

Grip. I'll ſee thee hang'd before I give thee any ſuch permiſſion, to diſpatch me into another World.

Merc. At the leaſt, my Lord, you have no occaſion to complain of my want of reſpect to you: you will neither reſtore the Gobblet, nor renounce *Phædra*: I offer you the Combat; you refuſe it: all this is done in the forms of honour: it follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own arbitrement; and I ſuppoſe, you are too honourable not to approve of my proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new ſort of Proceſs, that was never heard of in any of our Courts.

Merc. This, my good Lord, is Law in Short-hand, without your long Preambles, and tedious Repetitions, that ſignifie nothing, but to ſqueeze the Subject: therefore, with your Lordſhip's favour, I begin. [*Phillips him under the Chin.*

Grip. What's that for?

Merc. To give you an occaſion of returning me a box o'th' Ear: that ſo, all things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no anſwer, but ſuffer a Non-ſuit.

Merc. No, my Lord; for the Coſts and Charges are to be paid: will you pleaſe to reſtore the Cup?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Merc. Then from your Chin, I muſt aſcend to your Lordſhip's Ears.

Grip. Oh, oh. Oh, oh.—Wilt thou never leave lugging me by the Ears?

Merc. Not till your Lordſhip will be pleas'd to hear reaſon. [*Pulling again.*

Grip. Take the Cup; and the Devil give thee joy on't.

Merc. ſtill holding him.] And your Lordſhip will farther be graciouſly pleas'd to releaſe all claims, titles, and actions whatſoever to *Phædra*: You muſt give me leave to add one ſmall *memento*, for that too. [*Pulling him again.*

Grip. I renounce her, I releaſe her.

Enter Phædra.

Merc. to her.] *Phædra*; My Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious; without puſhing matters to extremity.

Phæd. I over heard it all: But give me Livery and Seiſin of the Gobblet, in the firſt place.

Merc. There's an Act of Oblivion ſhou'd be paſs'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember quarrels, when he dares; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verſes with him to the end of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon *and Guards.*

Amph. (to *Gripus.*) At the laſt I have got poſſeſſion without your Lordſhip's Warrant; *Phædra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no ſuch lying Meſſage: you are not here, and you cannot be here: for, to my knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber!

Amph. All of a piece, and all Witchcraft! Anſwer me preciſely; do'ſt thou not know me for *Amphitryon?*

Phæd. Anſwer me firſt: did you give me a Diamond, and a Purſe of Gold!

Amph. Thou know'ſt I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the ſame token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon*: if you are he, I am ſure I left you in bed with your own Wife: now you had beſt ſtretch out a leg; and feel about for a fair Lady.

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword; and kill the Sorcerer: Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me. [*To the Guards.*]

Phæd. I'll ſave you the labour; and call him down to confront you; if you dare attend him. [*Exit* Phædra.

Merc. (*aſide.*) Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can enchant no more; or elſe *Amphitryon* had not enter'd ſo eaſily. [Gripus *is ſtealing off.*]——Whither now, *Gripus?* I have buſineſs for you: if you offer to ſtir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, *follow'd by* Tranio *and* Polydas.

Jupit. Who dares to play the Maſter in my Houſe?
What noiſe is this, that calls me from above,
Invades my ſoft receſs, and privacy,
And, like a Tyde, breaks in upon my Love?
Amph. O Heav'ns, what's this I ſee?
Tran. What Prodigy!
Polyd. How, two *Amphitryons!*
Grip. I have beheld th' appearance of two Suns;
But ſtill the falſe was dimmer than the true;
Here, both ſhine out alike.
Amph. This is a ſight, that like the Gorgon's head,
Runs through my limbs, and ſtiffens me to Stone.
I need no more inquire into my fate:
For what I ſee, reſolves my doubts too plain.

Tran. Two drops of water, cannot be more like.

Polyd. They are two very ſame's.

Merc. (*aſide*) Our *Jupiter* is a great Commedian; he counterfeits moſt admirably: ſure his Prieſts have coppy'd their Hypocriſie from their Maſter.

Amph. Now, I am gather'd back into my ſelf,
My Heart beats high, and puſhes out the Blood [*Drawing his Sword*]
To give me juſt revenge on this Impoſtour. [*to the Guards.*]
If you are brave, aſſiſt me——not one ſtirs:
What are all brib'd to take th' Enchanters part?
'Tis true the work is mine; and thus.——
[*Going to ruſh upon* Jupiter; *and is held by* Tranio *and* Polydas.]

Polyd. It muſt not be.

Jupit. Give him his way: I dare the Madman's worſt:
But ſtill take notice, that it looks not like
The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out, at firſt
To brutal force: it ſhows he doubts his Cauſe,
Who dares not truſt his reaſon to defend it.

Amph. *ſtruggling.* Thou baſe Uſurper of my Name, and Bed;
No leſs than thy Hearts-blood can waſh away
Th' affronts I have ſuſtain'd.

Tranio. We muſt not ſuffer
So ſtrange a Duel as *Amphitryon*
To fight againſt himſelf.

Polyd. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your hands:
We know our duty to our General:
We know the tyes of Friendſhip to our Friend:
But who that Friend, or who that Gen'ral is,
Without more certain proofs betwixt you two,
Is hard to be diſtinguiſh'd, by our reaſon:
Impoſſible by ſight.

Amph. I know it; and have ſatisfy'd my ſelf:
I am the true *Amphitryon*.

Jupit. See again.
He ſhuns the certain proofs; and dares not ſtand
Impartial Judgment, and award of right.
But ſince *Alcmena*'s honour is concern'd,
Whom, more than Heav'n, and all the World, I love;
This, I propoſe, as equal to us both.
Tranio, and *Polydas*, be you Aſſiſtants,
The Guards be ready to ſecure th' Impoſtour,
When once ſo prov'd, for publick puniſhment;
And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cauſe

Amph. I am content: let him proceed to Examination.

Grip. (*aſide to Mercury*) On whoſe ſide wou'd you pleaſe that I ſhou'd give the Sentence?

Merc. (*aſide to him*) Follow thy Conſcience for once; but not to make a Cuſtom of it neither; nor to leave an evil precedent of uprightneſs to fu-

Enter Phædra.

Merc. to her.] *Phædra*; My Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious; without puſhing matters to extremity.

Phæd. I over-heard it all: But give me Livery and Seiſin of the Gobblet, in the firſt place.

Merc. There's an Act of Oblivion ſhou'd be paſs'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember quarrels, when he dares; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verſes with him to the end of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon *and Guards.*

Amph. (to *Gripus.*) At the laſt I have got poſſeſſion without your Lordſhip's Warrant; *Phædra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no ſuch lying Meſſage: you are not here, and you cannot be here: for, to my knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber!

Amph. All of a piece, and all Witchcraft! Anſwer me preciſely; do'ſt thou not know me for *Amphitryon?*

Phæd. Anſwer me firſt: did you give me a Diamond, and a Purſe of Gold!

Amph. Thou know'ſt I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the ſame token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon*: if you are he, I am ſure I left you in bed with your own Wife: now you had beſt ſtretch out a leg; and feel about for a fair Lady.

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword; and kill the Sorcerer: Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me. [*To the Guards.*]

Phæd. I'll ſave you the labour; and call him down to confront you; if you dare attend him. [*Exit* Phædra.

Merc. (*aſide.*) Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can enchant no more; or elſe *Amphitryon* had not enter'd ſo eaſily. [Gripus *is ſtealing off.*]——Whither now, *Gripus?* I have buſineſs for you: if you offer to ſtir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, *follow'd by* Tranio *and* Polydas.

Jupit. Who dares to play the Maſter in my Houſe?
What noiſe is this, that calls me from above,
Invades my ſoft receſs, and privacy,
And, like a Tyde, breaks in upon my Love?
Amph. O Heav'ns, what's this I ſee?
Tran. What Prodigy!
Polyd. How, two *Amphitryons!*
Grip. I have beheld th' appearance of two Suns;
But ſtill the falſe was dimmer than the true;
Here, both ſhine out alike.
Amph. This is a ſight, that like the Gorgon's head,
Runs through my limbs, and ſtiffens me to Stone.
I need no more inquire into my fate:
For what I ſee, reſolves my doubts too plain.

Tran. Two drops of water, cannot be more like.
Polyd. They are two very ſame's.
Merc. (*aſide*) Our *Jupiter* is a great Commedian; he counterfeits moſt admirably: ſure his Prieſts have coppy'd their Hypocriſie from their Maſter.

Amph. Now, I am gather'd back into my ſelf,
My Heart beats high, and puſhes out the Blood [*Drawing his Sword*]
To give me juſt revenge on this Impoſtour. [*to the Guards.*]
If you are brave, aſſiſt me——not one ſtirs:
What are all brib'd to take th' Enchanters part?
'Tis true the work is mine; and thus.——
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But ſtill take notice, that it looks not like
The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out, at firſt
To brutal force: it ſhows he doubts his Cauſe,
Who dares not truſt his reaſon to defend it.
Amph. ſtruggling. Thou baſe Uſurper of my Name, and Bed;
No leſs than thy Hearts-blood can waſh away
Th' affronts I have ſuſtain'd.
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Polyd. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your hands:
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But who that Friend, or who that Gen'ral is,
Without more certain proofs betwixt you two,
Is hard to be diſtinguiſh'd, by our reaſon:
Impoſſible by ſight.
Amph. I know it; and have ſatisfy'd my ſelf:
I am the true *Amphitryon*.
Jupit. See again.
He ſhuns the certain proofs; and dares not ſtand
Impartial Judgment, and award of right.
But ſince *Alcmena*'s honour is concern'd,
Whom, more than Heav'n, and all the World, I love;
This, I propoſe, as equal to us both.
Tranio, and *Polydas*, be you Aſſiſtants,
The Guards be ready to ſecure th'Impoſtour,
When once ſo prov'd, for publick puniſhment;
And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cauſe
Amph. I am content: let him proceed to Examination.

Grip. (*aſide to Mercury*) On whoſe ſide wou'd you pleaſe that I ſhou'd give the Sentence?
Merc. (*aſide to him*) Follow thy Conſcience for once; but not to make a Cuſtom of it neither; nor to leave an evil precedent of uprightneſs to future

ture Judges. (*Aſide*) 'Tis a good thing to have a Magiſtrate under Correction: Your old fornicating Judge, dare never give Sentence againſt him that knows his haunts.

Polyd. Your Lordſhip knows I was Maſter of *Amphitryon*'s Ship; and deſire to know of him, what paſs'd in private betwixt us two, at his Landing when he was juſt ready to engage the Enemy?

Grip. Let the true *Amphitryon* anſwer firſt.——

Jupit. & Amph. together.] My Lord I told him.——

Grip. Peace both of you:——'Tis a plain Caſe they are both true; for they both ſpeak together: but for more certainty, let the falſe *Amphitryon* ſpeak firſt.

Merc. Now they are both ſilent.——

Grip. Then it's as plain on t'other ſide, that they are both falſe *Amphitryons.*

Merc. Which *Amphitryon* ſhall ſpeak firſt?

Grip. Let the Cholerick *Amphitryon* ſpeak; and let the peaceable hold his peace.

Amph. to Polydas.] You may remember that I whiſper'd you, not to part from the Stern, one ſingle Moment.

Polyd. You did ſo.

Grip. No more words then; I proceed to Sentence.

Jupit. 'Twas I that whiſper'd him; and he may remember I gave him this reaſon for it; That if our Men were beaten, I might ſecure my own retreat.

Polyd. You did ſo.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tranio. You know I was Pay-maſter: What directions did you give me the night before the Battle?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou ſpeaking?

Merc. (*aſide*) It ſhou'd be a double U: but they have no ſuch letter in their Tongue.

Amph. I order'd you to take particular care of the great Bag.

Grip. Why this is demonſtration.

Jupit. The Bag that I recommended to you, was of Tygers skin; and mark'd *Beta.*

Grip. In ſadneſs I think they are both Jugglers: Here's nothing, and here's nothing: and then *hiccius doccius,* and they are both here again.

Tran. You peaceable *Amphitryon,* what Money was there in that Bag?

Jupit. The Summ in groſs, amounted juſt to fifty Attick Talents.

Tran. To a farthing?

Grip. Paugh: obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thouſand pieces of Gold were ty'd up in a Handkerchief by themſelves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jupit. But the reſt was not all Silver; for there were juſt four thouſand Braſs half-pence.

Grip. Being but Braſs, the proof is inconſiderable: if they had been Silver, it had gone on your ſide.

Amph. to Jupit.] Death and Hell, you will not perſwade me that I did not kill *Pterelas*?

Jupit.

Jupitor. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy *Alcmena*?
Amph. That laſt was poyſon to me.——(*Aſide.*)
Yet there's one proof thou canſt not counterfeit:
In killing *Pterelas*, I had a Wound
Full in the brawny part of my right Arm:
Where ſtill the Scar remains: now bluſh, Impoſtour;
For this thou canſt not ſhow.
[*Bares his Arm; and ſhows the Scar, which they all look on.*

Omnes. This is the true *Amphitryon.*

Jupit. May your Lordſhip pleaſe.——

Grip. No, Sirrah, it does not pleaſe me: hold your tongue, I charge you; for the Caſe is manifeſt.

Jupit. By your favour then, this ſhall ſpeak for me. {*Bares his Arm; and ſhows it.*

Tran. 'Tis juſt in the ſame Muſcle.

Polyd. Of the ſame length and breadth; and the Scar of the ſame blewiſh colour.

Grip. to Jupit.] Did not I charge you not to ſpeak? 'twas plain enough before: and now you have puzzled it again.

Amph. Good Gods, how can this be!

Grip. For certain there was but one *Pterelas*; and he muſt have been in the Plot againſt himſelf too: for he was kill'd firſt by one of them; and then riſe again out of reſpect to t'other *Amphitryon*, to be kill'd twice over.

Enter Alcmena, Phædra, *and* Bromia.

Alcm. turning to Phæd. and Brom. } No more of this; it ſounds impoſſible
That two ſhou'd be ſo like, no difference found.
Phæd. You'll find it true.
Alcm. Then where's *Alcmena*'s honour and her fame?
Farewell my needleſs fear; it cannot be:
This is a Caſe too nice for vulgar ſight:
But let me come; my Heart will guide my Eyes
To point and tremble to its proper choice.
[*Seeing* Amphitryon, *goes to him.*]
There neither was, nor is, but one *Amphitryon*;
And I am only his——[*Goes to take him by the Hand.*
Amph. puſhing her away from him. } Away, Adultreſs!
Jupit. My gentle Love: my Treaſure and my Joy;
Follow no more, that falſe and fooliſh Fire,
That wou'd miſlead thy Fame to ſure Deſtruction!
Look on thy better Husband, and thy Friend,
Who will not leave thee lyable to ſcorn,
But vindicate thy Honour from that Wretch
Who wou'd by baſe aſperſions blot thy vertue.
Alcm. going to him, who embraces her. } I was indeed miſtaken; thou art he!
Thy Words, thy Thoughts, thy Soul is all *Amphitryon.*

Th'Impoſtour has thy Features, not thy Mind;
The Face might have deceiv'd me in my choice
Thy kindneſs is a guide that cannot err.

Amph. What in my preſence to prefer the Villain!
O execrable cheat! I break the truce;
And will no more attend your vain deciſions;
To this——and to the Gods I'll truſt my cauſe.
[*Is ruſhing upon* Jupiter, *and is held again.*

Jupit. Poor Man; how I contemn thoſe Idle threats!
Were I diſpos'd, thou might'ſt as ſafely meet
The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of *Jove*:)
(Nor *Jove* need bluſh to be *Alcmena*'s Champion)
But in the Face of *Thebes* ſhe ſhall be clear'd:
And what I am, and what thou art, be known.
Attend, and I will bring convincing proof.

Amph. Thou wou'dſt elude my Juſtice, and eſcape;
But I will follow thee, through Earth, and Seas;
Nor Hell ſhall hide thee, from my juſt revenge.

Jupit. I'll ſpare thy pains: it ſhall be quickly ſeen,
Betwixt us two, who ſeeks and who avoids.——
Come in my Friends: and thou who ſeem'ſt *Amphitryon*;
That all who are in doubt may know the true.

Jupiter *re-enters the Houſe: with him* Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polydas, Tranio, *and Guards.*

Merc. to Grip. and Brom. who are following. Thou *Gripus*, and you *Bromia*; ſtay with *Phædra*:
Let their Affairs alone, and mind we ours:
Amphitryon's Rival ſhall appear a God:
But know before-hand, I am *Mercury*;
Who want not Heav'n, while *Phædra* is on Earth.

Brom. But, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip, is my Fellow *Phædra* to be exalted into the Heav'ns, and made a Star?

Phæd. When that comes to paſs, if you Look up a-nights, I ſhall remember old kindneſs, and vouchſafe to twinkle on you.

Enter Soſia, *peeping about him: and ſeeing* Mercury, *is ſtarting back.*

Soſ. Here he is again; and there's no paſſing by him into the Houſe, unleſs I were a Spright, to glide in through the Key-hole.——I am to be a Vagabond I find.

Merc. *Soſia*, come back.

Soſ. No I thank you; you may whiſtle me long enough; a beaten Dog has always the wit to avoid his Maſter.

Merc. I permit thee to be *Soſia* again.

Soſ. 'Tis an unfortunate Name, and I abandon it: he that has an itch to be beaten, let him take it up for *Soſia*;——What have I ſaid now! I mean for me; for I neither am nor will be *Soſia*.

Merc. But thou may'ſt be ſo in ſafety: for I have acknowledg'd my ſelf to be God *Mercury*.

Soſ. You may be a God, for ought I know; but the Devil take me if ever I worſhip you; for an unmerciful Deity, as you are.

Merc. You ought to take it for an honour to be drubb'd by the hand of a Divinity.

Soſ. I am your moſt humble Servant, good Mr. God; but by the faith of a Mortal, I cou'd well have ſpar'd the honour that you did me. But how ſhall I be ſure that you will never aſſume my ſhape again?

Merc. Becauſe I am weary of wearing ſo villanous an outſide.

Soſ. Well, well; as villanous as it is, here's old *Bromia* will be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am ſure that I may chaſtiſe you ſafely: and that there's no God, lurking under your appearance.

Soſ. Ay; but you had beſt take heed how you attempt it: for as *Mercury* has turn'd himſelf into me, ſo I may take the toy into my head, to turn my ſelf into *Mercury*, that I may ſwinge you off, condignly.

Merc. In the mean time, be all my Witneſſes, that I take *Phædra* for my Wife of the left hand; that is, in the nature of a lawful Concubine.

Phæd. You ſhall pardon me for believing you, for all you are a God: for you have a terrible ill name below: and I am afraid you'll get a Footman, inſtead of a Prieſt, to Marry us.

Merc. But here's *Gripus* ſhall draw up Articles betwixt us.

Phæd. But he's damnably us'd to falſe Conveyancing:——Well, be it ſo: for my Counſel ſhall over-look 'em before I Sign: Come on, *Gripus*; that I may have him under black and white. [*Here* Gripus *gets ready Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Merc. With all my heart; that I may have thee under black and white hereafter.

Phæd. to Gripus.] Begin, begin; Heads of Articles to be made, *&c.* betwixt *Mercury*, God of Thieves——

Merc. And *Phædra*, Queen of Gypſies.——*Imprimis*, I promiſe to buy and ſettle upon her an Eſtate, containing Nine thouſand Acres of Land, in any part of *Bœotia*, to her own liking.

Phæd. Provided always, that no part of the ſaid Nine thouſand Acres ſhall be upon, or adjoyning to Mount *Parnaſſus*: for I will not be fobb'd off with a Poetical Eſtate.

Merc. *Memorandum*, that ſhe be always conſtant to me; and admit no other Lover.

Phæd. *Memorandum*, unleſs it be a Lover that offers more: and that the Conſtancy ſhall not exceed the Settlement.

Merc. *Item*, that ſhe ſhall keep no Male Servants in her Houſe: *Item*, no Rival Lap-Dog for a Bedfellow: *Item*, that ſhe ſhall never pray to any of the Gods.

Phæd. What, wou'd you have me an Atheiſt?

Merc. No Devotion to any He-Deity, good *Phædra*.

Brom. Here's no proviſion made for Children yet.

Phæd. Well remember'd, *Bromia:* I bargain that my Eldeſt Son ſhall be a Hero, and my Eldeſt Daughter a King's Miſtreſs.

Merc. That is to ſay, a Blockhead, and a Harlot, *Phædra.*

Phæd. That's true; but who dares call 'em ſo? Then for the Younger Children:——but now I think on't, we'll have no more, but Maſs and Miſs; for the reſt wou'd be but chargeable, and a burden to the Nation.

Merc. Yes, yes; the Second ſhall be a Falſe Prophet: he ſhall have Wit enough to ſet up a new Religion: and too much Wit to die a Martyr for it.

Phæd. O what had I forgot? there's Pin-money, and Ali-money, and Seperate maintenance, and a thouſand things more to be conſider'd; that are all to be tack'd to this Act of Settlement.

Soſ. I am a Fool, I muſt confeſs; but yet I can ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as the beſt of you: I have obſerv'd that you Women-Wits are commonly ſo quick upon the ſcent, that you often over-run it: Now I wou'd ask of Madam *Phædra*, that in caſe Mr. Heaven there, ſhou'd be pleas'd to break theſe Articles, in what Court of Judicature ſhe intends to ſue him?

Phæd. The fool has hit upon't:——Gods, and great Men, are never to be ſued; for they can always plead priviledge of Peerage: and therefore for once, Mounſieur, I'll take your word; for as long as you love me you'll be ſure to keep it: and in the mean time I ſhall be gaining experience how to manage ſome rich Cully; for no Woman ever made her Fortune by a Wit.

It Thunders; and the Company within doors: Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polydas, *and* Tranio, *all come running out, and joyn with the reſt, who were on the Theatre before.*

Amph. Sure 'tis ſome God: he vaniſh'd from our ſight,
And told us, we ſhou'd ſee him ſoon return.
Alcm. I know not what to hope, nor what to fear.
A ſimple Error, is a real Crime;
And unconſenting Innocence is loſt.

A ſecond Peal of Thunder. After which, Jupiter *appears in a Machine.*

Jupit. Look up, *Amphitryon*, and behold above,
Th' Impoſtour God, the Rival of thy Love:
In thy own ſhape, ſee *Jupiter* appear,
And let that ſight, ſecure thy jealous fear.
Diſgrace, and Infamy, are turn'd to boaſt:
No Fame, in *Jove*'s Concurrence can be loſt:
What he enjoys, he ſanctifies from Vice;
And by partaking, ſtamps into a price.
'Tis I, who ought to murmur at my Fate;
Forc'd by my Love, my Godhead to tranſlate;
When on no other terms I cou'd poſſeſs,
But by thy form, thy features, and thy dreſs;
To thee were giv'n the Bleſſings that I ſought,
Which elſe, not all the bribes of Heav'n had bought.

Then take into thy Arms thy envy'd Love;
And, in his own deſpight, triumph o'er *Jove.*

Merc. *(aſide.)* *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, both ſtand mute, and know not how to take it,

Soſia. *(aſide.)* Our Soveraign Lord *Jupiter* is a ſly Companion; he knows how to gild a bitter Pill.

Jupit. From this auſpicious Night, ſhall riſe an Heir,
Great, like his Sire, and like his Mother, fair:
Wrongs to redreſs, and Tyrants to diſſeize;
Born for a World, that wants a *Hercules.*
Monſters, and Monſter-men he ſhall ingage,
And toil, and ſtruggle, through an Impious Age.
Peace to his Labours, ſhall at length ſucceed;
And murm'ring Men, unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell'd to Happineſs, by need.
[Jupiter *is carry'd back to Heaven.*

Omnes. We all Congratulate *Amphitryon.*

Merc. Keep your Congratulations to your ſelves, Gentlemen: 'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the leſs that is ſaid of it, the better. Upon the whole matter, if *Amphitryon* takes the favour of *Jupiter* in patience, as from a God, he's a good Heathen.

Soſia. I muſt take a little extraordinary pains to night, that my Spouſe may come even with her Lady, and produce a Squire to attend on young *Hercules*, when he goes out to ſeek Adventures; that when his Maſter kills a Man, he may ſtand ready to pick his Pockets; and piouſly relieve his Aged Parents. Ah, *Bromia*, *Bromia*; if thou hadſt been as handſome and as young as *Phædra*; I ſay no more, but ſome-body might have made his Fortunes as well as his Maſter, and never the worſe Man neither.

For, let the wicked World ſay what they pleaſe,
The fair Wife makes her Husband live at eaſe:
The Lover keeps him too; and but receives
Like *Jove*, the remnants that *Amphitryon* leaves:
'Tis true, the Lady has enough in ſtore,
To ſatisfie thoſe two, and eke, two more:
In fine, the Man, who weighs the matter fully,
Wou'd rather be the Cuckold, than the Cully.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Phædra.* Mrs. *Mountfort.*

I'M thinking, (and it almoſt makes me mad,)
How ſweet a time thoſe Heathen Ladies had.
Idolatry, was even their Gods own Trade;
They Worſhipt the fine Creatures they had made.
Cupid, *was chief of all the Deities;*
And Love was all the faſhion, in the Skies.
When the ſweet Nymph, held up the Lilly hand,
Jove *was her humble Servant, at Command.*
The Treaſury of Heav'n was ne're ſo bare,
But ſtill there was a Penſion for the Fair,
In all his Reign, Adultry was no Sin;
For Jove, *the good Example did begin.*
Mark, too, when he uſurp'd the Husband's name,
How civilly he ſav'd the Lady's fame.
The ſecret Joys of Love, he wiſely hid;
But you, Sirs, boaſt of more, than e'er you did.
You teize your Cuckolds; to their face torment 'em.
But Jove *gave his, new Honours to content 'em.*
And, in the kind remembrance of the Fair,
On each exalted Son, beſtow'd a Star.
For thoſe good deeds, as by the date appears,
His Godſhip, flouriſh'd full Two thouſand Years.
At laſt, when He and all his Prieſts grew old,
The Ladies grew in their Devotion cold;
And, that falſe Worſhip wou'd no longer hold.

Severity of Life did next begin;
(And always does, when we no more can Sin.)
That Doctrine, too, ſo hard, in Practice, lyes,
That, the next Age may ſee another riſe.
Then, Pagan Gods, may, once again, ſucceed;
And Jove, *or* Mars, *be ready, at our need,*
To get young Godlings; and, ſo, mend our breed.

FINIS.

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The Britiſh Worthy.

A *Dramatick*

OPERA.

Performed at the *QUEEN*'s Theatre
By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

——Heic alta Theatris
Fundamenta locant: Scenis decora alta futuris. Virg. Æneid. 1.
Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni. Georg. 3 10.
——Tanton' placuit concurrere motu. Æneid. 1.
Jupiter, æternâ Genteis in pace futuras?
Et Celebrare Domeſtica facta. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head*, near the
Inner-Temple-Gate in *Fleetſtreet.* 1695.

To the MARQUISS of HALLIFAX.

My *LORD*,

THIS Poem was the laſt Piece of Service, which I had the Honour to do, for my Gracious Maſter, King CHARLES the Second: And though he liv'd not to ſee the Performance of it, on the Stage; yet the PROLOGUE to it, which was the *Opera* of *Albion* and *Albanius*, was often practis'd before Him at *Whitehall*, and encourag'd by His Royal Approbation. It was indeed a Time, which was proper for Triumph, when he had overcome all thoſe Difficulties which for ſome Years had perplex'd His Peaceful Reign: But when He had juſt reſtor'd His People to their Senſes, and made the latter End of His Government, of a Piece with the Happy Beginning of it, He was on the ſuddain ſnatch'd away, from the Bleſſings and Acclamations of His Subjects, who arriv'd ſo late to the Knowledge of Him, that they had but juſt time enough to deſire Him longer, before they were to part with Him for ever. Peace be with the Aſhes of ſo Good a King! Let His Humane Frailties be forgotten; and His Clemency and Moderation (the inherent Virtues of His Family) be remembred with a Grateful Veneration by Three Kingdoms, through which He ſpread the Bleſſings of them. And, as your Lordſhip held a principal Place in his Eſteem, and perhaps the firſt in His Affection, during His latter Troubles; the Succeſs, which accompanied thoſe prudent Counſels, cannot but reflect an Honour on thoſe few who manag'd them; and wrought out, by their Faithfulneſs and Diligence, the Publick Safety. I might dilate on the Difficulties which attended that Undertaking, the Temper of the People, the Power, Arts and Intereſt of the contrary Party, but thoſe are all of them Invidious Topicks; they are too green in our Remembrance; and he who touches on them, *Incedit per Ignes, ſuppoſitos cineri doloſo*. But without reproaching one ſide to praiſe another, I may juſtly recommend to both, thoſe wholſom Counſels, which wiſely adminiſtred, and as well executed, were the Means of preventing a Civil War, and of extinguiſhing a growing Fire which was juſt ready to have broken forth among us. So many Wives, who have yet their Husbands in their Arms; ſo many Parents, who have not the Number of their Children leſſen'd; ſo many Villages, Towns and Cities, whoſe Inhabitants are not decreas'd, their Property violated, or their Wealth diminiſh'd, are yet owing to the ſober Conduct, and happy Reſults of your Advice. If a true Account may be expected by future Ages, from the preſent, your Lordſhip will be delivered over to Poſterity, in a fairer Character than I have given: And be read, not in the Preface of a Play, (whoſe Author is not vain enough to promiſe Immortality to others, or to hope it for himſelf) but in many Pages of a Chronicle, fill'd with Praiſes of your Adminiſtration. For if Writers be juſt to the Memory of King *CHARLES* the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact Knower of Mankind, and a perfect Diſtinguiſher of their Talents. 'Tis true, his Neceſſities often forc'd him to vary his Councellours and Councils, and ſometimes to imploy ſuch Perſons in the Management of his Affairs, who were rather fit for his preſent purpoſe, than ſatisfactory to his Judgment: But where it was Choice in him, not Compulſion, he was Maſter of too much good Senſe to delight in heavy Converſation; and whatever his Favourites of State might be, yet thoſe of his Affection, were Men of Wit. He was eaſie with theſe; and comply'd only with the former: But in the latter part of his Life, which certainly requir'd to be moſt cautiouſly manag'd, his ſecret Thoughts were communicated but to few; and thoſe ſelected of that ſort, who were *Amici omnium Horarum*, able to adviſe him in a ſerious Conſult, where his Honour and Safety were concern'd; and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleaſant Diſcourſe, as well as profitable. In this Matureſt part of his Age, when he had been long ſeaſon'd with Difficulties and Dangers, and was grown to a Niceneſs in his Choice, as being ſatisfied how few cou'd be truſted; and, of thoſe who cou'd be truſted, how few cou'd ſerve him, he confined himſelf to a ſmall Number of Boſom Friends; amongſt whom, the World is much miſtaken, if your Lordſhip was not firſt.

If the Rewards which you receiv'd for thoſe Services, were only Honours, it rather ſhew'd the Neceſſities of the Times, than any want of Kindneſs in your Royal Maſter: And as the Splendour of your Fortune ſtood not in need of being ſupported by the Crown, ſo likewiſe in being ſatisfied without other Recompence, you ſhow'd your ſelf to be above a Mercenary Intereſt; and ſtrengthen'd that Power, which beſtowed thoſe Titles on you: Which, truly ſpeaking, were Marks of Acknowledgment more than Favour.

But, as a Skilful Pilot will not be tempted out to Sea, in ſuſpected Weather, ſo have you wiſely choſen to withdraw your ſelf from publick Buſineſs, when the Face of Heaven grew troubled; and the frequent ſhifting of the Winds foreſhew'd a Storm: There are Times and Seaſons when the beſt Patriots are willing to withdraw their Hands from the Commonwealth; as *Phocion* in his latter Days was obſerv'd to decline the Management of Affairs: Or, as *Cicero*, (to draw the Similitude more home) left the Pulpit, for *Tuſculum*, and the praiſe of Oratory, for the ſweet Enjoyments of a private Life. And, in the Happineſs of thoſe Retirements, has more oblig'd Poſterity by his *Moral Precepts*, than he did the Republick, in quelling the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*. What prudent Man, wou'd not rather follow the Example of his Retreat, than ſtay like *Cato*, with a ſtubborn unſeaſonable Virtue, to oppoſe the Torrent of the People, and at laſt be driven from the Market-place by a Riot of a Multitude, uncapable of Counſel, and deaf to Eloquence? There is likewiſe a Portion of our Lives, which every Wiſe Man may juſtly reſerve to his own peculiar uſe, and that without defrauding his Native Country. A Roman Souldier was allow'd to plead the Merit of his Services for his diſmiſſion at ſuch an Age; and there was but one Exception to that Rule, which was, an Invaſion from the *Gauls*. How far that may work with your Lordſhip, I am not certain; but I hope it is not coming to the Trial.

In the mean time, while the Nation is ſecur'd from Foreign Attempts, by ſo powerful a Fleet, and we enjoy not only the Happineſs, but even the Ornaments of Peace, in the Divertiſement of the Town, I humbly offer you this Trifle, which if it ſucceed upon the Stage, is like to be the chiefeſt Entertainment of our Ladies and Gentlemen this Summer. When I wrote it, ſeven Years ago, I employ'd ſome reading about it, to inform my ſelf out of *Beda*, *Bochartus*, and other Authors, concerning the Rites and Cuſtoms of the Heathen Saxons; as I alſo us'd the little Skill I have in Poetry to adorn it. But not to offend the preſent Times, nor a Government which has hitherto protected me, I have been oblig'd ſo much to alter the firſt Deſign, and take away ſo many Beauties from the Writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the preſent Ship of the *Royal Sovereign*, after ſo often taking down, and altering, to the Veſſel it was at the firſt Building. There is nothing better, than what I intended, but the Muſick; which has ſince arriv'd to a greater Perfection in *England*, than ever formerly; eſpecially paſſing through the Artful Hands of Mr. *Purcel*, who has Compos'd it with ſo great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging Audience. But the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Muſick, are ſometimes ſo contrary, that in many places I have been oblig'd to cramp my Verſes, and make them rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the Hearer: Of which I have no Reaſon to repent me, becauſe theſe ſorts of Entertainment are principally deſign'd for the Ear and Eye; and therefore in Reaſon my Art, on this

occcaſion,

occaſion, ought to be ſubſervient to his. And beſides, I flatter my ſelf with an Imagination, that a Judicious Audience will eaſily diſtinguiſh betwixt the Songs, wherein I have comply'd with him, and thoſe in which I have followed the Rules of Poetry, in the Sound and Cadence of the Words. Notwithſtanding all theſe Diſadvantages, there is ſomewhat ſtill remaining of the firſt Spirit with which I wrote it: And, though I can only ſpeak by gheſs, of what pleas'd my firſt and beſt Patroneſs the Dutcheſs of *Monmouth* in the reading, yet I will venture my Opinion, by the knowledge I have long had of her Grace's Excellent Judgment, and true taſte of Poetry, that the parts of the Airy and Earthy Spirits, and that Fairy kind of writing, which depends only upon the Force of Imagination, were the Grounds of her liking the Poem, and afterwards of her Recommending it to the Queen. I have likewiſe had the ſatisfaction to hear, that Her Majeſty has Graciouſly been pleas'd to peruſe the Manuſcript of this *Opera*, and given it Her Royal Approbation. Poets, who ſubſiſt not but on the Favour of Sovereign Princes, and of great Perſons, may have leave to be a little vain, and boaſt of their Patronage, who encourage the Genius that animates them. And therefore I will again preſume to gheſs, that Her Majeſty was not diſpleas'd to find in this Poem the Praiſes of Her Native Country; and the Heroick Actions of ſo famous a Predeceſſor in the Government of *Great Britain*, as King *Arthur*.

All this, My Lord, I muſt confeſs, looks with a kind of Inſinuation, that I preſent you with ſomewhat not unworthy your Protection: But I may eaſily miſtake the Favour of Her Majeſty for Her Judgment: I think I cannot be deceiv'd in thus addreſſing to your Lordſhip, whom I have had the Honour to know, at that diſtance which becomes me, for ſo many Years. 'Tis true, that formerly I have ſhadow'd ſome part of your Virtues, under another Name; but the Character, though ſhort and imperfect, was ſo true, that it broke through the Fable, and was diſcover'd by its Native Light. What I pretend by this Dedication, is an Honour which I do my ſelf to Poſterity, by acquainting them that I have been converſant with the firſt Perſons of the Age in which I liv'd; and thereby perpetuate my Proſe, when my Verſes may poſſibly be forgotten, or obſcur'd by the Fame of Future Poets. Which Ambition, amongſt my other Faults and Imperfections, be pleaſed to pardon, in

My LORD,

Your Lordſhips moſt Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

Prologue to the OPERA,

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

SUre there's a Dearth of Wit in this dull Town,
When ſilly Plays ſo ſavourly go down:
As when Clipp'd Money paſſes, 'tis a ſign
A Nation is not over-ſtock'd with Coin.
Happy is he, who, in his own Defence,
Can Write juſt level to your humble Sence;
Who higher than your Pitch can never go;
And doubtleſs, he muſt creep, who Writes below.
So have I ſeen in Hall of Knight, or Lord,
A weak Arm, throw on a long Shovel-Board,
He barely lays his Piece, bar Rubs and Knocks,
Secur'd by Weakneſs not to reach the Box.
A Feeble Poet will his Bus'neſs do;
Who ſtraining all he can, comes up to you:
For if you like your Selves, you like him too.
An Ape his own Dear Image will embrace;
An ugly Beau *adores a Hatchet Face:*
So ſome of you, on pure inſtinct of Nature,
Are led, by Kind, t' admire your fellow Creature.
In fear of which, our Houſe has ſent this Day,
T' inſure our New-Built-Veſſel, call'd a Play.
No ſooner Nam'd than one crys out, Theſe Stagers
Come in good time, to make more Work for Wagers.
The Town divides, if it will take, or no;
The Courtiers Bet, the Cits, the Merchants too;
A ſign they have but little elſe to do.
Betts, at the firſt, were Fool-Traps; where the Wiſe
Like Spiders, lay in Ambuſh for the Flies:
But now they're grown a common Trade for all,
And Actions, by the News-Book, Riſe and Fall.
Wits, Cheats, and Fops, are free of Wager-Hall.
One Policy, as far as Lyons *carries;*
Another, nearer home ſets up for Paris.
Our Betts, at laſt, wou'd ev'n to Rome *extend,*
But that the Pope has prov'd our Truſty Friend.
Indeed, it were a Bargain, worth our Money,
Cou'd we inſure another Ottobuoni.

Among the reſt, there are a ſharping Sett,
That Pray for us, and yet againſt us Bett:
Sure Heav'n it ſelf, is at a loſs to know,
If theſe wou'd have their Pray'rs be heard, or no:
For in great Stakes, we piouſly ſuppoſe,
Men Pray but very faintly they may loſe.
Leave off theſe Wagers; for in Conſcience Speaking,
The City needs not your new Tricks for breaking:
And if you Gallants loſe, to all appearing
You'll want an Equipage for Volunteering;
While thus, no Spark of Honour left within ye,
When you ſhou'd draw the Sword, you draw the Guinea.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King *Arthur.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Oſwald, King of *Kent*, a Saxon and a Heathen.	Mr. *Williams.*
Conon, Duke of *Cornwal*, Tributary to King *Arthur.*	Mr. *Hodgſon.*
Merlin, a famous Inchanter.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Oſmond, a Saxon Magician, and a Heathen.	Mr. *Sandford.*
Aurelius, Friend to *Arthur.*	Mr. *Alexander.*
Albanact, Captain of *Arthur*'s Guards.	Mr. *Bowen.*
Guillamar, Friend to *Oſwald.*	Mr. *Harris.*
WOMEN.	
Emmeline, Daughter of *Conon.*	Mrs. *Bracegird.*
Matilda, her Attendant.	Mrs. *Richardſon.*
Philidel, an Airy Spirit.	Mrs. *Butler.*
Grimbald, an Earthy Spirit.	Mr. *Bowman.*

Officers and Soldiers, Singers and Dancers, *&c.*

Scene in *KENT.*

King

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The Britiſh Worthy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Conon, Aurelius, Albanact.

Con. Then this is the deciding Day, to fix
Great Britain's Scepter in great *Arthur*'s Hand.
Aur. Or put it in the bold Invaders gripe.
Arthur and *Oſwald*, and their different Fates,
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heaven.
Con. In Ten ſet Battels have we driven back
Theſe Heathen Saxons, and regain'd our Earth.
As Earth recovers from an Ebbing Tide,
Her half-drown'd Face, and lifts it o'er the Waves.
From *Severn*'s Banks, even to this *Barren-Down*,
Our foremoſt Men have preſt their fainty Rear,
And not one Saxon Face has been beheld;
But all their Backs, and Shoulders have been ſtuck
With foul diſhoneſt Wounds: Now here, indeed,
Becauſe they have no further Ground, they ſtand.
Aur. Well have we choſe a Happy day for Fight;
For every Man, in courſe of time, has found
Some days are lucky, ſome unfortunate.
Alb. But why this day more lucky than the reſt?
Con. Becauſe this day
Is Sacred to the Patron of our Iſle;
A Chriſtian, and a Souldier's Annual Feaſt.
Alb. Oh, now I underſtand you, This is St. *George* of *Cappadocia*'s Day.
Well, It may be ſo, but Faith I was Ignorant; we Souldiers

Seldom examine the Rubrick; and now and then a Saint may
Happen to ſlip by us; But if he be a Gentleman Saint, he will
Forgive us.

Con. *Oſwald*, undoubtedly, will Fight it bravely.

Aur. And it behoves him well, 'tis his laſt Stake. [*To* Alb.
But what manner of Man is this *Oſwald*? Have ye ever ſeen him?

Al. Ne'er but once; and that was to my Coſt too; I follow'd him
And to ſay Truth, ſomwhat Uncivilly, upon a Rout; (too cloſe,
But he turn'd upon me, as quick and as round, as a chaf'd Boar;
And gave me two Licks acroſs the Face, to put me
In mind of my Chriſtianity.

Con. I know him well; he's free and open Hearted.

Aur. His Countries Character: That Speaks a German.

Con. Revengeful, rugged, violently brave; and once reſolv'd, is never to be mov'd.

Alb. Yes, he's a valiant Dog, Pox on him.

Con. This was the Character he then maintain'd,
When in my Court, he ſought my Daughters Love:
My Fair, Blind, *Emmeline*. (*wall*:

Alb. I cannot blame him for Courting the Heireſs of *Corn-*
All Heireſſes are Beautiful; and as Blind as ſhe is, he would have
No Blind Bargain of her. (had

Aur. For that Defeat in Love, he rais'd this War.
For Royal *Arthur* Reign'd within her Heart,
E're *Oſwald* mov'd his Sute.

Con. Ay, now *Aurelius*, you have Nam'd a Man;
One, whom beſides the Homage that I owe,
As *Cornwall*'s Duke, to his Imperial Crown,
I wou'd have choſen out, from all Mankind,
To be my Soveraign Lord.

Aur. His worth divides him from the croud of Kings;
So Born, without Deſert to be ſo Born;
Men, ſet aloft, to be the Scourge of Heaven;
And with long Arms, to laſh the Under-World.

Con. *Arthur* is all that's Excellent in *Oſwald*;
And void of all his Faults: In Battel brave;
But ſtill Serene in all the Stormy War,
Like Heaven above the Clouds; and after Fight,
As Merciful and Kind, to vanquiſht Foes,
As a forgiving God; but ſee, he's here,
And Praiſe is Dumb before him.

Enter King Arthur, *Reading a Letter with Attendants.*

Arthur { Go on, Auſpicious Prince, the Stars are kind:
Reading. { Unfold thy Banners to the willing Wind;
While I, with Airy Legions, help thy Arms;
Confronting Art with Art, and Charms with Charms.
So *Merlin* writes; nor can we doubt th' event, [*To* Con.
With Heav'n and you to Friends; Oh Noble *Conon*,
You taught my tender Hands the Trade of War;
And now again you Helm your Hoary Head,
And under double weight of Age and Arms,
Aſſert your Country's Freedom, and my Crown.

Con. No more, my Son.

Arth. Moſt happy in that Name!
Your *Emmeline*, to *Oſwald*'s Vows refus'd,
You made my plighted Bride:
Your Charming Daughter, who like Love, Born Blind,
Un-aiming hits, with ſureſt Archery,
And Innocently kills.

Con. Remember, Son,
You are a General, other Wars require you.
For ſee the *Saxon* Groſs begins to move.

Arth. Their Infantry Embattel'd, ſquare and cloſe,
March firmly on, to fill the middle ſpace:
Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry.
By Heav'n, 'tis Beauteous Horrour:
The Noble *Oſwald* has provok'd my Envy.

Enter Emmeline, *led by* Matilda.

Ha! Now my Beauteous *Emmeline* appears,
Anew, but Oh, a ſofter Flame, inſpires me:
Even Rage and Vengeance, ſlumber at her ſight.

Con. Haſte your Farewel; I'll chear my Troops, and wait ye.
[*Exit* Conon.

Em. Oh Father, Father, I am ſure you're here;
Becauſe I ſee your Voice.

Arth. No, thou miſtak'ſt thy hearing for thy ſight;
He's gone, my *Emmeline*;
And I but ſtay to gaze on thoſe fair Eyes,
Which cannot view the Conqueſt they have made.
Oh Star-like Night, dark only to thy ſelf,
But full of Glory, as thoſe Lamps of Heav'n
That ſee not, when they ſhine.

Em. What is this Heav'n, and Stars, and Night, and Day,
To which you thus compare my Eyes and me?
I underſtand you, when you ſay you love:
For, when my Father claſps my Hand in his,
That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinckl'd;
But when you graſp it, then I ſigh and pant,
And ſomething ſmarts, and tickles at my Heart.

Arth. Oh Artleſs Love! where the Soul moves the Tongue,
And only Nature ſpeaks what Nature thinks!
Had ſhe but Eyes!

Em. Juſt now you ſaid I had:
I ſee'em, I have two.

Arth. But neither ſee.

Em. I'm ſure they hear you then:
What can your Eyes do more?

Arth. They view your Beauties.

Em. Do not I ſee? You have a Face like mine,
Two Hands, and two round, pretty, riſing Breaſts,
That heave like mine.

Arth. But you deſcribe a Woman.
Nor is it ſight, but touching with your Hands.

Em. Then 'tis my Hand that ſees, and that's all one:
For is not ſeeing, touching with your Eyes?

Arth. No, for I ſee at diſtance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can ſee ſo far, and yet not touch,
I fear you ſee my Naked Legs and Feet
Quite through my Cloaths; pray do not ſee ſo well.

Arth. Fear not, ſweet Innocence;
I view the lovely Features of your Face;
Your Lips Carnation, your dark ſhaded Eye-brows,
Black Eyes, and Snow-white Forehead; all the Colours
That make your Beauty, and produce my Love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms:
I love you dearly, without all theſe helps:
I cannot ſee your Lips Carnation,
Your ſhaded Eye-brows, nor your Milk-white Eyes.

Arth. You ſtill miſtake.

Em. Indeed I thought you had a Noſe and Eyes,
And ſuch a Face as mine; have not Men Faces?

Arth. Oh, none like yours, ſo excellently fair.

Em. Then wou'd I had no Face; for I wou'd be

Juſt ſuch a one as you.

Arth. Alas, 'tis vain to inſtruct your Innocence,
You have no Notion of Light or Colours.

Em. Why, is not that a Trumpet? [*Trumpet ſounds within.*

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.
And I can tell you how the ſound on't looks.
It looks as if it had an angry fighting Face.

Arth. 'Tis now indeed a ſharp unpleaſant ſound,
Becauſe it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet Ten thouſand Foes.

Em. How does ſo many Men e'er come to meet?
This Devil Trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about, for one anothers Faces;
And ſo they meet, and kill.

Arth. I'll tell ye all, when we have gain'd the Field;
One kiſs of your fair Hand, the pledge of Conqueſt,
And ſo a ſhort farewel. {*Kiſſes her Hand, and* Exit *with* Aurel. Alb. *and Attendants.*

Em. My Heart, and Vows, go with him to the Fight:
May every Foe, be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their Swords have Eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the Trumpet's Face;
For that brave Sound upholds my fainting Heart;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my part.

[*Exit, led by* Matilda.

Enter Oſwald *and* Oſmond.

The Scene repreſents a place of Heathen worſhip; The three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor, *and* Freya *placed on Pedeſtals. An Altar.*

Oſmo. 'Tis time to haſten our myſterious Rites;
Becauſe your Army waits you.

[Oſwald *making three Bows before the three Images.*

Oſwa. Thor, Freya, Woden, all ye Saxon Powers,
Hear and revenge my Father *Hengiſt*'s death.

Oſmo. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden,* hear.
Mount thy hot Courſer, drive amidſt thy Foes;
Lift high thy thund'ring Arm, let every blow
Daſh out a miſ-believing Briton's Brains.

Oſwa. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden* hear;
Give Conqueſt to thy Saxon Race, and me.

Oſmo. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and ſpell your Saxons,

With Sacred Runick Rhimes, from Death in Battel.
Edge their bright Swords, and blunt the Britons Darts.
No more, Great Prince, for ſee my truſty Fiend,
Who all the Night has wing'd the dusky Air.
[Grimbald, *a fierce earthy Spirit ariſes.*
What news, my *Grimbald?*
Grim. I have plaid my part;
For I have Steel'd the Fools that are to dye;
Six Fools, ſo prodigal of Life and Soul,
That, for their Country, they devote their Lives
A Sacrifice to Mother Earth, and *Woden.*
Oſmo. 'Tis well; But are we ſure of Victory?
Grim. Why ask'ſt thou me?
Inſpect their Intrails, draw from thence thy Gueſs:
Bloud we muſt have, without it we are dumb.
Oſmo. Say, Where's thy fellow-ſervant, *Philidel?*
Why comes not he?
Grim. For, he's a puleing Sprite.
Why didſt thou chuſe a tender airy Form,
Unequal to the mighty work of Miſchief;
His Make is flitting, ſoft, and yielding Atomes:
He trembles at the yawning gulph of Hell,
Nor dares approach the Flame, leſt he ſhou'd ſinge
His gaudy ſilken Wings.
He ſighs when he ſhould plunge a Soul in Sulphur,
As with Compaſſion, touch'd of fooliſh man.
Oſm. What a half Devil's he?
His errand was, to draw the Low-land damps,
And Noiſom vapours, from the foggy Fens:
Then, breath the baleful ſtench, with all his force,
Full on the faces of our Chriſtned Foes.
Grim. Accordingly he drein'd thoſe Marſhy-grounds;
And bagg'd 'em in a blue peſtiferous Cloud;
Which when he ſhou'd have blown, the frighted Elf
Eſpy'd the Red Croſs Banners of their Hoſt;
And ſaid he durſt not add to his damnation.
Oſm. I'le puniſh him at leiſure;
Call in the Victims to propitiate Hell.
Grim. That's my kind Maſter, I ſhall break faſt on 'em.
[Grimbald *goes to the Door, and Re-enters with 6 Saxons in White, with Swords in their hands. They range themſelves 3 and 3 in oppoſition to each other.*

The reſt of the Stage is fill'd with Prieſts and Singers.

Woden, *firſt to thee,*
A Milk-white Steed in Battel won,
We have Sacrific'd.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
Verſ. *Let our next oblation be,*
To Thor, *thy thundring Son,*
Of ſuch another.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
Verſ. *A third; (of* Friezland *breed was he,)*
To Woden's *Wife, and to* Thor's *Mother:*
And now we have atton'd all three
We have Sacrific'd.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
2 Voc. *The White Horſe Neigh'd aloud.*
To Woden *thanks we render.*
To Woden, *we have vow'd.*
Chor. *To* Woden, *our Defender.*
[The four laſt Lines in *CHORUS*.
Verſ. *The Lot is caſt, and* Tanſan *pleas'd:*
Chor. *Of Mortal Cares you ſhall be eas'd,*
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Honour prizing,
Death deſpiſing,
Fame acquiring
By Expiring,
Dye, and reap the fruit of Glory.
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Verſ. 2. *I call ye all,*
To Woden's *Hall;*
Your Temples round
With Ivy bound,
In Goblets Crownd,
And plenteous Bowls of burniſh'd Gold;
Where you ſhall Laugh,
And dance and quaff,
The Juice, that makes the Britons bold.

The ſix Saxons are led off by the Prieſts, in Order to be Sacrific'd.

Oſw. Ambitious Fools we are,
And yet ambition is a Godlike Fault:

Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls born great,
Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds.
Now *Britany* prepare to change thy State,
And from this Day begin thy Saxon date. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

A Battel ſuppoſed to be given behind the Scenes, with Drums, Trumpets, and Military Shouts and Excurſions: After which, the *Britons*, expreſſing their Joy for the Victory, ſing this Song of Triumph.

Come if you dare, our Trumpets ſound;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double Beat of the Thundring Drum.
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The Gods from above the mad Labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will periſh for Gold.
The Fainting Saxons *quit their Ground,*
Their Trumpets Languiſh in the Sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, *the Bold* Britons *cry.*
Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Laſſes like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquiſht Invaders.

ACT II.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. Alas, for pity, of this bloody Field!
Piteous it needs muſt be, when I, a Spirit,
Can have ſo ſoft a ſenſe of Humane Woes!
Ah! for ſo many Souls, as but this Morn,
Were cloath'd with Fleſh, and warm'd with Vital blood,
But naked now, or ſhirted but with Air.

[Merlin, *with Spirits, deſcends to* Philidel, *on a Chariot drawn by Dragons.*

Mer. What art thou, Spirit, of what Name and Order?

(For I have view'd thee in my Magick Glaſs,)
Making thy moan, among the Midnight Wolves,
That Bay the ſilent Moon: Speak, I Conjure thee.
'Tis *Merlin* bids thee, at whoſe awful Wand,
The pale Ghoſt quivers, and the grim Fiend gaſps.
Phil. An Airy Shape, the tender'ſt of my kind,
The laſt ſeduc'd, and leaſt deform'd of Hell;
Half white, and ſhuffl'd in the Crowd, I fell;
Deſirous to repent, and loth to ſin;
Awkward in Miſchief, piteous of Mankind,
My Name is *Philidel*, my Lot in Air;
Where next beneath the Moon, and neareſt Heav'n,
I ſoar; and have a Glimpſe to be receiv'd,
For which the ſwarthy *Dæmons* envy me.
Mer. Thy Buſineſs here?
Phil. To ſhun the Saxon Wizards dire Commands,
Oſmond, the awful'ſt Name next thine below,
'Cauſe I refus'd to hurl a Noyſom Fog
On Chriſten'd Heads, the Hue and Cry of Hell
Is rais'd againſt me, for a Fugitive Spright.
Mer. *Oſmond* ſhall know, a greater Power protects thee;
But follow thou the Whiſpers of thy Soul,
That draw thee nearer Heav'n.
And, as thy Place is neareſt to the Sky,
The Rays will reach thee firſt, and bleach thy Soot.
Phil. In hope of that, I ſpread my Azure Wings,
And wiſhing ſtill, for yet I dare not pray,
I bask in Day-light, and behold with Joy
My Scum work outward, and my Ruſt wear off.
Mer. Why 'tis my hopeful Devil; now mark me, *Philidel*,
I will employ thee, for thy future Good:
Thou know'ſt, in ſpite of Valiant *Oſwald*'s Arms,
Or *Oſmond*'s Powerful Spells, the Field is ours.———
Phil. Oh, Maſter! haſten
Thy Dread Commands; for *Grimbald* is at Hand;
Oſmond's fierce Fiend, I ſnuff his Earthly Scent:
The Conquering *Britons*, he miſleads to Rivers,
Or dreadful Downfalls of unheeded Rocks;
Where many fall, that ne'er ſhall riſe again.
Mer. Be that thy care, to ſtand by falls of Brooks,

And trembling Bogs, that bear a Green-Sword ſhow;
Warn off the bold Purſuers from the Chace:
No more, they come, and we divide the Task.
But leſt fierce *Grimbald*'s pond'rous Bulk oppreſs
Thy tender flitting Air, I'll leave my *Band*
Of Spirits with United Strength to Aid thee,
And force with force repel.

[*Exit* Merlin *on his Chariot.* Merlin's
Spirits ſtay with Philidel.

Enter Grimbald *in the Habit of a Shepherd, follow'd by King* Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact *and Soldiers, who wander at a diſtance in the Scenes.*

Grim. Here, this way, *Britons*, follow *Oſwald*'s flight;
This Evening as I whiſtl'd out my Dog,
To drive my ſtraggling Flock, and pitch'd my Fold,
I ſaw him dropping Sweat, o're-labour'd, ſtiff,
Make faintly as he could, to yonder Dell.
Tread in my Steps; long Neighbourhood by Day
Has made theſe Fields familiar in the night.

Arth. I thank thee, Shepherd;
Expect Reward, lead on, we follow thee.

Phil. ſings. } *Hither this way, this way bend,*
Truſt not that Malicious Fiend:
Thoſe are falſe deluding Lights,
Waſted far and near by Sprights.
Truſt 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in Bogs and Marſhes leave ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Phil. ſings. } *If you ſtep, no Danger thinking,*
Down you fall, a Furlong ſinking:
'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Truſt not that Malicious Fiend.*
Grimbalds Spirits. *Truſt me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.

Con. Some wicked Phantom, Foe to Human kind,
Miſguides our Steps.

Alb. I'll follow him no farther.

Grimbald ſpeaks. By Hell, ſhe ſings 'em back, in my deſpight.
I had a voice in Heav'n, e're Sulph'rous Steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarſeneſs; but I'll try.
He ſings. *Let not a Moon-born Elf miſlead ye,*
From your Prey, and from your Glory.
Too far, Alas, he has betray'd ye:
Follow the Flames, that wave before ye:
Sometimes Seven, and ſometimes one;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

2.

See, ſee, the Footſteeps plain appearing,
That way Oſwald *choſe for flying:*
Firm is the Turff, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder Pearly Dews are lying.
Far he cannot hence be gone;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

Aur. 'Tis true, he ſays; the Footſteps yet are freſh
Upon the Sod, no falling Dew-drops have
Diſturb'd the Print. [*All are going to follow* Grimbald.

Philidel ſings. *Hither this way.*
Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Truſt not that Malicious Fiend.*
Grimb. Spirits. *Truſt me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Hither this way*, &c.
[*They all incline to* Philidel.

Grim. ſpeaks. Curſe on her Voice, I muſt my Prey forego;
Thou, *Philidel*, ſhalt anſwer this below. [Grimbald *ſinks with a flaſh.*

Arth. At laſt the Cheat is plain;
The Cloven-footed Fiend is Vaniſh'd from us;
Good Angels be our Guides, and bring us back.

Phil. ſinging. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*
Chor. *Come follow*, &c.
And me. And me. And me. And me.
Verſ. 2 Voc. *And Green-Sword all your way ſhall be.*
Chor. *Come follow*, &c.
Verſe. *No* Goblin *or* Elf *ſhall dare to offend ye.*
Chor. *No, no, no*, &c.
No Goblin *or* Elf *ſhall dare to offend ye.*
Verſ. 3 Voc. *We Brethren of Air,*
You Hero's *will bear,*

To the Kind and the Fair that attend ye.
Chor. *We Brethren*, &c.

[Philidel *and the Spiris go off Singing, with King* Arthur *and the reſt in the middle of them.*

Enter Emmeline *led by* Matilda. *Pavilion Scene.*

Em. No News of my Dear Love, or of my Father?
Matt. None, Madam, ſince the gaining of the Battel;
Great *Arthur* is a Royal Conqueror now,
And well deſerves your Love.
Em. But now I fear
He'll be too great, to love poor ſilly me.
If he be dead, or never come agen,
I mean to die: But there's a greater doubt,
Since I ne'er ſaw him here,
How ſhall I meet him in another World?
Mat. I have heard ſomething, how two Bodies meet,
But how Souls joyn, I know not.
Em. I ſhou'd find him,
For ſurely I have ſeen him in my Sleep,
And then, methought, he put his Mouth to mine,
And eat a thouſand Kiſſes on my Lips;
Sure by his Kiſſing I cou'd find him out
Among a thouſand Angels in the Sky.
Mat. But what a kind of Man do you ſuppoſe him?
Em. He muſt be made of the moſt precious things:
And I believe his Mouth, and Eyes, and Cheeks,
And Noſe, and all his Face, are made of Gold.
Mat. Heav'n bleſs us, Madam, what a Face you make him!
If it be yellow, he muſt have the Jaundies,
And that's a bad Diſeaſe.
Em. Why then do Lovers give a thing ſo bad
As Gold, to Women, whom ſo well they Love?
Mat. Becauſe that bad thing, Gold, buyes all good things.
Em. Yet I muſt know him better: Of all Colours,
Tell me which is the pureſt, and the ſofteſt.
Mat. They ſay 'tis Black.
Em. Why then, ſince Gold is hard, and yet is precious,
His Face muſt all be made of ſoft, black Gold.
Mat. But, Madam——
Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.
Mat. Here are a Crew of Kentiſh Lads and Laſſes.

Wou'd entertain ye, till your Lord's return,
With Songs and Dances, to divert your Cares.
Em. O bring 'em in,
For tho' I cannot ſee the Songs, I love 'em;
And Love, they tell me, is a Dance of Hearts.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

1 Shepherd ſings. *How bleſt are Shepherds, how happy their Laſſes,*
While Drums and Trumpets are ſounding Alarms!
Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storm paſſes;
And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
All the Day on our Heards and Flocks employing;
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
Chor. *All the Day, &c.*

2.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, *with Graces attended,*
Let not your Days without Pleaſure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praiſe you, but none will deſire.
Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;
Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
Chor. *Let not Youth, &c.*

[Here the Men offer their Flutes to the Women, which they refuſe.

2. Shepherdeſſ. *Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying,*
Pipes are ſweet, a Summers Day;
But a little after Toying,
Women have the ſhot to pay.

2

Here are Marriage-Vows for ſigning,
Set their Marks that cannot write:
After that, without Repining,
Play and Welcome, Day and Night.

[Here the Women give the Men Contracts, which they accept.

Chor. of all. *Come, Shepherds, lead up a lively Meaſure;*
The Cares of Wedlock, are Cares of Pleaſure:
But whether Marriage bring Joy, or Sorrow,
Make ſure of this Day, and hang to morrow.

[*The Dance after the Song, and* Exeunt *Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.*

Enter on the other ſide of the Stage, Oſwald *and* Guillamar.

Oſw. The Night has wilder'd us; and we are faln
Among their foremoſt Tents.

Guill. Ha! What are theſe!
They ſeem of more than Vulgar Quality.

Em What Sounds are thoſe? They cannot far be diſtant:
Where are we now, *Matilda*?

Mat. Juſt before your Tent:
Fear not, they muſt be Friends, and they approach.

Em. My *Arthur*, ſpeak, my Love; Are you return'd
To bleſs your *Emmeline*?

Oſwa. to Guilla. I know that Face:
'Tis my Ungrateful Fair, who, ſcorning mine,
Accepts my Rivals Love: Heav'n, thou'rt bounteous,.
Thou ow'ſt me nothing now.

Mat. Fear grows upon me:
Speak what you are; ſpeak, or I call for help.

Oſwa. We are your Guards.

Mat. Ah me! We are betray'd; 'tis *Oſwald*'s Voice.

Em. Let 'em not ſee our Voices, and then they cannot find us.

Oſw. Paſſions in Men Oppreſs'd, are doubly ſtrong.
I take her from King *Arthur*; there's Revenge:
If ſhe can love, ſhe buoys my ſinking Fortunes:
Good Reaſons both: I'll on.—— Fear nothing, Ladies,
You ſhall be ſafe. [*Oſwald and Guillamar ſeize Emmeline and Matilda.*

Em. & Matil. Help, help; a Rape, a Rape!

Oſwa. By Heav'n ye injure me, thô Force is us'd,
Your Honour ſhall be ſacred.

Em. Help, help, Oh *Britons*, help!

Oſwa. Your *Britons* cannot help you:
This Arm, through all their Troops, ſhall force my way;
Yet neither quit my Honour, nor my Prey.

[*Exeunt, the Women ſtill crying.*

An Alarm within: Some Soldiers running over the Stage: Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Albanact *Captain of the Guards, with Soldiers.*

Alb. Which way went th' Alarm?

1 *Sol.* Here, towards the Caſtle.

Alb. Pox o' this Victory; the whole Camp's debauch'd:
All Drunk or Whoring: This way, follow, follow. [*Exeunt.*

The Alarm renews: Claſhing of Swords within for a while.

Re-enter Albanact, *Officer and Soldiers.*

Officer. How ſits the Conqueſt on great *Arthur*'s Brow?

Alba. As when the Lover, with the King is mixt,
He puts the gain of *Britain* in a Scale,
Which weighing with the loſs of *Emmeline*,
He thinks he's ſcarce a Saver. [*Trumpet within.*

Officer. Hark! a Trumpet!
It ſounds a Parley.

Alba. 'Tis from *Oſwald* then;
An Eccho to King *Arthur*'s Friendly Summons,
Sent ſince he heard the Rape of *Emmeline*,
To ask an Interview. [*Trumpet anſwering on the other ſide.*

Officer. But hark! already
Our Trumpet makes reply; and ſee both preſent.

Enter Arthur *on one ſide attended,* Oſwald *on the other with Attendants, and* Guillamar. *They meet and ſalute.*

Arthur. Brave *Oſwald*! We have met on Friendlier Terms,
Companions of a War, with Common Intereſt
Againſt the Bordering *Picts*: But Times are chang'd.

Oſwa. And I am ſorry that thoſe Times are chang'd:
For elſe we now might meet, on Terms as Friendly.

Arth. If ſo we meet not now, the fault's your own;
For you have wrong'd me much.

Oſwa. Oh you wou'd tell me,
I call'd more *Saxons* in, t' enlarge my Bounds:
If thoſe be Wrongs, the War has well redreſs'd ye.

Arth. Miſtake me not, I count not War a Wrong:
War is the Trade of Kings, that fight for *Empire*;
And better be a Lyon, than a Sheep.

Oſwa. In what, then, have I wrong'd ye?

Arth. In my Love.

Oſwa. Even Love's an Empire too; The Noble Soul,
Like Kings, is Covetous of ſingle Sway.

Arth. I blame ye not, for loving *Emmeline*:
But ſince the Soul is free, and Love is choice,
You ſhou'd have made a Conqueſt of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Perſon by a Rape.

Oſwa. Whether by Force, or Stratagem, we gain;
Still Gaining is our End, in War or Love.
Her Mind's the Jewel, in her Body lock'd;
If I would gain the Gem, and want the Key,
It follows I muſt ſeize the Cabinet:
But to ſecure your fear, her Honour is untouch'd.

Arth. Was Honour ever ſafe in Brutal Hands?
So ſafe are Lambs within the Lyons Paw;
Ungrip'd and plaid with, till fierce Hunger calls,
Then Nature ſhews it ſelf; the cloſe-hid Nails
Are ſtretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.
But if indeed, you are ſo Cold a Lover ———
Oſwa. Not Cold, but Honourable.
Arth. Then Reſtore her.
That done, I ſhall believe you Honourable.
Oſwa. Think'ſt thou I will forego a Victor's Right?
Arth. Say rather, of an Impious Raviſher.
That Caſtle, were it wall'd with Adamant,
Can hide thy Head, but till to Morrow's Dawn.
Oſwa. And er'e to Morrow, I may be a God,
If *Emmeline* be kind: But kind or cruel,
I tell thee, *Arthur*, but to ſee this Day,
That Heavenly Face, tho' not to have her mind,
I would give up a hundred Years of Life,
And bid Fate cut to Morrow.
Arth. It ſoon will come, and thou repent too late;
Which to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honeſt.
Thy Noble Head, accuſtom'd to a Crown,
Shall wear it ſtill: Nor ſhall thy hand forget
The Sceptre's uſe: From *Medway*'s pleaſing Stream,
To *Severn*'s Roar, be thine.
In ſhort, Reſtore my Love, and ſhare my Kingdom.
Oſwa. Not, tho' you ſpread my Sway from *Thames* to *Tyber*;
Such Gifts might bribe a King, but not a Lover.
Arth. Then prithee give me back my Kingly Word,
Paſs'd for thy ſafe return; and let this Hour,
In ſingle Combate, Hand to Hand, decide
The Fate of Empire, and of *Emmeline*.
Oſwa Not, that I fear, do I decline this Combat;
And not decline it neither, but defer:
When *Emmeline* has been my Prize as long
As ſhe was thine, I dare thee to the Duel.
Arth. I nam'd your utmoſt Term of Life; To Morrow.
Oſwa You are not Fate.
Arth. But Fate is in this Arm.
You might have made a Merit of your Theſt.
Oſwa Ha! Theſt! Your Guards can tell, I ſtole her not.

Arth. Had I been preſent———

Oſwa. Had you been preſent, ſhe had been mine more Nobly.

Arth. There lies your way.

Oſwa. My way lies where I pleaſe.
Expect (for *Oſwald*'s Magick cannot fail)
A long to Morrow, e're your Arms prevail:
Or if I fall, make Room ye bleſt above,
For one who was undone, and dy'd for Love.
[*Exit Oſwald and his Party.*

Arth. There may be one black Minute e're to Morrow:
For who can tell, what Pow'r, and Luſt, and Charms,
May do this Night? To Arms, with ſpeed, to Arms. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Arthur, Conon *and* Aurelius.

Con. FUrle up our Colours, and Unbrace our Drums;
Diſlodge betimes; and quit this fatal Coaſt.

Arth. Have we forgot to Conquer?

Aurel. Caſt off hope:
Th' Imbattl'd Legions of Fire, Air, and Earth,
Are banded for our Foes.
For going to diſcover, with the Dawn,
Yon Southern Hill, which promis'd to the Sight
A Riſe more eaſie to attack the Fort,
Scarce had we ſtept on the Forbidden Ground,
When the Woods ſhook, the Trees ſtood briſtling up;
A Living Trembling Nodded through the Leaves.

Arth. Poplars, and Aſpen-Boughs, a Pannick Fright.

Conon. We thought ſo too, and doubled ſtill our pace.
But ſtrait a rumbling Sound, like bellowing Winds,
Roſe and grew loud; Confus'd with Howls of Wolves,
And Grunts of Bears; and dreadful Hiſs of Snakes;
Shrieks more than Humane; Globes of Hail pour'd down
An Armed Winter, and Inverted Day.

Arth. Dreadful, indeed!

Aur. Count then our Labour's loſt:
For other way lies none, to mount the Cliff,
Unleſs we borrow Wings, and ſail thro' Air.

Arth. Now I perceive a Danger worthy me.
'Tis *Oſmond's* work, a band of Hell-hir'd Slaves:
Be mine the hazard, mine ſhall be the Fame.

[Arthur *is going out, but is met by* Merlin, *who takes him by the Hand, and brings him back.*

Enter Merlin.

Merl. Hold, Sir, and wait Heav'ns time; th' Attempt's too (dangerous:
There's not a Tree in that Inchanted Grove,
But numbred out, and given by tale to Fiends;
And under every Leaf a Spirit couch'd.
But by what method to diſſolve theſe Charms,
Is yet unknown to me.

Arth. Hadſt thou been here, (for what can thwart thy Skill?)
Nor *Emmeline* had been the boaſt of *Oſwald*;
Nor I, fore-warn'd, been wanting to her Guard.

Con. Her darkn'd Eyes had ſeen the Light of Heav'n;
That was thy promiſe too, and this the time.

Mer. Nor has my Aid been abſent, tho' unſeen,
With Friendly Guides in your benighted Maze:
Nor *Emmeline* ſhall longer want the Sun.

Arth. Is there an end of Woes?

Merl. There is, and ſudden.
I have employ'd a ſubtil Airy Spright
T' explore the paſſage, and prepare my way.
My ſelf, mean time, will view the Magick Wood,
To learn whereon depends its Force.

Con. But *Emmeline* ——

Mer. Fear not: This Vial ſhall reſtore her ſight.

Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impoſſible
To *Merlin's* Art) to be my ſelf the bearer,
That with the Light of Heav'n ſhe may diſcern
Her Lover firſt.

Mer. 'Tis wondrous hazardous;
Yet I foreſee th' Event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye ſafe, and bring ye back unharm'd:
Then loſe not precious Time, but follow me.

[*Exeunt Omnes,* Merlin *leading* Arthur.

Enter Philidel. *Scene, a Deep Wood.*

Phil. I left all ſafe behind;
For in the hindmoſt quarter of the wood,
My former Lord, Grim *Oſmond*, walks the Round:

Calls o'er the Names, and Schools the tardy Sprights.
His Abſence gives me more ſecurity.
At every Walk I paſs'd, I drew a Spell,
So that if any Fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There ſets his Foot, it roots him to the Ground.
Now cou'd I but diſcover *Emmeline*,
My Task were fairly done. [*Walking about, and Prying betwixt the Trees.*]

Enter Grimbald *ruſhing out: He ſeizes* Philidel, *and binds him in a Chain.*

Grimb. O Rebel, have I caught thee!

Phil. Ah me! What hard miſhap!

Grimb. What juſt Revenge!
Thou miſcreant Elf, thou Renegado Scout,
So clean, ſo furbiſh'd, ſo renew'd in White,
The Livery of our Foes; I ſee thee through:
What mak'ſt thou here? Thou trim Apoſtate, ſpeak.
Thou ſhak'ſt for Fear, I feel thy falſe Heart Pant.

Phil. Ah mighty *Grimbald*,
Who would not Fear, when ſeiz'd in thy ſtrong Gripes;
But here me, Oh Renown'd, Oh worthy Fiend,
The Favourite of our Chief.

Grimb. Away with fulſome Flattery,
The Food of Fools; thou know'ſt where laſt we met,
When but for thee, the Chriſtians had been ſwallow'd
In quaking Bogs, and Living ſent to Hell.

Phi. Aye, then I was ſeduc'd by *Merlin*'s Art,
And half perſuaded by his ſoothing Tales,
To hope for Heav'n; as if Eternal Doom
Cou'd be Revers'd, and undecreed for me:
But I am now ſet Right.

Grimb. Oh ſtill thou think'ſt to fly a Fool to Mark.

Phil. I fled from *Merlin*, free as Air that bore me,
T'unfold to *Oſmond* all his deep Deſigns.

Grimb. I believe nothing, Oh thou fond Impoſtor,
When wert thou laſt in Hell? Is not thy Name
Forgot, and Blotted from th' Infernal Roll?
But ſince thou ſay'ſt, thy Errand was to *Oſmond*,
To *Oſmond* ſhalt thou go; March, know thy Driver.

Phil. Kneeling. Oh ſpare me, *Grimbald*, and I'll be thy Slave:
Tempt Hermits for thee, in their Holy Cells,

And Virgins in their Dreams.

Grimb. Canſt thou, a Devil, hope to cheat a Devil?
A Spy; why that's a Name abhorr'd in Hell;
Haſte forward, forward, or I'll Goad thee on,
With Iron Spurs.

Phil. But uſe me kindly then:
Pull not ſo hard to hurt my Airy Limbs;
I'll follow thee unforc'd; look, there's thy way.

Grimb. Ay there's the way indeed; but for more ſurety
I'll keep an Eye behind: Not one word more,
But follow decently. [Grimbald *goes out, dragging* Philidel.

Phil. aſide. So, catch him Spell.

Grimb. within. Oh help me, help me, *Philidel.*

Phil. Why, What's the matter?

Grimb. Oh, I am inſnar'd;
Heav'ns Birdlime wraps me round, and glues my Wings.
Looſe me, and I will free thee;
Do, and I'll be thy Slave.

Phil. What, to a Spy, a Name abhorr'd in Hell?

Grimb. Do not inſult, Oh, Oh, I grow to Ground;
The Fiery Net draws cloſer on my Limbs.

Phil. Thou ſhalt not have the Eaſe to curſe in Torments:
Be Dumb for one half Hour; ſo long my Charm
Can keep thee Silent, and there lie
Till *Oſmond* breaks thy Chain.

[Philidel *unbinds his own Fetters.*

Enter to him Merlin, *with a Vial in his Hand*; *and* Arthur.

Mer. Well haſt thou wrought thy Safety with thy Wit,
My *Philidel*; go Meritorious on.
Me, other Work requires, to view the Wood,
And learn to make the dire Inchantments void.
Mean time attend King *Arthur* in my Room;
Shew him his Love, and with theſe Soveraign Drops
Reſtore her ſight. (*Exit* Merlin *giving a Vial to* Philidel.

Phil. *We muſt work, we muſt haſte;*
Noon-Tyde Hour is almoſt paſt:
Sprights, that glimmer in the Sun,
Into Shades already run.
Oſmond *will be here, anon.*

Enter Emmeline *and* Matilda, *at the far end of the Wood.*

Arth. O yonder, yonder ſhe's already found:
My Soul directs my ſight, and flies before it.

Now, Gentle Spirit, uſe thy utmoſt Art;
Unſeal her Eyes; and this way lead her Steps.
[Arthur *withdraws behind the Scene.*
Emmeline *and* Matilda *come forward to the Front.*
Philidel *approaches* Emmeline, *ſprinkling ſome of the Water over her Eyes, out of the Vial.*

Phil. *Thus, Thus I infuſe*
Theſe Soveraign Dews.
Fly back, ye Films, that Cloud her ſight,
And you, ye Chryſtal Humours bright,
Your Noxious Vapours purg'd away,
Recover, and admit the Day,
Now caſt your Eyes abroad, and ſee
All but me.

Em. Ha! What was that? Who ſpoke?
Mat. I heard the Voice; 'tis one of *Oſmond*'s Fiends.
Em. Some bleſſed Angel ſure; I feel my Eyes
Unſeal'd, they walk abroad, and a new World
Comes ruſhing on, and ſtands all gay before me.
Mat. Oh Heavens! Oh Joy of Joys! ſhe has her ſight!
Em. I am new-born; I ſhall run mad for Pleaſure. [*Staring*
Are Women ſuch as thou? Such Glorious Creatures? *on* Mat.
Arth. Aſide. Oh how I envy her, to be firſt ſeen!
Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of Sight. [*Looking up.*
What's that above, that weakens my new Eyes,
Makes me not ſee, by ſeeing?
Mat. 'Tis the Sun.
Em. The Sun, 'tis ſure a God, if that be Heav'n:
Oh, if thou art a Creature, beſt and faireſt,
How well art thou, from Mortals ſo remote,
To ſhine, and not to burn, by near approach!
How haſt thou light'ned even my very Soul,
And let in Knowledge by another ſenſe!
I gaze about, new-born, to Day and thee;
A Stranger yet, an Infant of the World!
Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda*? Why, like me,
Doſt thou not look and wonder?
Mat. For theſe Sights
Are to my Eyes familiar.
Em. That's my joy,
Not to have ſeen before: For Nature now

Comes all at once, confounding my Delight.
But ah! what thing am I? Fain wou'd I know;
Or am I blind, or do I ſee but half?
With all my Care, and looking round about,
I cannot view my Face.

Mat. None ſee themſelves,
But by reflection; in this Glaſs you may. [*Gives her a Glaſs.*

Em. taking the Glaſs, and looking. What's this?
It holds a Face within it: Oh ſweet Face;
It draws the Mouth, and Smiles, and looks upon (me;
And talks; but yet I cannot hear it Speak:
The pretty thing is Dumb.

Matt. The pretty thing
You ſee within the Glaſs, is you.

Em. What, am I two? Is this another me?
Indeed it wears my Cloaths, has Hands like mine;
And Mocks what e're I do; but that I'm ſure
I am a Maid, I'd ſwear it were my Child. [Matilda *looks.*
Look, my *Matilda*; We both are in the Glaſs,
Oh, now I know it plain; they are our Names
That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our Shadows, Madam.

Em. Mine is a prettier Shaddow far, than thine.
I Love it; let me Kiſs my t'other Self. [*Kiſſing the Glaſs, and hugging it.*
Alas, I've kiſs'd it Dead; the fine Thing's gone;
Indeed it Kiſs'd ſo Cold, as if 'twere Dying.

[Arthur *comes forward ſoftly; ſhewing himſelf behind her.*

'Tis here again.
Oh no, this Face is neither mine nor thine;
I think the Glaſs has Born another Child. [*She turns and ſees* Arthur.
Ha! What art thou, with a new kind of Face,
And other Cloaths, a Noble Creature too;
But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy Look;
Of a Comptrolling Eye, Majeſtick make?

Mat. Do you not know him, Madam?

Em. Is't a Man?

Arth. Yes, and the moſt unhappy of my Kind,
If you have chang'd your Love.

Em. My deareſt Lord!
Was my Soul blind; and cou'd not that look out,
To know you, e're you Spoke? Oh Counterpart

Of our ſoft Sex; Well are ye made our Lords;
So bold, ſo great, ſo God-like are ye form'd.
How can ye Love ſuch ſilly Things as Women?
Arth. Beauty like yours Commands; and Man was made
But a more boiſterous; and a ſtronger Slave,
To you, the beſt Delights of human Kind.
Em. But are ye mine? is there an end of War?
Are all thoſe Trumpets Dead themſelves, at laſt,
That us'd to kill Men with their Thundring Sounds?
Arth. The Sum of War is undecided yet;
And many a breathing Body muſt be Cold,
E're you are free.
Em. How came ye hither then?
Arth. By *Merlin*'s Art, to ſnatch a ſhort-liv'd Bliſs;
To feed my Famiſh'd Love upon your Eyes,
One Moment, and depart.
Em. O Moment, worth——
Whole Ages paſt, and all that are to come!
Let Love-ſick *Oſwald*, now unpitied mourn;
Let *Oſmond* mutter Charms to Sprights in vain,
To make me Love him; all ſhall not change my Soul.
Arth. Ha! Does the Inchanter practice Hell upon you?
Is he my Rival too?
Em. Yes, but I hate him;
For when he ſpoke, through my ſhut Eyes I ſaw him;
His Voice look'd ugly, and breath'd brimſtone on me:
And then I firſt was glad that I was blind,
Not to behold Damnation.
Phil. This time is left me to Congratulate
Your new-born Eyes; and tell you what you gain
By ſight reſtor'd, and viewing him you love.
Appear, you Airy Forms: [*Airy Spirits appear in the Shapes of Men and Women.*

Man ſings. *O Sight the Mother of Deſires,*
What Charming Objects doſt thou yield!
'Tis ſweet, when tedious Night expires,
To ſee the Roſie Morning guild
The Mountain-Tops, and paint the Field!
But, when Clorinda *comes in ſight,*
She makes the Summers Day more bright;
And when ſhe gos away, 'tis Night.
Chor. *When Fair* Clorinda *comes in ſight*, &c.

Wom. ſings. *'Tis ſweet the Bluſhing Morn to view;*
And Plains adorn'd with Pearly Dew:
But ſuch cheap Delights to ſee,
Heaven and Nature,
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes, as well as we.
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To ſee, to ſee,
That only ſhe,
That only ſhe we love!

Chor. *This is the Joy, all Joys above,* &c.

Man ſings. *And, if we may diſcover,*
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis, when the Fair at Mercy lies,
With Kind and Amorous Anguiſh,
To Sigh, to Look, to Languiſh,
On each others Eyes!

Chor. of all Men & Wom. } *And if we may diſcover,* &c.

Phil. Break off your Muſick; for our Foes are near.
[*Spirits vaniſh.*

Enter Merlin.

Merl. My Soveraign, we have hazarded too far;
But Love excuſes you, and preſcience me.
Make haſte; for *Oſmond* is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of Revenge, is haſting home.

Arth. Oh take my Love with us, or leave me here.

Merl. I cannot, for ſhe's held by Charms too ſtrong:
Which, with th' Inchanted Grove muſt be deſtroy'd;
Till when, my Art is vain: But fear not, *Emmeline*;
Th' Enchanter has no Pow'r on Innocence.

Em. to *Arth.* Farewel, Since we muſt part: When you are gone,
I'll look, into my Glaſs, juſt where you look'd;
To find your Face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you ſo long,
My Heart ſhall make your Picture for my Eyes.

Arth. Where-e'er I go, my Soul ſhall ſtay with thee:
'Tis but my Shadow that I take away;
True Love is never happy but by halves;
An *April* Sun-ſhine, that by fits appears,
It ſmiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.
[*Exeunt* Arthur *and* Merlin *at one Door.*

Enter Oſmond *at the other Door, who gazes on* Emmeline, *and ſhe on him.*

Em. *Matilda* ſave me, from this ugly Thing,
This Foe to ſight, Speak, doſt thou know him?
Matil. Too well; 'tis *Oſwald*'s Friend, the great Magician.
Em. It cannot be a Man, he's ſo unlike the Man I Love.
Oſm. aſide. Death to my Eyes, ſhe ſees!
Em. I wiſh I cou'd not; but I'll cloſe my Sight,
And ſhut out all I can —— It wo'not be;
Winking, I ſee thee ſtill, thy odious Image
Stares full into my Soul; and there infects the Room
My *Arthur* ſhou'd poſſeſs.
Oſm. aſide. I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her Lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before, when ſhe was Blind,
Her Eyes dart Lightning now, ſhe muſt be mine.
Em. I prithee Dreadful Thing, tell me thy Buſineſs here;
And if thou canſt, Reform that odious Face;
Look not ſo Grim upon me.
Oſm. My Name is *Oſmond*, and my Buſineſs Love.
Em. Thou haſt a grizly look; forbidding what thou askt,
If I durſt tell thee ſo.
Oſm. My Pent-Houſe Eye-Brows, and my Shaggy Beard
Offend your Sight, but theſe are Manly Signs;
Faint White and Red, abuſe your Expectations;
Be Woman; know your Sex, and Love full Pleaſures.
Em. Love from a Monſter, Fiend!
Oſm. Come you muſt Love, or you muſt ſuffer Love;
No Coineſs, None, for I am Maſter here.
Em. And when did *Oſwald* give away his Power,
That thou preſum'ſt to Rule? Be ſure I'll tell him:
For as I am his Priſoner, he is mine.
Oſm. Why then thou art a Captive to a Captive.
O'er labour'd with the Fight, oppreſt with Thirſt;
That *Oſwald* whom you mention'd call'd for Drink:
I mix'd a Sleepy Potion in his Bowl;
Which he and his Fool Friend, quaff'd greedily,
The happy Doſe wrought the deſir'd effect;
Then to a Dungeons depth, I ſent both Bound:
Where ſtow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds; Slippery with Ooſe and Slime;

The Rats bruſh o're their Faces with their Tails;
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs.
Since when the Garriſon depends on me;
Now know you are my Slave.
Mat. He ſtrikes a Horror through my Blood.
Em. I Freeze, as if his impious Art had fix'd
My Feet to Earth.
Oſm. But Love ſhall thaw ye.
I'll ſhow his force in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frory Winter broods;
Yet there Love Reigns: For proof, this Magick Wand
Shall change the Mildneſs of ſweet *Britans* Clime
To *Tzeland* and the fartheſt *Thule*'s Froſt;
Where the Proud God, diſdaining Winters Bounds,
O're-leaps the Fences of Eternal Snow,
And with his Warmth, ſupplies the diſtant Sun.

[Oſmond *ſtrikes the Ground with his Wand: The Scene changes to a Proſpect of Winter in Frozen Countries.*

Cupid *Deſcends.*

Cup. ſings. *What ho, thou* Genius *of the Clime, what ho!*
Ly'ſt thou aſleep beneath thoſe Hills of Snow?
Stretch out thy Lazy Limbs; Awake, awake,
And Winter from thy Furry Mantle ſhake.

Genius *Ariſes.*

Genius. *What Power art thou, who from below,*
Haſt made me Riſe, unwillingly, and ſlow.
From Beds of Everlaſting Snow!
See'ſt thou not how ſtiff, and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,
I can ſcarcely move, or draw my Breath;
Let me, let me, Freeze again to Death.

Cupid. *Thou Doting Fool forbear, forbear;*
What doſt thou Dream of Freezing here?
At Loves appearing, all the Skie clearing,
The Stormy Winds their Fury ſpare:
Winter ſubduing and Spring renewing,
My Beams create a more Glorious Tear,
Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;
What, Doſt thou Dream of Freezing here?

Genius *Great Love, I know thee now;*
Eldeſt of the Gods art Thou:

Heav'n and Earth, by Thee were made.
Humane Nature,
Is thy Creature,
Every Where Thou art obey'd

Cupid. *No part of my Dominion ſhall be waſte,*
To ſpread my Sway, and Sing my Praiſe,
Ev'n here I will a People raiſe,
Of kind embracing Lovers, and embrace

[Cupid waves his Wand upon which the Scene opens, and diſcovers a Proſpect of Ice and Snow to the end of the Stage.

[Singers and Dancers, Men and Women, appear.

Man. *See, ſee, we aſſemble,*
Thy Revels to hold:
Though quiv'ring with Cold,
We Chatter and Tremble.

Cupid. *'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye;*
In ſpight of Cold Weather,
I've brought ye together:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.

Chor. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us.*
In ſpight of Cold Weather,
He brought us together:
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

Cupid. *Sound a Parley, ye Fair, and ſurrender;*
Set your ſelves, and your Lovers at eaſe;
He's a Grateful Offender
Who Pleaſure dare ſeize:
But the Whining pretender
Is ſure to diſpleaſe.

2.

Since the Fruit of Deſire is poſſeſſing,
'Tis Unmanly to Sigh and Complain;
When we Kneel for Redreſſing,
We move your Diſdain:
Love was made for a Bleſſing,
And not for a Pain

[*A Dance; after which the Singers and Dancers depart.*

Em. I cou'd be pleas'd with any one but thee,
Who entertain my ſight with ſuch Gay Shows,
As Men and Women moving here and there;
That courſing one another in their Steps,

Have made their Feet a Tune.
Oſmo. What, Coying it again!
No more; but make me happy to my Guſt,
That is, without your ſtruggling.
Em. From my ſight,
Thou all thy Devils in one, thou dar'ſt not force me.
Oſmo. You teach me well, I find you wou'd be Raviſh'd;
I'll give you that excuſe your Sex deſires.
[*He begins to lay hold on her, and they ſtruggle.*
Grimb. within. O help me, Maſter, help me!
Oſmo. Who's that, my *Grimbald!* Come and help thou me:
For 'tis thy Work t'aſſiſt a Raviſher.
Grimb. within. I cannot ſtir; I am ſpell-caught by *Philidel*,
And purs'd within a Net. With a huge heavy weight of Holy
Laid on my Head that keeps me down from riſing. (Words,
Oſmo. I'll read 'em backwards, and releaſe thy Bonds;
Mean time go in:—— [*To Emmeline.*
Prepare your ſelf, and eaſe my Drudgery:
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honeſt Force, is well employ'd. [*Exit Oſmond.*
Em. Heav'n be my Guard, I have no other Friend!
Heav'n ever preſent to thy ſuppliants Aid,
Protect and pity Innocence betray'd.
[*Exeunt* Emmeline *and* Matilda.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Oſmond, Solus.

NOw I am ſetl'd in my Force-full Sway;
Why then, I'll be Luxurious in my Love;
Take my full Guſt, and ſetting Forms aſide,
I'll bid the Slave, that fires my Blood, lie down.
[*Seems to be going off.*
Enter Grimbald, *who meets him.*
Grim. Not ſo faſt, Maſter, Danger threatens thee:

There's a black Cloud, deſcending from above,
Full of Heaven's Venom, burſting o're thy Head.
Oſmo. Malicious Fiend, thou ly'ſt: For I am fenc'd
By Millions of thy Fellows, in my Grove:
I bad thee, when I freed thee from the Charm,
Run ſcouting through the Wood, from Tree to Tree,
And look if all my Devils were on Duty:
Hadſt thou perform'd thy Charge, thou tardy Spright,
Thou wouldſt have known no Danger threatn'd me.
Grim. When did a Devil fail in Diligence?
Poor Mortal, thou thy ſelf art overſeen;
I have been there, and thence I bring this News.
Thy Fatal Foe, great *Arthur*, is at hand;
Merlin has ta'en his time while thou wert abſent,
T' obſerve thy Characters, their Force, and Nature,
And Counterwork thy Spells.
Oſmo. The Devil take *Merlin*;
I'll caſt 'em all anew, and inſtantly,
All of another Mould; be thou at hand.
Their Compoſition was, before, of Horror;
Now they ſhall be of Blandiſhment, and Love;
Seducing Hopes, ſoft Pity, tender Moans:
Art ſhall meet Art; and, when they think to win,
The Fools ſhall find their Labour to begin.
[*Exeunt* Oſm. *and* Grimb.

Enter Arthur, *and* Merlin *at another Door.*
Scene of the Wood continues.

Merl. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
But all beyond this Spot, is fenc'd with Charms;
I may no more; but only with advice.
Arth. My Sword ſhall do the reſt.
Merl. Remember well, that all is but Illuſion;
Go on; good Stars attend thee.
Arth. Doubt me not.
Merl. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my *Philidel*
To watch thy Steps, and with him leave my Wand;
The touch of which, no Earthy Fiend can bear,
In what e're Shape transform'd, but muſt lay down
His borrow'd Figure, and confeſs the Devil.

Once more Farewel, and proſper. [*Exit* Merlin.

Arth. walking. No Danger yet, I ſee no walls of Fire,
No City of the Fiends, with Forms obſene,
To grin from far, on Flaming Battlements.
This is indeed the Grove I ſhou'd deſtroy;
But where's the Horrour? Sure the Prophet err'd.
Hark! Muſick, and the warbling Notes of Birds; [*Soft Muſick.*
Hell entertains me, like ſome welcom Gueſt.
More Wonders yet; yet all delightful too,
A Silver Current to forbid my paſſage,
And yet to invite me, ſtands a Golden Bridge:
Perhaps a Trap, for my Unwary Feet
To ſink, and whelm me underneath the Waves;
With Fire or Water, let him wage his War,
Or all the Elements at once; I'll on.

[*As he is going to the Bridge, two Syrens ariſe from the Water; They ſhew themſelves to the Waſte, and ſing.*

1 Syren. *O paſs not on, but ſtay,*
And waſte the Joyous Day
With us in gentle Play:
Unbend to Love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aſide,
And other Arms provide;
For other Wars attend thee,
And ſweeter to be try'd.

Chor. *For other Wars,* &c.

Both ſing. *Two Daughters of this Aged Stream are we;*
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee;
Come Bathe with us an Hour or two,
Come Naked in, for we are ſo;
What Danger from a Naked Foe?
Come Bathe with us, come Bathe, and ſhare,
What Pleaſures in the Floods appear;
We'll beat the Waters till they bound,
And Circle, round, around, around,
And Circle round, around.

Arth. A Lazie Pleaſure trickles through my Veins;
Hear cou'd I ſtay, and well be Couzen'd here.
But Honour calls; Is Honour in ſuch haſte?
Can he not Bait at ſuch a pleaſing Inn?
No; for the more I look, the more I long;

Farewel, ye Fair Illuſions, I muſt leave ye.
While I have Power to ſay, that I muſt leave ye.
Farewel, with half my Soul I ſtagger off;
How dear this flying Victory has coſt,
When, if I ſtay to ſtruggle, I am loſt.

[*As he is going forward,* Nymphs *and* Sylvans *come out from behind the Trees, Baſe and two Trebles ſing the following* Song *to a* Minuet.

[Dance with the Song, all with Branches in their Hands

Song. *How happy the Lover,*
How eaſie his Chain,
How pleaſing his Pain?
How ſweet to diſcover!
He ſighs not in vain.
For Love every Creature
Is form'd by his Nature;
No Joys are above
The Pleaſures of Love.

[The Dance continues with the ſame Meaſure play'd alone

2.

In vain are our Graces,
In vain are your Eyes,
If Love you deſpiſe;
When Age furrows Faces,
'Tis time to be wiſe.
Then uſe the ſhort Bleſſing,
That Flies in Poſſeſſing:
No Joys are above
The Pleaſures of Love.

Arth. And what are theſe Fantaſtick Fairy Joys,
To Love like mine? Falſe Joys, falſe Welcomes all.
Begone, ye *Sylvan* Trippers of the Green;
Fly after Night, and overtake the Moon.

[*Here the Dancers, Singers and Syrens vaniſh.*

This goodly Tree ſeems Queen of all the Grove.
The Ringlets round her Trunk declare her guilty
Of many Midnight-Sabbaths Revell'd here.
Her will I firſt attempt. [Arthur *ſtrikes at the Tree, and cuts it; Blood ſpouts out of it, a Groan follows, then a Shreik.*

Good Heav'ns, what Monſtrous Prodigies are theſe!
Blood follows from my blow; the Wounded Rind
Spouts on my Sword, and Sanguine dyes the Plain.
[*He ſtrikes again; A Voice of* Emmeline *from behind.*
Em. from behind. Forbear, if thou haſt Pity, ah forbear!
Theſe Groans proceed not from a Scenceleſs Plant,
No Spouts of Blood run welling from a Tree.
Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee ſpeak thy Being;
Thou that haſt made my curdl'd Blood run back,
My Heart heave up; my Hair to riſe in Briſtles,
And ſcarcely left a Voice to ask thy Name.
[Emmeline *breaks out of the Tree, ſhewing her Arm Bloody.*
Em. Whom thou haſt hurt, Unkind and Cruel, ſee;
Look on this Blood, 'tis fatal, ſtill, to me
To bear thy Wounds, my Heart has felt 'em firſt.
Arth. 'Tis ſhe; Amazement roots me to the Ground!
Em. By cruel Charms, dragg'd from my peaceful Bower,
Fierce *Oſmond* clos'd me in this bleeding Bark;
And bid me ſtand expos'd to the bleak Winds,
And Winter Storms; and Heav'ns Inclemency,
Bound to the Fate of this Hell-haunted Grove;
So that whatever Sword, or ſounding Axe,
Shall violate this Plant, muſt pierce my Fleſh,
And when that falls, I dye.——
Arth. If this be true,
O never, never, to be ended Charm,
At leaſt by me; yet all may be Illuſion.
Break up, ye thickning Foggs, and filmy Miſts,
All that be-lye my Sight, and cheat my Senſe.
For Reaſon ſtill pronounces, 'tis not ſhe,
And thus reſolv'd—— [*Lifts up his Sword, as going to ſtrike.*
Em. Do, ſtrike, *Barbarian*, ſtrike;
And ſtrew my mangl'd Limbs, with every ſtroke,
Wound me, and double Kill me, with Unkindneſs,
That by thy Hand I fell.
Arth. What ſhall I do, ye Powers?
Em. Lay down thy Vengeful Sword, 'tis fatal here:
What need of Arms, where no Defence is made?
A Love Sick Virgin, panting with Deſire,
No Conſcious Eye t' intrude on our Delights:
For this thou haſt the *Syren's* Songs deſpis'd;

For this, thy Faithful Paſſion I Reward ;
Haſte then, to take me longing to thy Arms.
Arth. O Love! O *Merlin!* Whom ſhould I believe ?
Emm. Believe thy Self,thy Youth,thy Love, and me;
They only, they who pleaſe themſelves, are Wiſe:
~~Diſarm thy Hand, that mine may meet~~ it bare.
Arth. By thy leave, Reaſon, here I throw thee off,
Thou load of Life: If thou wert made for Souls,
Then Souls ſhou'd have been made without their Bodies.
If, falling for the firſt Created Fair,
Was *Adam*'s Fault, great Grandſire I forgive thee,
Eden was loſt, as all thy Sons wou'd loſe it.
[*Going towards* Emmeline,*and pulling off his Gantlet.*
Enter Philidel *running.*
Phil. Hold, poor deluded Mortal, hold thy Hand ;
Which if thou giv'ſt, is plighted to a Fiend.
For Proof, behold the Virtue of this Wand ;
Th' Infernal Paint ſhall vaniſh from her Face,
And Hell ſhall ſtand Reveal'd.
[*Strikes* Emmeline *with a Wand, who ſtraight deſcends :* Philidel *runs to the Deſcent, and pulls up* Grimbald, *and binds him.*
Now ſee to whoſe Embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the Maiden Modeſty of *Grimbald,*
The groſſeſt, earthieſt, uglieſt Fiend in Hell.
Arth. Horrour ſeizes me,
To think what Headlong Ruine I have tempted.
Phil. Haſte to thy Work ; a Noble ſtroke or two
Ends all the Charms, and diſenchants the Grove.
I'll hold thy Miſtreſs bound.
Arth. Then here's for Earneſt ;
[*Strikes twice or thrice, and the Tree falls, or ſinks : A Peal of Thunder immediately follows, with dreadful Howlings.*
'Tis finiſh'd, and the Dusk that yet remains,
Is but the Native Horrour of the Wood.
But I muſt loſe no time ; the Paſs is free ;
Th' unrooſted Fiends have quitted this Abode ;
On yon proud Towers, before the day be done,
My glittering Banners ſhall be wav'd againſt the ſetting Sun.
[*Exit* Arthur.

Phil. Come on my ſurly Slave; come ſtalk along,
And ſtamp a mad-Mans pace, and drag thy Chain.
Grim. I'll Champ and Foam upon't, till the blue Venom
Work upward to thy Hands, and looſe their hold.
Phil. Know'ſt thou this powerful Wand; 'tis liſted up;
A ſecond ſtroke wou'd ſend thee to the Centre,
Benum'd and Dead, as far as Souls can Die.
Grim. I wou'd thou woud'ſt, to rid me of my Senſe:
I ſhall be whoop'd through Hell at my return,
Inglorious from the Miſchief I deſign'd.
Phil. And therefore ſince thou loath'ſt Etherial Light,
The Morning Sun ſhall beat on thy black Brows;
The Breath thou draw'ſt ſhall be of upper Air,
Hoſtile to thee; and to thy Earthy make,
So light, ſo thin, that thou ſha't Starve, for want
Of thy groſs Food, till gaſping thou ſhalt lie,
And blow it black, all Sooty to the Sky.
[*Exit* Philidel, *dragging* Grimbald *after him.*

ACT. V.

Enter Oſmond *as Affrighted.*

Oſm. G*Rimbald* made Priſoner, and my Grove deſtroy'd!
Now what can ſave me——Hark the Drums and Trumpets! [*Drums and Trumpets within.*
Arthur is marching onward to the Fort,
I have but one Recourſe, and that's to *Oſwald*;
But will he Fight for me, whom I have injur'd?
No, not for me, but for himſelf he muſt;
I'll urge him with the laſt Neceſſity;
Better give up my Miſtreſs than my Life.
His force is much unequal to his Rival?
True;——But I'll help him with my utmoſt Art,
And try t' unravel Fate. [*Exit* Oſmond.

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *and Soldiers.*

Con. Now there remains but this one Labour more;
And if we have the Hearts of true Born *Britains*,
The forcing of that Caſtle Crowns the Day.
Aurel. The Works are weak, the Gariſon but thin,

Diſpirited with frequent Overthrows,
Already wavering on their ill mann'd Walls.

Alban. They ſhift their places oft, and ſculk from War,
Sure Signs of pale Deſpair, and eaſie Rout;
It ſhews they place their Confidence in Magick,
And when their Devils fail, their Hearts are Dead.

Arth. Then, where you ſee 'em cluſt'ring moſt, in Motion,
And ſtaggering in their Ranks, there preſs 'em home;
For that's a Coward heap——How's this, a Sally?

Enter Oſwald, Guillamar, *and Soldiers on the other ſide.*

Beyond my Hopes, to meet 'em on the Square.

Oſw. advancing. Brave *Britains* hold; and thou their famous Chief
Attend what *Saxon Oſwald* will propoſe.
He owns your Victory; but whether owing
To Valour, or to Fortune, that he doubts.
If *Arthur* dares aſcribe it to the firſt,
And ſingl'd from a Crowd, will tempt a Conqueſt,
This *Oſwald* Offers, let our Troops retire,
And Hand to Hand, let us decide our Strife:
This if Refus'd, bear Witneſs Earth and Heaven,
Thou ſteal'ſt a Crown and Miſtreſs undeſerv'd.

Arth. I'll not Uſurp thy Title of a Robber,
Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
This ſingle Combat, which thou didſt avoid;
So glad I am, on any Terms to meet thee,
And not diſcourage thy Repenting ſhame;
As once *Æneas* my Fam'd Anceſtor,
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutilian* Bands,
Fought for a Crown, and bright *Lavinia's* Bed,
So will I meet thee, Hand to Hand oppos'd:
My Auguring Mind, aſſures the ſame Succeſs.

To his Men. Hence out of view; If I am Slain, or yield,
Renounce me *Britains* for a Recreant Knight,
And let the *Saxon* peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous Iſle.
To Ratifie theſe Terms, I ſwear——

Oſw. You need not;
Your Honour is of Force, without your Oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yeild,
Yours be the Crown, and *Emmeline.*

Arth. That's two Crowns.

No more; we keep the looking Heav'ns and Sun
Too long in Expectation of our Arms.

[*Both Armies go clear off the Stage.*

[*They Fight, with Spunges in their Hands dipt in Blood; after ſome equal Paſſes and Cloſeing, they appear both Wounded:* Arthur *Stumbles among the Trees,* Oſwald *falls over him, they both Riſe;* Arthur *Wounds him again, then* Oſwald *Retreats. Enter* Oſmond *from among the Trees, and with his Wand, ſtrikes* Arthur's *Sword out of his Hand, and* Exit. Oſwald *purſues* Arthur. Merlin *enters, and gives* Arthur *his Sword, and* Exit; *they cloſe, and* Arthur *in the fall Diſarms* Oſwald.

Arth. Confeſs thy ſelf o'ercome, and ask thy Life.
Oſwa. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy Power.
Arth. Then take it as my Gift.
Oſwa. A wretched Gift,
With loſs of Empire, Liberty, and Love.

[*A Conſort of Trumpets within, proclaiming* Arthur's *Victory. While they Sound,* Arthur *and* Oſwald *ſeem to Confer.*

'Tis too much Bounty to a vanquiſh'd Foe;
Yet not enough to make me Fortunate.
Arth. Thy Life, thy Liberty, thy Honour Safe,
Lead back thy *Saxons* to their Ancient Elb:
I wou'd Reſtore thee fruitful *Kent*, the Gift
Of *Vortigern* for *Hengiſt*'s ill-bought aid,
But that my *Britain*'s brook no Foreign Power,
To Lord it in a Land, Sacred to Freedom;
And of its Rights, Tenacious to the laſt.
Oſwa. Nor more than thou haſt offer'd wou'd I take.
I would Refuſe all *Britain*, held in Homage;
And own no other Maſters but the Gods.

Enter on one ſide; Merlin, Emmeline, *and* Matilda. Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *with Britiſh Soldiers, bearing King* Arthur's *Standard diſplay'd.*

On the other ſide; Guillamar *and* Oſmond, *with Saxon Soldiers, dragging their Colours on the Ground.*

Arth. *going to* Emm. *and embracing her.* At length, at length, I have thee in my Arms;
Tho' our Malevolent Stars have ſtrugled hard,
And held us long aſunder.

Emm. We are ſo fitted for each others Hearts,
That Heav'n had err'd, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our Loves.
Oſw. Were there but this, this only ſight to ſee,
The price of *Britain* ſhou'd not buy my ſtay.
Merl. Take hence that Monſter of Ingratitude,
Him, who betray'd his Maſter, bear him hence,
And in that loathſom Dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd Noble *Oſwald.*
Oſm. That indeed is fitteſt for me,
For there I ſhall be near my Kindred Fiends,
And ſpare my *Grimbald*'s Pains to bear me to 'em. [*Is carried off.*
Mer. to *Arth:* For this Days Palm, and for thy former Acts,
Thy *Britain* freed, and Foreign Force expell'd,
Thou, *Arthur*, has acquir'd a future Fame,
And of three Chriſtian Worthies, art the firſt:
And now at once, to treat thy Sight and Soul,
Behold what Rouling Ages ſhall produce:
The Wealth, the Loves, the Glories of our Iſle,
Which yet like Golden-Oar, unripe in Beds,
Expect the Warm Indulgency of Heav'n
To call 'em forth to Light———
To *Oſw.* Nor thou, brave Saxon Prince, diſdain our Triumphs;
Britains and Saxons ſhall be once one People;
One Common Tongue, one Common Faith ſhall bind
Our Jarring Bands, in a perpetual Peace.

[Merlin *waves his Wand; the Scene changes, and diſcovers the Britiſh Ocean in a Storm.* Æolus *in a Cloud above: Four Winds hanging,* &c.

Æolus Singing. } *Ye Bluſt'ring Brethren of the Skies,*
Whoſe Breath has ruffl'd all the Watry Plain,
Retire, and let Britannia *Riſe,*
In Triumph o'er the Main.
Serene and Calm, and void of fear,
The Queen of Iſlands muſt appear:
Serene and Calm, as when the Spring
The New-Created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did ſoftly ſing,
Their Peaceful Homage paid to Man,

While Eurus *did his Blaſts forbear,*
In favour of the Tender Year.
Retreat, Rude Winds, Retreat,
To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat ;
There ſwell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

[*Æolus* aſcends, and the four Winds fly off. The Scene opens, and diſcovers a calm Sea, to the end of the Houſe. An *Iſland* ariſes, to a ſoft Tune; *Britannia* ſeated in the *Iſland*, with Fiſhermen at her Feet, *&c.* The Tune changes; the Fiſhermen come aſhore, and dance a While; after which, *Pan* and a *Nereide* come on the Stage, and ſing.

Pan *and* Nereide *Sings.*

Round thy Coaſts, Fair Nymph of Britain,
For thy Guard our Waters flow :
Proteus *all his Herd admitting,*
On thy Greens to Graze below:
Foreign Lands thy Fiſhes Taſting,
Learn from thee Luxurious Faſting.

Song of three Parts.

For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains,
The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair Britain *all the World outvyes ;*
And Pan, *as in* Arcadia *Reigns,*
Where Pleaſure mixt with Profit lyes.

2.

Though Jaſons *Office was Fam'd of old,*
The Britiſh *Wool is growing Gold ;*
No Mines can more of Wealth ſupply :
It keeps the Peaſant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian *Dye.*

The laſt *Stanza* ſung over again betwixt *Pan* and the *Nereide*. After which the former Dance is varied, and goes on.

Enter Comus *with three Peaſants, who ſing the following SONG in Parts.*

Com. *Your Hay it is Mow'd, and your Corn is Reap'd;*
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd:
Come, my Boys, come;
Come, my Boys, come;
And merrily Roar out Harveſt Home;
Harveſt Home,
Harveſt Home;
And merrily Roar out Harveſt Home.
Chorus. *Come, my Boys, come,* &c.

1 Man. *We ha' cheated the Parſon, we'll cheat him agen;*
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten.
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
Chorus. *One in Ten,*
One in Ten.
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

2. *For Prating ſo long like a Book-learn'd Sot,*
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot;
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot;
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.
Chorus. *Burn to Pot,* &c.
3. *We'll toſs off our Ale till we canno' ſtand,*
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England;
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England.
Chorus. *Old* England, *&c.*

The Dance vary'd into a round Country-Dance.

Enter Venus.

Venus. *Faireſt Iſle, all Iſles Excelling,*
Seat of Pleaſures, and of Loves;

Venus *here, will chuſe her Dwelling,*
And forſake her Cyprian *Groves.*

2.

Cupid *from his Fav'rite Nation,*
Care and Envy will Remove;
Jealouſie, that poyſons Paſſion,
And Deſpair that dies for Love.

3.

Gentle Murmurs, ſweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulſes, kind Diſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

4.

Every Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe Excel in Beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be Renown'd for Love.

SONG by Mr. *HOWE.*

1.

She. *YOU ſay, 'Tis Love Creates the Pain,*
Of which ſo ſadly you Complain;
And yet wou'd fain Engage my Heart
In that uneaſie cruel part:
But how, Alas! think you, that I,
Can bear the Wound of which you die?

2.

He. *'Tis not my Paſſion makes my Care,*
But your Indifference gives Deſpair:
The Luſty Sun begets no Spring,
Till Gentle Show'rs Aſſiſtance bring:
So Love that Scorches, and Deſtroys,
Till Kindneſs Aids, can cauſe no Joys.

She.

3.

She. *Love has a Thouſand Ways to pleaſe,*
But more to rob us of our Eaſe:
For Wakeful Nights and Careful Days,
Some Hours of Pleaſure he repays;
But abſence ſoon, or Jealous Fears,
O'reflow the Joys with Floods of Tears.

4.

He. *By vain and ſenſeleſs Forms betray'd,*
Harmleſs Love's th' Offender made;
While we no other Pains endure,
Than thoſe, that we our ſelves procure:
But one ſoft Moment makes Amends
For all the Torment that attends.

5.

Chorus of Both.

Let us love, let us love, and to Happineſs haſte;
Age and Wiſdom come too faſt:
Youth for Loving was deſign'd.
He alone. *I'll be conſtant, you be kind.*
She alone. *You be conſtant, I'll be kind.*
Both. *Heav'n can give no greater Bleſſing,*
Than faithful Love, and kind Poſſeſſing.

[After the Dialogue, a Warlike Conſort: The Scene opens above, and diſcovers the Order of the Garter.

Enter Honour, *Attended by* Hero's.

Merl. Theſe who laſt enter'd, are our Valiant *Britains,*
Who ſhall by Sea and Land Repel our Foes.
Now look above, and in Heav'ns High Abyſs,
Behold what Fame attends thoſe future Hero's.
Honour, who leads 'em to that Steepy Height,
In her Immortal Song, ſhall tell the reſt.

(Honour ſings.)

1.

Hon. *St.* George, *the Patron of our Iſle,*
A Soldier, and a Saint,
On that Auſpicious Order ſmile,
Which Love and Arms will plant.

2.

Our Natives not alone appear
To Court this Martial Prize;
But Foreign Kings Adopted here,
Their Crowns at home deſpiſe.

3.

Our Soveraign High, in Aweful State,
His Honours ſhall beſtow;
And ſee his Sceptr'd Subjects wait
On his Commands below.

[A full Chorus of the whole Song: After which the Grand Dance.

Arth. to Merl. Wiſely you have, whate'er will pleaſe, reveal'd,
What wou'd diſpleaſe, as wiſely have conceal'd:
Triumphs of War and Peace, at full ye ſhow,
But ſwiftly turn the Pages of our Wo.
Reſt we contented with our preſent State;
'Tis Anxious to enquire of future Fate.
That Race of Hero's is enough alone
For all unſeen Diſaſters to atone.
Let us make haſte betimes to Reap our ſhare,
And not Reſign them all the Praiſe of War.
But ſet th' Example; and their Souls Inflame,
To Copy out their Great Foreſathers Fame.

THE
EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

I'*Ve had to Day a Dozen* Billet-Doux
From Fops, *and* Wits, *and* Cits, *and* Bowſtreet-Beaux;
Some from Whitehal, *but from the* Temple *more*;
A Covent-Garden *Porter brought me four.*
I have not yet read all: But, without feigning,
We Maids *can make ſhrewd Gheſſes at your meaning.*
What if, to ſhew your Styles, I read 'em here?
Methinks I hear one cry, Oh Lord, forbear:
~~No, Madam, no; by Heav'n, that's too ſevere.~~
Well then, be ſafe——
But ſwear henceforwards to renounce all Writing,
And take this Solemn Oath of my Inditing,
As you love Eaſe, and hate Campagnes and Fighting.
Yet, 'Faith, 'tis juſt to make ſome few Examples:
What if I ſhew'd you one or two for Samples?
Pulls one out. *Here's one deſires my Ladiſhip to meet*
At the kind Couch above in Bridges-Street.
Oh Sharping Knave! That wou'd have, you know what,
For a poor Sneaking Treat of Chocolat.
Pulls out another. *Now, in the Name of Luck, I'll break this open,*
Becauſe I Dreamt laſt Night I had a Token;
~~*The Superſcription is exceeding pretty,*~~
To the Deſire of all the Town and City.
Now, Gallants, *you muſt know, this pretious* Fop,
Is Foreman of a Haberdaſhers-Shop:
One who devoutly Cheats; demure in Carriage;
And Courts me to the Holy Bands of Marriage.
But with a Civil Inuendo *too,*
My Overplus of Love ſhall be for you.

Madam

Reads. —— Madam, I ſwear your Looks are ſo Divine,
When I ſet up, your Face ſhall be my Sign:
Tho Times are hard; to ſhew how I adore you,
Here's my whole Heart, and half a Guinea for you.
But have a care of *Beaux*; They're falſe, my Honey;
And which is worſe, have not one Rag of Money.

See how Maliciouſly the Rogue would wrong ye;
But I know better Things of ſome among ye.
My wiſeſt way will be to keep the Stage,
And truſt to the Good Nature of the Age;
And he that likes the Muſick *and the* Play,
Shall be my Favourite Gallant to Day.

FINIS.

CLEOMENES,

THE

Spartan Heroe.

A TRAGEDY,

As it is ACTED at the

Theatre Royal.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

To which is prefixt

The LIFE of *Cleomenes.*

His Armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ. Juv. Sat. IV.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head* in *Chancery-Lane* near *Fleet-Street.* 1692.

Where Compleat SETS of Mr. *Dryden's* Works, in Four Volumes, are to be Sold. The PLAYS being put in the order they were Written.

To the Right Honourable

The Earl of *ROCHESTER*,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

'TIS enough for your Lordſhip to be conſcious to your ſelf of having perform'd a juſt and honourable Action, in Redeeming this Play from the Perſecution of my Enemies; but it wou'd be ingratitude in me, not to publiſh it to the World. That it has appear'd on the Stage is principally owing to you: That it has ſucceeded, is the Approbation of your Judgment, by that of the Publick. 'Tis juſt the Inverſion of an Act of Parliament: Your Lordſhip firſt ſign'd it, and then it was paſs'd amongſt the Lords and Commons. The Children of old Men are generally obſerv'd to be ſhort liv'd, and of a weakly Conſtitution: How this may prove I know not; but hitherto it has promis'd well: And if it ſurvive to Poſterity, it will carry the Noble Name of its Patron along with it; or, rather, it will be carried by yours to after Ages. *Arioſto*, in his *Voyage of* Aſtolpho *to the Moon*, has given us a fine Allegory of two Swans; who, when Time had thrown the Writings of many Poets into the River of Oblivion, were ever in a readineſs to ſecure the beſt, and bear them aloft, into the Temple of Immortality. Whether this Poem be of that Number, is left to the Judgment of the Swan who has preſerv'd it: And though I can claim little from his Juſtice, I may preſume to value my ſelf upon his Charity. It will be told me, That I have miſtaken the *Italian* Poet, who means only that ſome excellent Writers, almoſt as few in Number as the Swans, have reſcued the Memory of their Patrons, from Forgetfulneſs and Time; when a vaſt Multitude of Crows and Vultures, that is, bad Scribblers, Paraſites, and Flatterers, oppreſs'd by the weight of the Names which they endeavour'd to redeem, were forc'd to let them fall again into *Lethe*, where they were loſt for ever. If it be thus, my Lord, the Table wou'd be turn'd upon me: But I ſhou'd only fail in my vain Attempt: For either ſome other Immortal Swan, will be more capable of ſuſtaining ſuch a weight, or you who have ſo long been Converſant in the management of great Affairs, are able with your own Pen, to do Juſtice to your ſelf; and, at the ſame time, to give the Nation a clearer and more faithful inſight into thoſe Tranſactions, wherein you have Worthily ſuſtain'd ſo great a part. For to your Experience in State Affairs, you have alſo joyn'd no vulgar Erudition: Which all your Modeſty is not able to conceal; for to underſtand critically the delicacies of *Horace*, is a height to which few of our Noble Men have arriv'd: And that this is your deſerv'd Commendation, I am a living Evidence; as far, at leaſt, as I can be allow'd a Competent Judge on that ſubject. Your Affection to that admirable Ode, which *Horace* writes to his *Mecænas*, and which I had the Honour to inſcribe to you, is not the only Proof of this Aſſertion. You may pleaſe to remember, that in the late happy Converſation, which I had with your Lordſhip at a Noble Relations of yours, you took me aſide, and pleas'd your Self with repeating to me, one of the moſt Beautiful Pieces in that Author. It was the Ode to *Barine*, wherein you were ſo particularly affected with that Elegant Expreſſion,

ſion, *Juvenumque prodis publica cura.* There is indeed the Vertue of a whole Poem, in thoſe words; that *curioſa felicitas,* which *Petronius* ſo juſtly aſcribes to our Author. The Barbarity of our Language is not able to reach it: Yet, when I have leiſure, I mean to try, how near I can raiſe my *Engliſh* to his *Latin*: Though in the mean time, I cannot but imagine to my ſelf, with what Scorn his Sacred *Manes* wou'd look on ſo lame a Tranſlation as I cou'd make. His *Recalcitrat undique tutus* might more reaſonably be apply'd to me, than he himſelf apply'd it to *Auguſtus Cæſar.* I ought to reckon that Day, as very Fortunate to me, and diſtinguiſh it, as the Ancients did, with a whiter Stone; becauſe it furniſh'd me with an Occaſion of reading my *Cleomenes* to a Beautiful Aſſembly of Ladies, where your Lordſhip's Three Fair Daughters, were pleas'd to Grace it with their Preſence: And, if I may have leave to ſingle out any one in particular, there was your admirable Daughter-in-law; ſhining, not like a Star, but a Conſtellation of her Self; a more true and brighter *Berenice.* Then it was, that whether out of your own Partiality, and Indulgence to my Writings, or out of Complaiſance to the Fair Company, (who gave the firſt good Omen to my Succeſs, by their Approbation,) your Lordſhip was pleas'd to add your own: And afterwards to Repreſent it to the Queen, as wholly Innocent of thoſe Crimes, which were laid unjuſtly to its Charge. Neither am I to forget my Charming Patroneſs; though ſhe will not allow my Publick Addreſs to her, in a Dedication; but Protects me unſeen, like my Guardian-Angel; and ſhuns my Gratitude, like a Fairy, who is Bountiful by ſtealth; and conceals the Giver, when ſhe beſtows the

Gift. But my Lady *Sylvius* has been juſter to me, and pointed out the Goddeſs, at whoſe Altar I was to pay my Sacrifice and Thanks Offering. And had ſhe been ſilent, yet my Lord Chamberlain himſelf, in reſtoring my Play, without any Alteration, avow'd to me, that I had the moſt Earneſt Sollicitreſs, as well as the Faireſt; and that nothing cou'd be refus'd to my Lady *Hyde*.

These Favours, my Lord, receiv'd from your Self, and your Noble Family, have encourag'd me to this Dedication; wherein I not only give you back a Play, which had you not redeem'd it, had not been mine; but alſo at the ſame time, Dedicate to you, the unworthy Author, with my inviolable Faith, and (how mean ſoever) my utmoſt Service: And I ſhall be proud to hold my Dependance on you in Chief, as I do part of my ſmall Fortune in *Wiltſhire*. Your Goodneſs has not been wanting to me, during the Reign of my two Maſters. And even from a bare Treaſury, my Succeſs has been contrary to that of Mr. *Cowley*; and *Gideon*'s Fleece has then been moiſten'd, when all the Ground has been dry about it. Such and ſo many Provocations of this nature, have concurr'd to my Invading of your Modeſty, with this Addreſs. I am ſenſible that it is in a manner forc'd upon you. But your Lordſhip has been the Aggreſſor in this Quarrel, by ſo many Favours, which you are not weary of conferring on me. Though at the ſame time, I own the Ambition on my ſide, to be ever eſteem'd

Your Lordſhip's moſt Thankful

And moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

'T*Is now ſeven or eight Years ſince I deſign'd to write this Play of* CLEOMENES; *and my Lord* Falkland, *(whoſe Name I cannot mention without Honour, for the many Favours I have receiv'd from him) is pleas'd to witneſs for me, That in a* French *Book, which I preſented him about that time, there were the Names of many Subjects that I had thought on for the Stage; amongſt which, this* Tragedy *was one. This, was out of my Remembrance; but my Lord, on the occaſion of ſtopping my Play, took the Opportunity of doing me a good Office at Court, by repreſenting it as it was, a Piece long ago deſign'd: Which being judiciouſly treated, I thought was capable of moving Compaſſion on the Stage. The Succeſs has juſtified my Opinion, and that at a time when the World is running mad after* Farce, *the Extremitie of bad Poetry, or rather the Judgment that is fallen upon Dramatique Writing. Were I in the Humour, I have ſufficient cauſe to expoſe it in its true Colours; but having for once eſcap'd, I will forbear my Satyr, and only be thankful for my Deliverance. A great part of my good Fortune, I muſt confeſs, is owing to the Juſtice which was done me in the Performance: I can ſcarcely refrain from giving every one of the Actors their particular Commendations; but none of them will be offended, if I ſay what the Town has generally granted, That Mrs.* Barry, *always Excellent, has, in this* Tragedy, *excell'd Herſelf, and gain'd a Reputation beyond any Woman whom I have ever ſeen on the Theatre. After all, it was a bold Attempt of mine, to write upon a ſingle Plott, unmix'd with* Comedy; *which though it be the natural and true way, yet is not to the* Genius *of the Nation. Yet to gratifie the barbarous Party of my Audience, I gave them a ſhort Rabble-Scene, becauſe the Mobb (as they call them) are repreſented by* Plutarch *and* Polybius, *with the ſame Character of Baſeneſs and Cowardice, which are here deſcrib'd, in the laſt Attempt of* Cleomenes. *They may thank me, if they pleaſe, for this Indulgence; for no* French *Poet would have allow'd them any more than a bare*

Relation of that Scene, which debaſes a Tragedy *to ſhow upon the Stage.*

For the reſt, ſome of the Mechanique Rules of Unity are obſerved, and others are neglected. The Action is but one, which is the Death of Cleomenes; *and every Scene in the Play, is tending to the Accompliſhment of the Main Deſign. The Place is likewiſe one; for 'tis all in the compaſs of* Alexandria, *and the Port of that City. The time might eaſily have been reduc'd into the ſpace of twenty four Hours, if I wou'd have omitted the Scence of Famine, in the Fifth Act; but it pleas'd me to try how* Spartans *cou'd endure it; and, beſides, gave me the occaſion of writing that other Scene, betwixt* Cleomenes *and his ſuſpected Friend; and, in ſuch a Caſe, 'tis better to treſpaſs on a Rule, than leave out a Beauty.*

As for other Objections, I never heard any worth anſwering; and leaſt of all that Fooliſh One, which is rais'd againſt me by the Sparks, for Cleomenes *not accepting the Favours of* Caſſandra. *They wou'd not have refus'd a fair Lady. I grant they wou'd not; but let them grant me, That they are not* Hero's; *and ſo much for the Point of Honour. A Man might have pleaded an Excuſe for himſelf, if he had been falſe to an Old Wife, for the ſake of a Young Miſtreſs; but* Cleora *was in the Flower of her Age, and it was yet but Honey-moon with* Cleomenes; *and ſo much for Nature. Some have told me, That many of the fair Sex complain for want of tender Scenes, and ſoft Expreſſions of Love: I will endeavour to make them ſome amends, if I write again; and my next* Hero *ſhall be no* Spartan.

I know it will be here expected, that I ſhould write ſomewhat concerning the forbidding of my Play; but the leſs I ſay of it, the better. And beſides, I was ſo little concern'd at it, that had it not been on conſideration of the Actors, who were to ſuffer on my account, I ſhould not have been at all ſollicitous, whether it were play'd, or no. No body can imagine, that in my declining Age I write willingly, or that I am deſirous of expoſing, at this time of day, the ſmall Reputation which I have gotten on the Theatre. *The Subſiſtence which I had from the former Government, is loſt; and the Reward I have from the Stage is ſo little, that it is not worth my Labour.*

As for the Reaſons which were given for ſuſpending the Play, it ſeems they were ſo ill founded, that my Lord Chamberlain no ſooner took the pains to read it, but they vaniſh'd; and my Copy was reſtor'd to me, without the leaſt Alteration by his Lordſhip. 'Tis printed as *it was acted; and I dare aſſure you, that here is no Parallel to be found: 'Tis neither Compliment, nor Satyr; but a plain Story, more ſtrictly followed than any which has appear'd upon the Stage. 'Tis true, it had been garbled before by the Superiours of the Play-houſe; and I cannot reaſonably blame them for their Caution; becauſe they are anſwerable for any thing that is publickly repreſented: And their Zeal for the Government is ſuch, that they had rather loſe the beſt Poetry in the World, than give the leaſt Suſpicion of their Loyalty. The ſhort is, that they were diligent enough to make ſure Work: and to geld it ſo clearly in ſome places, that they took away the very Manhood of it. I can only apply to them, what* Caſſandra *ſays ſomewhere in the Play to* Ptolomey;

To be ſo nice in my Concerns for you;
To doubt where Doubts are not; to be too fearful;
To raiſe a Bug-bear Shadow of a Danger;
And then be frighted, though it cannot reach you.

But, ſince it concerns me to be as circumſpect as they are, I have given leave to my Bookſeller to print the Life of Cleomenes, *as it is elegantly, and faithfully tranſlated out of* Plutarch, *by my learned Friend,* Mr. Creech; *to whom the World has been indebted for his excellent Verſion of* Lucretius; *and I particularly oblig'd in his Tranſlation of* Horace. *We daily expect* Manilius *from him; an Author worthy only of ſuch Hands; which having formerly reveal'd the Secrets of Nature to us here on Earth, is now diſcovering to us her Palace in the Skies; and if I might be allow'd to ſay it, giving Light to the Stars of Heaven.*

Ergò vivida vis animi, pervicit; & extra
Proceſſit longè, flammantia mænia Mundi.

But to return to Plutarch; *you will find him particularly fond of* Cleomenes *his Character; who as he was the laſt of the* Spartan *Heroes, ſo he was, in my Opinion, the greateſt. Even his Enemy,* Polybius, *though engag'd in the contrary Faction, yet ſpeaks honourably of him; and eſpecially of his laſt Action in* Egypt. *This Author is alſo made* Engliſh, *and will ſhortly be publiſh'd for the Common Benefit.*

What I have added to the Story, is chiefly the Love of Agathoclea, *the King's Miſtreſs; whoſe Name I have chang'd into* Caſſandra; *only for the better ſound. As I have alſo the name of*

Nicagoras, *into that of* Cœnus, *for the ſame Reaſon.* Cratiſiclæa, Pantheus, *and* Soſybius, *are to be found in the Story, with the ſame Characters which they have in the Tragedy. There is likewiſe mention made of the Son of* Cleomenes, *who had reſolution enough to throw himſelf headlong from a Tower, when he had heard of his Father's ill Succeſs. And for* Cleora, *whom I make the ſecond Wife of* Cleomenes *(for* Ægyatis *was dead before) you will find a hint of her in* Plutarch; *for he tells us, That after the loſs of the Battle at* Sellaſia, *he return'd to* Sparta, *and entring his own Houſe, was there attended by a Free-born Woman of* Megalopolis.

The Picture of Ptolomey Philopater, *is given by the fore-mention'd Authors to the full. Both agree that he was an Original of his kind; a Lazy, Effeminate, Cowardly, Cruel, and Luxurious Prince, manag'd by his Favourite, and impos'd on by his Miſtreſs. The Son of* Soſybyus, *whom I call* Cleanthes, *was a Friend to* Cleomenes: *but* Plutarch *ſays, he at length forſook him. I hsve giv'n him a fairer Character, and made it only a ſeeming Treachery, which he practis'd. If any be ſo curious to enquire what became of* Caſſandra, *whoſe Fortune was left in ſuſpence at the Concluſion of the Play, I muſt firſt inform them, that after the death of* Cleomenes, *(the Heroe of my Poem,) I was oblig'd by the Laws of the* Drama, *to let fall the Curtain immediately; becauſe the Action was then concluded. But* Polybius *tells us, that ſhe ſurviv'd* Ptolomey, *who reign'd about Twenty ſeven Years; that with her Brother* Agathocles, *ſhe govern'd* Egypt *in the Minority of his Son* Ptolomey Epiphanes; *and that finally for oppreſſing of the People, both the Brother and Siſter were ſlain in a popular Inſurrection.*

There is nothing remaining, but my Thanks to the Town in general, and to the fair Ladies in particular, for their kind Reception of my Play. And though I cannot retract what I ſaid before, that I was not much concern'd in my own particular, for the Embargo which was laid upon it: Yet I think my ſelf oblig'd, at the ſame time, to render my Acknowledgments to thoſe Honourable Perſons, who were inſtrumental in the freeing it. For as it was from a Principle of Nobleneſs in them, that they would not ſuffer one to want, who was grown old in their Service: So it is from a Principle of another ſort, that I have learn'd to poſſeſs my Soul in Patience, and not to be much diſquieted, with any Diſappointment of this Nature.

The following Verſes were ſent me by a young Gentleman, under Twenty Years of Age, whoſe Modeſty would have conceal'd his Name; but I learn'd it from another Hand, and have taken the boldneſs to ſubſcribe it without his Leave. I preſume that on the reading of them, no body can blame me for making Cleonidas *ſpeak above his Youth, when you ſee an* Engliſhman *ſo far ſurpaſſing my* Spartan.

To Mr. Dryden, *on his* CLEOMENES.

HAs Youth then loſt its great Prerogative?
And do's the Soul alone for Age ſurvive?
Like *Embryo's* ſleeping in their Seeds, ſeem nought,
'Till friendly Time does ripen it to Thought?
Judgment, Experience, that before was theirs;
But Fancy wanton'd in a younger Sphere;
Play'd with ſome looſe and ſcatter'd Beams of Light,
And revell'd in an Anarchy of Wit.
Both Youth and Age unequally did charm;
As much too cold was this, as that too warm.
But you have reconcil'd their differing Praiſe,
By fixing both to your immortal Bays.
Where Fancy mounts, but Judgment holds the Reins;
Not checks, but guides you to harmonious Strains.
'Tis Harmony indeed, 'tis all unite,
Like finiſh'd Nature, and divided Light:
Like the vaſt Order, and its numerous Throng,
Crowded to their Almighty Maker's Song;
Where Heav'n and Earth ſeem but one ſingle Tongue.
O wondrous Man! where have you learn'd the Art
To charm our Reaſon, while you wound the Heart!
Far more than *Spartan* Morals to inſpire,
While your great Accents kindle *Spartan* Fire.
Thus Metals heated to the Artiſt's Will,
Receive th' Impreſſions of a Nobler Skill.

Your Hero form'd ſo regularly Good,
So nicely patient in his Want of Food,
That it no more *th' Undreſs* of Death appears,
While the rich Garment of your Sence it wears.
So juſt a Husband, Father, Son, and Friend,
Great in his Life, but greater in his End:
That ſure, like *Xenophon*, you meant to ſhew,
Not what they are, but what they ought to do;
At once a Poet, and Inſtructer too.
The Parts ſo manag'd, as if each were thine;
Thou draw'ſt both Ore and Metal from the Mine;
And to be ſeen, thou mak'ſt ev'n Vice to ſhine.
As if, like *Siam*'s tranſmigrating God,
A ſingle Life in each you made abode;
And the whole Buſineſs of the tedious round,
To Copy Patterns which in each you found.
Sure you have gain'd from Heav'n *Promethean* Fire,
To form, then kindle Souls into Deſire:
Elſe why ſucceſſive ſtarts of Hopes and Fears;
A Martial Warmth firſt rais'd, then quench'd with Tears?
Unleſs this Truth ſhines clearly through the whole,
Sence Rules the World, but you command the Soul.

Theophilus Parſons.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. MOUNTFORT.

I Think or hope, at leaſt, the Coaſt is clear,
That none but Men of Wit and Sence are here:
That our Bear-Garden Friends are all away,
Who bounce with Hands and Feet, and cry Play, Play.
Who to ſave Coach-hire, trudge along the Street,
Then print our Matted Seats with dirty Feet;
Who, while we ſpeak, make Love to Orange-Wenches,
And between Acts ſtand ſtrutting on the Benches:
Where got a Cock-horſe, making vile Grimaces,
They to the Boxes ſhow their Booby Faces.
A Merry-Andrew, ſuch a Mob will ſerve,
And treat 'em with ſuch Wit as they deſerve:
Let 'em go People Ireland, *where there's need*
Of ſuch new Planters to repair the Breed;
Or to Virginia *or* Jamaica *Steer,*
But have a care of ſome French *Privateer;*
For if they ſhould become the Prize of Battle,
They'll take 'em Black and White for Iriſh *Cattle.*
Ariſe true Judges in your own Defence,
Controul thoſe Foplings, and declare for Sence:
For ſhould the Fools prevail, they ſtop not there,
But make their next Deſcent upon the Fair.
Then riſe ye Fair; for it concerns you moſt,
That Fools no longer ſhould your Favours boaſt;
'Tis time you ſhould renounce 'em, for we find
They plead a ſenſeleſs Claim to Woman kind:

Such Squires are only fit for Country Towns,
To ſtink of Ale; and duſt a Stand with Clownes:
Who, to be choſen for the Lands Protectors,
Tope and get Drunk before their Wiſe Electors.
Let not Farce Lovers your weak Choice upbraid,
But turn 'em over to the Chamber-maid.
Or if they come to ſee our Tragick Scenes,
Inſtruct them what a Spartan *Hero means:*
Teach 'em how manly Paſſions ought to move,
For ſuch as cannot Think can never Love:
And ſince they needs will judge the Poets Art,
Point 'em with Feſcu's to each ſhining Part.
Our Author hopes in you, but ſtill in pain,
He fears your Charms will be employ'd in vain;
You can make Fools of Wits, we find each Hour,
But to make Wits of Fools, is paſt your Power.

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THis Day, the Poet bloodily inclin'd,
Has made me die, full ſore againſt my Mind!
Some of you naughty Men, I fear, will cry,
Poor Rogue! would I might teach thee how to die!
Thanks for your Love; but I ſincerely ſay,
I never mean to die, your wicked way.
Well, ſince it is Decreed all Fleſh muſt go,
(And I am Fleſh, at leaſt for ought you know;)

I firſt declare, I die with pious Mind,
In perfect Charity with all Mankind.
Next for my Will: ---I have, in my diſpoſe,
Some certain Moveables would pleaſe you Beaux;
As, firſt, my Youth; for as I have been told,
Some of you, modiſh Sparks, are dev'liſh old.
My Chaſtity I need not leave among yee:
For to ſuſpect old Fops, were much to wrong ye.
You ſwear y'are Sinners; but for all your haſte,
Your Miſſes ſhake their Heads, and find you chaſte.
I give my Courage to thoſe bold Commanders
That ſtay with us, and dare not go for Flanders.
I leave my Truth, (to make his Plot more clear,)
To Mr. Fuller, *when he next ſhall ſwear.*
I give my Judgment, craving all your Mercyes,
To thoſe that leave good Plays, for damn'd dull Farces.
My ſmall Devotion let the Gallants ſhare
That come to ogle us at Evening Pray'r.
I give my Perſon——let me well conſider,
Faith e'en to him that is the faireſt Bidder.
To ſome rich Hunks, if any be ſo bold
To ſay thoſe dreadful Words, To have and hold.
But ſtay—— to give, and be bequeathing ſtill,
When I'm ſo poor, is juſt like Wickham's *Will:*
Like that notorious Cheat, vaſt Sums I give,
Only that you may keep me while I live.
Buy a good Bargain, Gallants, while you may,
I'll coſt you but your Half-a-Crown a day.

Perſons Repreſented.

Cleomenes, *King of* Sparta.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Cleonidas, *his Son by his firſt Wife,*	Mr. *Lee.*
Ptolomy *King of* Egypt.	Mr. *Alexander.*
Soſybius, *his Miniſter of State.*	Mr. *Sandford.*
Cleanthes, *Son to* Soſybius, *Friend to* Cleomenes, *Captain of* Ptolomy*'s Guard.*	Mr. *Mountford.*
Pantheus, *a Noble* Spartan, *the Favourite of* Cleomenes.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Cœnus, *a* Meſſenian *Lord.*	Mr. *Hudſon.*
Cratiſiclæa, *Mother to* Cleomenes.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Cleora, Cleomenes*'s Second Wife.*	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Caſſandra, *Miſtreſs to* Ptolomy.	Mrs. *Barry.*

Prieſts of Apis. *A* Mariner. Egyptians. Guards.

THE LIFE OF CLEOMENES.

THus fell *Agis*. His Brother *Archidamus* was too quick for *Leonidas*, and ſav'd himſelf by a timely Retreat. But his Wiſe then newly brought to Bed, the Tyrant forc'd her from her own Houſe, and compell'd her to marry his Son *Cleomenes*, though at that time too young for a Wife; for he was unwilling that any one elſe ſhould have her, ſhe being Heireſs to her Father *Gylippus*'s great Eſtate; for Perſon, the fineſt Woman in all *Greece*, very good-natur'd, of an exemplary Life, and therefore, they ſay, ſhe did all ſhe could, that ſhe might not be compell'd to this Match.

Being thus married to *Cleomenes*, ſhe hated *Leonidas*, but to the Youth ſhe ſhow'd her ſelf a kind and obliging Wife. He, as ſoon as they came together, began to love her very much, and the conſtant Kindneſs that ſhe ſtill retain'd for the memory of *Agis*, wrought ſomewhat of Concern in the young Man for him, ſo that he would often enquire of her concerning what had paſs'd, and attentively liſten to the Story of *Agis*'s Deſigns. Now *Cleomenes* had a generous and great Soul; he was as temperate and moderate in his Pleaſures as *Agis*, but not ſo very cautious, circumſpect and gentle: a ſpur of Paſſion always gall'd him, and his eagerneſs to purſue that which he thought good and juſt, was violent and heady. To make Men willing to obey, he conceiv'd to be the beſt Diſcipline; but likewiſe to break the ſtubborn, and force them to be better, was in his opinion commendable and brave. This Diſpoſition made him diſlike the management of the City: The Citizens lay diſſolv'd in ſupine Idleneſs and Pleaſures; the King minded nothing, deſigning, if no body gave him any diſturbance, to waſte his Time in Eaſe and Riot; the Publick was neglected, and each Man intent upon his private Gain. 'Twas dangerous, now *Agis* was kill'd, to mention the exerciſing and training of their Youth, and to ſet up for the ancient Bravery and Equality, was Treaſon againſt the State. 'Tis ſaid alſo that *Cleomenes*, whilſt a Boy, ſtudied Philoſophy under *Sphærus* the *Boryſtenite*, who coming to *Sparta*, was very diligent in Inſtructing the Youth: *Sphærus* was one of the chief of *Zeno* the *Citiean*'s Scholars, and 'tis likely that he admir'd the manly Temper of *Cleomenes*, and inflam'd his generous Ambition. The ancient *Leonidas* (as Story ſaith) being ask'd, What manner of Poet he thought *Tyrtæus*? reply'd, An excellent one to whet the Courages of youth, for being fill'd with Fury by his Poems, they daringly ventur'd on any Danger: now the *Stoicks* Philoſophy is a dangerous Incentive to hot and fiery Diſpoſitions, but being mixt with a grave and cautious Temper, is very good to fix and ſettle the Reſolutions.

Upon the Death of his Father *Leonidas*, he ſucceeded, and obſerving the Citizens of all ſorts to be debauch'd, the rich neglecting the Publick, and intent on their own Gain and Pleaſure, and the poor being crampt in their private Fortunes, grown unactive, Cowards, and not inclinable to the *Spartan* Inſtitution and way of Breeding, that he had only the Name of King, and the *Ephori* all the Power, was reſolv'd to change the preſent poſture of Affairs. He had a Friend whoſe name was *Xenares*, his Lover,(ſuch an Affection the *Spartans* expreſs by the word, ἐμπνεῖσθαι) him he ſounded and of him he would commonly enquire, What manner of King *Agis* was, by what means, and by what Aſſiſtance he began and purſu'd his Deſigns. *Xenares* at firſt willingly comply'd with his Requeſt, and told him the whole Story, with all the particular Circumſtances of the Actions. But when he obſerv'd *Cleomenes* to be extreamly affected at the Relation, and more than ordinarily mov'd at *Agis*'s new model of the Government, and begging

ging a repetition of the Story, he at firſt ſeverely chid him, told him, He was frantick, and at laſt left off all ſort of Familiarity and Converſation with him, yet he never told any Man the cauſe of their Diſagreement, but would only ſay, *Cleomenes knew very well.* *Cleomenes* finding *Xenares* averſe to his Deſigns, and thinking all others to be of the ſame opinion, conſulted with none, but contriv'd the whole Buſineſs by himſelf. And conſidering that it would be eaſier to bring about an Alteration when the City was at War, than when in Peace, he engag'd the Commonwealth in a Quarrel with the *Achæans*, who had given them fair occaſions to complain: for *Aratus*, a Man of the greateſt Power amongſt all the *Achæans*, deſign'd from the very beginning to bring all the *Peloponneſians* into one common Body. And to effect this, he undertook many Expeditions, and ran through a long courſe of Policy; for he thought this the only means to make them an equal Match for their foreign Enemies: All the reſt agreed to his Propoſals, only the *Lacedæmonians*, the *Eleans*, and as many of the *Arcadians* as inclin'd to the *Spartan* Intereſt, refus'd. Therefore as ſoon as *Leonidas* was dead, he fell upon the *Arcadians*, and waſted thoſe eſpecially that border'd on *Achaia*; by this means deſigning to try the Inclinations of the *Spartans*, and deſpiſing *Cleomenes* as a Youth, and of no experience in Affairs of State or War. Upon this the *Ephori* ſent *Cleomenes* to ſurpriſe the *Athenæum* (dedicated to *Minerva*) near *Belbina*, which is a paſs of *Laconia*, and was then under the Juriſdiction of the *Megalopolitans*: *Cleomenes* poſſeſt himſelf of the place, and fortified it; at which Action *Aratus* ſhew'd no publick Reſentment, but marcht by night to ſurpriſe *Tegea* and *Orchomenium*. The Deſign fail'd; for thoſe that were to betray the Cities into his Hands, doubted the Succeſs; ſo *Aratus* retreated, imagining that his Deſign had been undiſcovered: But *Cleomenes* wrote a jeering Letter to him, and deſired to know, as from a Friend, whither he intended to march at night? And *Aratus* anſwering, That having underſtood his Deſign to fortifie *Belbina*, he reſolv'd to march thither to oppoſe him. *Cleomenes* return'd, That he believed it, but deſir'd him to give him an account, if it ſtood with his Convenience, why he carryed thoſe Torches and Ladders with him.

Aratus laughing at the Jeer, and asking what manner of Youth this was; *Democrites* a *Spartan* Exile replyed, *If you have any Deſigns upon the* Lacedæmonians, *begin before this young Eagle's Talons are grown.* Preſently after this, *Cleomenes* being in *Arcadia* with a few Horſe, and 300 Foot, the *Ephori* fearing to engage in the War, commanded him home, but upon his Retreat, *Aratus* taking *Caphuæ*, they commiſſion'd him again. In this Expedition he took *Methudrium*, and ſpoiled the Country of the *Argives*, and the *Achaians*: to ſtop his Victory, and ſecure their Friends, ſent 20000 foot and 1000 Horſe againſt him, under the Command of *Ariſtomachus*. *Cleomenes* fac'd them at *Palantium*, and offer'd Battle: But *Aratus* being daſh'd at his Bravery, would not ſuffer the General to engage, but retreated, being curſt by the *Achæans*, and hooted at, and ſcorn'd by the *Spartans*, who were not above 5000, for a Coward. *Cleomenes* encouraged by this Succeſs, began to vaunt among the Citizens a Sentence of one of their ancient Kings, who ſaid, *The* Spartans *ſeldom enquired how many their Enemies were, but where they were.* After this, marching to the Aſſiſtance of the *Eleans*, upon whom the *Achaians* warr'd, and about *Lycæum* falling upon the Enemy in their Retreat, he routed their whole Army, taking a great number of Captives, and leaving many dead upon the Place; ſo that it was commonly reported amongſt the Greeks that *Aratus* was ſlain. But *Aratus* making the beſt Advantage of the Opportunity, preſently after the Defeat, march'd to *Mantinæa*, and before any body ſuſpected it, took the City, and put a new Garriſon into it. Upon this the *Lacedæmonians* being quite diſcouraged, and oppoſing *Cleomenes*'s Deſign of carrying on the War, he was eager to ſend for *Archidamus*, *Agis*'s Brother from *Meſſena*, for he of the other Family had a Right to the Kingdom; and beſide, *Cleomenes* thought that the Power of the *Ephori* would be abated when the Kingly State was fill'd up, and equally poiſed between the two Families. But thoſe that were concern'd in the Murder of *Agis* underſtanding the Deſign, and fearing that upon *Archidamus*'s Return they ſhould be call'd to an Account, receiv'd him coming privately into Town, waited on him, and preſently after murder'd him; but whether *Cleomenes* was againſt it (as *Phylarchus* imagines) or whether he was perſwaded by his Friends, and wink'd at the Contrivance, is uncertain;

tain; however, they were moſt blam'd, as having forc'd his Conſent. But he ſtill reſolving to new-model the State, brib'd the *Ephori* to make him General: and won the Affections of many others by means of his Mother *Crateſiclæa*, who ſpared no Coſt, and was very zealous to promote the ſame Intereſt; and though of her ſelf ſhe had no Inclination to marry, yet for her Son's ſake ſhe wedded one of the chiefeſt Citizens for Wealth and Power. *Cleomenes* marching forth with the Army now under his Command, took *Leuctra*, a place belonging to *Megalopolis*; and the *Achæans* quickly facing him with a good body of Men commanded by *Aratus* in a Battle under the very Walls of the City, ſome part of his Army was routed. But *Aratus* commanding the *Achæans* not to paſs a deep Hollow, and ſtopping the Purſuit, *Lydiadas* the *Megalopolitan* fretting at the Orders, encouraging the Horſe which he led, and purſuing the routed Enemy, fell into a place full of Vines, Hedges and Ditches; and being forc'd to break his Ranks, was put into a great Diſorder. *Cleomenes* obſerving the Advantage, commanded the *Tarentines* and *Cretans* to engage him, by whom, after a brave Diſpute he was routed and ſlain. The *Lacedæmonians* thus encouraged with a great ſhout fell upon the *Achæans* and routed their whole Army. Of the ſlain, which were very many, ſome *Cleomenes* delivered upon Articles, but the Body of *Lydiadas* he commanded to be brought to him; and then putting on it a purple Robe, and a Crown upon its Head, ſent a Convoy with it to the Gates of *Megalopolis*. This *Lydiadas* was the Man that reſign'd his Crown, reſtor'd Liberty to the Citizens, and joyn'd the City to the *Achæan* Intereſt. *Cleomenes* being very much raiſed by this Succeſs; and perſwaded, that if matters were wholly at his Diſpoſal, he ſhould quickly be too hard for the *Achæans*. He taught *Megiſtones* his Mother's Huſband, That 'twas expedient for the State to ſhake off the Power of the *Ephori*, and to put all their Wealth into one common Stock for the whole Body; That *Sparta* being reſtor'd to its old Equality, might be rais'd up to be Miſtreſs of all *Greece*. *Megiſtones* liked the Deſign, and engaged two or three more of his Friends. About that time one of the *Ephori* ſleeping in *Paſiphae*'s Temple, dream'd a very ſurprizing Dream; for he thought he ſaw the four Chairs removed out of the place where the *Ephori* uſed to ſit and hear Cauſes, and one only ſet there; and whilſt he wondred, he heard a Voice out of the Temple, ſaying, *This is beſt for* Sparta. The Perſon telling *Cleomenes* this Dream, he was a little troubled at firſt, fearing that he us'd this as a Trick to ſift him, upon ſome Suſpicion of his Deſign; but when he was ſatisfied that the Relater ſpoke truth, he took heart again; and taking with him thoſe whom he thought would be againſt his model, he took *Eræa* and *Alcæa*, two Cities of the *Achæans*, furniſh'd *Orchomenium* with Proviſions, beſieg'd *Mantinæa*; and with long marches ſo haraſs'd the *Lacedæmonians*, that many of them deſir'd to be left in *Arcadia*; and he ſatisfy'd their Requeſt. With the Mercenaries he march'd to *Sparta*, and by the way communicated his Deſign to thoſe whom he thought fitteſt for his Purpoſe, and march'd ſlowly that he might catch the *Ephori* at Supper. When he was come near the City, he ſent *Eurycleidas* to the *Suſſitium*, the eating place of the *Ephori*, under pretence of carrying ſome Meſſage from him from the Army; *Threicion*, *Phæbis*, and two of thoſe which were bred with *Cleomenes*, which they call *Samothracæ*, follow'd with a few Souldiers; And whilſt *Eurycleidas* was delivering his Meſſage to the *Ephori*, they ran upon them with their drawn Swords, and ſlew them. *Ageſilaus* as ſoon as he was run through, fell, and lay as dead; but in a little time he roſe, ſilently convey'd himſelf out of the Room, and crept undiſcover'd into a little Houſe, which was the Temple of *Fear*, and which always us'd to be ſhut, but was then by chance open; being got in, he ſhut the Door, and lay cloſe: the other four were kill'd, and above ten more that came to their Aſſiſtance; to thoſe that were quiet, they did no harm, ſtopt none that fled the City, and ſpar'd *Ageſilaus*, who came out of the Temple the next day. The *Lacedæmonians* have not only Temples dedicated to *Fear*, but alſo to *Death*, *Laughter*, and the like Paſſions: now they worſhip *Fear*, not as they do thoſe Deities which they dread, eſteeming it hurtfull, but thinking their Polity is chiefly kept up by Law; and therefore the *Ephori* (*Ariſtotle* is my Author) when they enter upon their Government, make Proclamation to the People, that they ſhould ſhave their Whiskers, and be obedient to the Laws, that they might not be forc'd to be ſevere, uſing this trivial Particular (in my opinion) to accuſtom their Youth to Obedience even in the ſmalleſt Matters. And the Ancients, I think, did not imagine Fortitude to be plain fearleſsneſs, but a cautious Fear of Infamy and Diſgrace: for thoſe that ſhow moſt Fear towards the Laws, are moſt bold againſt their Enemies; and thoſe are leaſt afraid of any Danger, who are moſt afraid of a juſt reproach. Therefore he ſaid well:

A Reverence ſtill attends on Fear.

And *Homer*,

Fear'd you ſhall be, dear Uncle, and rever'd

And again,

In ſilence fearing thoſe that bore the ſway.

For 'tis very commonly ſeen, that Men reverence thoſe whom they fear; and therefore the *Lacedæmonians* plac'd the Temple of *Fear* by the *Suſſitium* of the *Ephori*, having rais'd their Power to almoſt abſolute Monarchy.

The next day *Cleomenes* proſcrib'd 80 of the Citizens, whom he thought neceſſary to baniſh, and removed all the Seats of the *Ephori* except one, in which he himſelf deſign'd to ſit, and hear Cauſes; and calling the Citizens together, he made an Apology for his Proceedings, ſaying, That by *Lycurgus* the Senate was joyn'd to the Kings, and that that model of Government had continued a long time, and needed no other ſort of Magiſtrates to give it perfection. But afterward in the long War with the *Meſſenians*, when the Kings being to command the Army, had no time to attend civil Cauſes, they choſe ſome of their Friends, and left them to determine the Suits of the Citizens in their ſtead. Theſe were call'd *Ephori*, and at firſt behav'd themſelves as Servants to the Kings, but afterward by degrees they appropriated the Power to themſelves, and erected a diſtinct ſort of Magiſtracy. An evidence of the Truth of this may be taken from the uſual Behaviour of the Kings, who upon the firſt and ſecond Meſſage of the *Ephori*, refuſe to go, but upon the third readily attend them:

And *Aſteropus*, the firſt that raiſ'd the *Ephori* to that height of Power, liv'd a great many years after their Inſtitution; therefore whil'ſt they modeſtly contain'd themſelves within their own proper Sphear, 'twas better to bear with them than to make a diſturbance. But that an upſtart introduc'd Power ſhould ſo far deſtroy the old model of Government, as to baniſh ſome Kings, murder others without hearing their defence, and threaten thoſe who deſir'd to ſee the beſt and moſt divine Conſtitution reſtor'd in *Sparta*, was unſufferable. Therefore if it had been poſſible for him without Bloodſhed, to have freed *Lacedæmon* from thoſe foreign Plagues, Luxury, Vanity, Debts and Uſury, and from thoſe more ancient Evils, Poverty and Riches, he ſhould have thought himſelf the happieſt King in the World, having like an expert Phyſician cur'd the Diſeaſes of his Countrey without pain. But now in this neceſſity *Lycurgus*'s Example favour'd his Proceedings, who being neither King, nor Magiſtrate, but a private Man, and aiming at the Kingdom, came arm'd into the Market-place, and for fear of the King *Carileus* fled to the Altar: but he being a good Man, and a lover of his Countrey, readily conſented to *Lycurgus*'s Project, and admitted an Alteration in the State. Thus by his own Actions *Lycurgus* ſhow'd, That it was difficult to correct the Government without Force and Fear, in uſing which, he ſaid, he would be ſo moderate, as never to deſire their Aſſiſtance, but either to terrifie or ruine the Enemies of *Sparta*'s Happineſs and Safety. He commanded that all the Land ſhould be left in common, and private Claims laid aſide: That Debtors ſhould be diſcharged of their Debts, and a ſtrict ſearch made, who were Foreigners, and who not: That the true *Spartans*, recovering their Courage, might defend the City by their Arms, and that we may no longer ſee *Laconia*, for want of a ſufficient number to ſecure it, waſted by the *Ætolians* and *Illyrians*. Then he himſelf firſt, with his Father-in-law *Megiſtones*, and his Friends, brought all their Wealth into one publick Stock, and all the other Citizens follow'd the example: the Land was divided, and every one that he had baniſh'd, had a ſhare aſſign'd him; for he promis'd to reſtore all, as ſoon as things were ſettled and in quiet; and compleating the common number of Citizens, out of the beſt and moſt agreeable of the neighbouring Inhabitants, he rais'd a Body of 4000 Men, and inſtead of a Spear, taught them to uſe a *Sariſſa*, (a long Pike) with both hands, and to carry their Shields by a String faſtned round their Arms, and not by a Handle, as before. After this he began to conſult about the exerciſing and breeding of the Youth, (many Particulars of which, *Sphærus* being then at *Sparta*, directed) and in a ſhort time the Schools of Exerciſe, and their *Suſſitia*, (common eating Places) recover'd their ancient Decency and Order, a few out of neceſſity, but the moſt voluntarily applying themſelves to that generous and *Laconick* way of Living: beſides, that the Name of Monarch might give them no jealouſie, he made *Eucleidas*, his Brother, Partner in the Throne; and that was the only time that *Sparta* had two Kings of the ſame Family. Then underſtanding that the *Achæans* and *Aratus* imagin'd that this Change had diſturb'd and ſhaken his Affairs, and that he would not venture out of *Sparta*, and leave the City now unſettled by ſo great an Alteration, he thought it great and ſerviceable to his Deſigns, to convince his Enemies that he was eagerly deſirous of a War: And therefore making an Incurſion into the Territories of *Megalopolis*, he waſted the Countrey very much, and got a conſiderable Booty. And at laſt taking thoſe that us'd to act in the publick Solemnities travelling from *Meſſena*, and building a Theater in the Enemies Countrey, and ſetting a Prize of 40*l.* value, he ſate Spectator a whole day; not that he either deſir'd or needed ſuch a Divertiſement, but as it were inſulting o're his Enemies, and that by thus manifeſtly deſpiſing them, he might ſhow that he had more than conquer'd the *Achæans*: For that alone of all the Greek or Kings Armies had no Stage-players, no Juglers, no dancing or ſinging Women attending it, but was free from all ſorts of Looſneſs, Wantonneſs and Foppery; the young Men being for the moſt part upon Duty, and the old Men teaching them at leiſure time to apply themſelves to their uſual Drollery, and to rally one another facetiouſly after the *Laconick* faſhion; the Advantages of which I have diſcover'd in the Life of *Lycurgus*. He himſelf inſtructed all by his Example: he was a living Pattern of Temperance before every bodies eyes, and his courſe of Living was neither more ſtately nor more expenſive than any of the Commons. And this was a conſiderable Advantage to him in his Deſigns on *Greece*; for Men when they waited upon other Kings, did not ſo much admire their Wealth, coſtly Furniture, and numerous Attendance, as they hated their Pride and State, their difficulty of Acceſs, and ſcornful commanding Anſwers to their Petitions.

But when they came to *Cleomenes*, who was both really a King, and bore that Title, and ſaw no Purple, no Robes of State upon him, no Chairs and Couches about him for his eaſe, and that he did not receive Petitions, and return Anſwers after a long delay, by a number of Meſſengers, Waiters, or by Bills, but that he roſe and came forward to meet thoſe that came to wait upon him, ſtaid, talk'd freely and graciouſly with all that had Buſineſs, they were extreamly taken, won to his Service, and profeſs'd that he alone was the true Son of *Hercules*. His common every days Meal was in a mean Room, very ſparing, and after the *Laconick* manner; and when he entertain'd Ambaſſadors or Strangers, two more Beds were added, and a little better Dinner provided by his Servants; but no Fricacies, no Dainties, only the Diſhes were larger, and the Wine more plentiful; for he reprov'd one of his Friends for entertaining ſome Strangers, with nothing but Pulſe and black Broth, ſuch Diet as they uſually had in their *Phiditia*, ſaying, That upon ſuch occaſions, and when they treat Strangers, 'twas not requiſite to be too exact *Laconians*. After Supper, a Stand was brought in with a braſs Veſſel full of Wine, two ſilver Pots, which held almoſt a Quart apiece, a few ſilver Cups, of which he that pleaſ'd might drink, but no Liquor was forc'd on any of the Gueſts. There was no Muſick, nor was any requir'd; for he entertain'd the Company, ſometimes asking Queſtions, ſometimes telling Stories: And his Diſcourſe was neither too grave, and unpleaſantly ſerious, nor vain and abuſive, but merrily facetious; for he thought thoſe ways of catching Men by Gifts and Preſents, which other Kings uſe, to be mean and inartificial; and it ſeem'd to him to be the moſt glorious method, and moſt ſuitable to a King, to win the Affections of thoſe that came near him, by pleaſant Diſcourſe, and unaffected Converſation: for a Friend and Mercenary differ only in this, that the one is made by Converſation and Agreeableneſs of Humour, and the other by Reward. The *Mantineans* were the firſt that oblig'd him; for getting by night into the City, and driving out the *Achæan* Garriſon, they put themſelves under his Protection: he reſtor'd them their Polity and Laws, and the ſame-day march'd to *Tegea*; and a little while after fetching a Compaſs through *Arcadia*, he made a deſcent upon *Pheræ* in *Achaia*, intending to force *Aratus* to a Battel, or bring him into Diſrepute, for refuſing to engage, and ſuffering him to waſt the Countrey: *Hyperbatus* at that time commanded the Army, but *Aratus* had all the Power amongſt the *Achæans*. The *Achæans* marching forth with their whole Strength, and incamping in *Dumææ*, about *Hecatombæum*, *Cleomenes* came up, and thinking it not adviſable to pitch between *Dumææ*, a City of the Enemies, and the Camp of the *Achæans*, he boldly dar'd the *Achæans*, and forc'd them to a Battel, and routing the *Phalanx*, ſlew a great many in the Fight, and took many Priſoners; thence marching to *Lagon*, and driving out the *Achæan* Garriſon, he reſtor'd the City to the *Elæans*. The Affairs of the *Achæans* being in this deſperate condition, *Aratus*, who was wont to continue in his Government above a year, refus'd the Command, though they entreated and urg'd him to accept it; and this was ill done, when the Storm was high, to put the Power out of his own hands, and ſet another to the Helm. *Cleomenes* at firſt propos'd fair and eaſie Conditions by his Ambaſſadors to the *Achæans*; but afterward he ſent others, and requir'd the chief Command to be ſettled upon him; and in other Matters he promis'd to agree to reaſonable Terms, and to reſtore their Captives and their Countrey. The *Achæans* were willing to come to an agreement upon thoſe terms, and invited *Cleomenes* to *Lerna*, where an Aſſembly was to be held; but it hapned that *Cleomenes* haſtily marching on, and unreaſonably drinking Water, brought up abundance of Blood, and loſt his Voice: therefore being unable to continue his March, he ſent the chiefeſt of the Captives to the *Achæans*, and putting off the Meeting for ſome time retir'd to *Lacedæmon*. This ruin'd the Affairs of *Greece*, which was juſt then ready to recover it ſelf out of its Diſaſters, and avoid the inſulting and Covetouſneſs of the *Macedonians*: for *Aratus*, whether fearing or diſtruſting *Cleomenes*, or envying his unlook'd-for Succeſs, or thinking it a diſgrace for him who had commanded 33 years, to have a young Man ſucceed to all his Glory and his Power, and be Head of that Government which he had been raiſing and ſetling ſo many years; he firſt endeavour'd to keep the *Achæans* from cloſing with *Cleomenes*; but when they would not hearken to him, fearing *Cleomenes*'s daring Spirit, and thinking the *Lacedæmonian*'s Propoſals to be very reaſonable who deſign'd only to reduce *Peloponneſus* to its old Model, he took his laſt Refuge, in an Action which was unbecoming any of the *Greeks*, moſt diſhonourable to him, and moſt unworthy his former Bravery and Exploits: for he call'd *Antigonus* into *Greece*, and fill'd *Peloponneſus* with *Macedonians*, whom he himſelf, when a Youth, having beaten their Garriſon out of the Caſtle of *Corinth*, had driven from the ſame Countrey; beſide he declar'd himſelf an Enemy to all Kings, and hath left many diſhonourable Stories of this ſame *Antigonus*, in thoſe Commentaries which he wrote. And though he declares that he ſuffer'd conſiderable Loſſes, and underwent great dangers, that he might free *Athens* from the Power of the *Macedonians*, yet afterward he brought the very ſame Men arm'd into his own Countrey, and his own Houſe, even to the Womens Apartment. He would not endure, that one of the Family of *Hercules*, and King of *Sparta*, and one that had reform'd the Polity of his Countrey, as it were a diſorder'd Harmony, and tun'd it to the plain *Dorick* meaſure of *Lycurgus*, to be ſtyl'd, Head of the *Triccæans* and *Sicyonians*; and whilſt he fled the Pulſe and ſhort Coat, and, which were his chief Accuſations againſt *Cleomenes*, the extirpation of Wealth, and reformation of Poverty, he baſely ſubjected himſelf, together with *Achæa*, to the Diadem and Purple, to the imperious Commands of the *Macedonians*, and their *Satrapæ*. That he might not ſeem to be under *Cleomenes*, he ſacrific'd the *Antigonea*, (Sacrifices in Honour of *Antigonus*) and ſung *Pæans* himſelf with a Garland on his Head, to the Honour of a rotten, conſumptive *Macedonian*.

I write this not out of any deſign to diſgrace *Aratus* (for in many things he ſhew'd himſelf vigorous for the *Græcian* Intereſt, and a great Man) but out of pity to the weakneſs of Humane Nature, which, in ſuch a Perſon ſo excellent, and ſo many ways diſpoſed to Vertue, cannot attain to a State irreprehenſible. The *Achæans* meeting again at *Argos*, and *Cleomenes* deſcending from *Tegea*, there were great hopes that all Differences would be compos'd. But *Aratus*, *Antigonus*, and He having already agreed upon the chief Articles of their League, fearing that *Cleomenes* would carry all before him, and either win, or force the Multitude to comply with his Demands, propos'd, that, having three hundred Hoſtages put into his Hands, he ſhould come alone into the Town, or bring his Army to the place of Exerciſe, call'd *Cillarabion*, without the City, and treat there.

Cleomenes hearing this, ſaid, That he was unjuſtly dealt with; for they ought to have told him ſo plainly at firſt, and not now he was come even to their Doors, ſhow their Jealouſie, and deny him Admiſſion: and writing an Epiſtle to the *Achæans* about the ſame Subject; the greateſt part of which was an Accuſation of *Aratus*; and *Aratus*, on the other ſide, ripping up his Faults to the Aſſembly, he haſtily diſlodg'd; and ſent a Trumpeter to denounce War againſt the *Achæans*, but not to *Argos*, but to *Ægium*, as *Aratus* delivers, that he might not give them notice enough to make Proviſion for their Defence. Upon this, the *Achæans* were mightily diſturb'd, the common People expecting a Diviſion

viſion of the Land, and a Releaſe from their Debts; and the chief Men being on many Accounts diſpleas'd with *Aratus*, and ſome Angry and at odds with him, as the occaſion of the *Macedonians* deſcent on *Peloponneſus*. Encouraged by theſe Miſunderſtandings, *Cleomenes* invades *Achæa*; and firſt took *Pellene* by ſurpriſe, and beat out the *Achæan* Garriſon; and afterward brought over *Pheneon* and *Pentelæon* to his ſide. Now the *Achæans* ſuſpecting ſome treacherous Deſigns at *Corinth* and *Sicyon*, ſent their Horſe and Mercenaries out of *Argos* to have an Eye upon thoſe Cities, and they themſelves went to *Argos* to celebrate the *Nemean* Games. *Cleomenes* advertis'd of this march, and hoping (as it afterward fell out) that upon an unexpected Advance to the City now buſied in the Solemnity of the Games, and throng'd with numerous Spectators he ſhould raiſe a conſiderable Terror and Confuſion amongſt them; by night he march'd with his Army to the Walls, and taking the quarter of the Town call'd *Aſpis*, which lies above the Theater, a place well fortify'd, and hard to be approach'd, he ſo terrify'd them, that none offer'd to reſiſt, but agreed to accept a Garriſon, to give twenty Citizens for Hoſtages, and to aſſiſt the *Lacedæmonians*, and that he ſhould have the chief Command. This Action conſiderably encreas'd his Reputation, and his Power; for the ancient *Spartan* Kings, though they many ways endeavour'd to effect it, could never bring *Argos* to be ſtedfaſtly and ſincerely theirs. And *Pyrrhus* a moſt experienc'd Captain, and brave Souldier, though be entred the City by force, could not keep Poſſeſſion, but was ſlain himſelf with a conſiderable part of his Army: Therefore they admir'd the Diſpatch and Contrivance of *Cleomenes*; and thoſe that before derided him for ſaying that he imitated *Solon* and *Lycurgus* in releaſing the People from their debts, and in equally dividing the Wealth of the Citizens, were now perſwaded that he was the cauſe of the deſirable Alterations in the *Spartan* Common-wealth: For before they were very low in the World, and ſo unable to ſecure their own that the *Ætolians* invading *Laconia*, brought away fifty thouſand Slaves; (ſo that one of the elder *Spartans* is reported to have ſaid, That *They had done* Laconia *a kindneſs by unburdening it*) and yet a little while after applying themſelves to their own Cuſtoms, and ancient Inſtitution, they gave notable Inſtances of Courage as Obedience, and if they had been under the Eye of *Lycurgus* himſelf; and quickly rais'd *Sparta* to be Head of all *Greece*, and recover'd *Peloponneſus* to themſelves. Whilſt *Argos* was taken, and *Cleonæ* and *Philius* ſided with *Cleomenes*, *Aratus* was at *Corinth* ſearching

ing after ſome, who were reported to favour the *Spartan* Intereſt. The News being brought to him, diſturb'd him very much; for he perceiv'd the City inclining to *Cleomenes*, and the *Achæans* willing to be at eaſe; therefore he call'd all the Citizens into the common Hall, and, as it were undeſignedly retreating to the Gate, he mounted his Horſe that ſtood ready there, and fled to *Sicyon*; and the *Corinthians* made ſuch haſt to *Cleomenes* at *Argos*, that (as *Aratus* ſays) ſtriving who ſhould be firſt there, they ſpoil'd all their Horſes: and *Cleomenes* was very angry with the *Corinthians* for letting *Aratus* eſcape: And *Megiſtones* came from *Cleomenes* to him, deſiring him to deliver up the Caſtle of *Corinth*, which was then garriſon'd by the *Achæans*, and offer'd him a conſiderable Sum of Money; and that he anſwered, That *Matters were not now in his Power, but he in theirs.* Thus *Aratus* himſelf writes. But *Cleomenes* marching from *Argos*, and taking in the *Træzenians*, *Epidaurians*, and *Hermioneans*, came to *Corinth*, and block'd up the Caſtle which the *Achæans* would not ſurrender; and ſending for *Aratus*'s Friends and Stewards, committed his Houſe and Eſtate to their Care and Management; and ſent *Tritimallus* the *Meſſenian* to him a ſecond time, deſiring that the Caſtle might be equally garriſon'd by the *Spartans* and *Achæans*, and promiſing to *Aratus* himſelf double the Penſion that he receiv'd from King *Ptolomy*: But *Aratus* refuſing the Conditions, and ſending his own Son with other Hoſtages to *Antigonus*, and perſwading the *Achæans* to make a Decree for delivering the Caſtle into *Antigonus*'s Hands, *Cleomenes* invaded the Territority of the *Sicyonians*, and by a Decree of the *Corinthians*, ſeiz'd on all *Aratus*'s Eſtate. In the mean time *Antigonus*, with a great Army, paſs'd *Gerania*, and *Cleomenes* thinking it more adviſeable to fortifie and garriſon, not the *Iſthmus*, but the Mountains called *Onia*, and by a long Siege and Skirmiſhes to weary the *Macedonians*, than to venture a ſet Battle, put his Deſign in Execution, which very much diſtreſs'd *Antigonus*; for he had not brought Victuals ſufficient for his Army; nor was it eaſie to force a way through whilſt *Cleomenes* guarded the Paſs. He attempted by night to paſs through *Lechæum*, but fail'd, and loſt ſome Men; ſo that *Cleomenes* and his Army were mightily encouraged, and ſo fluſht with the Victory, and they went merrily to Supper; and *Antigonus* was very much dejected, being reduc'd to thoſe miſerable ſtraits. At laſt he deſign'd to march to the Promontory *Heræum*, and thence tranſport his Army in Boats to *Sicyon*, which would take up a great deal of time, and be very chargeable. The ſame time about Evening ſome of *Aratus*'s Friends came from *Argos* by Sea, and invited him to return, for the *Argives* would revolt from *Cleomenes*. *Ariſtotle* was the Man that wrought the Revolt, and he had no hard task to perſwade the common People; for they were all angry with *Cleomenes* for not releaſing them from their Debts as they expected. Upon this Advertiſement *Aratus* with fifteen hundred of *Antigonus*'s Souldiers ſail'd to *Epidaurus*; but *Ariſtotle* not ſtaying for his coming, drew out the Citizens, and fought againſt the Garriſon of the Caſtle, and *Timoxenus* with the *Achæans* from *Sicyon*, came to his Aſſiſtance. *Cleomenes* heard the News about the ſecond Watch of the Night, and ſending for *Megiſtones* angrily commanded him to go and ſet things right at *Argos*. This *Megiſtones* was the Man who paſs'd his word for the *Argives* Loyalty, and perſwaded him not to baniſh the ſuſpected. This *Megiſtones* he diſpatch'd with two thouſand Souldiers, and obſerv'd *Antigonus* himſelf, and encouraged the *Corinthians*, pretending that there was no great matter in the Stirs at *Argos*, but only a little Diſturbance rais'd by a few inconſiderable Perſons. But when *Megiſtones*, entring *Argos*, was ſlain, and the Garriſon could ſcarce hold out, and frequent Meſſengers came to *Cleomenes* for Succours, he fearing leaſt the Enemy having taken *Argos*, ſhould ſhut up the Paſſes, and ſecurely waſte *Laconia*, and beſiege *Sparta* it ſelf, which he had left without Forces; he diſlodg'd from *Corinth*, and preſently loſt that City; for *Antigonus* entred it, and garriſon'd the Town. He turn'd aſide from his direct March, and aſſaulting the Wall of *Argos*, endeavour'd to break in; and having clear'd a way under the quarter called *Aſpis*, he joyn'd the Garriſon which ſtill held out againſt the *Achæans*; ſome parts of the City he ſcal'd, and took, and his *Cretan* Archers clear'd the Streets. But when he ſaw *Antigonus* with his *Phalanx* deſcending from the Mountains into the Plain, and the Horſe on all ſides entring the City, he thought it impoſſible to maintain his Poſt, and therefore with all his Men made a ſafe Retreat behind the Wall. Having in a ſhort time rais'd himſelf to a conſiderable height, and in one March made himſelf Maſter of almoſt all *Peloponneſus*, and loſt all again in as ſhort a time: For ſome of his Allies preſently forſook him, and others not long after put themſelves under *Antigonus*'s Protection. His Army thus defeated, as he was leading back the Relicks of his Forces, ſome from *Lacedæmon* met him in the Evening at *Tegea*, and brought him News of as great a Misfortune as that which he had lately ſuffer'd, and that was the Death of his Wife, whom he doted on ſo much, that when he was moſt proſperous, he would ever now and then make a ſtep to *Sparta,* to viſit his beloved *Ægiatis.*

This News afflicted him extreamly, and he griev'd, as a young Man would do for the loſs of a very beautiful and excellent Wiſe; yet his Paſſion did not debaſe the greatneſs of his Mind, but keeping his uſual Voice, his Countenance, and his Habit, he gave neceſſary Orders to his Captains, and took care to ſecure the *Tegeans.* The next day he retir'd to *Sparta,* and having at home with his Mother and Children bewail'd the loſs, and finiſh'd his Mourning, he preſently appear'd about the publick Affairs of the State. Now *Ptolomy,* the King of *Ægypt,* promis'd him Aſſiſtance, but demanded his Mother and Children for Hoſtages: this for ſome conſiderable time he was aſham'd to diſcover to his Mother; and though he often went to her on purpoſe, and was juſt upon the Diſcourſe, yet ſtill refrain'd, and kept it to himſelf: ſo that ſhe began to ſuſpect ſomewhat, and ask'd his Friends, Whether *Cleomenes* had ſomewhat to ſay to her, which he was afraid to ſpeak? At laſt *Cleomenes* venturing to tell her, ſhe laugh'd heartily, and ſaid, *Was this the thing that you had often a mind to tell me, and was afraid? Why do not you put me on Shipboard, and ſend this Carkaſe where it may be moſt ſerviceable to* Sparta, *before Age waſtes it unprofitably here?* Therefore all things being provided for the Voyage, they went to *Tænarus* on Foot, and the Army waited on them. *Crateſiclæa,* when ſhe was ready to go on Board, took *Cleomenes* aſide into *Neptune's* Temple, and embracing him who was very much dejected, and extreamly diſcompos'd, ſhe ſaid thus, *Go to King of* Sparta; *when we are without door, let none ſee us Weep, or ſhow any Paſſion below the Honour and Dignity of* Sparta; *for that alone is in our own Power: as for Succeſs or Diſappointments, thoſe wait on us as the Deity decrees.* Having ſaid thus, and compos'd her Countenance, ſhe went to the Ship with her little Grandſon, and bad the Pilot put preſently out to Sea. When ſhe came to *Ægypt;* and underſtood that *Ptolomy* entertain'd Propoſals and Overtures of Peace from *Antigonus,* and that *Cleomenes,* tho the *Achæans* invited and urg'd him to an Agreement, was afraid, for her ſake, to come to any, without *Ptolomy's* conſent, ſhe wrote to him, adviſing him to do that which was moſt becoming and moſt profitable for *Sparta,* and not for the ſake of an old Woman and a little Child, always ſtand in fear of *Ptolomy:* this Character ſhe maintain'd in her Misfortunes. *Antigonus* having taken *Tegea,* and plunder'd *Orchomenum* and *Mantinæa, Cleomenes* was ſhut up within the narrow Bounds of *Laconia,* and made ſuch of the *Heilots* as could pay five *Attick* pounds, free of *Sparta*, and by that means got together 500 Talents; and arming 2000 after the *Macedonian* faſhion, that he might make a Body fit to oppoſe *Antigonus's Lucaſpidæ* (white Shields) he undertook a very conſiderable and very ſurprizing Enterprize. *Megalopolis* was at that time a City of it ſelf, as big and as powerful as *Sparta*, and had the Forces of the *Achæans* and *Antigonus* encamping on its ſides; and it was chiefly the *Megalopolitans* doing, that *Antigonus* was call'd in to aſſiſt the *Achæans*. *Cleomenes* having a deſign upon this City, (no Action was ever more ſudden and more unexpected) order'd his Men to take five days Proviſion, and ſo march'd to *Sellaſia*, as if he intended to ſpoil the Country of the *Argives*; but from thence making a deſcent into the Territories of *Megalopolis*, and refreſhing his Army about *Rhætium*, he march'd through *Helicon*, directly to the City. When he was not far off the Town, he ſent *Panteus* with two Regiments to ſurprize the *Meſopyrgion*, (the Quarter between the two Towers) which he underſtood to be the moſt unguarded Quarter of the *Megalopolitans* Fortifications; and with the reſt of his Forces he follow'd leiſurely *Panteus*, not only ſurpriz'd that place, but finding a great part of the Wall without Guards, he pull'd down ſome Places, and demoliſh'd others, and kill'd all the Defenders that he found. Whilſt he was thus buſied, *Cleomenes* came up to him, and was got with his Army within the City, before the *Megalopolitans* knew of the ſurprize: At laſt, as ſoon as it was diſcover'd, ſome left the Town immediately, taking with them what Money they had ready; ſome arm'd, and engag'd the Enemy; and tho' they were not able to beat them out, yet they gave their Citizens time and opportunity ſafely to retire: ſo that there were not above 1000 Perſons left in the Town, all the reſt flying with their Wives and Children, and eſcaping to *Meſſena*. A great number of thoſe that arm'd and fought the Enemy, were ſav'd, and very few taken, amongſt whom were *Lyſandridas* and *Thearidas*, two Men of great Power and Reputation amongſt the *Magalopolitans*; and therefore the Soldiers, as ſoon as they were taken, brought them to *Cleomenes*: And *Lyſandridas*, as ſoon as he ſaw *Cleomenes* afar off, cry'd out: *Now King of* Sparta, *'tis in your power by doing a moſt Kingly and braver Action than you have alredy perform'd, to purchaſe a conſiderable Glory.* And *Cleomenes* gueſſing at his meaning, reply'd, *What do you ſay* Lyſandridas, *ſure you will not adviſe me to reſtore your City to you again? 'Tis that which I mean;* Lyſandridas *reply'd, and I adviſe you not to ruin ſo brave a City, but to fill it with faithful and ſtedfaſt Friends and Allies, by reſtoring their Country to the* Megalopolitans, *and being the Saviour of ſo conſiderable a People. Cleomenes* paus'd a while, and then ſaid, *'Tis very hard to truſt ſo far in theſe Matters; but with us let Profit always yield to Glory.* Having ſaid this, he ſent the two Men to *Meſſena* with a Trumpeter from himſelf, offering the *Megalopolitans* their City again, if they would forſake the *Achæan* Intereſt, and be on his ſide. Thô *Cleomenes* made theſe kind and obliging Propoſals, yet *Philopæmen* would not ſuffer them to break their League with the *Achæans*; and accuſing *Cleomenes* to the People, as if his deſign was not to reſtore the City, but to take the Citizens too, he forc'd *Thearidas* and *Lyſandridas* to leave *Meſſena*.

This was that *Philopæmen*, who was afterward Chief of the *Achæans*, and a Man of the greateſt Reputation amongſt the *Greeks*, as I have made it appear in his own Life. This News coming to *Cleomenes*, though he had before taken ſuch ſtrict care that the City ſhould not be plunder'd, yet then being in a Fury, and put out of all Patience, he rifled them of all their Coin, Plate and Jewels, and ſent their Statues and Pictures unto *Sparta*; and demoliſhing a great part of the City, he march'd away for fear of *Antigonus* and the *Achæans*: but they never ſtirr'd, for they were in *Ægium*, at a Council of War. There *Aratus* mounted the Deſk, wept a long while, and held his Mantle before his Face; and at laſt, the company being amaz'd, and commanding him to ſpeak, he ſaid, *Megalopolis is ruin'd by* Cleomenes, The Aſſembly was preſently Diſſolv'd; the *Achæans* being extremely ſurpriz'd at the ſuddeneſs and greatneſs of the loſs; and *Antigonus* intending to ſend ſpeedy ſuccors, when he found his Army to gather very ſlowly out of their Winter-Quarters, he ſent them Orders to continue there ſtill; and he himſelf march'd to *Argos* with a conſiderable Body of Men. The The ſecond Enterprize of *Cleomenes* ſeem'd to be carry'd on by extreme Boldneſs and unaccountable Madneſs; but yet in *Polybius*'s Opinion, was done upon mature Deliberation and exact Fore-ſight: for knowing very well that the *Macedonians* were diſpers'd into their Winter-Quarters, and that *Antigonus* with his Friends and a few Mercenaries about him, winter'd in *Argos*; upon theſe Conſiderations he invaded the Country of the *Argives*, hoping to ſhame *Antigonus* to a Battle upon unequal terms, or elſe if he did not dare to fight, to bring him into Diſrepute with the *Achæans*. And this accordingly hapned; for *Cleomenes* waſting, plundring, and ſpoiling the whole Countrey, the *Argives* vex'd at the loſs, ran in Troops to the Palace of the King, and clamour'd that he ſhould either fight, or ſurrender his Command to better and braver Men. But *Antigonus*, as became an experienc'd Captain, accounting it diſhonourable, fooliſhly to hazard his Army, and quit his Security, and not to be abus'd and rail'd at by the Rabble, would not march out againſt *Cleomenes*, but ſtood fix'd to the Deſigns which he had laid: *Cleomenes* in the mean time brought his Army up to the very Walls, and having uncontroul'dly ſpoil'd the Countrey, and inſulted o'er his Enemies, drew off again. A little while after being advertis'd that *Antigonus* deſign'd for *Tegea*, and thence to make an Incurſion into *Laconia*, he haſtily march'd with his Army another way, and appear'd early in the morning before *Argos*, and waſted the Fields about it: the Corn he did not cut down with Reaping-hooks and Scythes, as Men uſually do, but beat it down with Staves made like Scymetars, as if with a great deal of Contempt and wanton Scorn he ſpoil'd the Fields, and waſted the Country in his march; yet when his Soldiers would have ſet *Cyllabris*, the School of Exerciſe on Fire, he hindred the Attempt, reflecting upon ſerious conſideration, that the Outrages committed at *Megalopolis*, were the effects of his Paſſion rather than his Wiſdom. He pretended to make ſuch little account of, and ſo much to deſpiſe *Antigonus*, who firſt retir'd to *Argos*, and afterward plac'd Gariſons on all the Mountains round about, that he ſent a Trumpeter to deſire the Keys of *Heræum*, (*Juno*'s Temple) that he might ſacrifice to the Goddeſs. Thus with a Scoff and bitter Reflection on *Antigonus*, and having ſacrific'd to the Goddeſs, under the Walls of the Temple, which was ſhut, he march'd to *Phlius*; and from thence driving out thoſe that Gariſon'd *Hologountum*, he march'd down to *Orchomenum*. And theſe Enterprizes not only encourag'd the

Citizens, but made him appear to the very Enemies to be an experienc'd Captain, and very worthy of Command: for with the Strength of one City, not only to fight the Power of the *Macedonians*, and all the *Poloponneſians*; not only to preſerve *Laconia* from being ſpoil'd, but to waſte the Enemies Country, and to take ſo many and ſuch conſiderable Cities, is an Argument of no common Bravery. He that firſt ſaid, *That Money was the Sinews of Affairs*, ſeem'd chiefly in that Saying to reſpect War: And *Demades*, when the *Athenians* had voted that a Navy ſhould be made ready, but had no Money, ſaid, *They ſhould make Bread before they thought of Sailing*. And the old *Archidamus*, in the beginning of the *Poloponneſian* War, when the Allies deſir'd, that each Parties ſhare of Contributions for the War ſhould be determin'd, is reported to have ſaid, *War cannot be kept to a ſet Diet*: For as well breath'd Wreſtlers do in time weary and tire out the moſt active and moſt skilful Combitant; ſo *Antigonus* coming to the War with a great ſtock of Wealth, weary'd out *Cleomenes*, whoſe Poverty made it difficult for him either to provide Pay for the Mercenaries, or Proviſions for the Citizens. For in all other Reſpects the Time favour'd *Cleomenes*; for *Antigonus*'s Affairs at home began to be diſturb'd: for the *Barbarians* waſted and over-ran *Macedonia* whilſt he was abſent; and at that time a vaſt Army of the *Illyrians* came down: to be freed from whoſe Outrages, the *Macedonians* ſent for *Antigonus*, and the Letters had almoſt been brought to him before the Battel was fought; upon the receipt of which he preſently diſlodg'd, and left the *Achæans* Affairs to themſelves. But Fortune, that loves to determine the greateſt Affairs by a Minute, in this Conjuncture ſhow'd ſuch an exact niceneſs of Time, that immediately after the Battle in *Sellaſia* was over, and *Cleomenes* had loſt his Army and his City, the Meſſengers reach'd *Antigonus*. And this made *Cleomenes*'s Misfortune more to be pitied; for if he had forborn fighting two days longer, there had been no need of hazarding a Battle, ſince upon the departure of the *Macedonians*, he might have had what Conditions he pleas'd from the *Achæans*. But now (as I hinted before) for want of Money, being neceſſitated to rely wholly on his Arms, he was forc'd with 20000 (this is *Polybius*'s Account) to engage thirty thouſand; and approving himſelf an excellent Commander in this Difficulty,

culty, his Citizens ſhowing an extraordinary Courage, and his Mercenaries Bravery enough; he was over-born by the different way of fighting, and the weight of the arm'd *Phalanx*. Beſides, *Phylarchus* affirms, that the Treachery of ſome about him was the chief Cauſe of *Cleomene's* Ruine. For *Antigonus* gave Orders, that the *Illyrians* and *Acharnanians* ſhould march round by a ſecret way, and encompaſs the other Wing which *Eucleidas*, *Cleomenes's* Brother Commanded; and then drew out the reſt of his Forces to the Battel. And *Cleomenes*, from a convenient Riſing, viewing his Order, and not ſeeing any of the *Illyrians* and *Acharnanians*, began to ſuſpect that *Antigonus* had ſent them upon ſome ſuch Deſign; and calling for *Damoteles*, who was to inſpect and to provide againſt Ambuſhes, commanded him carefully to look after, and diſcover the Enemies Deſigns upon his Rear.

But *Damoteles* (for ſome ſay *Antigonus* had brib'd him) telling him that he ſhould not be ſolicitous about that matter, for all was well enough, but mind, and fight thoſe that met him in the Front. He was ſatisfied, and advanc'd againſt *Antigonus*; and by the vigorous Charge of his *Spartans*, made the *Macedonian Phalanx* give ground, and preſs'd upon them with great Advantage about halfe a Mile; but then making a ſtand, and ſeeing the danger which the ſurrounded Wing commanded by his Brother *Eucleidas* was in, he cry'd out, *Thou art loſt, dear Brother, thou art loſt, thou brave example to our* Spartan *Youth, and Theme of our Matron's Songs.*

Eucleidas's Wing being thus cut in pieces, and the Conquerors from that part falling upon his Battle, he perceiv'd his Soldiers to be diſorder'd, and unable to maintain the Fight, and therefore provided for his own ſafety. When he came into the City, he adviſed thoſe Citizens that he met, to receive *Antigonus*; and as for himſelf, he ſaid, which ſhould appear moſt advantageous to *Sparta*, whether his Life or Death, that he would chuſe. Seeing the Women running out to thoſe that fled with him, taking their Arms, and bring Drinking to them, he entred into his own Houſe, and his Servant, which was a Free-born Woman, taken from *Megalopolis* after his Wife's Death, offering, as ſhe us'd to do, to make neceſſary Proviſion for him returning from the Battle; thô he was very thirſty, he refus'd to drink, and thô very weary, to ſit down; but Arm'd as he was, he clapt his Arm ſide-way to a Pillar, and leaning his Forehead upon his Elbow, he reſted his Body a little while, and ran over in his Thoughts what courſe he ſhould take, and then with his Friends went preſently to *Gythium*; where finding Ships fitted for the purpoſe, they embark'd. *Antigonus* taking the City, Treated the *Lacedemonians* courteouſly, and neither affronting, nor ruining the Dignity of *Sparta*, but permitting them to enjoy their own Laws and Polity, and ſacrificing to the Gods, diſlodg'd the the third day: for he heard that there was a great War kindled in *Macedonia*, and that the Country was ſpoil'd by the *Barbarians*; beſides, he grew ſick of a Conſumption and continual Defluxion on the Lungs, yet he ſtill kept up that he might return and free his own Country, and fall more Glorioufly upon an heap of ſlaughter'd *Barbarians*. As *Phylarchus* ſays, and 'tis probable, he broke a Vein by ſhouting in the Battle. In the Plays 'twas ſaid, that after the Victory he cry'd out for Joy, *O fine Day*! and preſently bringing up abundance of Blood, fell into a Fever, and dy'd in a ſhort time. And thus much concerning *Antigonus*.

Cleomenes ſailing from *Cytheræ*, touch'd at another Iſland call'd *Ægyalia*, whence, as he was about to depart from *Cyrene*, one of his Friends, *Therycion* by name, a Man of an haughty Spirit in all Enterprizes, and high and boaſting in his Talk, came privately to him, and ſaid thus; *Sir, Death in Battel, which is the moſt Glorious, we have let go; though all heard us ſay, that* Antigonus *ſhould never tread over the King of* Sparta, *unleſs dead: And now, that which is next in Bravery and Glory, is preſented to us. Whither do we madly ſail, flying that which is near, and ſeeking that which is far removed? For if it is not diſhonourable for the Race of* Hercules, *to ſerve the Succeſſors of* Philip *and* Alexander, *we ſhall ſave a long Voyage by delivering our ſelves up to* Antigonus, *who probably ſurpaſſeth* Ptolomy *as much as the* Macedonians *do the* Ægyptians; *but if we think it mean to ſubmit to thoſe whoſe Arms have conquer'd us, why ſhould we chuſe him for our Lord by whom we have not yet been beaten? Is it that inſtead of one we might appear meaner than two, whilſt we fly* Antigonus, *and flatter* Ptolemy? *Or, is it for your Mothers ſake that you retreat to* Ægypt? *It will indeed be a very fine, and very deſirable ſight for her to be ſhown her Son by* Ptolemy's *Women, now chang'd from a Prince into an Exile and a Slave. Are we not ſtill Maſters of our own Swords? And whilſt we have* Laconia *in view, ſhall we not here free our ſelves from this diſgraceful Miſery, and clear our ſelves to thoſe, who at* Sellaſia *dy'd for the Honour and Defence of* Sparta? *Or, ſhall we ſit lazily in* Ægypt *enquiring what News from* Sparta? *and whom* Antigonus *hath been pleas'd to make Governor of* Lacedemon? Thus ſpoke *Therycion*; and this was Cleomenes's Reply; *By ſeeking Death, you Coward, the moſt eaſie, and moſt ready Refuge, you fancy that you ſhall appear couragious and brave, though this Flight is baſer than thy former. Better Men than we have given way to their Enemies, having been betray'd by Fortune, or oppreſs'd by Multitude; but he that ſinks under Labour or Afflictions, the Opinions or Reproaches of Men, is overcome by his own Effeminacy and Softneſs: For a voluntary Death ought not to be choſen as a Relief from Action, but an Exemplary Action it ſelf; and 'tis baſe either to live or die only to our ſelves. That Death to which you now invite us, I propos'd only as a Releaſe from our preſent Miſeries, but carries nothing of Bravery or Profit in it. And I think it becomes both me and you not to deſpair of our Country; but when there are no hopes of that left, thoſe that have an Inclination may quickly die.* To this *Therycion* return'd no Anſwer; but as ſoon as he could get out of *Cleomenes*'s Company, went toward the Shore, and ran himſelf through. But *Cleomenes* ſailed from *Ægialia*, landed in *Lybia*, and being honourably conducted through the King's Country, came to *Alexandria*. When he was firſt brought to *Ptolomy*, no more than common Civilities, and uſual Ceremonies were paid him; but when, upon tryal, he found him a Man of deep Senſe, and great Reaſon, and that his plain *Laconick* way of Converſation carried a free Pleaſantneſs with it, that he did nothing unbecoming the greatneſs of his Birth, nor bent under Fortune, and appear'd a more faithful Counſellor, than thoſe who made it their buſineſs to pleaſe and flatter; he was aſham'd, and repented that he had neglected ſo great a Man, and ſuffer'd *Antigonus* to get ſo much Power and Reputation by ruining him. Therefore he heap'd up Honours and Kindneſſes on *Cleomenes*, and gave him Hopes that he would furniſh him with an Army and a Navy to recover *Greece*, and reinſtate him in his Throne. Beſides, he allow'd him a yearly Penſion of four and twenty Tallents; a little part of which Sum ſupplied his and his Friends thrifty Temperance; and the reſt was imploy'd in doing good Offices to, and in relieving the Neceſſities of thoſe that fled *Greece*, and retir'd into *Ægypt*.

But the elder *Ptolomy* dying before *Cleomenes*'s Affairs had receiv'd a full Diſpatch, and the Succeſſor being a looſe, voluptuous and effeminate Prince, under the power of his Pleaſures and his Women, his Buſineſs was neglected: for the King was ſo beſotted with his Women and his Wine, that Balls, Muſick and Dancing, were the only Employments of his moſt buſie and ſerious hours; and the greateſt Affairs of State were manag'd by *Agathoclea* the King's Miſtreſs, her Mother, and the Pimp *Oinanthes.* Therefore at the firſt they ſeem'd to ſtand in need of *Cleomenes*; for *Ptolemy* being afraid of his Brother *Magas*, who by his Mother's means had a great Intereſt among the Soldiers, took *Cleomenes* into his Cabinet-Council, and acquainted him with the Deſign of taking off his Brother. He, though all were for it, declar'd his opinion to the contrary, ſaying, *The King, if it were poſſible, ſhould have more Brothers for the better ſecurity and management of his Affairs:* And *Soſibius*, the greateſt Favourite, replying, *That they were not ſecure of the Mercenaries whilſt* Magas *was alive? Cleomenes* return'd, *That he need not trouble himſelf about that Matter; for amongſt the Mercenaries there were above* 3000 Pelopponeſians, *who were his faſt Friends, and whom he could command at any time with his Nod.* This Diſcourſe made *Cleomenes* for the preſent to be look'd upon as a Man of Integrity and Power; but afterwards (*Ptolomy*'s Weakneſs increaſing his Fear, and, as it uſually happens, where there is no Judgment and Wiſdom at the bottom, placing his Security in Jealouſie and Suſpicion) rendred *Cleomenes* ſuſpected to the Courtiers, as having too much Intereſt with the Mercenaries; and many had this Saying in their Mouths, *That he was a Lion midſt a flock of Sheep*: for ſuch he ſeem'd to be in the Court, ſlyly overlooking and taking notice of the management of Affairs; therefore when he deſir'd a Navy and an Army from the King, his Petition was rejected. But when he underſtood that *Antigonus* was dead, that the *Achaians* were engag'd in a War with the *Ætolians*, and that the Affairs of *Pelopponneſus*, being now in very great Diſtraction and Diſtreſs, requir'd and invited his Aſſiſtance, he deſir'd leave to depart only with his Friends, but could not obtain that, the King not ſo much as hearing his Petition, being ſhut up amongſt his Women, and waſting his Hours in Debauchery and Frolicks. But *Soſibius*, the chief Miniſter of State, thought that *Cleomones* being detain'd againſt his will, would grow ungovernable and dangerous, and yet that it was not ſafe to let him go, being an aſpiring, daring Man, and well acquainted with the Diſeaſes and Weakneſs of the Kingdom; for no Preſents, no Gifts, could win him to a Complyance. But as the Ox *Apis*, though revelling in all poſſible plenty and delight; yet deſires to live as nature would provide for him, to be at liberty, and friſk about the Fields, and can ſcarce endure to be under the Prieſts keeping; ſo he could not brook their Courtſhip, and tender Entertainment, but like *Achilles*, *Whilſt*

Whilſt there, his heart did waſte with ſecret grief,
And he was eager for the noiſy Wars.

His Affairs ſtanding in this condition, *Nicagoras* the *Meſſenian* came to *Alexandria*, a Man that deeply hated *Cleomenes*, yet pretended to be his Friend; for he had formerly ſold *Cleomenes* a fair Eſtate, but never receiv'd the Money, becauſe *Cleomenes* was either unable, (as it may be) or elſe, by reaſon of his engagement in the Wars and other Diſtractions, had no time to pay him. *Cleomenes* ſeeing him landing, (for he was then walking upon the Key) kindly ſaluted him, and ask'd, *What Buſineſs brought to Ægypt?* *Nicagoras* return'd his Compliment, and told him, *That he came to bring ſome excellent War-horſes to the King.* And *Cleomenes* with a Smile ſubjoyn'd, *I wiſh you had rather brought Pimps, Whores, and Pathicks; for thoſe now are the King's chief Delight.* *Nicagoras* at the preſent ſmil'd at the Conceit; but a few days after he put *Cleomenes* in mind of the Eſtate that he had bought of him, and deſir'd his Money, proteſting that he would not have troubled him, if his Merchandize had turned to that Account, which he thought it would. *Cleomenes* reyly'd, That he had not a penny left of all that had been given him: At which Anſwer *Nicagoras* being nettled, told *Soſibius Cleomenes*'s Scoff upon the King. He careſs'd him for the Diſcovery, but deſiring to have ſome greater Reaſon to excite the King againſt *Cleomenes*, perſuaded *Nicagoras* to leave a Letter written againſt *Cleomenes*, importing that he had a Deſign, if he could have gotten Ships and Soldiers, to ſurprize *Cyrene*: *Nicagoras* wrote ſuch a Letter, and left *Ægypt*. Four days after *Soſibius* brought the Letter to *Ptolomy*, pretending it was juſt then deliver'd him, and with a bitter Invective excited the Fury of the Youth; upon this it was agreed, that *Cleomenes* ſhould be invited into a large Apartment, and treated as formerly, but not ſuffer'd to go out again: this Uſage was grievous to *Cleomenes*, and by this unlucky Accident, his Hopes for the future ſeem'd to be quite daſh'd. *Ptolomy*, the Son of *Chryſermas*, a Favourite of the Kings, always carried himſelf fairly towards *Cleomenes*; they contracted a near Acquaintance, and would talk freely together about the State. He upon *Cleomenes*'s Deſire came to him, had ſome Diſcourſe with him, upon a few and inconſiderable Subjects, to avoid ſuſpicion, and made ſome Excuſes for the King; but as he went out again, not knowing that *Cleomenes* follow'd him to the Door, he very ſeverely reprimanded the Keepers, for their Careleſsneſs in looking after ſo great and ſo furious a wild Beaſt. This *Cleomenes* himſelf heard, and retiring before *Ptolomy* perceiv'd it, told his Friends what he had heard. Upon this they caſt off all their former Hopes, and determin'd for violent Proceedings, reſolving to be reveng'd on *Ptolomy* for his baſe and unjuſt Dealing, to have ſatisfaction for the Affronts, to die as it became *Spartans*, and not ſtay till, like fatted Sacrifices, they were Butcher'd: for 'twas both grievous and diſhonourable for *Cleomenes*, who had ſcorn'd to come to Terms with *Antigonus*, a brave Warrior, and a Man of Action, to wait an effeminate King's leiſure, 'till he ſhould lay aſide his Fiddle, and end his Dance, and then kill him. Theſe Courſes being reſolv'd on, and *Ptolomy* hapning at the ſame time to make a Progreſs to *Canopus*, they firſt ſpread abroad a Report, that his Freedom was order'd by the King; and it being the King's cuſtom, to ſend Preſents and an Entertainment to thoſe whom he would free, *Cleomenes* Friends made that Proviſion, and ſent it into the Priſon, thereby deceiving the Keepers, who thought it had been ſent by the King; for he ſacrific'd, and gave them large Pottions, and with a Crown upon his Head feaſted and made merry with his Friends: 'tis ſaid, that he began the Action ſooner than he deſign'd, having underſtood that a Servant of one of the Accomplices lay abroad with a Miſtreſs that he lov'd. This made him afraid of a Diſcovery; and therefore as ſoon as it was full Noon, and all the Keepers drunk and faſt aſleep, he put on his Coat, and opening the Seam on his right Shoulder, with his drawn Sword in his hand he iſſued forth, together with his Friends, provided in the ſame manner, making 13 in all. One of them, by Name *Hippotas*, was lame, he follow'd the firſt Onſet very well; but when afterward he perceiv'd that they were more ſlow in their Advances for his ſake, he deſir'd them to run him through, and not ruine their Enterprize, by ſtaying for an uſeleſs, unprofitable Man. By chance an *Alexandrian* was then riding by the Door, him they threw off, and ſetting *Hippotas* on Horſeback, ran through the narrow Lanes, and proclaim'd Liberty to the People; but they, it ſeems, had Courage enough to praiſe and admire *Cleomenes*'s Daring, but not one had the heart to follow and aſſiſt him. Three of them fell on *Ptolomy*, the Son of *Chryſermas*, as he was coming out of the Palace, and kill'd him: Another *Ptolomy*, the Lieutenant of the City, advancing againſt them in a Chariot, they ſet upon, diſpers'd his Guards and Attendants, and pulling him out of the Chariot, kill'd him upon the place. Then they made toward the Caſtle, deſigning to break open the Priſon, and take the Priſoners to their Aſſiſtance; but the Keepers were too quick for them, and ſecur'd the Paſſages. Being baffled in this attempt, *Cleomenes* with his Company roam'd about the City, none joyning with him, but all retreating from, and flying his approach: therefore deſpairing of Succeſs, and ſaying to his Friends, That it was no wonder that Women rul'd o'er thoſe Men that fled Liberty, he excited them all to dye as bravely as became his Followers, and Men of their Glorious performances. This ſaid, *Hippotas* was firſt, as he deſir'd, run through by one of the young Men, and then each of them readily and reſolutely fell upon his own Sword, except *Panteus*, that *Panteus* that firſt ſurpriz'd *Megalopolis*. This Man being a very handſom Perſon, and a better Companion than any of the Youth, the King lov'd, and bade him, when he had ſeen him and the reſt fall'n, dye, by their Example. *Panteus* walk'd over them as they lay, and prick'd every one with his Dagger, to try whether any was alive; when he prick'd *Cleomenes* in the Leg, and ſaw him turn upon his Back, he kiſs'd him, ſate down by him, and when he was quite dead, cover'd his Carkaſs, and then kill'd himſelf upon his Body.

Thus fell *Cleomenes*,, that great, brave Man, after he had been king of *Sparta* ſixteen Years. The news of their Fall being nois'd through the City, *Crateſilæa*, though a Woman of a great Spirit, could not bear up againſt the inſupportable weight of this Affliction; but embracing *Cleomenes*'s Children, made grievous Lamentations; but the eldeſt Boy, none ſuſpecting ſuch a Spirit in a Child, threw himſelf headlong from the top of the Houſe; he was bruis'd very much, but not kill'd by the Fall, and was taken up crying, and expreſſing his Reſentments for not being permitted to deſtroy himſelf. *Ptolomy*, as ſoon as an account of the Action was brought him, gave order that *Cleomenes*'s Body ſhould be Flea'd and hung up; that his Children, Mother, and the Women that were with her, ſhould be kill'd. Amongſt thoſe was *Panteus*'s Wife, a very fair Woman, and of a ſtately Carriage, who had been but newly Married, and ſuffer'd theſe diſaſters in the height of her Love. Her Parents would not let her embark with *Panteus* preſently after they were Married, though ſhe eagerly deſir'd it, but ſhut her up, and kept her by violence at home; yet a few days after ſhe got a Horſe and a little Money, and eſcaping by Night, made ſpeed to *Tænarus*, where ſhe embark'd for *Ægypt*, came to her Husband, and with him cheerfully endur'd to live in a Foreign Country. She led *Crateſiclæa* as ſhe was going with the Soldiers to Execution, held up her Train, and begg'd her to be courageous, who of her ſelf was not in the leaſt afraid of Death, and deſir'd nothing elſe, but only to be kill'd before the Children. When they were come to the place of Execution, the Children were firſt kill'd before *Crateſiclæa*'s Eyes, and afterward ſhe her ſelf, with only theſe words in her Mouth; *O Children, whither aae you gone*? But *Pantæus*'s Wife girding her Garments cloſe to her, and being a ſtrong Woman, without any Noiſe or Lamentation, lookt after every one that was ſlain, and wound them up as well as her preſent Circumſtances would permit; and after all, were kill'd, dreſſing her ſelf, bound her Cloaths cloſe about her, and ſuffering none to come near, or be an Eye-witneſs of her Fall, beſide the Executioner, ſhe courageouſly ſubmitted to the ſtroak, and wanted no body to look after her, or wind her up after ſhe was dead. Thus in her Death the Modeſty of her Mind appear'd, and ſet the Guard upon her Body, which ſhe always kept when alive: And ſhe in the declining Age of the *Spartans* ſhew'd, That Women were no unequal Rivals of the Men, and was an Inſtance of ſuch a Courage as would not ſneak to the Affronts of Fortune. A few days after, thoſe that watch'd the hanging Body of *Cleomenes*, ſaw a very great Snake winding about his Head, and covering his Face, ſo that no Bird of Prey ſhould fly at it. This made the King ſuperſtitiouſly afraid, and ſet the Women upon ſeveral Luſtrations, as if he had been an extraordinary Man, and one belov'd by the Gods that had been ſlain. And the *Alexandrians* made Proceſſions to the Place, and gave *Cleomenes* the Title of *Heroe*, and Son of the Gods, till the Philoſophers ſatisfied them, by ſaying, That, *as Oxen breed Bees, putrifying Horſes breed Hornets, and Beetles riſe from the Carkaſſes of dead Aſſes, ſo the Humours and Juices of the Marrow of a Man's Body coagulating, produce Serpents.* And this the Ancients obſerving, appropriated a Serpent rather than any other Creature to Heroe's.

CLEOMENES
THE
Spartan-Heroe.
A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Sea-Port of* Alexandria.

Cleomenes *ſolus.*

Cleom. DEjected! no, it never ſhall be ſaid,
That Fate had power upon a Spartan Soul:
My mind on its own Centre ſtands unmov'd,
And Stable; as the Fabrick of the World:
Propt on it ſelf; ſtill I am *Cleomenes*:
I fought the Battle bravely, which I Loſt;
And loſt it, but to *Macedonians*,
The Succeſſors of thoſe who Conquer'd *Aſia*.
'Twas for a Cauſe too, ſuch a Cauſe I fought,
Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword:
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, ſtood in view,
To ſee the Rival Bulls each other gore:
But wiſh'd the Conqueſt mine.
I fled; and yet I languiſh not in Exile;

But here in *Egypt*, whet my Blunted Horns;
And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loſs.
Ah! why ye Gods, muſt *Cleomenes* wait
On this Effeminate Luxurious Court,
For tardy helps of baſe Egytian Bands?
Why have not I, whoſe individual mind
Would ask a Nation of ſuch Souls t'inform it,
Why have not I ten Thouſand hands to fight
It all my ſelf? and make the Work my own?

Enter Cratiſiclea, Cleora, Cleonidas.

Cratis. Is this well done? or like the King of *Sparta*?
Or like my Son? to waſte your time in Tears?
What have you done, that you avoid Mankind?
And ſculk in Corners like a Guilty Slave?
Cleor. We have been ſeeking you, my deareſt Lord,
Thro' all the ſhady Walks and dark Retreats
Of Secret Care; That falſe deluding Friend,
That only ſooths and keeps you Company,
To prey upon your laſt remains of Life.
Cleom. I've heard you —— [*Sighs.*
Cratis. Hear her ſtill; She tells you true.
This Melancholly Flatters; but Unmans you.
What is it elſe, but Penury of Soul;
A Lazie Froſt, a numneſs of the Mind;
That Locks up all the Vigour to Attempt,
By barely Crying, 'tis Impoſſible?
Cleom. You both miſtake me: That I Grieve, 'tis true:
But 'tis a Grief of Fury; not Deſpair!
And if a manly drop or Two fall down,
It ſcalds along my Cheeks, like the Green Wood
That ſputtring in the Flame works outward into Tears.
Cleor. Why would you leave me then, and be alone?
Indeed it was a Churliſh kind of ſorrow;
Indeed it was, t'engroſs it all your ſelf;
And not permit me to endure my ſhare.
'Think you, becauſe I am of tender Mould,

I cannot ſuffer and partake your burdens;
Alas! I ſuffer more by not partaking
Cleom. My Wife! My Mother! O! I am ſo divided,
That I grieve moſt for both, and love both moſt;
Two twining Vines about this Elm, whoſe fall
Muſt ſhortly—Very ſhortly cruſh you both,
And yet I will not go to Ground,
Without a Noble Ruine round my Trunk;
The Foreſt ſhall be ſhaken when I ſink,
And all the neighboring Trees
Shall groan and fall beneath my vaſt Deſtruction.
Cratiſ. That's ſomething yet, an earneſt of an Action;
Another Groan or two, and all goes well.
Cleom. Well: I will live.
Cratiſ. Thou ſhalt.
Cleom. I'le try at leaſt.
Cratiſ. Do not go back: and bate of what thou ſaidſt
Cleon. Peace, peace: good Grandmother; he lives already,
And Conquers too, in ſaying he will try;
Nay, if the King of *Sparta* ſays he'll do't,
I ask no more then that;
For 'tis below a King to tell a Lye.
Cleor. But where's the means?
Cleon. The means is in the daring;
Had my own Mother liv'd, and ask'd that Queſtion
I ſhould have thought my Father had begot me,
Without her help, as *Pallas* ſprung from *Jove*.
Cleor. Think'ſt thou, he can defend us all, alone?
Cleon. No —— for I mean to help him.
Cleom. That my Boy, my hopeful Lyons Whelp } *Takes him and kiſſes him.*
Cleor. So *Hector* hugg'd his young *Aſtyanax*;
Went out to fight and never ſaw him more.
Cleon. But why did not *Aſtyanax* go with *Hector*?
Cratiſ. Becauſe he was a Child, and could not go.
Cleon. Was he a *Spartan* Child?
Cleor. Oh no! a *Trojan*.
Cleon. There's it, a Trojan Child: But grant me this,
There are no *Spartan*-Children we are born Men,

And tho' you ſay, I have but Fifteen years,
We *Spartans* take ten Strides before our Age,
And ſtart beyond dull Nature.
Cleom. Let me but live to ſhadow this young Plant,
From Blites and Storms; He'll ſoon ſhoot up a Heroe:
He muſt; I got him in the pride of Conqueſt;
For coming back from my firſt Maiden Battle,
Wherein I made the Great *Aratus* fly,
And added all his Laurels to my Brow,
I well remember that I ſpurr'd it hard,
And like a Meteor, ſhot before my Troops,
To reach my Love that night; I was a Bridegroom,
Or ſcarce had loſt that name, and ſtealing home,
According to my Countries modeſt uſe,
I found my *Ægiatus* juſt undreſt,
Wearying the gods with Vows for my return,
My Tranſport was ſo great, I could not ſtay,
But kiſs'd, and took her trembling in my Arms,
And in that Fury of my Love, I ſtampt,
This Image of my Soul.

Enter Pantheus.

What, my *Pantheus*?
Where haſt thou been this long long Year of Hours?
Panth. Where I have paſt a merry Mornings Walk,
With the beſt Company.
Cleom. With whom?
Panth. Why with my ſelf, in laughing at the World,
Making a Farce of Life, where Knaves and Fools,
And Mad-men, that's all Human-kind were Actors.
Cleom. And what part Acted you?
Panth. As little as I could: And daily would have leſs,
So pleaſe the Gods, for that's a Wiſe Man's part.
Cleom. Would I could ſhare thy Balmy, even Temper,
And Milkineſs of Blood.
Panth. You may.
Cleom. As how?

Panth. By! but forgetting you have been a King.
Cleom. Then muſt I ruſt in *Ægypt*, never more
Appear in Arms, and be the Chief of *Greece*?
Now, by yon Blew Palace,
The Manſion of my great Fore-father *Hercules*
I would looſe o're-agen *Sellaſia's* Field
Rather than Fight behind, when proud *Aratus* led the
Græcian Van.
Cleon. What, when the lively Trumpets ſound a Charge,
The word of Battle may be *Hercules*,
And after our great Grandſires Name, *Aratus*
Cries *Cleomenes*, bring you up the Rear.
Panth. If Fortune takes not off this Boy betimes,
He'l make mad work, and Elbow all his Neighbors.
Cleon. My Neighbours! Little: Elbow all rhe World,
And puſh off Kings, like Counters from the Board,
To place my ſelf the foremoſt.
Panth. What wilt thou be, young Cockeril, when thy Spurs
Are grown to ſharpneſs?
Cleon. Why? I'll be a *Spartan*.
For if I ſaid a King, I ſhould ſay leſs:
I mean a *Spartan* while I live on Earth;
But when in Heaven, I'le ſtand next *Hercules*,
And thruſt between my Father and the God.
Cleo. Do you not view, my Lord?
As in a Glaſs, your Darling Fault, Ambition,
Reflected in your Son?
Cleom. My Virtue rather:
I love to ſee him ſparkle out betimes,
For 'twas my Flame that lighted up his Soul:
I am pleas'd with my own Work; *Jove* was not more
With Infant Nature, when his ſpatious Hand
Had rounded this huge ball of Earth, and Seas,
To give it the firſt puſh, and ſee it rowl
Along the vaſt Abyſs.
Cleon. My Mother would have had my Youth brought up
To Spin with Girls in *Sparta*.
Cratiſ. Well ſaid, my Boy; Yet *Hercules* they ſay
Took up the Diſtaff once.

Cleon. Yes, when he had been Conquer'd by a Woman.
Panth. } One thing I had forgot, which may import you,
to *Cleom.* } You'l ſuddainly hear news from *Greece.*
Cleom. Thou wert
Indeed forgetful, not to tell me that,
For, from my firſt arrival on this Coaſt,
This fatal *Ægypt*, where I fled for Refuge,
In three long Months I have not heard from *Greece.*
What makes thee think I ſhall have news ſo ſoon?
Panth. As walking on the Beach I ſaw a Ship
Juſt entring in the Port, and on the Deck
Stood *Cœnus.*
Cleom. *Cœnus*, ſaidſt thou?
Panth. Yes, our *Cœnus*, the rich *Meſſenian* Lord;
I ſaw and knew him, but amidſt the ſhouts
Of Mariners, and buſie Care to ſling
His Horſes ſoon aſhore——He ſaw not me.
Cleom. Then I ſhall hear of thee once more, Dear Country;
I fear too ſoon; ſhall hear how proud *Antigonus*
Led o'er *Eurota's* Banks, his Conquering Troops
And firſt, to wondring *Sparta*——ſhew'd a King,
A King that was not Hers:
Then I ſhall hear of Sacriledge and Murthers,
And Fires, and Rapes on Matrons, and on Maids.
Panth. Such news we muſt expect.
Cleom. O happy Ghoſts!
Of thoſe that fell in the laſt fatal Fight,
And liv'd not to ſurvive their Countries Loſs;
Baſe as I was——I ſhould have fall'n there too;
But firſt have rais'd a Mountain of the Dead,
To choak their way to *Sparta.*
Panth. Thus I knew
Your Blood would boil, and therefore I delaid
So long to tell you *Cœnus* was arriv'd.
Cleom. Go:
My Mother, my *Cleora*, and my Boy—— [*Stroking* Cleonid.
Your Ears would be polluted with ſuch Ills;

Which I muſt try to mollify before
They reach your tender hearing.
Cleor. I Obey you.
But let not Grief diſorder you too much
For what you loſt.———
For me, while I have You, and you are kind,
I ask no more of Heaven.
Cleonid. I go too,
Becauſe my King and Father bids me go:
Elſe, I have ſternneſs in my Soul enough
To hear of Murders, Rapes, and Sacrilege:
For thoſe are Soldiers work; and I wou'd hear 'em
To ſpur me to Revenge.
[*Exeunt* Cratiſiclea, Cleora, Cleonidas.
Panth. He's here already.
Now bear it like your ſelf.
Cleom. I am arm'd againſt it.

Enter Cœnus, *Salutes* Cleomenes.

Cænus. I heard, Sir, you were refug'd in this Court,
And come to beg a favour.
Cleom. Good! a Favour!
Sure, thou miſtak'ſt me for the King of *Egypt*;
And think'ſt I govern here?
Cænus. Y'are *Cleomenes.*
Cleom. No thanks to Heaven for that: I ſhou'd have dy'd,
And then I had not been this *Cleomenes.*
Panth. You promis'd Patience, Sir.
Cleom. Thou art a Scurvy Monitor, I am Patient.
Do I foam at Lips?
Or ſtare at Eyes: Methinks I am wondrous Patient.
Now, thou ſhalt ſee how I can ſwallow Gall.
I prithee, Gentle *Cænus*, tell the Story.— [*Speaking Softly.*
Of Ruin'd *Sparta*; leave no Circumſtance
Untold of all their Woes: And I will hear thee,
As unconcern'd, as if thou told'ſt a Tale
Of ruin'd Troy. I prithee tell us how

The Victors robb'd the Shrines, polluted Temples,
Ranſack'd each Wealthy Houſe: No, ſpare me that,
Poor honeſt *Sparta* had no Wealth to loſe.
But when thou com'ſt to tell of Matrons raviſh'd,
And Virgins forc'd; Then raiſe thy Voice, *Raiſes his Voice.*
And let me hear their Howlings,
And dreadful ſhrieks, as in the act of Rape.

Panth. Again you are diſtemper'd!

Cleom. ſoftly. Peace, I am not.
I was but teaching him to grace his Tale
With decent Horror.

Cœnus. Your ſick Imagination feigns all this;
Now hear a truth, and wonder!

Cleom. Has not the Conqueror been at *Sparta*?

Cœnus. Yes.

Cleom. Nay; then I know what follows Victory.

Panth. You interrupt as if you would not know.

Cœnus. Then if you will Imagine, think ſome King,
Who lov'd his People, took a peaceful Progreſs
To ſome far diſtant place of his Dominions;
Smil'd on his Subjects as he rode in Triumph,
And ſtrew'd his Plenty, whereſoe'er he paſs'd.
Nay, raiſe your Thoughts yet higher. Think ſome Deity,
Some better *Ceres* drawn along the Sky,
By Gentle Dragons, ſcatter'd as ſhe flew,
Her fruitful Grains upon the teeming Ground,
And bad new Harveſts riſe.

Cleom. Do we Dream, *Pantheus*?

Panth. No ſure! We are awake——— but 'tis he Dreams.

Cœnus. The Soldiers march'd, as in Proceſſion, ſlow;
And enter'd *Sparta* like a Choir of Prieſts,
As if they fear'd to tread on holy Ground.
No Noiſe was heard; no Voice, but of the Cryer,
Proclaiming Peace, and Liberty to *Sparta*;
At that a peal of loud applauſe rang out,
And thin'd the Air, till even the Birds fell down
Upon the Shouters Heads: The Shops flew open,
And all the buſie Trades renew'd their Tasks:

No Law was chang'd, no Cuſtom was controul'd;
That had *Lycurgus* liv'd, or you return'd,
So *Sparta* would have ſhown.
Panth. If this be true!
Cleom. If this indeed be true,
Then farewell *Sparta*.
Cœnus. Hear me out.
He reap'd no fruit of Conqueſt, but their Bleſſings;
Nor ſtay'd three Days in *Sparta*; Summon'd thence,
With ſudden News that a Barbarian Hoſt,
Was enter'd *Macedonia*!
And like a Mighty Deluge, rowling on,
Swept all before 'em. Thus alarm'd, he left us;
March'd Homeward; Met and Fought 'em; Nay, and Liv'd
To ſay the Field is mine.
Panth. Dy'd of his Wounds?
Cœnus. Not ſo; but ſtraining loud his feeble Voice,
To animate his Soldiers, broke a Vein;
And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul.
Panth. O Bleſs'd! Bleſs'd *Cœnus*! for this happy News. { *Embraces*
Cleom. O Wretch! O Born to all misfortunes! Curſt, } Cœnus.
Curſt *Cleomenes*!
Panth. How's this! Are theſe the thanks you pay the Gods?
Who freed your *Sparta*, and remov'd by Death
Your only fatal Foe!
Cleom. O Blind *Pantheus*!
Can'ſt thou not find, that had I but defer'd
Sellaſia's Fight three Days; but three ſhort Days:
Fate then had fought my Battle with *Antigonus*;
And I not fighting had been ſtill a King.
Panth. That's true; but that you knew not when you fought.
Cleom. Why therefore, once again, Curſt *Cleomenes*!
'Tis not to be endur'd.
That Fate of Empires, and the fall of Kings
Should turn on flying Hours, and Catch of Moments.
Panth. Now, by my Soul, 'tis Lazy Wickedneſs,
To rail at Heaven, and not to help your ſelf.
Heaven's but too kind, in offring you the means:

Your Fate, once more, is laid upon the Anvil:
Now pluck up all the Spartan in your Soul;
Now ſtretch at every ſtroke and Hammer out,
A new and nobler Fortune;
Elſe may the Peaceful Ground reſtore the Dead,
And give up Old *Antigonus* again.
Cleom. I thank thee: Thou haſt added Flame to Fury.
The Spartan Genius ſhall once more be rowz'd;
Our Houſhold Gods, that droop upon our Hearths,
Each from his Venerable Face ſhall bruſh
The *Macedonian* Soot, and ſhine again.
Panth. Now you confeſs the *Spartan*.
Cleom. Haſte, *Pantheus*!
I ſtruggle like the Prieſteſs with a God;
With that oppreſſing God, that works her Soul.
Haſte to *Cleanthes*, my Egyptian Friend;
That only Man that *Egypt* ever made:
He's my *Lucina*. Say my Friendſhip wants him
To help me bring to light a Manly Birth;
Which to the wondring World I ſhall diſcloſe,
Or if he fail me, periſh in my Throwes. [*Ex. Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Pantheus.

Cleom. THe King ſent for me, ſay'ſt thou! and to Council!
Clean. And I was coming to you, on that Meſſage,
Juſt when I met *Pantheus*.
Panth. Good Omen, Sir, of ſome intended good,
Your Fortune mends: ſhe reconciles apace,
When *Ægypt* makes th'Advances.
Cleom. Riſe a Prophet.
For ſince his Fathers death, this *Ptolomey*,
Has minded me no more
Then Boys their laſt Years Gugaws.
Petition on Petition; Prayer on Prayer,
For Aid, or free Diſmiſſion, all Unanſwer'd;

As *Cleomenes* were not worth his Thought,
Or He, that God, which *Epicurus* dreamt;
Diſclaiming Care, and lolling on a Cloud.
Panth. At length, it ſeems it pleaſes him to wake.
Cleanth. Yes, for himſelf, not you; he's drench'd too deep,
To wake on any Call, but his own danger:
My Father, his wiſe Pilot, has obſerv'd
The Face of Heaven, and ſees a gathering Storm,
I know not from what quarter, but it threatens.
And while it Threats, he wants ſuch hands as yours;
But when 'tis o're, the Thoughtleſs King returns,
To Native ſloth, ſhifts ſides, and ſlumbers on.
Panth. Sure, he'll remember to reward thoſe Hands,
That help'd him from the plunge.
Cleanth. You Dream, *Pantheus*!
Of former times, when Gratitude was Virtue;
Reward him! Yes, like *Æſop's* Snake, the wretch
That warm'd him in his Boſom: We are Tools,
Vile abject things created for his uſe,.
As Beaſts for Men; as Oxen draw the Yoke,
And then are ſacrific'd.
Cleom. I would not uſe him ſo.
Cleanth. You are not *Ptolomy*,
Nor is He *Cleomenes*.
Cleom. I'll preſs him home,
To give me my diſpatch; few Ships will ſerve
To bear my little Band and me to *Greece*;
I will not ask him one of his Ægyptians;
No, Let 'em keep 'em all for Slaves and Stallions,
Fit only to beget their Succeſſors.
Cleanth. Excepting one Ægyptian, that's my ſelf.
Cleom. Thou need'ſt not be excepted; Thou art only,
Miſplanted in a baſe degenerate Soil;
But Nature when ſhe made thee, meant a *Spartan*.
Panth. Then if your Father will but ſecond us.——
Cleanth. I dare not promiſe for him, but I'll try,
He loves me, Love and Intereſt ſometimes
May make a Stateſman honeſt.

Cleom. For the King,
I know he'l not refuſe us, for he dares not;
A Coward is the kindeſt Animal,
'Tis the moſt giving Creature in a fright.
Cleanth. Say the moſt promiſing, and there you hit him.
Cleom. Well, I'le attack him on the ſhaking ſide,
That next his fearful Heart.

Enter Cœnus.

Cænus I come to mind you of the late Requeſt,
You would not hear: Be pleas'd t'engage this Lord
And then it may ſucceed.
Cleom. What wouldſt thou, *Cænus?*
Cænus. I brought along
Some Horſes of the beſt *Theſſalian* breed,
High ſpirited and ſtrong, and made for War;
Theſe I would ſell the King.
Cleom. Miſtaken Man:
Thou ſhouldſt have brought him Whores and Catamites;
Such Merchandize is fit for ſuch a Monarch.
Cleanth. Would'ſt thou bring Horſes here to ſhame our Men?
Thoſe very words of Spirited and War,
Are Treaſon in our Clime.
Cleom. From the King downward, (if there be a downward,
From *Ptolomy* to any of his Slaves!)
No true Ægyptian ever knew in Horſes
The Far Side from the Near.
Cleanth. Cleomenes told thee true: Thou ſhould have brought
A ſoft pad Strumpet for our Monarch's uſe,
Tho' thank'd be Hell, we want not one at home!
Our Maſter's Miſtriſs, ſhe that Governs all.
'Tis well ye Pow'rs, ye made us but Ægyptians,
You could not have impos'd
On any other People ſuch a Load
As an Effeminate Tyrant and a Woman.
Cleom. Sell me thy Horſes, and at my return,
When I have got from Conquer'd *Greece* the Pelf
That Noble *Sparta* ſcorns, I'll pay their value.

Cænus. Juſt as you paid me for the fair Eſtate
I ſold you there. [*aſide.*
Cleom. What's that you mutter?
Cænus aſide. Nothing: That's what his Hopes are worth— *Ex.* Cœn.
Panth. I fear he's gone away diſſatisfy'd.
Cleanth. I'll make it up: Thoſe Horſes I preſent you,
You'll put 'em to the uſe that Nature meant 'em.
Cleom. I burden you too much!
Cleanth. If you refuſe, you burden me much more:
A Trifle this,
A ſinging Eunuch's price; A Pandar's Fee
Exceeds this Sum at Court.
The King expects us
Cleom. Come after us, *Pantheus*;
And bring my Boy *Cleonidas* along,
I'll ſhew his Youth this baſe Luxurious Court,
Juſt as in ſober *Sparta* we expoſe
Our drunken *Helotes*: Only with deſign
To wean our Children from the vice of Wine. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Apartment of* Caſſandra.

Enter King Ptolomey, Soſybius *with Papers after him.*

Ptolom. No more of Buſineſs.
Soſyb. Sir, the Council waits you!
Ptolom. Council! What's that? a pack of Bearded Slaves,
Grave Faces, Sawcy Tongues, and Knaviſh Hearts,
That never ſpeak one word but Self's at bottom;
The Scavengers that ſweep State-nuſances,
And are themſelves the greateſt. I'll no Council.
Soſyb. Remember you appointed them, this day.
Ptol. I had forgot, 'twas my *Caſſandra*'s Birth-day.
Soſyb. Your Brother *Magas* daily grows more dangerous,
And has the Soldiers Hearts.
Ptol. I'll cut him off.

Soſyb. Not ſo ſoon done as ſaid: The *Spartan* King
Was ſummon'd for Advice, and waits without.
Ptol. His Buſineſs is to wait.
Soſyb. Be pleas'd to Sign theſe Papers: They are all
Of great concern!
Ptol. My pleaſure is of more.
How I! could curſe my Name of *Ptolomy*:
For 'tis ſo long; it asks an Hour to write it;
By Heav'n, I'll change it into *Jove* or *Mars*!
Or any other civil Monoſyllable,
That will not tire my Hand.
Soſyb. Theſe are for Common Good. [*Shewing Papers.*
Ptol. I am glad of that:
Thoſe ſhall be ſure to wait.
Soſyb. Orders to pay the Soldiers, ripe for Mutiny;
They may Revolt.
Ptol. To whom?
Soſyb. The Man you fear:
Your Brother, *Magas.*
Ptol. That's indeed the danger:
Give me the Phyſick; Let me ſwallow quick——
There's *Ptolomy* for that; Now, not one more,
For every Minute I expect *Caſſandra*
To call me to the Muſick,
If ſhe ſhould find me at this rare Employment,
Of Signing out her Treaſures?
Soſyb: The reſt are only Grants to her you love,
And places for her Friends.
Ptol. I'll Sign 'em all; were every one a Province:
Thou know'ſt her Humor, not to brook denial!
And then a Quarrel on her Birth-day too
Would be of ill preſage. [*Signs more Papers.*

Enter Caſſandra, *Women.*

Caſſand. I heard you waited, but you'll pardon me,
I was not ſooner Dreſt.
Ptol. Thus I begin my Homage to the Day [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

That brought me forth a Miſtriſs, and am proud
To be your foremoſt Slave.
Caſſand. Our little Entertainment waits ; not worth
A longer Ceremony, pleaſe to Grace it?

The SCENE *opens and diſcovers* Caſſandra's *Apartment. Muſicians and Dancers*——Ptolomy *leads in* Caſſandra, Soſybius *follows*——*They Sit. Towards the end of the Song and Dance; Enter* Cleomenes *and* Cleanthes *on one ſide of the Stage, where they ſtand.*

SONG.

NO no, poor ſuff'ring Heart no Change endeavour,
Chooſe to ſuſtain the ſmart, rather than leave her;
My raviſh'd Eyes behold ſuch Charms about her,
I can dye with her, but not live without her.
One tender Sigh of hers to ſee me Languiſh,
Will more than pay the price of my paſt Anguiſh:
Beware O cruel Fair, how you ſmile on me,
'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me.

2.

Love has in ſtore for me one happy Minute,
And She will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of Bliſs, or Pleaſure leaving,
Ages ſhall ſlide away without perceiving:
Cupid *ſhall guard the Door the more to pleaſe us,*
And keep out Time and Death when they would ſeize us:
Time and Death ſhall depart, and ſay in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

After the Muſick is over, Cleomenes *ſpeaks.*

Cleom. to } Is this the Council of th' *Ægyptian* King?
Cleanth. } And am I call'd upon the Grave Debate,
To judge of trilling Notes and tripping Feet?

Cleanth. 'Tis of a piece with all the reſt of *Ptolomey*!
A Singing and a Dancing Government.
O *Ægypt*, *Ægypt*! Thou art grown the Lees
Of all the World; The ſlime of thy own Nyle.
Sure, we had neither Human Syres, nor Mothers;
The Sun and Nyle begot us; W'are ſo Cowardly,
And yet ſo proud; ſo many Gods we have,
And yet not One———
Cleom. No more---They ſeem to gaze on me with wonder.
Cleanth. And well they may to ſee a Man in *Ægypt*.
[*King*, Caſſand. Soſyb. *riſe and come forward.*
Ptol. Welcome! Royal Stranger!
Not only to my Court, but to my Boſom.
Cleom. I heard you ſent for me; but on what Buſineſs
Am yet to learn.
Ptol. The greateſt in the World: To ſee the Man,
Whom even his Foes extoll; His Friends adore,
And all Mankind admire.
Cleom. Say rather, Sir,
A Man forſaken of his better Stars,
A baniſh'd Prince; The ſhadow of a King.
Pto. My Fathers Friend.
Cleom. I muſt not think ſo vainly of my ſelf,
To be what you have ſaid, leſt it upbraid you,
To let your Fathers Friend, for three long Months,
Thus Dance attendance for a word of Audience.
Caſſand. Now by my Soul, 'tis nobly urg'd: He ſpeaks
As if he were in *Sparta*, on his Throne; [*aſide.*
Not asking Aid; but granting:
How little looks our Pageant Prince to him!
This is the only King I ever ſaw.
Cleom. By all the Gods; when I have ſtood repuls'd
Before your Gates, and could not gain admittance,
I have not Sigh'd ſo much for my own ſorrows,
As I have bluſh'd for your ungenerous Uſage.
Cleanth. Not a word, *Ptolomey*!
Aſham'd by all that's good to be miſcall'd
A King, when this is preſent.

Cleom. Think you 'tis nothing
For me to beg; That I conſtrain my Temper
To ſue for Aid, which you ſhould firſt have offer'd.
Believe me, *Ptolomey,* a Noble Soul
Does much that asks: He gives you pow'r t'oblige him.
Know, Sir, There's a proud Modeſty in merit,
Averſe from begging; and reſolv'd to pay
Ten times the Gift it asks.
Pto. I have been to blame;
And you have juſtly tax'd my long neglect.
I am Young, and am a Lover; and how far
Fair Eyes may make even Kings forgetful. Look,
And read my beſt Excuſe.
Cleanth. O Miracle! He bluſhes! [*Aſide.*
The firſt red Virtue I have ever ſeen
Upon that Face.
Caſſand. I am ſorry, Sir, y'have made me your Excuſe;
As if I ſtood betwixt the Good you meant;
And intercepted every Royal Grace.
Now in my own Defence I muſt ſolicite
All his concerns as mine:
And if my Eyes have pow'r, He ſhould not ſue
In vain, nor linger with a long delay.
Ptolo. Well! I'll conſider.
Caſſand. Say that word again;
And I'll conſider too.
Ptolo. Prithee be ſatisfy'd, He ſhall be aided,
Or I'll no more be King.
Cleanth. } When wert thou one? For ſhame, for ſhame ye Gods,
aſide. } That e'er you put it in a Strumpets power,
To do ſo good a Deed!
Cleom. I am a *Spartan,* Madam, ſcarce of Words;
We have but juſt enough to ſpeak our Meaning.
Be thank'd; That's all I could have ſaid to *Jove,*
Had *Jove,* like you, reſtor'd me to my Crown.
Soſyb. } The Gods have giv'n you, Sir, the ſpeedy means
to *Cleom.* } To ſatisfie your Debt of Gratitude.
Cleom. Oh make me happy: Tell me how this Sword

(This and my Heart are all that's left me now)
Can be Employ'd to ſerve the Crown of *Ægypt*.
Cleanth. } Well ſaid Father: Thou art a true Stateſman.
aſide. } So much for ſo much, is the way at Court.
Soſyb. My King has in the Camp a Younger Brother,
Valiant they ſay, but very Popular;
He gets too far into the Soldiers Grace;
And Inches out my Maſter.
Cleom. Is the King
Aſſur'd of this, by any Overt-Act;
Or any cloſe Conſpiracy reveal'd?
Ptolo. He has it in his pow'r to be a Traytor;
And that's enough.
Soſyb. He has it in his will too:
Elſe why this Oſtentation of his Virtues,
His Bounty, Valour, and his Temperance?
Why are they thus expos'd to publick View?
But as a *Venus* ſet beſides a Monſter,
To make an Odious Compariſon;
As if his Brother wanted what he boaſts?
Ptolo. What's to be done with him?
Caſſand. There needs no more, I think, but to contrive,
With Secreſy, and Safety, to Diſpatch him.
Cleanth. } I thank thee, that thou haſt not Cozen'd me
aſide. } In this Advice: For two good deeds together
Had been too much in Conſcience for thy calling.
Ptolo. He Dies, that's out of doubt.
Cleom. Your Brother, Sir!
Ptolo. Why do you ask that Queſtion?
Cleom. Becauſe I had a Brother;
(Oh grief to ſay I had, and have not now)
Wiſe, Valiant, Temperate; and in ſhort a *Spartan*!
Had all the Virtues, which your Counſellor
Imputed to your Brother, as his Crimes:
He Lov'd me well; ſo well, he could but die,
To ſhew he Lov'd me better than his Life:
He loſt it for me in *Sellaſia*'s Field;
And went the greateſt Ghoſt of all our name,
That ever had a Brother or a King.

Soſyb. Wipe off the Tears, that ſtand upon your Eyes;
Good Nature works too far. Kings have no Brothers:
What Men call ſuch are Rivalls of their Crowns;
Yours tim'd his Death, ſo as to Merit Grief.
Who knows, but he laid in, by that laſt Action,
The means to have betray'd you, had he Liv'd.
Cleom. I would ſay ſomething: but I curb my paſſion,
Becauſe thou art the Father to my Friend.
To you, Sir, this; If you Condemn your Brother, [*To* Ptolo.
Only becauſe he's Bounteous, Great, and Brave;
Know you Condemn thoſe Virtues, own you want 'em.
Had you a Thouſand Brothers, ſuch as he,
You ought to ſhew you are above 'em all;
By daring to reward, and Cheriſh 'em,
As Bucklers of your Crown in time of War;
And in ſoft Peace, the Jewels that adorn it.
Caſſand. I ſtand Corrected, ſir, he ought to Live.
Ptolo. I think ſo too.
Soſyb. I do not wiſh his Death,
Howe're I ſeem'd to give that rugged Counſel.
Cleanth. aſide. Well ſaid again Father! Comply, comply:
Follow the Sun, True Shadow.
Soſyb. I only wiſh my Maſter may be ſafe;
But there are Mercenaries in the Army,
Three thouſand *Greeks*, the Flower of all our Troops,
Like Wolves indeed among *Ægyptian* Lambs;
If theſe Revolt——(I do not ſay they will)
But if your Brother pleaſe to take the Crown:
And be not good enough to let you Reign,
Thoſe *Greeks* where e'er they go, will turn the Scale.
Ptol. What think you, *Cleomenes*?
Cleom. He ſays true.
Ptol. Then *Magas* muſt not live.
Cleom. That does not follow:
Fear not thoſe Mercenaries: They are mine;
Devoted to my Intereſt; Commanded by my Nod:
They are my Limbs of War, and I their Soul:

(This and my Heart are all that's left me now)
Can be Employ'd to ſerve the Crown of *Ægypt*.
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By daring to reward, and Cheriſh 'em,
As Bucklers of your Crown in time of War;
And in ſoft Peace, the Jewels that adorn it.
Caſſand. I ſtand Corrected, [illegible]r, he ought to Live.
Ptolo. I think ſo too.
Soſyb. I do not wiſh his Death,
Howe're I ſeem'd to give that rugged Counſel.
Cleanth. aſide. Well ſaid again Father! Comply, comply:
Follow the Sun, True Shadow.
Soſyb. I only wiſh my Maſter may be ſafe;
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Three thouſand *Greeks*, the Flower of all our Troops,
Like Wolves indeed among *Ægyptian* Lambs;
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But if your Brother pleaſe to take the Crown:
And be not good enough to let you Reign,
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Cleom. He ſays true.
Ptol. Then *Magas* muſt not live.
Cleom. That does not follow:
Fear not thoſe Mercenaries: They are mine;
Devoted to my Intereſt; Commanded by my Nod:
They are my Limbs of War, and I their Soul:

Were they in Arms againſt you at your Gates;
High in their Rage, and fix'd upon the Spoil,
Should I ſay, Hold; Nay, ſhould I only Frown,
They could not bear my Eyes, but Aw'd and Maſter'd,
Like Lions to their Keepers, would couch and fawn
And diſobey their Hunger.
Ptol. Wondrous Man! [*Embraces him.*
How I admire thy Virtue!
Caſſand. And his Genius;
Some are born Kings,
Made up of three parts Fire, ſo full of Heaven,
It ſparkles at their Eyes: Inferior Souls,
Know 'em as ſoon as ſeen, by ſure inſtinct,
To be their Lords, and naturally Worſhip
The ſecret God within 'em.
Soſyb. Sir, I humbly beg
A word in private ——— [to *Ptol.*
Ptol. Madam!
Caſſand. You may go.
Soſyb. *Cleanthes*, follow me. [*Ex.* Ptol. Soſyb. Cleanthes.

Enter Cleonidas.

Cleonid. *Panthæus* brought me hither to attend you,
Cleom. And thou art welcome, but thou com'ſt too late.
Caſſand. Your Page of Honour!
Cleonid. The miſtake is eaſie in ſuch a Courts as this,
Where Princes look like Pages.
Cleom. 'Tis my Son!
Caſſand. I muſt have leave to love you, Royal Youth;
Above all Nations I Adore a *Greek*,
And of all *Greeks* a *Spartan*. [*Looking on* Cleomenes.
Cleom. What he is,
And what I am, are owing to your Favour.
Caſſand. to *Cleonid.* } Shall I not be your Miſtriſs? [*Looking on* Cleom.
Cleonid. No, for I would not get *Ægyptians*.
Caſſand. For what, Sir, do you take us?

Cleonid. For what you are ;
When the Gods moulded up the Paſte of Man,
Some of their Dough was left upon their hands,
For want of Souls : And ſo they made *Ægyptians* :
They were intended for four Feet; And when
They come to run before our Noble *Spartans*,
They'l curſe the Gods for the Two Legs they ow'd 'em.
Caſſand. Then ſince you will not let me be your Miſtriſs,
Would I had been your Mother. [*Looking ſtill on* Cleom.
Cleon. So would not I:
For then I had not been all *Spartan*.
Caſſand. aſide. He anſwers not my Glances, ſtupid Man!
My tender Looks; my languiſhing Regards,
Are like miſ-aiming Arrows, loſt in Air,
And miſs the flying Prey.

While She walks, Cleom. *and* Cleonid. *are looking on a Picture hanging on the ſide of the Scenes.*

[*She takes out a Pocket Glaſs and looks in it.*

Theſe Eyes I Thank the Gods
Are ſtill the ſame : The Diamonds are not dimm'd:
Nor in their Luſtre : loſt in *Ptolomy* ;
Small Boaſt : Alas ! *Ptolomy* has no Soul,
'Tis what he wants, I love in *Cleomenes* ;
Perhaps he dares not think I would be Lov'd,
Then muſt I make the advance: and making loſe
The vaſt Prerogative our Sex enjoys,
Of being Courted firſt : Courted ! To what ?
To our own Wiſhes : There's the point; but ſtill,
To ſpeak our wiſhes firſt; Forbid it, pride,
Forbid it Modeſty : True; They forbid it,
But Nature does not: When we are a Thirſt,
Or Hungry, Will imperious Nature ſtay ?
Not Eat nor Drink, before 'tis bid, Fall on :
Well Sex; if this muſt be,
That I muſt not invite: I may at leaſt be ſuffer'd,

To lay ſome kind Occaſion in his way,
That if he dare but ſpeak; He may ſucceed.
[*She turns towards 'em, and obſerves what they're doing.*
{Cleom. *turns and meets her*; Cleonid. *looks*
{*ſtill on the Picture.*

Cleom. I durſt not have preſum'd to interrupt
Your private Thoughts.

Caſſan. They wholly were imploy'd in ſerving you;
But durſt not, and preſume, are words of Fear;
I thought they were not in your *Spartan* Tongue;
For my ſake, baniſh 'em:
On what were you ſo earneſtly employ'd?
You would not look this way.

Cleom. A Picture, Madam.

Caſſand. View it agen, 'tis worth a ſecond Sight,
Your Son obſerves it ſtill; 'Twere well to help
My Lover's Underſtanding; [*Goes with him to the Picture.*
Know you this Piece, young Prince?

Cleon. Some Battle, I believe; and in that Thought,
I gaze with ſuch Delight.

Cleom. Some Rape, I gueſs.

Caſſand. That's near the true Deſign, and yet miſtaken;
'Tis *Paris* bearing from your *Spartan* Shore,
The Beauteous *Hellen*; How do you approve it?

Cleom. Not in the leaſt, for 'tis a ſcurvy piece.

Caſſand. And yet 'tis known to be *Apelles* Hand;
The Style is his, you grant he was a Maſter.

Cleom. 'Tis ſcurvy ſtill, becauſe it repreſents
A baſe diſhoneſt Act; to violate
All Hoſpitable Rites, to force away,
His Benefactors Wife; Ungrateful Villain;
And ſo the Gods, Th' avenging Gods have judg'd.

Cleonid. Was he a *Spartan* King that ſuffer'd this?
Sure he reveng'd the Rape?

Cleom. He did, my Boy,
And ſlew the Raviſher.

Caſſand. Look better, Sir; You'll find it was no Rape;
Mark well that *Hellen* in her Lovers Arms:

Can you not ſee, ſhe but affects to ſtrive;
She heaves not up her Hands to Heav'n for help,
But hugs the kind Companion of her Flight.
See how her tender Fingers ſtrain his ſides;
'Tis an Embrace; a Graſping of Deſire;
A very Belt of Love, that Girds his Waſte.
She looks as if ſhe did not fear to fall,
But only loſe her Lover if ſhe fell:
Obſerve her Eyes; How ſlow they ſeem to rowl
Their Wiſhing Looks, and Languiſh on his Face:
Obſerve the whole Deſign, and you wou'd Swear,
She Raviſh'd *Paris*, and not *Paris*, Her.
Cleom. *Sparta* has not to Boaſt of ſuch a Woman;
Nor *Troy* to thank her, for her ill-plac'd Love.
Caſſand. But *Paris* had; as for the War that follow'd,
'Twas but a Fable of a *Græcian* Wit,
To raiſe the Valour of his Countrymen:
For *Menelaus* was an Honeſt Wretch;
A Tame good Man, that never durſt reſent;
A meer Convenient Husband; Dull and Slaviſh;
By Nature meant the thing the Lovers made him.
Cleom. His Goodneſs aggravates their Crime the more:
Had *Menelaus* us'd his *Hellen* ill,
Had he been Jealous, or diſtruſted both,
I would allow a grain or two, for Love;
And plead in their Excuſe.
Caſſand. There was their ſafety that he was not Jealous:
What would you more of him? He was a Fool,
And put the happy means into their hands.
Cleom. I cannot much commend my Countryman.
Caſſand. Indeed, my Lord, your Countryman was dull,
That did not underſtand ſo plain a Courtſhip.
Have *Spartans* Eyes for nothing? not to ſee
So manifeſt a Paſſion?
Cleom. Yes too well. [*aſide.*
Madam, your Goodneſs intereſts you too much
In *Hellens* Cauſe. I have no more to urge,
But that ſhe was a Wife: That Word, a Wife,
In ſpight of all your Eloquence condemns her.

Caſſand. You argue juſtly; Therefore 'twas a Crime:
But had ſhe been a Miſtris, not a Wife;
Her Love had been a Virtue, to forſake
The Nauſeous Bed of a Loath'd fulſome King;
And fly into a ſprightly Lovers Arms.
Her Love had been a Merit to her *Paris*,
To leave her Country, and what more her Kingdom:
With a Poor Fugitive Prince to Sail away,
And bear her Wealth along to make him happy.

Cleom. You put your Picture in the faireſt Light:
But both the Lovers broke their plighted Vows;
He to *Oenone*, She to *Menelaus*.

Caſſand. The Gods that made two Fools had done more juſtly
To have match'd *Menelaus* with *Oenone*:
Think better of my Picture, it deſerves
A Second thought; it ſpeaks; the *Hellen* ſpeaks.

Cleonid. It ſpeaks *Ægyptian* then; a baſe Diſhoneſt Tongue.

Caſſand. You are too Young to underſtand her Language.
[*To* Cleonidas.
Do not thank me, [*To* Cleomenes.
Till I have brought your buſineſs to perfection:
Doubt not my kindneſs; nothing ſhall be wanting
To make your Voyage happy.

Cleom. I only fear th'Exceſs of your full Bounty!
To give me more then what my wants require.
[*Exit* Cleomenes *and* Cleonidas.

Caſſand. Meaning, perhaps, my Perſon and my Love!
I would not think it ſo; and yet I fear,
And while I fear, his Voyage ſhall be hinder'd:
No breath of Wind
Can ſtir, to waft him hence, unleſs I pleaſe:
I am the Goddeſs that commands the Seas.
In Vain he Vows at any other Shrine,
My Heart is in his Hands; his Fate's in mine.

[*Exeunt* Caſſandra.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The King's Apartment.*
A Table ſet.—— Ptolomey, Soſybius, Caſſandra, *ſitting*:
Ptolomy *at the Upper end*; Caſſandra *on one ſide*,
Soſybius *on the other*.

Ptolomy. I Muſt confeſs 'twas Obvious.
Soſyb. He ſaid he could Command 'em with his (Nod:
Can he do this with Mercenaries, rais'd
Not at his Charge, but yours? by you maintain'd:
What could he more, had they been *Spartans* born?
Caſſand. What would you hence infer?
Soſyb. What you obſerv'd?
Some are born Kings; and ſo is *Cleomenes*.
Caſſand. A great Soul dares not call himſelf a Villain:
He has that Intereſt, and will uſe it nobly;
To ſerve, and not to ruine his Protector,
Soſyb. Is *Ægypt*'s ſafety, and the Kings, and Yours,
Fit to be truſted on a bare ſuppoſe,
That he is Honeſt? Honeſt, let him be;
But on his own Experiment, not ours!
Man is but Man; Unconſtant ſtill, and Various;
There's no to Morrow in him, like to Day.
Perhaps the Atoms rowling in his Brain,
Make him think Honeſtly this preſent Hour;
The next a Swarm of Baſe, Ungrateful Thoughts
May mount aloft: And where's our *Ægypt* then?
Who would truſt Chance? ſince all Men have the Seeds
Of Good and Ill, which ſhould work upward firſt.
Caſſand. All men! then you are one; and by that Rule,
Your wicked Atomes may be working now
To give bad Council; That you ſtill may Govern.
Soſyb. I would the King would Govern.
Caſſand. Becauſe you think I have too much Command.
Ptolo. Would you would rule me both by turns, in quiet,
And let me take my Eaſe!

Caſſand. Then my turns firſt.
Soſyb. Our Maſters Safety in ſound reaſon ought
To be prefer'd to both.
Ptolo. So thinks *Caſſandra* too.
Caſſand. No; Court *Soſybius*, and caſt *Caſſandra* off.
Ptolo. What have I ſaid, or done,
To merit this unkindneſs?
Tell me but what you think of *Cleomenes*,
And be my Oracle.
Caſſand. I know him Grateful.
Soſyb. To know him grateful, is enough for *Jove*.
Caſſand. And therefore not too much for me in *Ægypt*:
I ſay, I know him Honeſt.
Ptolo. Then I know it.
Now may *Soſybius* ſpeak?
Caſſand. He may: but not to contradict my knowledge.
Soſyb. Then I concur, to let him go for *Greece*;
And wiſh our *Ægypt* fairly rid of him.
For, as our *Apis*, tho' in Temples fed,
And under Golden Roofs, yet loaths his food,
Becauſe reſtrain'd; and longs to roam in Meads,
Among the Milky-Mothers of the Herd.
So, *Cleomenes*, kept by force in *Ægypt*,
Is ſullen at our Feaſts; abhors our Dainties;
And longs to change 'em for his *Spartan* Broth.
He may be dang'rous here; Then ſend him hence,
With aid enough to Conquer all he loſt,
And make him formidable to Mankind.
Caſſand. He may be formidable then to us,
That thou wou'dſt ſay.
Soſyb. No: for you know him grateful.
Caſſand. Would thou wouldſt learn to ſpeak without a double,
Thou *Delphian* Stateſman. [*Riſes.*
Soſyb. Would I could know your Wiſhes that I might:
I would but ſmooth their way and make em 'eaſy! [*bowing.*
Caſſand. Good Old Man! [*Smiling.*
A little over Zealous, but well-meaning.
My Wiſhes are the honour of my King.
That *Ptolomy* may keep his Royal word;

And I my promiſe to procure this Aid;
If to be Miſtriſs, ſignifies Command,
Let this be done: If not, the King may find,
Another Beauty, worthier of his Bed;
And I another Lover, leſs ungrateful:
Ptol. Let *Ægypt* ſink before that fatal day;
No, we are one: *Caſſandra*, we are one:
Or I am nothing? Thou art *Ptolomy*.
Caſſand. Now you deſerve to be the firſt of Kings,
Becauſe you rank your ſelf the firſt of Lovers:
What can I do to ſhow *Caſſandra* grateful?
Nothing but this;
To be ſo nice in my Concerns for you:
To doubt where Doubts are not: To be too fearful:
To raiſe a Bug-bear Shadow of a Danger,
And then be frighted, tho' it cannot reach you.
Soſyb. Be pleas'd to name your apprehenſions, Madam.
Caſſand. Plain Souls like mine, judge others by themſelves:
Therefore I hold our *Cleomenes* honeſt:
But ſince 'tis poſſible: Tho' barely ſo,
That he may prove ungrateful,
I would have pledges given us of his Faith,
His Wife, his Mother, and his Son, be left
As Hoſtages in *Ægypt*.
Soſyb. Admirable:
Some God inſpir'd you with this prudent Council.
Ptol. I thought ſo too, but that I durſt not ſpeak.
Soſyb. Leave me to manage this.
Caſſand. My beſt *Soſybius*!
But do it ſurely, by the eaſieſt means,
Infuſe it gently: Do not pour it down;
Let him not think he ſtands ſuſpected here;
And leaſt of all, by Me!
Soſyb. He ſhall not, Madam.
Now Sir, th' Illumination-Feaſt attends you:
For *Apis* has appear'd,
Ptol. Why then I muſt be formal,
Go to the Temple.

Come my fair *Caſſandra*,
That I may have an Object worth my Worſhip. [*aſide.*

Caſſand. The God that I Adore is in my Breaſt;
This is the Tomple: This is the Sacrifice:
But to the Pow'rs Divine we make Appeal,
with great Devotion; and with little Zeal.
[*Exeunt* Ptol, *and* Caſſand,

Soſyb. ſolus. Yes yes, it ſhall be done; but not her way:
Call in my Son *Cleanthes*: This *Caſſandra*
Is our enchanting Syren: She that Sings
Our *Ptolomy* into ſecure Deſtruction:
In vain I Counſel him t'avoid his Ruine:
Theſe Women-Charmers, Oh they have a Devil
Too ſtrong to diſpoſſeſs. Call in my Son. [*Goes to the Door.*

Enter Cleanthes.

Cleanthes! Are you *Cleomenes*'s Friend,
Or only ſeem you ſuch?

Cleanth. To ſeem to be, and not to be what I ſeem,
Are things my honeſt Nature underſtands not.

Soſyb. But you muſt love your King and Country more.

Cleanth. Yes, when I have a King and Country
That can deſerve my Love!
Ægypt, as *Ægypt* is, deſerves it not:
A People, baſer than the Beaſts they worſhip:
Below their Pot-herb-gods that grow in Gardens:
The King——

Soſyb. Go to; Young Man, what e'er he be,
I muſt not hear my Maſter vilify'd.

Cleanth. Why did you name him then? Were I at Pray'rs,
And even for you, whom as my Soul I love,
If *Ptolomy* ſhould come a Croſs my Thoughts,
A Curſe would follow where I meant a Bleſſing.

Soſyb. 'Tis well, tis well, I am ſo fond a Father;
Thoſe words were death in any other Mouth;
I know too much of you, you love the *Spartan*,
Beyond your King and Country.

Cleanth. 'Tis a Truth;
So Noble; I would own it to the Gods,
And they be proud to hear it,
Soſyb. Confeſs you love him better than your Father.
Cleanth. No; but I love him equal with my Father.
Soſyb. Say better, and ſay true:
If we were oppoſite, and one muſt fall,
Whom wouldſt thou Save?
Cleanth. Neither; For both would dye:
Before I could reſolve.
Soſyb. If I command thee,
To break thy Friendſhip with him? Wouldſt thou?
Cleanth. No:
Soſyb. Why then thou haſt confeſs'd, thou lov'ſt him more.
Cleanth. Not ſo: For ſhould he bid me diſobey,
Or not love you: Thus, would I anſwer him,
As I have anſwer'd you.
Soſyb. Ungrateful Boy!
Cleanth. You bid me tell you true, and this is my reward.
Soſyb. Go from my Sight.
Cleanth. I will; but would not go
Without your Bleſſing.
Soſyb. O, ſo well I love thee,
That I could Curſe thee for not loving me:
Stay, I would ſend thee on a Meſſage to him,
But that I fear thy Faith.
Cleanth. You wrong my Piety.
Soſyb. It much concerns my Intereſt, which is thine;
Would'ſt thou deliver what I have to ſay?
Would'ſt thou induce his Reaſon to comply?
Cleanth. Both; Granting your Propoſals Honourable:
If not, employ ſome Mercenary Tongue,
The Court affords you ſtore: And ſpare my Virtue!
Soſyb. I would have *Cleomenes* ſent away,
With Royal Aid.
Cleanth. You promis'd him he ſhould.
Soſyb. And would have thee perſwade him to this Voyage.
Cleanth. A welcome Errand: Oh my dear, dear Father.

Soſyb. But on my terms, mark that; my terms; *Cleanthes.*
Cleanth. I fear'd the Stateſman in you.
Soſyb. I would have *Ægypt* ſafe: That's all my Intereſt;
And therefore he muſt leave behind for Pawns,
His Mother, Wife and Son.
Cleanth. 'Tis clogging of a Gift: 'Tis baſe, mean Council;
I hope you gave it not.
Soſyb. No: 'Twas *Caſſandra*!
But ſhe would have that Odium caſt on me,
I am her Beaſt of Burden and muſt bear it.
Cleanth. I never can belye ſo good a Father!
But this I'll do:
The Meſſage ſhall be faithfully deliver'd,
And all the Strumpet ſtand expos'd to ſhame.
Soſyb. Thou hitſt my meaning; but he muſt be ſecret;
Muſt ſeem to take the Favour as from Her:
And lay the hardſhip of the Terms on me.
Cleanth. He ſhall.
Soſyb. And thou wilt Gild this bitter Pill:
For there's no other way to go from hence,
But leaving theſe behind.
Cleanth. A Beam of Thought comes glancing on my Soul. [*aſide.*
I'll undertake it *To his Father.*
The Pledges ſhall be left.
Soſyb. My beſt *Cleanthes*: [*Embraces him.*
But haſte, and loſe no time!
Cleanth. I am all on fire to ſerve my Friend and Father.
Ex. Cleanthes.
Soſyb. alone. This *Cleomenes* ought to be diſpatch'd:
Diſpatch'd the ſafeſt way: He ought to dye;
Not, that I hate his Virtue; but I fear it:
The Miſtriſs drives my Councils to the Leeward;
Now I muſt edge upon a point of Wind;
And make ſlow way, recovering more and more,
Till I can bring my Veſſel ſafe aſhore. *Exit.* Soſyb.

SCENE *of a Temple with Illuminations. An Altar,* Apis *painted above; Prieſts and Choriſters.* Ptolomy, Caſſandra, *Courtiers Men and Women, all decently plac'd. Muſick Inſtrumental and Vocal. Then* Ptolomy *taking* Caſſandra *by the Hand, advances to the Altar of* Apis, *bowing thrice, and gives the High Prieſt a Purſe. Soft Muſick all the while* Ptolomy *and* Caſſandra *are Adoring and ſpeaking.*

Ptolo. Soul of the Univerſe, and ſource of Life,
Immortal *Apis*, thou thrice Holy Fire,
Hear *Ægypt*'s Vows and mine: if as we dream,
Ægyptian Earth Impregnated with Flame,
Sprung the firſt man;
Preſerve thy Primitive Plantation here.
Then for my ſelf, thy Type, and thy Vicegerent,
Rowl from my Loins a long Deſcent of Kings;
Mix'd of *Caſſandra*'s kindly blood and mine.
Mine be ſhe only, and I only hers.
And when I ſhall reſolve again to thee,
May ſhe ſurvive me, and be Queen of *Ægypt*:
Hear this, and firm it with ſome happy Omen.
[*An* Augury *portending good Succeſs ariſes from the Altar.*

Omnes. Apis be prais'd for this Auſpicious Omen.
[Ptolo. *bowing retires and ſeems pleas'd.*

Caſ. kneels. Great pow'r of Love! who ſpreadſt thy gentle fire
Thro' humane Hearts, art every where Ador'd;
Accept theſe Vows, in ſhew to *Apis* paid,
And make his Altar thine: Hear not that wretch!
Becauſe his Prayers were not addreſs'd to thee;
Or only hear his laſt: that I may reign.
Make *Cleomenes* mine, and mine alone:
Give us a flight ſecure, a ſafe arrival;
And Crown our Wiſhes in each others Arms.
Hear this and firm it with ſome happy Omen.
[*A bad Omen ariſes from the Flames of the Altar.*

Omnes. Avert this Omen, *Apis.*

Caſſand. riſes. Accurs'd be thou, Graſs-eating fodder'd God!
Accurs'd thy Temple! more accurs'd thy Prieſts!
The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
For happy Omens, We their price muſt pay:
In vain at Shrines, th'ungiving ſuppliant ſtands;
This 'tis to make a Vow with Empty hands:
Fat Offrings are the Prieſthoods only care;
They take the Money, and Heaven hears the Prayer.
Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
And their Inſtructed Gods refuſe the ſuit.
[*Exit* Caſſ. *in a fury, King and Attendants follow.* Scene *cloſes.*

SCENE, *The Port of* Alexandria.

Enter Cleomenes, *and* Cleanthes.

Cleom. The Propoſitions are unjuſt and hard;
And if I ſwallow 'em, 'Tis as we take
The Wrath of Heaven.
We muſt have patience, for they will be Gods,
And give us no account of what we ſuffer.
Cleanth. My Father much abhors this middle way,
Betwixt a Gift and Sale of Courteſy:
But 'tis the Miſtreſs; She that ſeem'd ſo kind,
'Tis ſhe, that bears ſo hard a hand upon you:
She that would half Oblige, and half Affront.
Cleom. Let her be what ſhe is: That's Curſe enough.
But ſuch a Wife, a Mother, and a Son!
Oh ſure, ye Gods! when ye made this vile *Ægypt*:
Ye little thought, they ſhould be Mortgag'd here!
My only Comfort
Is, that I truſt theſe precious Pawns with thee:
For thou art ſo religiouſly a Friend,
That I would ſooner leave 'em in thy hands,
Than if I had ſecurity from Heav'n,
And all the Gods to anſwer for their ſafety.

Cleanth. Yes, yes; They ſhall be ſafe;
And thou ſhalt have a pledge,
As ſtrong as Friendſhip can make over to thee:
Deny me not, for I muſt go with thee,
And ſhare what Fate allots for thee in *Greece.*
[Cleomenes *looks diſcontentedly.*
Nay caſt not on me that forbidding frown;
But let me be their pawn, as they are thine:
So I ſhall have thee wholly to my ſelf.
And be thy Wiſe, thy Mother, and thy Son,
As thou art all to me.
Cleom. Oh Friend! [*Sighs and wipes his Eyes.*
Cleanth. What wouldſt thou ſay, my better part?
Cl[illegible]m. No more, but this; That thou art too unkind,
When even in kindneſs thou wouldſt over-come.
Cleanth. Let me be proud; and pardon thou my Pride;
Baſe, Worthleſs *Ægypt* has no other Pawn,
To Counter-ballance theſe but only me.
'Twas on ſuch terms alone, I durſt propoſe it:
Shalt thou leave theſe?
And I not leave a Father, whom I love?
Come, come; It muſt be ſo.
We'll give each other all we have beſides;
And then we ſhall be even. Here they are!
I leave thee. Break thoſe tender Ties of Nature,
As gently as thou canſt; they muſt be broken. [*Going, returns.*
But when thou ſeeſt *Caſſandra,* curb thy Spleen;
Seem to receive the kindneſs as from her:
And if thou thinkſt I love thee, for my ſake,
Remembring me; ſtrive to forget my Father. [*Exit* Cleanth.

Enter Cleora, Cratiſiclea, *and* Cleonidas.

Cleom. But how can I ſuſtain to tell 'em this, {*Walking from 'em.*
Even in the gentleſt Terms.
There are not words in any Tongue ſo ſoft
As I would uſe: The Gods muſt make a new one,
If they would have me ſpeak.

Cratiſi. How King of *Sparta*! When your Fortune ſmiles,
A Glorious Sun-ſhine, and a Gloomy Soul.
The Gods love chearfullneſs, when they are kind;
They think their Gifts deſpis'd, and thrown away
On ſullen thankleſs Hearts.
Cleor. I hear my deareſt Lord that we ſhall go.
Cleom. Go!
Cleon. What a mournful Eccho makes my Father!
By *Mars*, he ſtifles Go upon his Tongue;
And kills the joyful ſound, he ſpeaks ſo low,
That Heaven muſt Liſten if it hear his thanks.
Cleom. Yes, I ſhall go; but how?
Cleor. With *Ægypt*'s aid.
Cleon. With his own Soul and Sword, a Thouſand ſtrong;
And worth ten *Ægypts*, and their ten Thouſand Gods.
Cratiſ. There's ſomething more in this, than what we gueſs!
Some Secret anguiſh rowls within his Breaſt,
That ſhakes him like an Earthquake, which he preſſes,
And will not give it vent. I know him well,
He Bluſhes, and would ſpeak, and wants a Voice!
And ſtares and Gapes like a forbidden Ghoſt,
Till he be ſpoke to firſt.——Tell me my Son!
Cleom. Mother, I will,—And yet I cannot neither. [*aſide.*
Mother! that word has ſtruck me dumb again:
For, how can I ſay Mother, and propound
To leave her here behind, who gave me Life?
Mother! and Wife! and Son! the names that Nature
Moſt Loves to ſpeak, are baniſh'd from my Mouth.
Cleor. Tell us, My Love, the King has chang'd his mind,
And has refus'd us leave; for we can bear it:
Ægypt is *Greece* to me, while you are here.
Cleom. Oh I would ſpeak! But, Oh! you ſpeak ſo kindly,
That you forbid my Speech: You call me, Love.
Cleor. Was that too kind a Word?
Cleom. It was to me; I am a meer *Barbarian*;
A Brute, a ſtock, for I have no Relations,
Or ſhortly ſhall have none.
Cleor. Then we muſt die!

Cleonid. We muſt: and welcome Death.
Cratiſ. To ſave his Life.
Cleom. The Gods forbid that you ſhould dye for me!
No: You may live; but I muſt dye thrice over:
For I muſt leave you here, or muſt not go:
These are the hard Conditions offer'd me.
Cratiſ. Then *Ægypt* would have Pledges: Is this all?
Cleom. Yes, and a mighty All: 'Tis all I have:
But I propoſe it not; Remember that.
Cratiſ. I do: and therefore I propoſe it firſt,
To ſave this virtuous Shame, this good Confuſion,
That would not let you ſpeak.
Cleom. Oh! I could almoſt think you love me not:
You Granted me ſo quick, ſo willingly:
What I——bear witneſs Heaven, was ſlow to ask.
And would be loath to have.
Cleor. I cannot leave you.
Cleom. I was but wiſhing, thou wouldſt draw me back,
And now I cannot go.
Cratiſ. Are you turn'd Woman?
No more of this fond Stuff;
Cleon. Shall I be left to gather Ruſt in *Ægypt*?
A Glue of Sloth to ſtick to my young Pinions;
And marr their flight; Habitual Cowardiſe:
No; I muſt learn my ſtubborn Trade of War,
From you alone, and envy you betimes.
Cleom. But the Conditions! Oh theſe hard Conditions,
That ſuch a Spirit muſt be left behind,
Untaught! unfaſhion'd by a Fathers hands!
A Spirit fit to ſtart into an Empire,
And look the World to Law.
Cratiſ. No more debating, for I ſee the pinch,
He muſt be left, and ſo muſt She and I:
For we are but your ſoftneſſes, My Son:
Th' Incumbrances and Luggage of the War:
Fight for us, and redeem us, if you pleaſe;
For there we are your clogs of Virtue: Here,
The Spurs of your return.

Cleom. I Thank you, Mother,
Once more you have Erected me to Man,
And ſet me upright with my Face to Heaven!
The Woman and the Boy, be yours awhile:
The War be mine alone!
Cratiſ. There ſpoke the *Spartan* King: Think not on us.
Cleom. I wonnot.
Cleora. Not in Pray'rs!
Cleon. In Pray'rs! That's poor,
As if the Gods were Thoughtleſs of their work;
Think on us, when you fight: and when you make
A luſty ſtroke, Cry out, That's for my Boy.
Cratiſ. Diſpoſe this mouldring Carcaſs as you pleaſe,
E're lingring Age or Sickneſs wear it out;
Unprofitable then for *Sparta*'s good:
Be cheerful, fight it well, and all the reſt,
Leave to the Gods and Fortune.
Cleom. If they fail me,
Theirs be the Fault, For Fate is theirs alone:
My Virtue, Fame, and Honour are my own.
Exeunt omnes.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *An Antichamber of Caſſandra's Lodging.*

Enter Ptolomy, Soſybius, Cœnus, Caſſandra.

Soſyb. SO ſo; it works: now Miſtriſs ſit you faſt—— [*aſide*
Ptol. Humh, Whores and Catamites!
Were thoſe his words?
Cænus, Upon my life they were.
Ptol. Whom ſhould he mean by thoſe unmanner'd terms;
Caſſandra: Can you gueſs?
Caſſand. 'Twas kindly ask'd.
Ptol. A foul mouth'd Villain.

Soſyb. So, I ſhould have thought,
But that this Lady knows him good and grateful.
Cœnus. Madam! I ſtand ſuſpected without cauſe,
And, but I fear Revenge from this great Man,
I could ſay more.
Caſſand. I thought he was concern'd.
Soſyb. Who: I?
Caſſan. Speak boldly, *Græcian*, I protect thee.
Cœnus. *Cleanthes* then was preſent, and he added.
But he appears in time to hear his Charge. { *Enter* Cleanth.
Soſyb. My dear! dear! Son! [*aſide*.
I fear thy laviſh Tongue has ruin'd Thee;
What can I do to ſave Thee?
Caſſan. Well, proceed.
Cœnus, Can you deny, my Lord? that you were preſent,
When *Cleomenes* Tax'd the Court, and King
With Brutal Vices?
Cleanth. I remember ſomewhat,
Of certain Horſes which he could not buy,
And ſaw thee go away diſſatiſfy'd,
Which to prevent, I meant to purchaſe 'em;
The reſt I heard not, nor believe he ſpoke.
Caſſand. *Cleanthes* added farther; That thou ſaidſt,
Ptol. And we would know: E're Tortures force it from thee.
Soſyb. aſide. Now comes the fatal ſtroke.
Cœnus. He added farther.
Cleanth. No; thou add'ſt it all:
And I demand the Combat.
Ptol. Let him ſpeak.
Soſyb. Think firſt, *Cleanthes*! Think before you hazard,
Your Life and Honour in this bold Appeal,
Somewhat, you might have ſaid, nay more you ought,
Since I commanded you to be a Spy
On *Cleomenes* Acts, and cloſe Deſigns.
Cleanth. The good old Lyer would preſerve my Life [*Aſide*.
And I muſt ſteer his courſe,
I think —— I farther added. [*To the King*.

Ptol. 'Tis forgiven:
So wholly pardon'd, that I will not hear it;
Good Spies are uſeful, and muſt be encourag'd;
But what muſt next be done with *Cleomenes*?
Soſyb. Diſpatch him, as the ſource of all your fears;
Obſerve the Mounting Billows of the Main,
Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm:
Bruſh off thoſe Winds, and the high waves return,
Into their quiet firſt created Calm:
Such is the rage of buſie bluſtring Crowds:
Fomented by th' Ambition of the great:
Cut off the Cauſes and th' Effect will ceaſe;
And all the moving madneſs fall to Peace.
Ptol. Let him ſeiz'd in order to his Death;
I am in haſte, you know it, for my progreſs,
A thouſand pleaſures wait me at *Canopus*;
And this poor trifling buſineſs of one life,
Encumbers all: *Caſſandra*! Are you ready?
We will be ſeen like *Iſis* and *Oſyris*,
Drawn in one Chariot for admiring Eyes,
To worſhip as we paſs.
Caſſand. A word in private: *Cœnus*, attend without. [*Exit.*
{ Caſſand. *leads the King to a corner of the Stage*; Soſyb. *takes his Son to theother.*
Soſyb. to Cleanth. Now I am twice your Father, by preſerving
The Life I gave you, which your Folly hazarded:
Break off all Friendſhip with that *Spartan* King,
Or never ſee me more: His Fate's reſolv'd:
Nor can you ſtem the Tide: Avoid his ruines;
Reply not, but obey.
Cleanth. I know my Duty. [*Bowing.*
Soſyb. Thou overjoy'ſt me: Follow, we'll talk, farther.
[*Exeunt* Soſyb. *and* Cleanthes.
Caſſand. What think you of *Soſybius* and his Son?
Ptol. As of two Creatures zealous of my Service.
Caſſand. Oh Heavens! That I ſhould love this King ſo well!
But that I dote: What can I ſee in him?
But dull good Nature and Simplicity!

Well, well! My little Dear, I find the Gods
Have given me here, no buſineſs of my own;
But made me juſt your Drudge to Love and ſave you.
Ptolo. 'Proteſt I thought 'em honeſt; are they not?
Caſſand. Ye Gods! why did you make this Man your Image?
And made him but an Image: You'l forgive me?
I Love you ſo, that I am forc'd to rail.
You ſaw no cloſe Conveyance of the Game
Betwixt the Crafty Sire, and Cunning Son.
How ſlily one invented an Excuſe,
And t'other took it up as dext'rouſly?
Ptolo. Why ſure *Cleanthes* was his Fathers Spy.
Caſſand. Yes, over you; but not on *Cleomenes*.
I fear you are betray'd, and the Gods blind you,
To make your ruine ſure!
Ptolo. As how, *Caſſandra*?
Caſſand. When you are abſent———
Ptolo. Well!
Caſſand. 'Tis in their Power———
Ptolo. To Murder *Cleomenes*———
Caſſand. If they pleaſe;
Or elſe to ſet him free, and joyn with *Magas*.
Ptolo. I will not to *Canopus*.
Caſſand. Yes; You muſt.
Ptolo. But how ſhall I be ſafe, and take this Journey?
Caſſand. Leave that to me.
Ptolo. But you muſt go along.
Caſſand. No: I muſt ſtay here, in order to your ſafety,
To watch the growth of danger and prevent it.
This Cruel abſence I muſt undergo;
Or elſe I Love you not.
Ptolo. Since I muſt go;
I'll cheat 'em of a Day, and come before
My time, for Love of thee.
Caſſand. To ſum up all,
For we are both in haſte;
Intruſt your Royal Signet in my Hands.
Ptolo. Joyn'd with *Soſybius*.

Caſſand. Would you truſt a Stateſman
Before your own dear Heart. You love him better,
You naughty Man, in faith you do; and now I think on't,
I will not have your Signet: By this Kiſs,
And this, and this, I will not.
Ptolo. By all three, thou ſhalt. [*Gives her the Signet from his Finger.*
But kill this *Cleomenes* quickly, he's dangerous.
Caſſand. He's in ſafe hands with me.
Ptolo. One more Embrace.
Caſſand. There, take it, and now go:
Thus for your good, I thruſt you from my Arms.
Ptolo. Farewell, My Love. [*Exit* Ptolomy.
Caſſand. Farewell.——— I hope for ever.
Now *Cleomenes* I will ſound thy Soul:
For Life and Death depend upon thy Choice.
But for that eaſy Wretch, him I contemn.
Hard ſtate of Lovers! Subject to our Laws!
Fools we muſt have, or elſe we cannot ſway;
For none but Fools will Woman-kind Obey.
If they prove ſtubborn and reſiſt our Will,
We Exerciſe our Pow'r, and uſe 'em ill.
The paſſive Slave that Whines, Adores and Dies,
Sometimes we pity: But we ſtill deſpiſe.
But when we dote, the ſelf ſame Fate we prove,
Fools at the beſt: But double Fools in Love.
We rage at firſt with ill diſſembled ſcorn;
Then falling from our height, more baſely mourn;
And Man, th'inſulting Tyrant takes his turn.
Leaves us to Weep for our neglected Charms,
And hugs another Miſtreſs in his Arms:
And that which humbles our proud Sex the moſt;
Of all our ſlighted favours makes his boaſt.
[*Exit* Caſſandra.

Enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. Her Words, Her every Look, confeſs ſhe loves me,
And therefore ſhe detains theſe Hoſtages:

As pawns of my return to her and *Ægypt.*
Thus far 'tis plain and obvious: But the Picture.
That *Hellen.* There's the Riddle of her Love.
For what I ſee, or only think I ſee,
Is like a Glimps of Moon-ſhine, ſtreak'd with red;
A ſhuffled, ſullen, and uncertain Light,
That Dances thro' the Clouds, and ſhuts again;
Than 'ware a riſing Tempeſt on the Main.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſſand. aſide. I would, but cannot ſpeak.
The ſhame that ſhould to Woman-kind belong,
Flown from my Boſom, hovers on my Tongue.

Cleom. 'Tis rarely ſeen, that Gods from Heaven deſcend;
But for ſome kind, ſome Charitable end.
And yet your troubled looks ill News import,
Stops, or Delays; but that's no News at Court:
There's ſomewhat which your pity would diſguiſe.

Caſſand. Would you could read that ſomewhat in my Eyes.
But as you are a *Spartan* and a King,
Undaunted hear whatever News I bring:
The Favourite hates you; *Cœnus* has betray'd
The bitter truths, that our looſe Court upbraid.
Your Friend was ſet upon you for a Spy;
And on his Witneſs, you are doom'd to die.

Cleom. I have been plung'd already twice in Woes,
And the third time above the Waves I roſe.
Still I have ſtrength to Steer me into Port,
And ſhun the Secret Quick-Sands of the Court.
But when my Friend, who ſhould expecting ſtand,
On the bare Beach, to lend his helping hand;
When He defends th' Unhoſpitable ſhore,
And drives me thence, I ſink for ever more.
But 'tis impoſſible; his Faith is try'd;
The Man, who had defam'd him thus; had ly'd.

Caſſand. Well! I forgive your blunt Laconique way,
It ſhall be ſeen, it ſhall, this very Day,
Who would preſerve your Life, and who betray.

The King incens'd; the Favourite your Foe,
Yet on the ſame Conditions you may go:
Your Wife, your Son, your Mother left behind.
What think you now?
Cleom. 'Tis to be wond'rous kind.
Caſſand. Suppoſe I add a farther bounty yet.
Cleom. It could but make your Favours over weight.
Caſſand. What if I went my ſelf to waft you o'er?
And left you, when I ſaw you ſafe a ſhore?
For I ſhould leave you, if you thought it fit,
Not to do more than Honour would permit.
Can I do leſs to ſhow you I am kind,
To Comfort you for thoſe you left behind?
Cleom. The World would think you kinder than you ought.
Caſſand. Why ſhould I care what baſe *Ægyptians* thought?
Cleom. Immoderate Gifts oppreſs me, not relieve;
Nor dare I take, what ruins you to give.
Caſſand. Leave me to judge of that. I could preſcribe
An eaſy way of giving back my Bribe.
Why would you force me farther than my part;
Look on my Eyes; and you may read my Heart. *Looks on her as by ſtealth.*
Oh there you met me with a guilty Glance!
Now 'tis too late to plead your Ignorance.
Cleom. I am ſo much below, and you above.
What can I ſay?
Caſſand. But one kind word. I Love.
Cleom. As far as Gratitude that Love can pay.
Caſſand. Oh ſtop not there; for that's but half the way:
Would you to one poor narrow word confine
Your paſſion? When I put no bounds to mine.
Cleom. *Cleora!*
Caſſand. Now you ſpeak too ſoon; Forbear.
Nothing can pleaſe me, that begins with her.
Cleom. I muſt begin where Nature void of Art,
Directs my Tongue, with her who rules my Heart.
Caſſand. Let us together ſail before the Wind,
And leave that dull Domeſtique Drudge behind.
Cleom. What? to expoſe her helpleſs Innocence,
To the wild fury of an Injur'd Prince?

Caſſand. A vain ſurmiſe; their Talents would agree,
The Gods have made your Noble Mind for me:
And her inſipid Soul for *Ptolomey*:
A heavy lump of Earth without deſire,
A heap of Aſhes that o're-lays your Fire.
Cleom. Virtue, you muſt allow her, tho' a Foe.
Caſſand. No more, than what I would to Ice and Snow;
Yet thoſe have Seeds of heat; her ſhivering Blood,
Makes her at beſt but impotently good.
But neither I can ſave you, if you ſtay,
Nor ſave my ſelf unleſs I go away:
For if I ſtay behind, and let you free,
The Fury of the King would fall on me.
Cleom. Then to prevent your Fate I muſt not go;
Death is my choice, ſince Heaven will have it ſo.
Caſſand. Heaven would preſerve your Life, and ſo would I,
But you are obſtinately bent to dye,
Cleom. Some Men are made of ſuch a leaky Mould,
That their fill'd Veſſels can no Fortune hold:
Pour'd in, it ſinks away, and leaves 'em dry,
Of that unſuſceptible Make am I:
Yet think not, Fair one, I your Charms deſpiſe,
My Heart's inſenſible, but not my Eyes.
Reſpect and Gratitude are all my ſtore,
And thoſe I give: My Love was giv'n before.
Caſſand. Thus break falſe Merchants with an honeſt ſhow:
Rich to themſelves, but Bankrupts where they owe.
Cleom. If at this awful diſtance I remain,
Better be too Devout, than too profane.
Caſſand. Flattery! Such Alms, the Prieſthood gives the poor,
They Bleſs, and ſend 'em empty from the Door:
Know you, that Death ſtands ready at the Gate;
That I forbid him, and ſuſpend your Fate;
The King's ſhort abſence leaves me abſolute;
When he returns th'inevitable ill,
Is paſt my pow'r, and may be paſt my Will:
Unhappy Man! prevent thy Deſtiny;
Speak one kind word to ſave thy Life and me.

Cleom. Be anſwer'd, and expect no more Reply.
Caſſand. Diſdain has ſwell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath:
Sullen and Dumb, and obſtinate to Death:
No ſigns of pity in his Face appear;
Look! If th'ungrateful Creature ſhed one Tear!
Cram'd with his Pride, he leaves no room within
For Sighs to iſſue out, or Love to enter in. [*He turns away.*
What! doſt thou turn thy Face in my deſpight?
Am I a Toad? a Monſter to thy Sight?
Farewel fond pity then: As thou from me,
So, thy good Fortune turns her Face from Thee?
Left, ſcorn'd, and loath'd, and all without Relief,
Revenge ſucceeds to Love, and Rage to Grief:
Tempeſts and Whirlwinds through my Boſom move,
Heave up, and madly mount my Soul above
The reach of Pity, or the bounds of Love.
Approach and ſeize the Traytor [*Enter Guards.*
Cleom. Now I can ſpeak; thy kindneſs kept me dumb:
For that I could not anſwer: The falſe Syren,
No longer hiding her uncomely parts,
Struts on the Waves, and ſhews the Brute below.
Caſſand. Stop that foul Mouth: Behold this Royal Signet;
The Warrant of his Death. [*Guards go to ſeize him.*
Cleom. Stand back ye Slaves, [*He Draws his Sword.*
And put me not to ſtain a *Spartan* Sword:
With baſe *Ægyptian* Blood. {*He advances upon 'em, they retire with ſigns of fear.*
Caſſand. Fall on, behold a Noble Beaſt at Bay:
And the vile Huntſmen ſhrink——More Aid: Who waits?

Enter Cleanthes.

Now Sir, What brings you here?
Cleanth. My Zeal to ſerve you.
Caſſand. That ſhall be try'd; Diſarm him.
Cleanth. *Cleomenes!*
Deliver me your Sword.
Cleom. How's this, *Cleanthes?*
Cleanth. It muſt be ſo!

Cleom. Is this a Friends Advice,
To give me up defenceleſs to a Croud,
Whom Arm'd I could reſiſt?
Cleanth. Muſt he dye, Madam!
Or be reſerv'd for further puniſhment,
At *Ptolomey*'s return?
Caſſand. Why ask you that?
Cleanth. Becauſe his Deſtiny, for ought I find
Depends on you: Think firſt, and then Command.
Caſſand. Know then, that his laſt Thrid is on the Diſtaff,
And I can cut it now.
*Cleanth.*And are reſolv'd?
Caſſand. I only ſaid I can, and I can Save,
Diſarm, and hurt him not.
Cleanth. Once more your Sword.
Cleom. Send off thoſe Villains: Tho' I fear 'em not;
Yet Cowards are offenſive to my ſight:
Nor ſhall they ſee me do an Act that looks
Below the Courage of a *Spartan* King.
Caſſand. Cleanthes! May I truſt your Faith?
Cleanth. You may.
*Caſſand.*Begone, and wait my Call. [*Ex. Guards.*
Cleom. Cleanthes! Stil my Friend; for ſuch I hold thee
Tho' this bad Woman ſays thou art my Spy;
I cannot give a greater proof than this,
That I believe her not: [*Gives him his Sword*]
If thou art falſe,
'Tis in thy power to ſhow it ſafely, now:
And compaſs that by Treaſon, which in Arms
Nor Thou, nor any Man alive can force.
Remember ſtill, I gave it to a Friend:
For Life and Death are equal in themſelves;
That which would caſt the Ballance, is thy falſhood,
To make my Death more wretched.
Cleanth. Then you may think me that, which you call Falſe,
But Duty to my Father ———
Cleom. Say no more!
I would not curſe thee, for thou wer't my Friend.

I think thee ſtill as honeſt as thou couldſt;
Impenetrably good; but like *Achilles*,
Thou hadſt a ſoft *Ægyptian* Heel undipt,
And that has made thee Mortal.

Caſſand. Cleanthes, Thou haſt well approv'd thy Faith:
And as this Palace is thy Government,
On utmoſt peril of thy Life ſecure him.
One farther word—— [*Whiſpers.*

[*Ex* Cleanth, *looking concernedly on* Cleomenes.

Cleom. So guilty as thou art, and canſt thou look
On him, thou haſt betraid? Go, take thy hire,
Which thou haſt dearly purchas'd, and be great

Caſſand. For you, brave Sir, as you have given my hopes
But Air to feed on; Air ſhall be your Food:
No Bread ſhall enter theſe forbidden Doors.
Thin, hungry Diet, I confeſs; but ſtill
The liker *Spartan* Fare: Keen Appetites,
And quick Digeſtion wait on you and yours.

Cleom. O mix not Innocence and Guilt together:
What Love have they refus'd, or how offended?
Be Juſt, tho' you are Cruel, or be Kind,
And puniſh me alone.

Caſſand. There Nature works,
Then there I'll ſtab thee in thy tender part. {*Shreeks of Women within.*

Cleom. What diſmal Cries are thoſe?

Caſſand. Nothing, a trifling ſum of Miſery,
New added to the foot of thy Account:
Thy Wife is ſeiz'd by Force and born away;
Farewel, I dare not truſt thy Vengeance further.

[*Running to the Door, he is ſtopt by Guards with drawn Swords.*

Cleom. Cleora——There ſtands Death, but no *Cleora*;
I would find both together.

Enter Cratiſiclea, Cleonidas, *and* Pantheus *bloody on his hand.*

Cratiſ. Oh King of *Sparta*!

Cleom. Peace, Mother, Peace.
I have had news from Hell before you.

Cleora's gone to Death. Is there a Door,
A Caſement, or a Rift within theſe Walls?
That can let looſe my Body to her reſcue
Panth. All clos'd, nothing but Heaven above is open.
Cleom. Nay, that's clos'd too: The Gods are deaf to Pray'rs!
Huſh then; th' irrevocable Doom's gone forth,
And Pray'rs lagg after, but can ne'r o'er-take,
Let us talk forward of our woes to come.
Cratiſ. *Cleanthes*! (Oh could you ſuſpect his Faith?)
'Twas he, that headed thoſe, who forc'd her hence.
Cleom. *Pantheus* bleeds!
Panth. A ſcratch, a feeble Dart,
At diſtance thrown by an *Ægyptian* hand.
Cratiſ. You heard me not, *Cleanthes* is———
Cleom. He was——no more good Mother,
He tore a piece of me away, and ſtill
The void place akes within me: O my Boy,
I have bad news to tell thee.
Cleonid. None ſo bad,
As that I am a Boy: *Cleanthes* ſcorn'd me,
And when I drove a Thruſt, home as I could,
To reach his Traytor Heart, He put it by,
And cryed as in deriſion, Spare the Stripling;
Oh that inſulting word: I wou'd have ſwopp'd
Youth for old Age, and all my Life behind,
To have been then a momentary Man.
Cleom. Alas! Thy Manhood, like a forward Spring,
Before it comes to bear the promis'd Fruit
Is blighted in the Bud: Never, my Boy,
Canſt thou fetch Manhood up, with thy ſhort ſteps,
While with long ſtrides the Giant ſtalks before thee.
Cleonid. Am I to dye before I am a Man?
Cleom. Yes, thou muſt dye with me, and I with her
Who gave me life: and our poor Infant too within,
Muſt dye before it knows what dying means.
Three different Dates of Nature one would think;
But Fate has cramm'd us all into one Leaſe;
And that even now expiring.

Panth. Yet we live.
Cleom. No, even now we dye; Death is within us,
And keeps out Life, for nouriſhent is Life,
And we have fed our laſt; Hunger feeds Death.
Cratiſ. A lingring Doom, but four days hence the ſame;
And we can ſhorten thoſe, turn Days to Hours,
And Hours to Moments: Death is in our Call.
Panth. The ſooner then the better.
Cleonid. So ſay I.
Panth. While we have ſpirits left to meet him boldly.
Cleonid. I'le hold my Breath,
And keep my Soul a pris'ner in my Body;
There let it creep and wander in the dark,
Till tir'd to find no out-let, it Retreats
Into my *Spartan* Heart, and there lies pleas'd:
So, we two are provided. Sir, your choice? (*To* Cleom.
Cleom. Not this diſpatch, for we may dye at leiſure.
This Famine has a ſharp and meager Face:
'Tis Death in an undreſs of Skin and Bone:
Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark tane away,
Look all one common furrow.
Cratiſ. Yet you chuſe it,
To pleaſe our Foes, that when they view our Skeletons,
And find 'em all alike, they may cry out,
Look how theſe dull obedient *Spartans* dy'd,
Juſt as we wiſh'd, as we preſcrib'd their Death;
And durſt not take a nobler, nearer way.
Cleom. Not ſo, but that we durſt not tempt the Gods,
To break their Images without their leave.
The moment e'r *Caſſandra* came, I had
A Note without a Name, the Hand unknown,
That bad me not deſpair, but ſtill hope well.
Then dye not yet;
For Heaven has means to free us; if not me,
Yet theſe and you: I am the hunted Stag,
Whoſe Life may may ranſom yours.

Cratiſ.

Crat. No more of that:
I find your diſtant drift to die alone:
An unkind Accuſation of us all,
As if we durſt not die: I'll not ſurvive you!
Panth. Nor I.
Cleonid. Nor I.
Cleom. But hear my Reaſons!

Enter Cleora *in a black Veil.*

Ha! What Shadow's this! This that can glide through Walls!
Or paſs its ſubtle Limbs through Bolts and Bars!
Black too! like what it repreſents, our Fate.
Cleor. Too true a Shadow I; and you the Subſtance.
[*Lifts up her Veil.*
Omn. *Cleora*!
Cleom. Thus let me grow again to thee,
Too cloſe for Fate to ſever!
Or let Death find me in theſe dear, dear Arms,
And looking on thee, ſpare my better part,
And take me willing hence.
Crat. What! are you dreaming, Son! with Eyes caſt upwards
Like a mad Prophet in an Ecſtaſie?
Cleom. Muſing on what we ſaw.
Juſt ſuch is Death,
With a black Veil; covering a beauteous Face!
Fear'd afar off
By erring Nature: a miſtaken Phantom:
A harmleſs, lambent Fire. She kiſſes Cold;
But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet, as my *Cleora*.
Oh could we know,
What Joys ſhe brings; at leaſt, what reſt from Grief!
How ſhould we preſs into her Friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy?
Crat. Look! What we have forgot! The Joy to ſee
Cleora here, has kept us from enquiring,
By what ſtrange means ſhe enter'd.
Cleom. Small Joy, Heaven knows, to be adopted here,

Into the meager Family of Famine!
The Houſe of Hunger: therefore ask'd I not;
So am I pleaſed to have her Company,
And ſo diſpleas'd to have it but in Death——

Cleor. I know not how or why, my ſurly Gaoler,
Hard as his Irons, and inſolent as Pow'r,
When put in vulgar Hands, *Cleanthes* gone,
Put off the Brute; and with a gloomy Smile,
(That ſhow'd a ſullen loathneſs to be kind,)
Skreen'd me within this Veil, then led me forth;
And uſing to the Guards *Caſſandra*'s Name:
Made that my Paſs-port: Every Door flew ope,
T' admit my Entrance; and then clapt behind me,
To barr my going back.

Cleom. Some new Reſolve!
Caſſandra plots, and then refines on Malice:
Plays with Revenge: with Rage ſhe ſnatch'd you hence,
And renders you with Scorn: I thought to ſhow you
How eaſie 'twas to die, by my Example,
And hanſel Fate before you: But thy preſence
Has chang'd my Mind, to drag this lingring life,
To ſhare thy Sorrows, and aſſiſt thy Weakneſs.
Come in, my Friends, and let us practiſe Death,
Stroke the grim Lyon, till he grow familiar.
Cleora! Thou and I, as Lovers ſhould,
Will hand in hand to the dark Manſions go,
Where Life no more can cheat us into Woe;
That ſucking in each others lateſt Breath,
We may transfuſe our Souls, and put the change on Death.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Caſſandra *and* Soſybius.

Soſ. And what
Have you determin'd?
Caſſ. He ſhall die.
Soſ. A wholſome Reſolution: Have you fix'd
The Time?
Caſſ. He daily dies, by Hours and Moments:
All vital Nouriſhment but Air is wanting!
Three riſing Days and two deſcending Nights
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by turns;
But brought no kind Viciſſitude to him:
His State is ſtill the ſame: With hunger pinch'd:
Waiting the ſlow approaches of his Death;
Which halting on-wards, as his life goes back,
Still gains upon his Ground!
Soſ. But e'er Fate reach him,
The Mercy of the King may interpoſe:
You have the Signet?
Caſſ. Yes! In your Deſpite!
Soſ. Be not diſpleas'd ſuppoſe he ſhou'd eſcape?
Caſſ. Suppoſe he ſhou'd have Wings? Impoſſible.
Soſ. Yet, Keepers have been brib'd: To whom can *Ptolomy*
Impute that Crime, but you?
Caſſ. He may: But let him if he dares:
Come, Stateſman! Do not ſhuffle in your pace;
You wou'd expoſe me to the People's Hatred,
By hurrying on this Act of Violence:
You know a little thing provokes the Crowd
Againſt a Miſtreſs: She's the Publick Mark:
Therefore content your ſelf I will be ſafe:
Nor ſhall the Priſoner die a ſpeedier Death,

Than what my Doom decreed: Unleſs the King
Reverſe his Orders, by my Meſſenger.
Soſ. May I preſume to ask you, whom you ſent?
Caſſ. Thy Son, unknown to thee; for ſo I charg'd him:
And this the promis'd hour of his Return.-----Nay wonder not,
I choſe him with deſign: That whatſoe'er
The King ordains, you both ſhou'd ſhare th' Event:
And ſtand or fall with me. Ponder on that, and leave me!
Soſ. } What can ſhe mean? She neither kills nor ſaves-----
aſide. } [*Exit* Soſybius.
Caſſ. Now tell me, Heart: Now anſwer for thy ſelf:
What wilt thou do! and what doſt thou deſire!
His Life? No, he's ungrateful: Or, his Death?
I tremble at that Word. What then? His Love!
His Love! my Heart! What! by Reſtraint, and Famine?
Are theſe the means to compaſs thy Deſign?
Revenge! My Hands ſo ſoft, his Heart ſo hard,
The blow recoils, and hurts me while I ſtrike!
Like the mad Viper, ſcourg'd into a Rage,
I ſhoot into my ſelf my fatal Sting.

Enter Mariner.

Marin. The Ship is ready, when you pleaſe to ſail,
And waits but your Command: The Wind ſtands fair.
Caſſ. Be ſecret, and attend my farther pleaſure——
[*Gives him a Purſe, and exit Mariner.*
So; this was time well manag'd: In three Days
To hire a Veſſel——Put my Wealth on board:
Send off th' obſerving Son, and Fool the Father:
See him I will, to ſound his laſt Reſolves,
If Love can ſoften him, or Fear can bow.
If both ſhou'd fail, th' ungrateful Wretch ſhall find,
Rage has no Bounds in ſlighted Woman-kind.
[*Exit* Caſſandra.

SCENE

SCENE, *A Priſon.*

Enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. NO Food: And this the third ariſing Sun:
But what have I to do with telling Suns,
And meaſuring Time? That runs no more for me!
Yet ſure the Gods are good: I wou'd think ſo,
If they wou'd give me leave;
But Virtue in Diſtreſs, and Vice in Triumph
Make Atheiſts of Mankind.

Enter Cratiſiclæa.

What Comfort, Mother?
Crat. A Soul, not conſcious to it ſelf of Ill,
Undaunted Courage, and a Maſter-mind:
No Comfort elſe but Death,
Who like a lazie Maſter ſtands aloof,
And leaves his Work to the ſlow hands of Famine.
Cleom. All I wou'd ask of Heav'n,
Is, but to die alone; a ſingle Ruine;
But to die o'er and o'er, in each of you,
With my own hunger pinch'd, but pierc'd with yours!
Crat. Grieve not for me!
Cleom. What! not for you, my Mother!
I am ſtrangely tempted to blaſpheme the Gods;
For giving me ſo good, ſo kind a Parent:
And this is my return, to cauſe her Death——
Crat. Peace! Your Misfortunes cauſe it, not your Fault.

Enter Cleora.

Cleom. What! my *Cleora*?

I ſtretch'd my bounds as far as I could go,
To ſhun the ſight of what I cannot help;
A Flow'r withering on the Stalk for want
Of nouriſhment from Earth and ſhowers from Heaven:
All I can give thee is but Rain of Eyes—— [*Wiping his Eyes.*

Cleor. Alas! I have not wherewithal to weep:
My eyes grow dim, and ſtiffen'd up with drought,
Can hardly rowl and walk their feeble round:
Indeed--- I am faint.

Crat. And ſo am I.-- Heaven knows! However [*aſide.*
In pity of 'em both, I keep it ſecret:
Nor ſhall he ſee me fall---- [*Exit* Cratiſiclæa.

Cleom. How does our helpleſs Infant?

Cleor. It wants the Breaſt, its kindly nouriſhment:
And I have none to give from theſe dry Ceſterns,
Which unſupply'd themſelves, can yield no more:
It pull'd and pull'd but now, but nothing came.
At laſt it drew ſo hard, that the blood follow'd:
And that Red Milk I found upon its Lips,
Which made me ſwoon with fear.

Cleom. Go in and reſt thee,
And huſh the Child aſleep. [*Exit* Cleora.
Look down ye Gods---
Look, *Hercules*, thou Author of my Race,
And Jog thy Father *Jove*, that he may look
On his neglected Work of Humane-kind:
Tell him-- I do not Curſe him: But Devotion
Will cool in after times, if none but good Men ſuffer.--
What! another increaſe of Grief?

Enter Cleonidas.

Cleon. O Father!

Cleom. Why doſt thou call me by ſo kind a name?
A Father! That implies preſiding Care,
Chearful to give.--- Willing himſelf to want!
Whate'er thy needs require!

Cleon. A little Food!
Have you none, Father? One poor Hungry Morſel:
Or give me leave to die--- as I deſir'd;
For without your conſent, Heaven knows, I dare not.
Cleom. I prithee ſtay a little: I am loath
To ſay hard things of Heaven!
Cleon. But what if Heaven
Will do hard things, muſt not hard things be ſaid?
Y'have often told me, That the Souls of Kings
Are made above the reſt of Humane Race;
Have they not Fortunes fitted for thoſe Souls?
Did ever King die Starv'd?
Cleom. I know not that:
Yet ſtill be firm in this: The Gods are good,
Tho' thou and I may periſh.
Cleon. Indeed I know not,
That ever I offended Heaven in thought:
I always ſaid my Prayers.
Cleom. Thou didſt thy Duty.
Cleon. And yet you loſt the Battel when I Pray'd.
Cleom. 'Twas in the Fates I ſhould: But hold thee there!
The reſt is all unfathomable depth:
This we well know, That if there be a Bliſs
Beyond this preſent Life, 'tis purchas'd here,
And Virtue is its price.
Cleon. But are you ſure
Our Souls ſhall be Immortal?
Cleom. Why that Queſtion?
Cleon. Becauſe I find, that now my Body ſtarves,
My Soul decays: I think not as I did:
My Head goes round: And now you ſwim before me:
Methinks my Soul is like a Flame, unfed
With Oyl, that dances up and down the Lamp,
But muſt expire ere long.
Cleom. I prithee try to hold it while thou canſt.
Cleon. I would obey you,
As I have always done, but I am faint;
And when you pleaſe to let me die, I'll thank you.

Cleom. Thou ſhalt have Food: I promiſe thee, thou ſhalt.
Cleon. Then you ſhall promiſe to have Food for your ſelf too;
For if you have it not, I would refuſe to eat:
Nay I would chuſe to die, that you might ſeed on me.
Cleom. Mark, Heaven, his Filial Love,
And if a Family of ſuch as theſe
Muſt periſh thus, your Model is deſtroy'd
By which you made good Men.

Enter Pantheus *haſtily.*

Panth. Be chearful, Sir, The Gods have ſent us Food.
Cleom. They try'd me of the longeſt: But by whom?
Panth. Go in and ſee.
Cleon. Good Father, do not ſtay to ask, but go.
Cleom. Go thou--- thy Youth calls fiercer than my Age.
Cleon. But then make haſte: and come to take your part:
Hunger may make me impious to eat all,
And leave you laſt to ſtarve—— *Exit* Cleonidas.
Panth. Sir, will you go?
Cleom. I know not: I am half ſeas o'er to Death!
And ſince I muſt die once, I wou'd be loth
To make a double work of what's half finiſh'd;
Unleſs I could be ſure the Gods wou'd ſtill
Renew theſe Miracles: Who brought this Food?
Panth. He's here that can reſolve you! [*Exit* Panth.

Enter Cleanthes *with a Sword in his hand.*

Cleom. How dar'ſt thou come again within my ſight?
Thou art--- but 'tis no matter what thou art,——
I'll not conſider thee ſo far to think
Thee worth Reproach.--- Away, away *Egyptian*!
That's all the Name that's left Thee.
Cleant. Such I appear indeed:
Cleom. Why then for once, that which thou ſeem'ſt thou art:
Be gone.
Cleant. Oh I have been too long away!
Cleom. Too ſoon thou art return'd,
To Triumph o'er my Fate.
Cleant. Forgive me, that I ſeem'd your Foe.

Cleom. Forgive me, Heaven, for thinking thee my Friend:
No more; 'tis loſs of Time to talk.
Cleanth. Indeed it is,
When hunger calls ſo loud for Suſtenance.
But whether Friend or Foe, 'tis Food I bring.
Cleom. 'Tis Poiſon; and my Mother, and my Wife,
And my poor famiſh'd Boy are eating Death:
Thou would'ſt not have me think that thou repent'ſt?
Cleanth. Heav'n knows, I do not!
Cleom. Well ſaid, Man! Go on——and be not baſhful
To own the Merits of thy Wickedneſs.
Cleanth. What need has Innocence of a Repentance?
Cleom. Shuffling again! Prithee be of a piece.
A little ſteddineſs becomes a Villain.
Cleanth. Oh! Friend——for yet I dare to call you ſo;
Which if I were a Villain; ſure I durſt not.
Hear me——or kill me!
Cleom. So, by Heav'n, I would,
For thy profaning Friendſhip's holy Name:
But for thou ſee'ſt no Juſtice hanging here
On this bare ſide, thou talk'ſt ſecure of Vengeance.
Cleanth. Then if you had a Sword, my Death's reſolv'd!
Cleom. Thy Conſcience anſwers thee.
Cleanth. Without more Evidence than bare Surmiſe;
At moſt appearance of a Crime unprov'd;
And while unprov'd, uncertain?
Cleom. Traitor, no more; 'tis fulſome!
Cleanth. Take the Sword—— [*Throws it to him.*
Cleom. I thank thee —— Draw thy own. [*Takes it up.*
Cleanth. No—— Take that too. [*Draws his, and offers it.*
Cleom. Fool ——Would'ſt thou die without Defence?
Cleanth. I would not:
But you forbad me to defend my ſelf,
Then, when you would not hear me!
Cleom. Can Falſhood have a better Argument
Than Force for its Defence? Truſt to that Topick,
And bear thee like a Man.
Cleanth. I think, I do.

Cleom. What kind o' Man is that, who dares not fight?
Cleanth. The Man, who dares not when his Honour calls,
Is what you mean; but what I never was:
For Honour never ſummons without Reaſon.
Force is the Law of Brutes. The dumb Creation,
Where Words and Reaſon want, appeal to Might.
I thought a King, and what you boaſt, a *Spartan*,
Might have known this without th' *Ægyptian*'s telling.
Cleom. Come, Come; Thou dar'ſt not fight.
Cleanth. By Heav'n, I dare.
But firſt my Honour muſt be juſtify'd,
If you dare be my Judge:
For in this crude and indigeſted Quarrel,
If I ſhould fall unheard, you kill your Friend,
The Man who lov'd you beſt, and holds you deareſt.
And ſhould you periſh in th' unjuſt Attempt,
The Sword that ſlew you, ſhou'd revenge your Death:
For I ſhould ſoon o'ertake you in the way,
To quit my ſelf before you reach'd the Shades,
And told your Tale to *Minos*.
Cleom. Then I muſt hear: But ſwear, ſwear firſt I charge thee,
That when I have pronounc'd, thou wilt no more
Prolong thy prattle with ſome new Excuſe:
And prithee cut it ſhort——becauſe I faint,
And long to kill thee firſt: Oh, I am going,
A riſing Vapour rumbles in my Brains.
I hear my Words far off — ſtand, ſtand, thou Traytor,
And ſwim not thus before me——'tis too late,
[*Puts the point upon the ground once or twice, leans on't, and ſtaggers.*
And I fall unreveng'd--- [*Offers to run at him, and is falling.*
Cleanth. What, ho, *Pantheus*! [*Runs to him, and takes him in his Arms.*
The beſt of Men is dying in my Arms,
And I want pow'r to ſave him.

Enter Pantheus.

Panth. Oh Heav'ns! what means this direful Object?

Cleanth. Ask not with unaſſiſting pity; bow him forward;
Rub his numb'd Temples, while I wipe the Sweat
From his cold clammy Face.
Panth. His mounting Heart
Bounces againſt my hands, as if it would
Thruſt off his manly Soul.
Cleanth. Wrench ope his mouth,
While I infuſe theſe Sovereign Drops, whoſe Pow'r
Will ſoon recal his wander'd ſenſe ——
[*He inſtills ſomewhat out of a Vial into his Mouth.*
He ſtirs!
And ſtretches now, and ſeems t' eſſay his Limbs.
Cleom. Where am I? [*Standing a while, they ſupport him.*
Cleanth. In his Arms, who dy'd with you;
And now you live, revives.
Cleom. Art thou, *Panthæus*?
Panth. Believe your Eyes, I am.
Cleom. Speak then, and truly, (for I truſt not him,)
Who brought me back to Life?
Panth. Who, but he, who was left ſingle with you,
Who caught you falling in his faithful Arms;
And not alone ſufficient to reſtore you,
Call'd loud for my Aſſiſtance:
I found him propping you with trembling Hands;
His Eyes ſo haggard, I could ſcarce diſtinguiſh
Who was the living Friend, and who the dead.
Cleom. All this *Cleanthes*! This, What this *Cleanthes*?
Panth. Yes, your *Cleanthes.*
Cleanth. Your ſuſpected Friend,
Much wrong'd, but ever faithful!
Cleom. Art thou ſure
I live? Or am I in the Regions of the dead?
And hear the Fables there; my ſelf a Fable?
Panth. Go in, and ſee your chearful Family
Eating his Bread, brought in their laſt Diſtreſs;
And with a good miſtaking Piety,
Firſt bleſſing him, then Heaven!
Cleom. When I hear this, I have no need of Food;

I am reſtor'd without it.
Cleanth. Then, now hear me,
How I was forc'd into this ſeeming Falſhood;
To ſave my ſelf, the only means remaining
To ſave the Man I lov'd beyond my ſelf;
And gain a needful Credit with *Caſſandra*:
And yet even then deceiv'd, and ſent far off
For three long Days, unknowing of your wants,
Not thinking ſhe, who lov'd, could uſe you thus.
By Famiſhment to ———
Cleom. O no more! no more!
For now I underſtand e'er thou can'ſt ſpeak it half:
To thee I ow'd the ſeizing of my Sword,
Leſt I ſhould fall by odds---My Wife's return,
All, all to thee--- And thou art more than all:
Can'ſt thou forgive me? Can'ſt thou, my *Cleanthes*?
Can I deſerve thus to grow here once more? [*Embracing him.*
Let me embrace my ſelf quite into thee.
Cleanth. Come, come as fiercely as thou wilt---I meet thee---
[*Embraces* Cleomenes.
I cloſe within thee, and am thou again.
Panth. Why, this is as it ſhould be.
Cleom. I could not thus have taken to the Death
Anothers Falſhood, but thine, only thine:
For infinitely, infinitely loving,
'Twas a wide gap thou mad'ſt within my Boſom,
And as my Soul rent from me.
Cleanth. But thy Hunger!
This violent Tranſport of my Reconcilement,
Makes me forget thy Wants ——When I embrac'd thee
Thy ſpungy Body dwindled in my Arms,
And like a Ghoſt fled from me.
Cleom. I could eat —— [*Going in.*
Now my firſt Appetite of Love is ſerv'd;
And that was much the keeneſt: Let us in;
For Life looks lovely now, and worth preſerving.
Cleanth. Not that way, Friend ——
It leads you to the Women, and the Boy.

Cleom. And why muſt I avoid thoſe tender Bleſſings?
Cleanth. Even ſuch, becauſe they are, you muſt avoid them.
For I muſt tell you, Friend, you have but time
To ſnatch a haſty Morſel, and away:
Nothing of Manhood muſt be clogg'd or ſoften'd
With Womaniſh Sighs and Tears, and kind Adieu's!
And thoſe ill-tim'd Remorſes of good Nature,
When your whole Soul is needful.
Panth. You tell us Wonders!
Cleanth. At the King's Return,
Which daily we expect, your Death's reſolv'd:
This hour's your own! Take it, and tempt your Fortune;
Some few brave Friends I hope to add;
If not, all *Ægypt*'s number'd in my ſelf.
Cleom. I am all on Fire; now for a lucky pull
At Fate's laſt Lottery:
I long to ſee the Colour, white or black;
That's the God's Work: And if I fall their ſhame,
Let 'em ne'er think of making *Heroes* more,
If Cowards muſt prevail.
Panth. The fewer Hands,
The fewer Partners in the ſhare of Honour.
Cleom. Come, my *Pantheus*: Lead, my beſt *Cleanthes*!
We three to all the World.
Cleanth. *Magas, and Liberty*, let be the Word:
Magas is lov'd, and Liberty deſir'd.
A ſhort Refection waits at the Lieutenant's,
That honeſt Friend, who ſent you back your Wiſe;
We'll drink a Bowl of Wine, and pour the reſt,
Not to the Dog *Anubis*; but to *Jove*,
The Freer and Avenger.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cratiſiclæa, Cleora, Cleonidas.

Cleora. Gone——and without taking leave!
Crat. The better.
He bated me the Forms, and you the Fondneſs.
Cleon. *Pantheus* too, and he who brought the Food,
The brave *Ægyptian*, vaniſh'd all together.
Cleora. Oh, my fore-boding Soul! he's gone to Death!
And that *Cleanthes*, whom thou call'ſt the Brave,
Has baſely train'd him out to his Deſtruction!
Crat. Suſpect him not: When Fate was in his power,
And by a Method ſo ſecure as Famine;
To ſave us then, ſhows he had little need
To trick my Son to Death:
I have a better proſpect of th' Event.
Cleor. Dear Mother! Comfort me and tell your Thoughts;
For I ſee nothing but a gathering Tempeſt,
Horror on Horror to the end of Heaven!
Crat. No, no; you are not of a Soul to bear
The mighty Good and Ill that meet mid-way,
As from two Goals; and which comes firſt upon us,
Fate only knows.
Cleon. Then ſpeak to me; for I can ſtand the Shock,
Like a young Plant that faſtens in a Storm,
And deeper drives the Root.
Crat. Thy Soul's too ſtrong; thy Body yet too weak
To bear the Cruſh: Be ſtill, and wait thy Doom.
[*A Cry within*: *Liberty*, *Liberty*; Magas, Magas; *To Arms for* Magas, *and for Liberty*.
Cleon. What noble ſound was that? So ſmart and vigorous?
A Soul in every Word.
Crat. Why that was it,
I thought, was doing; but I durſt not tell,
Till now it ſhows it ſelf.
The Works begun, my Boy; the Works begun:
There was thy Father in that Warlike Shout,
Stemming the Tide of *Ægypt*.

Cleor. O comfort me, my Husband's Mother; ſay,
My Lord may live and conquer.
Crat. Poſſibly:
But ſtill make ſure of Death: Truſt we to that,
As to our laſt Reſerve.
Cleor. Alas, I dare not die.
Crat. Come, come, you dare:
Do not belie your Courage.
Cleor. Heaven help me, I have none.
Crat. Then dare you be a Slave to baſe *Ægyptians*?
For that muſt be, if you outlive your Husband.
Cleor. I think, I durſt, to ſave my ſelf from Death.
Crat. Then, as a Slave, you durſt be raviſh'd too?
Cleor. The Gods forbid.
Crat. The Gods cannot forbid it
By any way but Death.
Cleor. Then I dare die.
Crat. I told you ſo: You did not know your Vertue.
Poor trembling thing; I'll warm thee in my Boſom,
And make thee take Death kindly.

Another Shout within: Liberty and Magas.

Cleon. What muſt become of me?
Crat. More Trouble yet about this paltry Being?
For ſhame no more ſuch Qualms!
Cleon. No more ſuch vile Miſtakes! I would die warm,
And not in Women's Company--but Men's.
Whether ſome God inſpires me to this Act,
Or Fate inevitably calls me on,
I will not, cannot ſtay:
But as a generous, unfleſh'd Hound, that hears
From far the Hunter's Horn and chearful Cry;
So will I haſte; and by the Muſick led,
Come up with Death or Honour—— [*Exit.*
Cleor. Stop him, dear Mother; he may comfort us,
But cannot help his Father.

Crat. The Hero's Blood is not to be controul'd;
Even in a Child 'tis madly Maſterful:
But wait we patient with our petty Stakes,
Which on thoſe greater Gameſters muſt depend;
For as they throw, our little Lots muſt follow,
Like ſweepings of their heap. [Cratiſiclæa *and* Cleora *go in.*

Trumpets.

A Shout within: Liberty, Liberty, and Magas.

Enter Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Pantheus, *followed by ſome few* Ægyptians.

Cleom. What? Is this populous City turn'd a Deſart?
The Cry of Liberty runs on before us;
And yet not one appears!
By *Hercules*! we drive 'em through their Town:
They dare not ſtay to welcome their Deliverers.
Cleanth. The Cowards are afraid of what they wiſh:
And cou'd they be their own, they wou'd be ours.
Cleom. They're gone! We talk to Houſes and to Walls.
Panth. Not ſo: I ſee ſome peeping from their Doors.
What are you, Friends or Foes?

Four Ægyptians *appear peeping at the oppoſite Entrances of the Stage.*

1 *Ægypt.* Friends, Friends: All honeſt Men, and
Hearty to the Cauſe.
Cleanth. Explain what Cauſe——and give the general Cry.
1 & 2. *Ægypt.* Liberty and *Magas.*
Cleom. in their Tone. Liberty and *Magas!*
he Cowards whiſper Liberty ſo ſoftly,
if they were afraid the Gods ſhould hear it,
take 'em at their Word.

1. *Egypt*. No, Friend : We Vulgar never fear the Gods:
But we whiſper, for fear our over-thwart Neighbours
Should hear us cry, Liberty, and betray us to the Government.

Cleanth. Of what ſide are you there? [*to the oppoſite* Egypt.

3. *Egypt*. That's according as you ſucceed : Of your ſide hitherto.

Panth. If you are Men, come join with us.

4. *Egypt*. You are too few for us to join with you; but get the greater Party of your ſide, and we'll be ſure to help the Common Cry.

Cleom. Dare you doe nothing to aſſert your Freedom?

3. *Egypt*. Yes; We'll pray devoutly for you.

Cleanth. The Brave pray with their Swords; that's a Man's part.

4. *Egypt*. Pray with our Swords, the Law calls Fighting;
And Fighting is Bloud-ſhed; And Bloud-ſhed is Hanging;
And Hanging is the part of a Dog, and not of a Man, in my opinion. (*within*.

1. *Egypt*. Every one ſhift for himſelf, [Egyptian *Trumpets*
The Government is a coming.
[*They ſhrink back in a fright, and clap the Doors*.

Cleom. Run; couch, ye Cowards, to your Tyrant Lords.
A Dog you worſhip, and partake his Nature:
A Race of ſpeaking Spaniels.

Panth. Let 'em go; We'll doe our work without 'em.

Cleanth. The comfort is, our Foes are like our Friends---
Holy-day *Hero's*, drawn out once a month,
At publick Charge to Eat, and to be Drunk:
Mere Mouths of War.

Enter Soſybius *and* Cœnus *at the head of many* Egyptians: *They who ſpoke before, bolt out of their doors, and join with them.*

Soſyb. 'Twas what I always fear'd; e'en when I ſav'd Thee,
To find thee thus engag'd among my Foes:
But, yet ſubmit; And I can yet forgive Thee:
Conſider; for 'tis all I have time to ſay,

Thou fight'ſt againſt thy Father.
Clean. Againſt my Father's Cauſe, but not my Father:
If you wou'd needs become your ſelf a Slave,
And get me ſuch, I muſt redeem us both,
And will, or periſh in the brave Attempt.
Soſyb. Withdraw thy ſelf from ruine: I command Thee.
Cleant. Command I cannot: But, I beg you, Sir,
Engage not for an Arbitrary Power,
That odious Weight upon a Free-born-ſoul.
Soſyb. This is too much; fall on: But ſpare my Son.

Enter Caſſandra *attended.*

Caſſan. *Soſybius*, hold! Withdraw your Men to diſtance:
You know this Signet: Obey your King in Me.
[*Shews the Signet.*
Soſyb. Never more gladly: Tho' my Son's a Rebell;
Yet Nature works to ſave him.
Caſſan. Then rather than he ſhou'd untimely fall,
[Cœnus *draws off* Soſybius's *his Men.*
I wou'd forgive the Reſt: and offer Life,
[Panth. Cleom. *Men, Ex.* *Manent* Caſſan. Soſyb. Cleanth.
Even to that Fugitive, if he pleaſe to treat.
Cleom. Be ſhort: and, if you can, for once, ſincere.
Caſſan. What can you hope from this unequal Fight,
Where numbers riſe from every Foe you kill,
And grow from their defeat?
Cleom. We come reſolv'd:
And to die killing is a kind of Conqueſt.
Caſſan. But are not Life and Freedom worth accepting,
When offer'd; and, with ſuch Conditions too,
As make 'em both more pleaſing? Your Friends ſafety,
Your Son, your Mother, and that only She,
Who loves you beſt, for your Companion home:
You know what She I mean. [*Aſide to him.*
Cleom. No private parley-- [*Stepping back.*
Spartans doe all in publick.
Cleant. We know your reaſons for thoſe ſecret whiſpers;

And to your Infamy----
Cleom. [*Aſide to him.*] Peace, Peace, my Friend.
No injuries from Women can provoke
A Man of Honour to expoſe their Fame.
Madam; We underſtand each other well:
My Son, my Mother, and my Wife reſtor'd,
'Tis Peace; if not, 'tis War.
Soſyb. A fair Propoſal: Be it Peace.
Caſſan. No, Fool! 'tis War. Know, Heavy *Hero*, know,
I gain'd this time for my ſecure Revenge;
To ſeize thy Wife and Mother: And to ſtab Thee
On both ſides of thy Heart, they're gone to die,
To make thy Death more painfull. Farewel, Traytor!
And thank thy ſelf---not me--- [*Ex.* Caſ. & Soſyb.
Cleom. Revenge, revenge,
And ſpeedy Death, or Conqueſt: Hold, *Cleanthes!*

Enter Cleonidas.

Poor Boy!
By Heaven, I am pleas'd to ſee thee ſafe this moment,
Tho' I expect the next to loſe thee. Guard him,
Cleanthes: Set him ſafe behind the Front.
Cleanth. Come, Sir: You are now my Charge!
Cleonid. The Gods forbid
That I ſhould ſeek this danger, and not ſhare it.
[To *Cleom.*] Forgive me, Sir, that once I diſobey you,
To prove my ſelf your Son; living, or dying,
I'll not be leſs than Man.
Cleom. Oh! I could chide Thee.
But there's no time: for Love and Anger both
Fight by my ſide; and Heaven protect thy Courage.

{Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Cleonidas, *and their*
Party go off the Stage to fight the Egyptians.

Trumpets, Drums, Shouts and Claſhings within.

Re-enter both Parties--- The Egyptians *firſt: Driven by* Cleomenes. Pantheus *ready to kill* Soſybius,— *as having him down:* Cleanthes *runs to him, and interpoſes.*

Cleanth. Pantheus, hold; or, turn thy Sword on me.
Panth. to *Soſyb.* Riſe, Sir; and, thank your Son.
Clean. to *Panth.* Purſue the Foes: I have no Joy of Conqueſt
Till I have ſet my Father ſafe.
Soſyb. The Gods reward thy pious Care.

Cleanth. *leads off his Father; while* Pantheus *follows* Cleomenes: *The* Egyptians *are driven to the bottom of the Stage: They make a wheeling Fight; ſtill retiring before the* Spartans: Cleomenes *advances eagerly after the* Egyptians, *and, with* Pantheus, *drives 'em off:* Cleonidas *is left behind: So is* Cœnus *who had skulk'd.*

Cœnus, This was well watch'd: The Boy is left ungarded.
[*Thruſts at* Cleonidas *behind.*
Cleonid. Oh! I am ſlain by Treaſon!
Revenge me, Royal Father.

Re-enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. 'Twas ſure his voice: [*Sees him on the ground.*
Too ſure: Pity and Rage
Diſtract my Soul: but rage will firſt be ſerv'd. [*Runs at* Cœnus *and kills him.*
There's Juſtice for my ſelf, and for my Son!
Look up, ſweet Boy,
And tell me that thou liv'ſt.
Cleonid. Fain I would live
To Comfort you: I bleed and am aſham'd
To ſay I faint, and call my ſelf your Son;

O Traytor *Cænus*? What's become of him?
Cleom. Look, there he lies.
Cleonid. I am glad on't,
Forgive me, Heaven: I hope 'tis no offence
To ſay I am glad, becauſe he kill'd me baſely.
Still, I grow fainter: Hold me, hold me, Father.
Cleom. Cheer up, and thou ſhalt live.
Cleonid. No: I'm juſt dying.
Cleom. What ſhall I loſe?
Cleonid. A Boy: That's all. I might have liv'd to Manhood:
But once I muſt have dy'd.
Cleom. But not before thy Father?
Cleonid. Nay: then you envy me, that I am firſt Happy:
I go; and when you come pray find me out
And own me for your Son.— [*Dies.*
Cleom. There went his Soul: Fate thou haſt done thy worſt,
And all thou canſt henceforth; is but mean Slaughter,
The gleanings of this Harveſt.-----

Enter Pantheus.

Panth. Sir, y're well found: our Enemies are fled:
I left our men purſuing, and made haſte
To bring this joyfull News.
Cleom. Look there, and if thou dar'ſt, now give me joy.
Panth. Enough! y' have ſtopp'd my mouth---- what *Cænus* kill'd?
I ask no Queſtions then, of who kill'd who:
The Bodies tell their Story as they lie.
Haſte, and revenge!
Cleom. Where are our Enemies?
Panth. Sculking, diſperſt in Garrets, and in Cellars.

Enter Cleanthes.

Cleom. Not worth the ſeeking: Are theſe fit t'atone
For *Cleomenes* Mother, Son, and Wife?
But what the Gods have left us, we muſt take.

Cleanth. 'Tis all in vain: we have no further work:
The People will not be dragg'd out to Freedom:
They bar their Doors againſt it: Nay, the Priſoners
Even guard their Chains, as their inheritance;
And Man their very Dungeons, for their Maſters:
Leſt Godlike Liberty, the *Comon* Foe,
Should enter in; and they be judg'd hereafter
Accomplices of Freedom.
Panth. Then, we may ſheath our Swords.
Cleanth. We may, *Pantheus*;
But ſo as brave men ſhould, each in his Boſome.
That onely way is left us to die free.
Cleom. All's loſt for which I once deſir'd to live.
Panth. Come, to our buſineſs then: Be ſpeedy Sir;
And give the word; I'll be the firſt, to charge
The Grim Foe, death.
Cleom. Fortune, Thou haſt reduc'd me very low,
To do the Drudgery of fate my ſelf!
What! not one brave *Egyptian*! not one worthy
To do me manly Right, in ſingle Combat!
To fall beneath my fury? For that's Juſtice:
But, then to drag me after: For to die,
And yet, in Death to Conquer, is my Wiſh!
Cleanth. Then have your Wiſh: The Gods at laſt are kind:
And have provided you a Sword that's worthy
To match your own: 'Tis an *Egyptians* too.
Cleom. Is there that hidden Treaſure in thy Countrey?
The Gods be prais'd--- for ſuch a Foe I want.
Cleanth.--- Not ſuch a Foe, but ſuch a Friend am I.
I would fall firſt, for fear I ſhould ſurvive you,
And pull you after to make ſure in Death,
To be your undivided Friend for ever.
Cleom. Then enter We into each others Breaſts.
'Tis a ſharp paſſage; yet a kind one too.
But to prevent the blind miſtake of Swords,
Leſt one drop firſt, and leave his Friend behind,
Both thruſt at once, and home, and at our Hearts:
Let neither ſtand on Guard, but let our Boſomes

Lie open to each other in our Death,
As in our Life they were ---
Cleanth. I Seal it thus. [*Kiſs and embrace.*
Panth. And where's my part? You ſhut me out like Churls,
While you devour the Feaſt of Death betwixt you.
Cleom. Cheer up thy Soul, and thou ſhalt die *Pantheus*:
But in thy turn: There's Death enough for all:
But as I am thy Maſter, wait my leiſure,
And honeſtly Compoſe my Limbs to Reſt,
Then ſerve thy ſelf.-- Now are you ready, Friend?
Cleanth. I am.
Cleom. Then this to our next happy meeting---
{*They both puſh together, then ſtagger backwards*
{*and fall together in each others Arms.*
Cleanth. Speak, have I ſerv'd you to your Wiſh, my Friend?
Cleom. Yes, Friend--- thou haſt--- I have thee in my heart--
Say-- art Thou ſped?
Cleanth. I am, 'tis my laſt Breath.
Cleom. And mine--- Then both are Happy------- [*both Die.*
Panth. So, this was well perform'd and ſoon diſpatch'd:
Both ſound aſleep already,
And farewell both for one ſhort moment. [*Trumpets ſound, Vi-*
[*ctory within.*
Thoſe are the Foes, our little band is loſt
For want of theſe Defenders: I muſt haſten,
Leſt I be forc'd to live, and led in Triumph;
Defrauded of my Fate: I've earn'd it well,
And finiſh'd all my Task: This is my place:
Juſt at my Maſters feet---Guard him, yee Gods,
And ſave his ſacred Corps from publick ſhame---
{*He falls on his Sword, and*
{*lies at the feet of* Cleom.-*Dies.*

Enter Soſybius, Caſſandra, *and Ægyptians.*

Soſyb. 'Tis what my Heart foreboded: There he lies,
Extended by the Man whom beſt he lov'd!
A better Friend than Son.

Caſſand. What's he, or Thou? or *Ptolomy*? or *Ægypt*?
Or all the world to *Cleomenes* loſt?

Soſyb. Then I ſuſpected right: If my revenge,
Can eaſe my ſorrow; This, the King ſhall know;
That thou mayſt reap the due reward of Treaſon,
And violated Love.

Caſſand. Thy worſt old Dotard,
I wiſh to die: but if my mind ſhould Change,
So well I know my Power, that Thou art loſt.

Soſyb. The King's arrival ſhall decide our Fate.
Mean time to ſhow how much I honour Virtue,
Take up that Hero's Body, bear it high,
Like the Proceſſion of a Deity:
Let his arm'd Figure on his Tomb be ſet,
And We like Slaves lie grovling at his feet;
Whoſe Glories growing till his lateſt Breath,
Excell'd all others: And his own in Death.-- [*Ex. omnes.*

FINIS.

Love Triumphant;
OR,
NATURE will PREVAIL.

A
Tragi-Comedy.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal,
By Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultrò. Virg.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges Head* near
the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1694.

To the Right Honourable
JAMES
Earl of *Salisbury*, &c.

My Lord,

THIS Poem being the laſt which I intend for the Theatre, ought to have the ſame Proviſion made for it, which Old Men make for their youngeſt Child, which is commonly a Favourite: They who were born before it carry away the Patrimony by Right of Elderſhip. This is to make its Fortune in the World; and ſince I can do little for it, Natural Affection calls upon me to put it out, at leaſt, into the beſt ſervice which I can procure for it. And as it is the uſual practice of our decay'd Gentry, to look about them for ſome Illuſtrious Family, and there endeavour to fix their young Darling, where he may be both well Educated, and Supported: I have herein alſo follow'd the Cuſtom of the World, and am ſatisfi'd in my Judgment, that I cou'd not have made a more Worthy Choice. 'Tis true, I am not vain enough to think that any thing of mine can in any meaſure be worthy of Your Lordſhip's Patronage: and yet I ſhou'd be aſham'd to leave the Stage, without ſome acknowledgement of your former Favours, which I have more than once experienc'd. Beſides the Honour of my Wiſe's Relation to Your Noble Houſe, to which my Sons may plead ſome Title, though I cannot; You have been pleas'd to take a particular notice of me, even in this lowneſs of my Fortunes, to which I have voluntarily reduc'd my ſelf: and of which I have no reaſon to be aſham'd.

This Condeſcenſion, my Lord, is not only becoming of Your Ancient Family, but of Your Perſonal Character in the World. And if I value my ſelf the more for your Indulgence to me, and your Opinion of me; 'tis becauſe any thing which you like, ought to be conſider'd as ſomething in it ſelf. And therefore I muſt not undervalue my preſent Labours, becauſe I have preſum'd to make you my Patron. A Man may be juſt to himſelf, tho he ought not to be partial. And I dare affirm, that the ſeveral Manners which I have given to the Perſons of this Drama, are truly drawn from Nature; all perfectly diſtinguiſh'd from each other. That the Fable is not injudiciouſly contriv'd; that the turns of Fortune are not manag'd unartfully; and that the laſt Revolution is happily enough invented. Ariſtotle, *I acknowledge, has declar'd, that the Cataſtrophe which is made from the change of Will is not of the firſt Order for Beauty: but it may reaſonably be alledg'd, in defence of this Play, as well as of the* Cinna *(which I take to be the very beſt of* Corneille's*) that the Philoſopher who made the Rule, copy'd all the Laws, which he gave for the* Theatre, *from the Authorities and Examples of the* Greek *Poets, which he had read: And from their Poverty of Invention he cou'd get nothing but mean Concluſions of wretched Tales: where the mind of the chief Actor was for the moſt part chang'd without Art or Preparation; only becauſe the Poet could not otherwiſe end his Play. Had it been poſſible for* Ariſtotle *to have ſeen the* Cinna, *I am confident he would have alter'd his Opinion; and concluded, that a ſimple change of Will might be manag'd with ſo much Judgment, as to render it the moſt agreeable, as well as the moſt ſurpriſing part of the whole Fable: Let* D'acier, *and all the reſt of the Modern Criticks, who are too much Bigotted to the Ancients, contend never ſo much to the contrary. I was afraid that I had been the Inventor of a new ſort of deſigning, when in my Third Act, I make a diſcovery of my* Alphonſo's *true Parentage. If it were ſo, what wonder had it been, that Dramatick Poetry, tho a limited Art, yet might be capable of receiving ſome Innovations for the better. But afterwards I caſually found, that* Menander *and* Terence, *in the* Heautontimorumenos, *had been before me; and made the ſame kind of diſcovery in the ſame Act. As for the Mechanick Unities, that of Time is much within the compaſs of an Aſtrological Day, which begins* *at Twelve, and ends at the ſame hour the Day following. That of Place is not obſerv'd ſo juſtly by me, as by the Ancients; for their Scene was always one, and almoſt conſtantly ſome Publick Place. Some of the late* French *Poets, and amongſt the* Engliſh, *my moſt Ingenious Friend,* Mr. Congreve, *have obſerv'd this Rule ſtrictly; though the Place was not altogether ſo publick as a Street. I have follow'd the Example of* Corneille, *and ſtretch'd the Latitude to a Street and Palace, not far diſtant from each other in the ſame City. They who will not allow this Liberty to a Poet, make it a very ridiculous thing, for an Audience to ſuppoſe themſelves, ſometimes to be in a Field, ſometimes in a Garden, and at other times in a Chamber. There are not indeed ſo many Abſurdities in their Suppoſition, as in ours; but 'tis an Original Abſurdity, for the Audience to ſuppoſe themſelves to be in any other place, than in the very* Theatre, *in which they ſit; which is neither Chamber, nor Garden, nor yet a Publick Place of any Buſineſs, but that of the Repreſentation. For my Action, 'tis evidently double; and in that I have moſt of the Ancients for my Examples. Yet I dare not defend this way by Reaſon, much leſs by their Authority: for their Actions, though double, were of the ſame Species; that is to ſay, in their* Comedies *two Amours: And their Perſons were better link'd in Intereſts than mine. Yet even this is a fault which I ſhou'd often practiſe, if I were to write again; becauſe 'tis agreeable to the* Engliſh Genius. *We love variety more than any other Nation; and ſo long as the Audience will not be pleas'd without it, the Poet is oblig'd to humour them. On condition they were cur'd of this publick Vice, I cou'd be content to change my Method, and gladly give them a more reaſonable Pleaſure. This Digreſſion, my Lord, is not altogether to the purpoſe of an Epiſtle Dedicatory: Yet 'tis expected that ſomewhat ſhou'd be ſaid even here, in relation to* Criticiſme; *at leaſt in Vindication of my Addreſs, that you may not be deſir'd to Patronize a Poem which is wholly unworthy of your Protection. Tho, after all, I doubt not but ſome will liken me to the Lover in a Modern Comedy, who was combing his Peruke, and ſetting his Cravat before his Miſtreſs; and being ask'd by her, when he intended to begin his Court? reply'd, he had been doing it all this while. Yet thus it happens, my Lord, that* Self *will come into all Addreſſes of this Nature, tho 'tis the* *moſt unmannerly word of the World in civil Converſation, and the moſt ungrateful to all Hearers. For which reaſon, I, who have nothing to boaſt of, but my Misfortunes, ought to be the firſt to baniſh it. Eſpecially ſince I have ſo large a Field before me, as Your Inborn Goodneſs, Your Evenneſs of Temper, Your Humility in ſo ample a ſhare of Fortune as you poſſeſs; Your Humanity to all Men, and Your Kindneſs to your Friends: Beſides Your Natural and Acquir'd Endowments, and Your Brotherly Love to Your Relations.* Notus in Fratres animo Paterno, *was the great Commendation which* Horace *gave to one of his Patrons: And 'tis that Praiſe which particularly Crowns your other Vertues. But here, my Lord, I am oblig'd in common Prudence to ſtop ſhort; and to caſt under a Veil ſome other of your Praiſes, as the Chymiſts uſe to ſhadow the Secret of their great Elixir; leſt if it were made publick, the World ſhou'd make a bad uſe of it. To enjoy our own Quiet, without diſturbing that of others, is the practice of every Moral Man: And for the reſt, to live chearfully and ſplendidly, as it is becoming of Your Illuſtrious Birth, ſo 'tis likewiſe to thank God for his Benefits in the beſt manner. 'Tis unneceſſary to wiſh you more Worldly Happineſs, or Content of Mind, than you enjoy: But the continuance of both, to Your Self, and Your Poſterity, is earneſtly deſir'd by all who have the Honour to be known to You, and more particularly by,*

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient

and moſt Humbly Devoted Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

AS when ſome Treaſurer lays down the Stick;
Warrants are Sign'd for ready Mony thick:
And many deſperate Debentures paid;
Which never had been, had his Lordſhip ſtaid:
So now, this Poet, who forſakes the Stage,
Intends to gratifie the preſent Age.
One Warrant ſhall be Sign'd for every Man;
All ſhall be Wits that will; and Beaux *that can:*
Provided ſtill, this Warrant be not ſhown,
And you be Wits, but to your ſelves alone.
Provided too; you rail at one another:
For there's no one Wit, will allow a Brother.
Provided alſo; that you ſpare this Story,
Damn all the Plays that e're ſhall come before ye.
If one by chance prove good in half a ſcore,
Let that one pay for all; and Damn it more.
For if a good one ſcape among the Crew,
And you continue Judging as you do;
Every bad Play will hope for Damning too.
You might Damn this, if it were worth your pains,
Here's nothing you will like; no fuſtian Scenes,
And nothing too of——you know what he means.

No double Entendrès, *which you Sparks allow;*
To make the Ladies look they know not how;
Simply as 'twere; and knowing both together,
Seeming to fan their Faces in cold Weather.
But here's a Story which no Books relate;
Coin'd from our own Old Poet's Addle-pate.
The Fable has a Moral too, if ſought:
But let that go; for upon ſecond Thought,
He fears but few come hither to be Taught.
Yet if you will be profited, you may;
And he would Bribe you too, to like his Play.
He Dies, at leaſt to us, and to the Stage,
And what he has, he leaves this Noble Age.
He leaves you firſt, all Plays of his Inditing,
The whole Eſtate, which he has got by Writing.
The Beaux may think this nothing but vain Praiſe,
They'l find it ſomething; the Teſtator ſays:
For half their Love, is made from ſcraps of Plays.
To his worſt Foes, he leaves his Honeſty;
That they may thrive upon't as much as he.
He leaves his Manners to the Roaring Boys,
Who come in Drunk, and fill the Houſe with noiſe.
He leaves to the dire Critiques of his Wit,
His Silence and Contempt of all they Writ.
To Shakeſpear's *Critique, he bequeaths the Curſe,*
To find his faults; and yet himſelf make worſe.
A precious Reader in Poetique Schools,
Who by his own Examples damns his Rules.
Laſt for the Fair, he wiſhes you may be,
From your dull Critiques, the Lampooners free.

Tho' he pretends no Legacy to leave you,
An Old Man may at leaſt good wiſhes give you.
Your Beauty names the Play; and may it prove,
To each, an Omen of Triumphant Love.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

		Repreſented by
Veramond,	King of *Arragon*,	Mr. *Kynnaſton.*
Alphonſo,	his ſuppos'd Son,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Garcia,	King of *Navarre*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Ramirez,	King of *Caſtile*,	Mr. *Alexander.*
Sancho,	Two Colonels,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Carlos,		Mr. *Powell.*
Lopez,	An old Courtier,	Mr. *Underhill.*

WOMEN.

		By
Ximena,	Queen of *Arragon*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Victoria,	Eldeſt Daughter to the King and Queen,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Celidea,	Her Siſter,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Dalinda,	Daughter to *Lopez*,	Mrs. *Montfort.*
A Nurſe,	with two Children,	Mrs. *Kent.*

SCENE

SARRAGOSSA in *Spain.*

Love-

Love Triumphant;
OR,
NATURE will PREVAIL.
A
Tragi-Comedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

At the Drawing up of the Curtain, Veramond *King of* Aragon *appears:* Ximena *the Queen by him:* Victoria *their eldeſt Daughter on the Right Hand; and* Celidea *their younger Daughter on the left: Courtiers ſtand attending in File on each ſide of the Stage. The Men on one hand, the Ladies on the other. Amongſt the Men, Don* Lopez, *amongſt the Women,* Dalinda *his Daughter.*

The Scene is ſuppos'd a Preſence-Chamber.

Vera. NOW the long Wars betwixt *Caſtile* and *Arragon*
Are ended in the ruin of our Foes.
And fierce *Ramirez*, the *Caſtilian* King,
Who tugg'd for Empire, with our Warlike Son,

In ſingle Combat taken, adds his Lawrels
To the young Victor's Brow: Our tender Maids
And trembling Children, ſhall with Scorn behold
The haughty Captive, who had made his Vaunts
To lay their Dwellings level; and with Salt
To ſow the place, where *Sarragoſſa* ſtood.

Xime. Proceſſions, Prayers, and Publick Thanks to Heav'n,
Were fit to be decreed.

Vera. Your Sex is ever formoſt in Devotion.
But for our brave Confederate, young *Navarre*,
He ſhall receive the Prize reſerv'd within
My Breaſt; and ſuch a one,
His Youth and Valour have right-well deſerv'd.

Xime. I hear he comes along with our *Alphonſo*,
And next our Son, did beſt.

Vera. Perhaps as well:
Alphonſo's Action was indeed more Glorious,
To buckle with a King in ſingle Fight,
And take him Priſoner; but his fiery temper
Still hurries him to daring raſh Attempts.

Xime. *Alphonſo* is Impetuous, but he's Noble;
He will not take one Atome from *Navarre*
Of what's his Right, nor needs he.

Vera. If he ſhou'd———

Xime. You take too bad Impreſſions of your Son.

Vera. No more, *Ximena*, for I hear their Trumpets
Proclaim their Entry: And our own their Welcome.

[*Trumpets from each ſide of the Stage.*

Enter Alphonſo *and* Garcia, *hand in hand. After them, the Priſoner K.* Ramirez *alone: Then the two Colonels,* Sancho *and* Carlos: *After them, other Officers of the Army.* Veramond *advances to meet them: The Queen and the two Princeſſes follow him.* Alphonſo *firſt kneels to his Father and Mother, and immediately runs to ſalute his Siſter* Victoria *tenderly; then ſlightly ſalutes* Celidea, *and returns to* Victoria. *In the mean time* Veramond *embraces Don* Garcia, *who afterwards kiſſes the Queen's hand.*

Vera. The Triumphs of this Day, auſpicious Prince,
Proclaim themſelves Your Gift, to us and *Arragon*!
From you they are deriv'd; to you return;
For what we are, you make us.
Gar. May Heav'n and your brave Son, and, above all,
Your own prevailing Genius, guard your Age
From ſuch another Day of doubtful Fate:
But if it comes, then *Garcia* will be proud
To be again the Foil of Great *Alphonſo*.
Vera. It might, and well it had become my Son
[*Looking about for* Alphonſo.
To ſpeak your words; But you are ſtill before him,
As in the Fight you were.
Xime. Turn to your Father, and preſent your Duty;
[*Pulling* Alphonſo *by the ſleeve.*
He thinks himſelf neglected, and obſerves ye.

Here Garcia, *after bowing to the King and Queen, goes to the two Princeſſes and ſalutes them. After a little dumb Courtſhip, he leads out* Victoria *and* Celidea, *the Ladies follow*; Alphonſo *obſerves it with diſcontent, and then turns to his Father.*

Alphon. I ſaw you, Sir, engag'd in Ceremonies,
And therefore thought I might defer this Office,
To give you time for decent Thanks to *Garcia*.
Vera. You rather went where more affection call'd ye.
Alphon. I may have been too ſlack in outward ſhow,
But when your Service, and my Honour call'd,
None was more forward in the fighting part.
Vera. The rugged Buſineſs of the War is o'er:
Softneſs and Sweetneſs, and a gentler Air
Wou'd make a mixture, that wou'd temper well
That inborn Fierceneſs of your boyling Mind.
Alph. I ſtand corrected, Sir, and let me tell ye now,
That ſweetneſs which ſo well you have adviſ'd,
Fortune has put in your own hand to practiſe
Upon this Royal Souldier; till we fought [*Showing* Ramirez.

Your Equal, now your Priſoner of the War;
And once, (alas! that ſtill it is not ſo)
The Partner of your Thoughts, and Boſom Friend.

Xime. (*aſide.*) } Heav'n that inſpir'd thee with this Pious thought,
Add Vertue and Perſwaſion to thy words,
And bend my ſtubborn Lord.

Vera. Say, have you more to ſpeak on his behalf?

Alphon. Much more, his fair Behaviour in the War,
Not plundering Towns, nor burning Villages;
His Bravery of Mind, his Dauntleſs Courage,
When Hand to Hand, he made me ſtoop beneath
His weighty blows, and often forc'd to doubt
The Fortune of my Youth, againſt his Age.

Vera. Proceed, proceed, for this is but to ſay,
That thou wert almoſt worſted in the Combat.

Alphon. I have already ſaid much more, than needs
To move a Noble Mind,
Such as my Father's is, or ought to be.

Vera. Come, let me hear my Duty from my Son.

Alphon. If more be wanting on ſo plain a Theam,
Think on the ſlippery State of Humane Things,
The ſtrange viciſſitudes, and ſuddain turns
Of War, and Fate recoiling on the Proud,
To cruſh a Mercileſs and Cruel Victor.
Think there are bounds of Fortune, ſet above;
Periods of Time, and progreſs of Succeſs,
Which none can ſtop before th' appointed limits,
And none can puſh beyond.

Ximena. He Reaſons juſtly, Sir.

Alphon. *Ramirez* is an Honourable Foe,
Uſe him like what he is, and make him yours.

Vera. By Heav'n I think,
That when you cop'd with him in ſingle Fight,
You had ſo much ado to Conquer then,
You fear t' ingage him in a ſecond Combat.

Alphon. The World knows how I Fought:
But Old Men have Prerogative of Tongue,
And Kings of Power, and Parents that of Nature.

You

Your Pardon, Royal Sir.

Vera. I give it you;

Your Battel now is paid at the full price.

[Ximena *whiſpers* Alphonſo *for a moment*.

Alphon. Fear not, I curb my ſelf. [*To* Ximena.

Ramir. } Your Son has m[illegible]on'd Honourable Terms.
(to *Veram.*) } Propoſe 'em *Veramond*, and for his ſake
(So much his Valour and rare Courteſie,
Have wrought upon my Soul,) I will accept 'em.

Vera. Who gave you leave
To ſpeak of Terms, or even to ſpeak at all?

Ramir. And who ſhou'd give me liberty of ſpeaking,
But Heav'n, who gave me Speech?

Veram. How dares my Captive
Aſſume this boldneſs to his Conqueror?

Ramir. You have not Conquer'd me, you cou'd not, *Veramond*;
'Tis to *Alphonſo*'s Arms that I am Priſoner.

Veram. Under my Auſpices *Alphonſo* fought,
He led my Forces.

Ramir. Yes, and made 'em too
By his Example, elſe they ne're had Conquer'd.

Veram. A Bargain! A plain Compact! A Confederacy!
Betwixt my Son and thee, to give me part,
Of what my better Stars, make all my own.

Alphon. Sir, I muſt ſpeak——

Veram. Dare not, I charge thee, dare not.

Alphon. Not vindicate my Honour?
By Heav'n I will, to all the World, to you;
My Honour is my own, and not deriv'd
From this frail Body, and this Earth you gave me;
But that Ætherial Spark, which Heav'n inſpir'd,
And kindl'd in my New Created Soul.
You tell me, I have bargain'd with *Ramirez*,
To make his Ranſome cheap.

Vera. To make it nothing,
To rob thy Father of his Victory,
And, at my coſt, oblige my Mortal Foe;
Fool, doſt thou know the value of a Kingdom?

Alphon. I think I do, becauſe I won a Kingdom.

Vera.

Veram. And know'ſt not how to keep it.
Ramirez. What Claim have you? What Right to my *Caſtile*?
Veram. The Right of Conqueſt, for when Kings make War;
No Law betwixt two Soveraigns can decide,
But that of Arms, where Fortune is the Judge,
Soldiers the Lawyers, and t[illegible] Bar the Field.
Alphon. But with what Conſcience can ye keep that Crown,
To which, ye claim no Title but the Sword?
Vera. Then ask that queſtion of thy ſelf, when thou
Thy ſelf art King; I will retain my Conqueſt;
And if thou art ſo mean, ſo poor of Soul,
As to refuſe thy Sword in keeping it;
Then *Garcia*'s Aid;
Whoſe ſhare of Honour, in that Glorious day,
Was more than thine; during my Life, ſhall Guard it,
And at my Death, ſhall Heir it.
Alphon. *Don Garcia* is indeed a Valiant Prince,
But this large Courteſie, this over-praiſe
You give his Worth, in any other Mouth,
Were Villany to me.
Ximena. That was too much *Alphonſo*, ſhew the Reverence
That Sons ſhou'd bear to Fathers.
Alphon. } Did I not ſay in any other Mouth,
(*to her.*) } The King excepted ſtill?
Ramir. Had I a Son; a Son like your *Alphonſo*,
The Pride of War, and Darling of the Field;
I ſhou'd not thus receive him, nor detract
From ſuch High Actions: Let me tell you, Sir,
(For I who felt his Arm, can beſt report him;)
There lives not one, who breaths this Vital Air,
That e're cou'd boaſt, he made *Ramirez* bend,
Before *Alphonſo* undertook the Task.
Veram. Confederacy again! How they enhance
Their mutual worth, and bandy Fame betwixt 'em,
Into each other's hand.—— [*Looks on* Ramirez, *and ſtarts back.*
What's this I ſee?
Nay, now I wonder not, the Captive prates
With ſo ſecure preſumption to his King,

Well may he brave me, while his murd'ring Sword
Sits as before, inſulting on his ſide,
Who gave thee back that weapon?
Alphon. I, who took it.
Vera. A careful Son, to truſt a Foe with Arms
So near his Father.
Haſte, diſarm the Priſoner.
Alphon. E're you diſhonour me, firſt hear me ſpeak;
I took his Royal Word, to be my Priſoner;
And on his Honour, I reſtor'd his Sword,
Becauſe I thought, that mark of Sovereign Juſtice
And Awful Power, ſhou'd not for one ſhort moment
Be wanting to a Monarch.
Vera. Then when he loſt the Power, he loſt the Claim,
And marks of Sovereign Right:
Nor without my Conſent, cou'dſt thou diſpoſe
Of him, or of his Sword, or of his Life:
Once more diſarm him: What, am I betray'd?
[*Guards look amaz'd, but ſtir not.*
Have I no Subject left?
Xime. Submit, *Alphonſo.*
I, who am partial to you, muſt condemn
This Carriage as undutious to your Father.
Ramir. } Brave Prince, too warmly you aſſert my Cauſe,
(to *Alphon.*) } Tho' 'tis indeed the common Cauſe of Kings:
But to prevent what ills on my account
May hence enſue betwixt a Son and Parent,
Take here the Sword, you truſted in my Hands,
Which you alone cou'd take——Now, *Veramond,*
[*Preſents his Sword to* Alphonſo.
Diſpoſe of old *Ramirez* as thou pleaſeſt;
[*He preſents it ſullenly to* Veramond, *who puts it into the hand of an Officer.*
Secure thy Hate, Ambition, and thy Fear,
And give *Ramirez* Death, who ſcorns a Life
Which he muſt owe to thee.
Vera. (*to the Guards.*) } Go bear him to the Caſtle; at more leiſure
His Doom ſhall be decreed.

Ramir. When e're it comes 'tis welcome, only this
(If Enemies be ſuffer'd to requeſt)
Forgive th' Imprudent Zeal thy Son has ſhown
On my behalf, and take him to thy Boſom:
A noble Temper ſhines even through his faults,
And gilds them into Virtues.
Vera. Take him hence—— [Ramirez *is led off by* Sancho *and* Carlos, *and follow'd by the Guards*. Alphonſo *looking frowningly*. *The reſt ſtay*.

Alphon. (*aſide*.) } How I abhor this baſe Inhumane Act!
But Patience! he's my Father.
Veram. Thus all his Praiſes, are thy Accuſations,
And even that very Sword,
Puniſh me Heav'n, if I believe not ſo,
Is far leſs dangerous in his Hand than thine.
Xime. Forgive the haſty Sallies of his Youth.
Vera. He never lov'd me.
Alphon. You never gave me cauſe.
Xime. (to *Alphon*.) } Come, you both lov'd,
But both were jealous of each other's kindneſs.
His ſilence ſhows, he longs to pardon you.
And did not you, my Lord, obſerve *Alphonſo*,
[*Turning to* Veram.
How, tho' at firſt he cou'd not rule his Paſſion?
Not at the very firſt, for that's impoſſible
To haſty blood, like his and yours, my Lord;
Yet in the ſecond moment, he repented,
As ſoon as Thought had leiſure to be born.
Veram. For ought I ſee, you do him better Office
Than he deſires, *Ximena*.
Alphon. (*kneeling*.) Sir, your Pardon;
And if you pleaſe, your Love.
Vera. Receive the firſt,
The laſt as you deſerve.

Re-enter Don Garcia, *with* Victoria, Celidea, *and the Ladies.* Veramond *ſees 'em at a diſtance.*

Vera. This had not been thus eaſily o're-paſt,
But that I ſee Don *Garcia* with your Siſters;
A fair occaſion offers you this hour
To cancel your Offences; mark, and take it.

The K. Q. and Alphonſo *entertain* Garcia *in dumb ſhow, while* Victoria *and* Celidea *ſpeak at a diſtance.*

Celid. What think you, Siſter, of this Youthful Hero?
Victo. Our dear *Alphonſo?*
Celid. No; I mean *Navarre.*
Victo. As of a Valiant Prince; what wou'd you more?
Celid. Methinks you give him a ſhort Commendation;
Yet all his Applications were to you.
Victo. I minded not his words.
Celid. He made a warm beginning of a Love.
Victo. It ſeems my thoughts were otherwiſe employ'd.
Celid. Neither your thoughts, nor eyes cou'd be employ'd
Upon a Nobler Object.
Victo. That's your Judgment.
Celid. His every Action, nay, his every Motion
Were graceful, and becoming his high Birth.
Victo. All of a piece, and all like other Men:
He ſeems to me a common kind of Creature,
One that may paſs among a crowd of Courtiers
And not be known for King.
Celid. Sure you forget the Troops he brought our Father;
Beſides his Perſonal Valour in the Fight.
Victo. You more forget *Alphonſo*'s greater Actions,
When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms,
Made the tough Age of bold *Ramirez* bend:
He fought like *Mars*, deſcending from the Skies,
And look'd like *Venus* riſing from the Waves.
Celid. *Navarre* had done the ſame; 'twas Fortune's fault

That ſhow'd him not *Ramirez.*
Victo. You are too young to judge of Men or Merits ;
You praiſe the Vulgar Flight a Faulcon makes,
When *Jove*'s Imperial Bird, that bears the Thunder,
Is tow'ring far above him.

Re-enter Carlos, Sancho, *and the reſt of the Officers.*

Vera. Are my Commands perform'd?
Carlos. With all exactneſs.
Vera. Approach *Victoria*, and you *Celidea*,
That in your preſence I may pay ſome part
Of what I owe your brave Deliverer.
Celid. We cannot ſhow too much of Gratitude.
Vera. Victoria, what ſay you?
Victo. He did the Duty of a brave Allie :
I do not know the War, nor dare I load
His modeſty with larger Commendations.
Garci. Even thoſe are much too large, when giv'n by you,
To whom my Soul, with all my future Service,
Are with Devotion offer'd.
Vera. I have indeed diſclos'd to her alone
Th' important Secret of th' intended Match.
And that perhaps has made her fear to praiſe
A Prince who ſhortly is to be her own.
Alphon. (aſide.) Oh Heav'ns! what bode theſe words?
[*The Queen and* Celidea *ſhew amazement,* Alphonſo *and* Victoria *diſcontent.*
Vera. Now therefore I declare the wiſht alliance;
Ximena, you may give your Daughter joy;
And you your Siſter, of th' Imperial Crown [*To* Celid.
Which *Garcia* puts on our *Victoria*'s Head.
Your ſhare, *Alphonſo*, in this happy day [*To* Alphon.
Is not the leaſt, nor will you be the laſt
T' applaud my worthy choice of ſuch a Son.
Alphon. A ſudden damp has ſeiz'd my Vital Spirits;
I ſee but through a miſt, and hear far off:
Nay, trouble not your ſelves, a little time

Of needful reſt, and ſolitary thought,
Will mend my health, till when excuſe my preſence.
[*Exit* Alphonſo, *and looks back on* Victoria.

Xime. (*aſide.*) He's much diſturb'd, a ſickneſs of the Soul;
Or I miſtake, he does not like this Marriage.
Aſſiſt us, Heav'n, if I divine aright,
And proſper thy own work.

Vera. (*aſide.*) I like not this,
But muſt diſſemble, till I clear my doubts.
Fortune, brave Prince, has given us this allay; [*To* Garci.
Our Joys were elſe too full:
An hour of ſleep will bring him back reſtor'd;
Mean time we may withdraw.

Garci. (to *Victo.*) Come, my fair Miſtreſs, by your Father's leave
I ſeize this precious Gage.

Victo. Then thank my Father;
He may diſpoſe of all things but my Heart,
And that's my own——(*aſide.*)——Alas! I wiſh it were.
[*Exeunt* Vara. Xime. Celid. Garci. Victo. *and all the Courtiers. Men and Women. The Guards follow:* San. *and* Carl. *remain.*

San. Good news, *Carlos*, the old Jew is dead.

Carl. What Jew?

Sanch. Why the rich Jew, my Father. He's gone to the Boſom of *Abraham* his Father, and I, his Chriſtian Son, am left ſole Heir. Now do I intend to be monſtrouſly in love.

Carl. With whom, Colonel?

Sanch. That's not yet reſolv'd, Colonel; but with one of the Court Ladies. You may ſtand a Man's Friend, *Carlos*, in ſuch a buſineſs.

Carl. You may depend on me, *Sancho*, becauſe my dependance is on you: You got Plunder in the Battel; while I was hack'd and hew'd, and almoſt laid aſleep in the damn'd Bed of Honour.

Sanch. Nay, I confeſs I am a lucky Rogue, for I was born with a Caul upon my Head.

Carl. I'm ſure I came bare enough into the World, and live as barely in it.

Sanch. Make me but luſtily in love, and I'll adopt thee into my Fortune; but thou ſtand'ſt ſhall I, ſhall I, till all the Ladies are out of ſight: Here, take that *Billet Doux* which I have pull'd out by chance from amongſt twenty, that I always wear about me for ſuch occaſions.

Carl. But to which of 'em ſhall I deliver it?

Sanch. Even to her thou can'ſt firſt overtake.
Nay, do not loſe thy time in looking on't, there's no particular Direction, Man; Fortune ever ſuperſcribes my Letters to the Fair Sex; I let her alone to find me out a handſome Miſtreſs; and let me alone to make her kind afterwards.

Carl. But ſuppoſe I ſhou'd happen to deliver it to my own Miſtreſs, for ſhe was in the preſence with her Father.

Sanch. Then I ſuppoſe thou wilt be the firſt that ſhalt repent it, for ſhe will certainly fall in Love with me.

[Lopez *and* Dalinda *re-enter, and walk ſoftly over the Stage.*
Look, there's one of 'em already; my Heart beats at the very ſight of her; this muſt and ſhall be ſhe, by *Cupid.*

Carl. And by *Venus* the very ſhe I love.

Sanch. Prithee no more words then, for Fate will have it ſo.

Carl. *(aſide.)* I know it's impoſſible for her Father to receive him, or her to love him, and yet his good Fortune, and my Raſcally three penny Planet, make me ſuſpicious without Reaſon: But hang Superſtition, I'll draw ſuch a Picture of him, as ſhall do his buſineſs.

Sanch. Now will I ſtand by *Incognito,* like ſome mighty Potentate, and ſee my own Embaſſy deliver'd.

[Carlos *overtakes* Lopez *and* Dalinda *juſt going off, and ſalutes them.*

Lop. Cozen *Carlos,* you are welcome from the Wars; I think I ſaw you in the Show to day.

Carl. The Ceremony hinder'd me from paying my reſpects; but I made haſte, you ſee——

Lop. I hope you'll no more be a Stranger to my Houſe, than you have been formerly: Your Miſtreſs here will be proud to entertain you; and then you ſhall tell me the whole Expedition: I love Battels wonderfully, when a Man may hear 'em without Peril of his Perſon.

Sanch. (*aſide.*) } Nothing of my Letter all this while; Why, when *Carlos?* [*Whiſpering aloud to him.*

Carlos. (*aſide.*) } Now I dare not but deliver it, becauſe he ſees me.

Don Lopez, I have a fooliſh kind of Petition to you. [*To* Lopez.

Lop. Why do you call it a fooliſh Petition?

Carl. Becauſe I bring it from a Fool. There's a Friend of mine, of a plentiful Fortune, that's deſperately in Love with your Fair Daughter, *Dalinda*; and has Commanded me, by your permiſſion, to deliver this Letter to her.

Lopez. A Rich Man's Letter may be deliver'd.

[Carlos *gives her the Letter.*

Dalinda. What's here? A Note without a Superſcription.

[*She ſeems to Read.*

As I Live, a Bill of Exchange for 200 Piſtols,
Charg'd upon a Banker, and payable to the Bearer;
An accompliſht Cavalier, I warrant him; He writes finely, and in the beſt manner.

Carlos. (*aſide.*) } There's the Covetous Sex, at the firſt Syllable, The Fool's good Planet begins to work already; but I ſhall ſtop its Influence.

Lop. Good Cozen Colonel; what manner of Man is my Son-in-Law, that may be?

Carl. D' ye ſee that ſneaking Fellow yonder?

Lop. Who, that Gallant Cavalier?

Dalind. I wiſh it were no worſe.

Carl. Plague, ye make me mad betwixt ye. His outſide's Tawdry, and his inſide's Fool. He's an Uſurer's Son, and his Father was a *Jew*.

Dalind. No matter for all that, he's Rich.

Carlos. He was begot upon the Wife of a deſperate Debtor, Out of pure good Husbandry, to ſave ſomething: He's Covetous by the Father's ſide; A Blockhead by the Mother's; And a Knave by both.

Lopez. I ſee nothing like your deſcription of him, at this diſtance.

Call him hither, I wou'd fain ſpeak with him.

Carl. Come hither, *Don Sancho*, and make good the Character I have given of you. [Sancho *comes up, and ſalutes 'em awkwardly.*

Lop. Cavalier, I ſhall be glad to be better known to you.

Sanch. (*to* Carlos.) You ſee I have Luck in a Bag, *Carlos.*

Carlos. (*aſide.*) Ay, in a Bag of Money, I ſee it to my ſorrow. Try his Wit, Signior, you'll find him as heavy as Lead. [*Aſide to* Lopez.

Lop. (to *Sanch.*) So his Mony be Silver, I care not. Come Cavalier, what ſay you to my Daughter?

Sanch. Why, I ſay, I was reſolv'd to Love the firſt Fair Lady that I met.

Dalind. Oh Lord, Sir!

Carlos. (to *Lopez.*) Do but mark his Breeding.

Lop. I like him never the worſe for his Plain-Dealing.

Dalin. Bluntneſs, methinks, becomes a Souldier.

Carlos. (*aſide.*) How Naturally Old Men take to Riches, and Women to Fools.

Lopez. (to *Sanch.*) You have made a Noble Declaration of your Love, Sir,
With a handſome Preſent of two hundred Piſtols.

Sanch. What, I hope I have not miſtaken Papers, and ſent you my Letter of Exchange for 200 Piſtols, charg'd upon the Banker *Porto Carrero*: Pray return that Letter, Madam; and I'll look out for another, that ſhall Treat only of dry Love, without thoſe terrible Appendixes.

Dalind. Why, did not ye intend this for me, Cavalier?

Sanch. No, you ſhall hear me rap out all the Oaths in Chriſtendom, that I am wholly Innocent of this Accuſation.

Dalind. Come, you bely your Noble Nature; look upon me agen Cavalier, (*ſhe makes the* Doux Yeux *to him.*)
And then Examine your own Heart,
If you meant it not to me.

Sanch. Nay, I confeſs my Heart beats a charge towards ye: (To *Carl.*) And yet Two Hundred Piſtols, is a ſwinging Summ for one kind Look, *Carlos!*

Carlos. (*to him.*) } A Damnable hard Penny-worth! hold you there, *Don Sancho.*

[Dalinda *looks upon him agen, more ſweetly.*

Sanch. She has two Devils in her Eyes, that laſt Ogle was a lick-penny. Well, Madam, I Dedicate thoſe fair Two Hundred Piſtols, to your more fair Hand: And now you have Receiv'd 'em, I meant 'em to you.

Dalind. And, in requital, I recieve you for my Servant, Cavalier.

Carlos. (*aſide.*) } Damn him for his awkward Liberality, he's always Covetous,

But when 'tis to do me a miſchief.

Lopez. (to *Dalind.*) } He's come on again, my Heart was almoſt at my Mouth.

Now, Mrs. Minion, let me take you to task in private.

[*Draws her aſide a little.*

What hope have you, of the *Conde Don Alonzo De Cardona?*

Dalind. Little or none; a bare poſſibility. You know what has paſs'd betwixt us.

Lop. But ſuppoſe he ſhou'd renew his Love; had you rather Marry that Rich Old *Conde*; or, this poor Young Rogue, *Don Carlos?*

Dalind. This Poor Young Rogue, if you pleaſe, Father.

Lop. I thought as much, good Madam; but to come cloſer to the preſent Buſineſs, betwixt *Don Carlos* and *Don Sancho*, That is to ſay, a Poor Young Wit, and a Rich Young Fool; put the Caſe Gentlewoman, which of 'em wou'd you chuſe?

Dalind. If it were not for meer Neceſſity, I have a kind of a loathing to a Fool.

Lopez. The more Fool you, Madam.

Dalind. Wou'd you have a Race of Booby Grandſons?

Lopez. That's as your Conſcience ſerves ye; I ſay only, that your Husband ſhall be a Fool, I ſay, not your Childrens Father ſhall be one.

Sancho. (to *Carlos.*) } This is a plaguy long whiſper, I do not like it. And yet now I think on't, my left Eye itches, ſome good luck is coming towards me.

Lopez. *(to them.)* I'll be ſhort and pithy with ye, *Don Sancho*, I think they call ye? If out of my abundant Love, I ſhou'd beſtow my Dutiful Daughter on you, what kind of Husband wou'd you make?

Sanch. Husband, Sennor? Why, none at all. None of my Predeceſſors were ever Marry'd: My Father and my Mother never were, and I will not be the firſt of my Family that ſhall degenerate; I thought my 200 Piſtols would have done my buſineſs with *Dalinda*, and a little winking Mony with you.

Lop. What, wou'd you make me a Pimp to my own Daughter?

Dalind. And imagine my Chaſtity cou'd be corrupted with a petty Bribe.

Sanch. Nay, I am not ſo obſtinate neither, againſt Marriage; *Carlos* gave me this wicked Counſel, on purpoſe to baniſh me; and in revenge to him, I will Marry.

Lop. I hope you'll ask her leave firſt?

Sanch. Phoo! I take that for granted; no Woman has the power to reſiſt my Courtſhip.

Lop. Suppoſe then, as before ſuppos'd; what kind of Husband wou'd you make?

Sanch. Then to deal roundly with you; I wou'd run a rambling my ſelf, and leave the drudgery of my Houſe to her management: All things ſhou'd go at Sixes and Sevens, for *Sancho*; In ſhort, Sennor, I will be as Abſolute, as the Great Turk, and take as little care of my People, as a Heathen God.

Lop. Now, *Don Carlos*, what ſay you?

Carlos. (*aſide.*) I'll fit 'em for a Husband:
(*To* Lopez) Why, Sennor, I wou'd be the moſt careful Creature of her Buſineſs; I wou'd inſpect every thing, wou'd manage the whole Eſtate to ſave her the trouble; I wou'd be careful of her Health, by keeping her within doors; ſhe ſhou'd neither give nor receive Viſits; nor kneel at Church among the Fops, that Look one way, and Pray another.

Dalind. Oh abominable!

Lopez. Why, thou ungrateful Fellow! wou'dſt thou make a Slave of my Daughter? And leave her no Buſineſs; that is to ſay, no Authority in her own Houſe?

Dalind. Ay, and to call Fine Young Gentlemen Fops too? To lock me up from Viſitants, which are the only Comfort of a Diſconſolate, Miſerable, Married Woman!

Lopez. And 'twere not for fear thou ſhou'dſt beat me, I cou'd find in my Heart to beat thee. *Don Sancho* I have an Olla at home, and you ſhall be welcome to it. Farewel Kinſman. [*To* Carlos.

[*Exeunt* Lopez, *and* Sancho, *leading out* Dalinda.

Carlos. Now, If I had another Head, I cou'd find in my Heart, to run this Head againſt that wall. Nature has given me my Portion in Senſe, with a Pox to her, and turn'd me out into the wide World to ſtarve upon it. She has given *Sancho* an empty Noddle; but Fortune in revenge has fill'd his Pockets: juſt a Lord's Eſtate in Land and Wit. Well, I have loſt *Dalinda*; and ſomething muſt be done to undermine *Sancho* in her good Opinion: Some pernicious Counſel muſt be given him: He is my Prince, and I am his States-Man; and when our two Intereſts come to claſh, I hope to make a meer Monarch of him: And my Hunger is ſomewhat in my way to quicken my Invention.

Want whets the Wit, 'tis true; but Wit not bleſt
With Fortune's Aid, makes Beggars at the beſt.
Wit is not fed, but ſharpn'd with Applauſe,
For Wealth is ſolid Food, and Wit but hungry Sauſe.

Exit.

D ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene is a Bed-Chamber, a Couch prepar'd, and ſet ſo near the Pit that the Audience may hear.

Alphonſo *enters with a Book in his hand, and ſits; reads to himſelf a little while: Enter* Victoria, *and ſits by him, then ſpeaks.*

Victo. IF on your Private Bus'neſs I intrude,
Forgive th' exceſs of Love that makes me rude:
I hope your ſickneſs has not reacht your Heart;
But come to bear a ſuff'ring Siſter's part:
Yet, leſt I ſhou'd offend you by my ſtay,
Command me to depart, and I obey.
Alphon. The Patient who has paſs'd a ſleepleſs night,
Is far leſs pleas'd with his Phyſician's ſight:
Welcome thou pleaſing, but thou ſhort Reprieve;
To eaſe my Death, but not to make me live.
Welcome, but welcome as a Winter's Sun,
That riſes late, and is too quickly gone.
Victo. You are the Star of Day, the publick Light:
And I am but your Siſter of the Night:
Eclips'd when you are abſent from my ſight.
Alphon. Death will for ever take me from your Eyes;
But grieve not you, for when I Sett, you Riſe.
Don *Garcia* has deſerv'd to be your Choice,
And 'tis a Brother's Duty to rejoyce.
Victo. And yet methought you gave him not your Voice.
Alph. You ſaw a ſudden Sickneſs left me weak;
I had no Joy to give, nor Tongue to ſpeak:
And therefore I withdrew, to ſeek Relief
In Books, the fruitleſs Remedies of Grief.

Victo. But tell me what Philoſopher you found
To cure your Pain?
Alph. The fitteſt for my Wound;
Who beſt the gentle Paſſions knows to move;
Ovid, the ſoft Philoſopher of Love:
His *Love Epiſtles* for my Friends I choſe;
For there I found the Kindred of my Woes.
Victo. His Nymphs the Vows of Perjur'd Men deplore;
One in the Woods, and one upon the Shoar:
All are at length forſaken or betray'd;
And the falſe Hero leaves the faithful Maid.
Alphon. Not all: for *Linus* kept his Conſtancy:
And one, perhaps, who more reſembled me.
Victo. That Letter wou'd I view: in hope to find
Some Features of the Fair that rules your Mind.
Alph. Read, for the guilty Page is doubled down:
The Love too ſoon will make the Lover known.
[*Giving her the Book.*
Read, if you dare, and when the Crime you ſee,
Accuſe my cruel Fate, but pity me.
Victo. (*aſide.*) 'Tis what I fear'd, th' unhappy *Canace!*
Read you; for to a Brother 'twas deſign'd, [*To him.*
And ſent him by a Siſter much too kind.

Alphonſo *takes the Book, and reads.*
Why did thy Flames beyond a Brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than Siſter's Love?
[He looks upon her, and ſhe holds down her Head.

He reads again.
My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boaſt:
My Food grew loathſom, and my Strength I loſt:
Still, e're I ſpoke, a ſigh wou'd ſtop my Tongue:
Short were my ſlumbers, and my Nights were long.
I knew not from my Love thoſe Griefs did grow:
Yet was, alas! the thing I did not know.
[She looks on him, and he holds down his Head.

Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell.
Victo. No more: We know our mutual Love too well.
[*Both look up, and meet each others Eyes.*
Alph. Two Lines in reading had eſcap'd my ſight:
Shall I go back, and do the Poet right?
Victo. Already we have read too far, I fear:
But read no more than Modeſty may bear.

Alphonſo reading.
For I lov'd too, and knowing not my wound,
A ſecret Pleaſure in thy Kiſſes found.
[He offers to kiſs her, and ſhe turns her Head away.
May we not repreſent the Kiſs we read?
Victo. *Alphonſo*, no: Brother, I ſhou'd have ſaid!

Alphonſo reading again.
When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full Conſent:
Then, with tumultuous Joys, my Heart did beat:
And Guilt that made 'em Anxious, made 'em Great.
[She ſnatches the Book, and throws it down, then riſes and walks, he riſes alſo.
Victo. Incendiary Book, Polluted Flame,
Dare not to tempt the Chaſt *Victoria*'s Fame.
I love, perhaps, more than a Siſter ſhou'd:
And Nature prompts; but Heav'n reſtrains my Blood.
Heav'n was unkind, to ſet ſo ſtrict a Bound:
And Love wou'd ſtruggle to forbidden Ground.
Oh let us gain a *Parthian* Victory;
Our only way to conquer, is to fly.
Alph. No more, *Victoria*; tho my Love aſpires
More high than yours, and fiercer are my Fires:
I cannot bear your looks; new Flames ariſe
From ev'ry Glance; and kindle from your Eyes.
Pure are the Beams which from thoſe Suns your dart;
But gather blackneſs from my ſooty Heart:
Then let us each with haſty ſteps remove;
Nor ſpread Contagion, where we meant but Love.

Victo. Hear Heav'n and Earth, and witneſs to my Vows;
And Love, thou greateſt Power that Nature knows;
This Heart, *Alphonſo*, ſhall be firmly thine;
This Hand ſhall never with another joyn.
Or if by force my Father makes me wed;
Then Death ſhall be the Bridegroom of my Bed.
Now let us both our ſhares of Sorrow take;
And both be wretched for each others ſake.

Alph. By thoſe relentleſs Powers that rule the Skies;
And by a greater Power, *Victoria*'s Eyes,
No Love but yours ſhall touch *Alphonſo*'s Heart;
Nor Time, nor Death, my vow'd Affections part.
Nor ſhall my hated Rival live to ſee
That hour which envious Fate denies to me.
Now ſeal we both our Vows with one dear Kiſs.

Victo. No, 'tis a hot, and an inceſtuous Bliſs!
Let both be ſatisfi'd with what we ſwore;
I dare not give it, leſt I give you more.

[*Exit* Victoria *looking back on him, and he gazing on her.*

Alph. Oh Raging, Impious, and yet hopeleſs Fire;
Not daring to poſſeſs what I deſire.
Condemn'd to ſuffer what I cannot bear;
Tortur'd with Love, and Furious with Deſpair.
Of all the Pains which wretched Mortals prove,
The feweſt Remedies belong to Love:
But ours has none: for if we ſhou'd enjoy,
Our fatal Cure muſt both of us deſtroy.
Oh Dear *Victoria*, cauſe of all my Pain!
Oh Dear *Victoria*, whom I wou'd not gain!
Victoria, for whoſe ſake I wou'd ſurvive:
Victoria, for whoſe ſake I dare not live.

Enter Garcia *with Attendants. The two Princes ſalute, but* Alphonſo *very coldly.*

Garci. I come to ſhew my grief for your Diſtemper:
For if my Noble Brother ſaw my Heart,

There ſhou'd you find a Plain, a Holy Friendſhip,
Unmixt with Intereſt, equally partaking
Of what affects you, both of good and ill.

Alphon. I thank you; but my Malady increaſes
At your approach; I have no more to ſay,
But wiſh you better health than I can boaſt;
And to my ſelf a lonely Privacy.

Garci. I find I am not welcome to your ſight:
But know not from what cauſe.

Alphon. *(angrily.)* My ſureſt Remedy is in your abſence:
'Tis hard my Lodgings cannot be my own;
But importun'd with Viſits, undeſir'd;
And therefore, I muſt tell you, troubleſom.

Garci. 'Tis an odd way of entertaining Friends.
But ſince I find you diſcompos'd with ſickneſs,
That ſhall excuſe your Humours; where I go
I hope for better Welcome.

Alphon. Sir, I muſt ask whom you pretend to viſit?

Garci. My Miſtreſs, Prince.

Alphon. Your Miſtreſs! who's that Miſtreſs?

Garci. What need I name *Victoria?*

Alphon. Who? my Siſter?

Garci. Whom elſe cou'd you imagine?

Alphon. Any other.

Garci. And why not her?

Alphon. Becauſe I know not if ſhe will admit you.

Garci. Her Father has allow'd it.

Alph. But not ſhe;
Or if both have, yet my conſent is wanting.
You take upon you in a Foreign Kingdom,
As if you were at home in your *Navarre.*

Garci. And you, methinks,
As if you had no Father, or no King.
Farewell, I will not ſtay.

Alphon. You ſhall not go:
Thus as I am, thus ſingle, thus unarm'd,
And you with Guards attended——

Gar. You Teach me to forget the Rule of Manners.
Alph. I mean to Teach you better.
[*As* Garcia *is going to paſs by him,* Alphonſo *runs to one of his Attendants, and ſnatches his Sword away, then ſteps between* Garcia *and the Door.*

Enter Veramond *and* Ximena, *Attended.*

Vera. What means this rude Behaviour in my Court?
As if our *Arragon* were turn'd to *Thrace*;
Unhoſpitable to her Gueſts, and thou
Alphonſo, a *Lycurgus.*
Alphon. He would paſs
Without my Siſter's leave, into her Lodgings.
By Heav'n, if this be ſuffer'd to proceed,
The next will be, to Treat the Royal Maid
As courſly, as ſhe were ſome Suburb Girl.
Gar. (*to* Vera.) Had I not your Permiſſion, Sir?
Vera. You had.
But theſe, *Alphonſo*, are thy Ruffian Manners.
How dar'ſt thou, Boy, to break my Orders,
And then aſperſe thy Siſter with thy Crime?
Alphon. She ſaid his Preſence was unpleaſing to her.
Vera. Come, thou bely'ſt her Innocence and Duty:
She did not, durſt not, ſay it.
Alph. If ſhe did not,
I dare, and will maintain to all the World,
That *Garcia*, is not worthy of my Siſter.
Vera. Not worthy?
Alphon, No; I ſay once more, not worthy.
Garcia. Not in my ſelf; for who deſerves *Victoria*?
But, ſince her Royal Father bids me hope,
Not leſs unworthy than another Prince.
(To *Ver.*) And none, with your permiſſion, Sir, ſhall dare
To interpoſe, betwixt my Love and Me.
Alph. Sure a leſs Price than our Infanta's Bed,
Might pay thee for thy Mercenary Troops.
Vera. Peace, Inſolent, too long I have indur'd

Thy Haughty Soul, untam'd and turbulent :
But, if I Live, this ſhall not paſs unpuniſht ;
Darkneſs and Chains, are Medicines for a Madman.
Ximena. My Lord, I humbly beg you, ſpare your Son ;
And add not Fury to a Raging Fire.
He ſoon will recollect his ſcatter'd Reaſon ;
Which Heat of Youth, and Sickneſs, and Fatigues,
Have diſſipated in his boyling Blood.
Give him but time, and then his Temperate Humour
Will ſoon return into the Native Channel ;
And, unoppos'd, be calm.
Vera. No, never more :
The Moon has roul'd above his Head, and turn'd it ;
As Peals of Thunder ſow'r the generous Wine.
(To *Alph.*) Hence from my Preſence thou, no more my Son.
Ximena. If he be Mad, be Madneſs his excuſe ;
And Pardon Nature's Error, not his own.
Vera. Ximena, you have fonded him to this ;
I Propheſied ; and now 'tis come to paſs.
Gar. Perhaps, I interrupted him too rudely :
And ſince I caus'd, my ſelf, that ill Reception,
Forgive our mutual Faults.
Vera. You ſhall prevail ;
Tho' he deſerves not ſuch an Interceſſor :
(To *Alphon.*) Retire, *Alphonſo*, to your inmoſt Lodgings ;
And there incloſe your ſelf, and mourn your Crimes :
Be this your laſt Relapſe ; the next is Fatal.
Alphon. I will retire.
But, if I am a Madman, as you ſay ;
And as I half believe, expect no Cure,
But in *Alphonſo's* Death. [Alphonſo *goes in.*
Ximena. (*aſide.*) It works apace :
But whither it will tend, Heaven only knows.
[Veramond *ſees the Book upon the Ground, and takes it up.*
Vera. This Book he left ; go bear it after him.
Yet ſtay, I know not why, but ſomewhat prompts me
To Read this folded Page.
(To *Garcia.*) Go, Royal Youth,

I wou'd my ſelf conduct you to *Victoria*:
But Lovers need no Guide to their Deſires:
And Love no Witneſs, but himſelf Requires.

[*Exeunt the King and Queen one way, with their Attendants, and* Don Garcia *with his, another.*

The SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Carlos, *before* Don Lopez *his Door.*

Carlos. That's the Door of *Lopez*, and *Sancho* muſt come out this way; now Fool ſit faſt, for thou ſhalt not want for peſtilent Advice: But firſt, I muſt know, how far thou haſt proceeded with the Father and the Daughter, that I may know what Drugs I muſt prepare, for the preſent Condition of my Patient; oh, the Door opens already, and he bolts out ſingle, as I wiſht.

Enter Sancho, *picking his Teeth.*

Sancho. What, *Carlos*, you have Din'd before me; but, it may be, you ha' not far'd ſo well.

Carlos. The beſt part of your Entertainment, I ſuppoſe, was the Deſſert of the Fair *Dalinda* after Dinner; and how, and how, go Matters?

Sancho. Better than thou wou'dſt have 'em, thou wou'dſt have put a ſpoke in my Wheel, I know it.

Carlos. No, Fortune always ſets thoſe of your Admirable Underſtanding uppermoſt; but remember, *Dalinda* was once mine, however.

Sancho. Thou wou'dſt not have me give the Box away, when I have thrown Seven? Come, ſet upon it what thou dar'ſt, and I'le give thee leave to do thy worſt.

Carlos. You are very confident of your good Luck.

Sancho. Thou know'ſt, I have a perpetual aſcendant over thee.

Carl. And you are ſure to carry her?

Sanch. She is fond of my Perſon; ſhe ogled me all Dinner time; ſhe put her foot under the Table, and trod upon mine; and if theſe are not certain Symptoms of Paſſion, the Devil's in Womankind.

Carl. And her Father?

Sanch. The goodeſt Old Man; he drank my Health to his Daughter; and I, to comply with my Obligation, anſwer'd the Challenge; there I think I was with her again.

Carl. You have no more to do but to take out a Licence.

Sanch. Indeed I have her Licence for it.

Carl. What, quibbling too in your Proſperity? If you let another I ſhall be inrag'd. But you have not told me that her Father is conſenting.

Sanch. In a manner: But———

Carl. But what; is he not abſolutely yours?

Sanch. There's a ſmall demur upon the matter; in ſhort, he hit me in the Teeth with a damnable Rich Old *Conde*; who, I find, has been dabbling with this Covetons Old Huncks; but, bating him, *Don Lopez* tells me I ſhall be the welcomeſt Man alive.

Carl. Do you know that *Conde*'s Name?

Sanch. *Don* ſomething *de Cardona*, whom the Devil confound.

Carl. My old Acquaintance; he charged with me in the Battel, but what became of him I know not; if he be the Man, deſpair betimes, *Sancho*, he'll revenge my Quarrel, and carry her in ſpight of you.

Sanch. I am cunning, you know; and I believe he nam'd that curſed *Conde*, only to draw me on the faſter.

Carl. And do you think a Gentleman can ſucceed againſt a *Conde*, with a Woman?

Sanch. Why not?

Carl. No more than a *Conde* againſt a Duke, and ſo upwards.

Abandon her, I ſay.

Sanch. No; I am reſolute.

Carl. To be the Shoeing-horn for the *Conde?*

Sanch. I confeſs, I wou'd not be the Shoeing-horn to draw him on.

Carl. No; for that's to be a Pimp for him.

Sanch. Right; therefore I will leave her.

Carl. Then go back; and quarrel with her and her Father; Go, I ſay, immediately before your Virtue cools.

Sanch. I'll give 'em their own, I'll warrant 'em: what, make a Shoeing-horn of a Man of Honour?

[*Exit* Sancho.

Carl. (*alone.*) If the *Conde* be in Love, then why ſhou'd *Lopez* admit of *Sancho* for a Suitor; if not, the Fool is in the right, that it was only feign'd to draw him on. However, my advice will ſtrike on both ſides; for if *Sancho* quarrels he's diſcarded, and for the *Conde*——ſtay a little——What if I ſhou'd play this *Conde?* I know him, and can Mimmick him exactly, 'tis but a Jeſt if I am diſcovered; and if the *Conde* loves her, and ſhe him, then I marry her in his ſhape——Oh, they are coming out to quarrel in the open Air; for the Houſe is grown too hot for 'em; but I dare not ſtay to ſee the Battel, for fear of getting blows on both ſides.

[*Exit* Carlos.

Enter Lopez, Dalinda, *and* Sancho.

Lopez. I'll wait upon you out of my Houſe, however.

Sanch. Father-in-Law, that might have been, no more Ceremonies, I'll be no Shoeing-horn for any Man.

Lop. You wou'd not be my Daughter's hinderance?

Sanch. There's no more to be ſaid on't; but either a Bargain, or no Bargain.

Lop. A Bargain, if the *Conde* comes not on.

Sanch. Then as he comes on, I muſt go off, with a Pox to you; and to your Daughter.

Dalind. At leaſt it ſhall not be a Pox of your giving.

Sanch. The *Conde*'s Pox take you then ; that's an Honourable Pox deſcended in a right Line from *Don Rodoric* the *Goth*, I'll warrant you.

Lop. Indeed, if your Eſtate were as great as his——

Sanch. Nay, for that matter I can drop Gold with him, as little as I care for her.

Dalind. But then his Title?

Sanch. I have more Gold yet, to weigh down his Parchment. And then my Wit againſt a *Conde*'s Wit, that's for Overplus ; for tho I ſay it——

Lop. Who ſhou'd not ſay it.

Sanch. Yet I do ſay it, and will ſay it, eſpecially as Lords go now : Come, there's no more to be ſaid, *Lopez* ; but take back your Trumpery, I mean your Daughter ; or I'll ſend for the Scavenger with a Dung Cart.

Lop. This is inſufferable : and by this Honourable Beard—

Sanch. Which I'll pull off by handfuls, if you ſwagger—

Lop. (aſide to *Dalinda.*) What ſhall we do with this Madman, Daughter?

Dalind. You ſhou'd ſend for an Alguazile to order him, if I were ſure that the *Conde* wou'd come on again ; but ſince that's uncertain, go in, Father, and let me alone with him, if I make him your Son-in-Law, that's Puniſhment ſufficient for him.

Lop. Well, Cavalier, you may chance to hear of me.

[*Exit* Lopez.

Sanch. Yes, and of your Daughter too, in the next Lampoon, I doubt not——(*To* Dalinda.) Why don't you follow him? What do you and I together, Madam Counteſs?

Dalind. Nay, I know not.

Sanch. Nor I neither.

Dalind. I hope you will not beat me.

[*She looks languiſhingly upon him.*

Sanch. I can't tell that——Thou haſt a damnable kind of lear that wou'd provoke me to ſomething——I ſay not what.

Dalind. Beat me with my own hand, if I deſerve it, there 'tis for you.

[*Gives him her hand, and ſqueezes his.*

Sanch. If I ſhould beat thee now, as thou haſt deſerv'd richly, I cou'd make thee ſatisfaction.

Dalind. Indeed, they ſay an old Man ſhou'd never beat a young Woman, becauſe he cannot make her ſatisfaction.

Sanch. Abominable Chuck. If I did not hate thee mortally, I cou'd be content to love thee for a quarter of an hour, or ſo——Why, what's here to do? You are at your old tricks again: Prithee, ſweet Devil, do not ogle me, nor ſqueeze my Palm ſo feelingly, thou dear Infernal, do not.

Dalind. Why, do I hurt you?

Sanch. No, but thou tickleſt me to the very Heart-ſtrings, moſt wickedly.

Dalind. You command me then to leave you?

[*Seems to be going.*

Sanch. Not command you neither, not abſolutely.

Dalind. I go then——

Sanch. Then I do command thee——I mean, to ſtay a little longer. Thou haſt fir'd my blood moſt horribly, with that ſqueezing; haſt not thou the Itch? ſpeak, Damnation, I think I have got the Infection of thee——

[*He ſhakes his hands.*

Dalind. I'll go and comfort my poor old Father, for the Affront you gave him.

Sanch. No, Perverſeneſs; I'll make thee ſtay, in very ſpight of thy proud Sex I'll humble thee.

Dalind. But was not you a grievous Man to uſe him ſo? You ſhall tell me, or I break your Fingers.

Sanch. Not a word, to ſave thee from Perdition; I am as dumb as a Heathen Oracle.

Dal. Then I muſt ſqueeze it out of you——

[*Preſſing his hand again.*

Sanch. Ah, ah, it runs through me like Wild Fire——

[*Panting.*

Dalind.

Dal. Did not *Carlos* give you this naughty Counſel?

San. I ſhou'd not anſwer thee, I know it. Heartlykins, this is juſt cramping a Man when he's aſleep, to make him tell his Dream; let go my hand, and *Carlos* did not adviſe me, but hold it, and he did; now will you be at quiet with me?

Dal. Not, till you promiſe me to be Friends with my Father.

San. Well, confound thee, I am Friends with him.

Dal. And to baniſh *Carlos* for an Evil Counſellor.

San. Upon condition, you'l diſcharge the Count from ſeeing you.

Dal. No Conditions, either ſurrender upon Diſcretion, or I'le put you to the Sword.

San. Pox on thee, for being ſo Tyrannical, but I can't help my ſelf, and therefore I totally ſubmit.

Dal. Now then, you ſhall perceive how Gracious a Princeſs I intend to be; my Father dotes upon this Count, but I deſpiſe him.

San. That's a good Girl; for Love of me, I'le warrant you.

Dal. You think I cokes you now.

San. No, I know my own Merit too well for that.

Dal. Then do what I adviſe you; my Father has not often ſeen this Count; what if you ſhou'd paſs for him?

San. Hum, I do not apprehend thee.

Dal. A Man of your Wit, and be ſo ſtupid; you ſhall counterfeit the Count.

Sanch. Counterfeit the Count, that's a pure quibble, but I can make no more on't.

Dal. He's an Old Fellow, and a Fool; now, you ſhall take upon you to be this Count, to deceive my Father; and I'le keep your Counſel, and Teach you how to Repreſent him.

San. Oh, now I underſtand you; but 'tis impoſſible for me to counterfeit a Fool.

Dal. I'le warrant you, truſt Nature.

San. A Man of my Senſe, can never hide his Parts.

Dal. No, but you may ſhew 'em; go back to your Lodgings, I'le provide you Cloaths, and ſend you Directions in

Writing, how to behave your ſelf before my Father——One word more, be ſure you manage this in private, and ſhut out *Carlos*, leſt he ſhould diſcover our Intriegue.

San. Well, I will ſtrive for once to get the better of my Wit, and play the Natural as naturally as I can, but you had better come your ſelf and Teach me, for you have put me in a pure way of taking your Inſtructions.

[*Exit* Sancho.

Dalind. (*alone.*) When I conſider what has paſs'd between the Count and me, there's little Reaſon to believe, a Man ſhou'd put on a foul Shirt again, when he has put it off already, and has change of Linnen by him; however, my Father ſhall know nothing of this Diſguiſe, for he that ſold my firſt Maidenhead to the Lord, may ſell my ſecond to the Fool; and that wou'd be too much in Conſcience, that a Woman once in twice, ſhou'd not have the Letting her own Freehold; and therefore, I will have the Selling of my ſelf, and *Sancho*, ſhall have the refuſal of the Bargain.

Wiſe Heav'n, in pity to the Sex, deſign'd
Fools, for the laſt Relief of Womankind.
Two Married Wits, no quiet can enjoy:
Two Fools together wou'd the Houſe deſtroy.
But Providence, to level Humane Life,
Made the Fool Husband, for the Witty Wife.

[*Exit* Dalinda.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene, Victoria's *Chamber.*

Enter Alphonſo, *with Muſick.*

A Song is Sung : when it is beginning, Victoria *Enters.*

Song of *Jealouſie.*

1.

WHat State of Life can be ſo bleſt
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breaſt?
Two Souls in one, the ſame deſire
To grant the Bliſs, and to require!
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſie!
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

2.

All other ills, tho ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect Love:
In abſence, or unkind diſdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's pain:
But ah, no Cure but Death we find,
To ſet us free
From Jealouſie:
O Jealouſie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind.

3.

Falſe, in thy Glaſs all Objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too far:
Thou art the Fire of endleſs Night,
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.
All Torments of the Damn'd we find
In only thee
O Jealouſie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

[*Exeunt Muſitians.*

Alphon. 'TIS true, my Tyrant Father has confin'd me;
But Love, who traverſes the World at will,
Who knows not Awe, nor Law, nor Parentage,
Has broke my Tedder, and enlarg'd my bounds.
Vict. Retire betimes, the Court is full of Eyes;
As Eagles ſharp, fatal as Baſiliſques;
Who Live on Looking, and who See to Death.
Alphon. I come but to depart, and go for ever:
Becauſe denied the common Rights of Nature;
Which the Firſt Brother, and Firſt Siſter had.
Why, were not you and I that Happy Pair?
But Nature doats with Age.
Vict. What-e're it be, 'tis paſt redreſs, *Alphonſo.*
Alphon. But then, ſhall *Garcia* take thee in his Arms?
Glutted with Joys, which I wou'd dye to Taſt:
No, let me ſtab the Wretch in every Vein;
And leave him dry of Pleaſure, e're we part.
Vict. *Alphonſo*, no, you cannot Kill *Don Garcia*,
But you declare the Cauſe, and own your Love.
Alphon. And what care I, what after Ages ſay
Alphonſo did, to make *Alphonſo* Happy?
But oh, you Love; and wou'd preſerve his Life
To be for ever his.
Vict. My Deareſt Brother:
I Hate your Rival, and I Dye for you.
All but my Spotleſs Honour ſhall be yours.
Alphon. By Heaven! but that word Heaven comes croſs

my Thoughts———

Vict. Beware; for by my own, I gueſs your Paſſion.
You wou'd I fear———

Alphon. Enjoy my Heaven one moment.———

Vict. And part with it for ever: Think on that.

Alphon. That moment were Eternity in little:
A mighty Summ, but taken on content;
To ſave the tedious telling o're and o're.

Vict. Oh, we are too long together.

Alphon. Fear you that?

Vict. I ought to fear it; but I truſt my Virtue.
Depart, my Soul, I will not ask you whither;
For fear, I ſhou'd Repent of my Repentance;
And follow you to Death.

Alphon. I go, *Victoria*:
But Love's cold Fit of Jealouſie returns;
You muſt not be *Don Garcia*'s; Swear, you will not.

Vict. I Swear I will not, by my own conſent.

Alphon. You may be forc'd; oh, curſed Jealouſie,
Thou Baſtard Son of Love, unlike thy Father,
Why doſt thou ſtill Torment me?

Vict. Truſt my Honour.

Alphon. That may be chaft into a warmth, *Victoria*.
Talk, Seeing, Touching, are Incendiaries.
And theſe may mount your Young Deſires, like Straw
To meet the Jett that draws you.

Vict. Truſt my Love.

Alphon. I Swear I truſt it, but I fear your Beauty:
'Tis a fair Fruit that hangs upon the Bough:
Tempts and is Tempted.

Vict. 'Tis indeed a Fruit;
Seen and deſir'd of all, while yet unpull'd,
But can be gather'd by one only Hand.

Alphon. That one, is *Garcia*; ſtill the Fit returns;
I wiſh my Jealouſie cou'd quench my Love.

Vict. It cannot, if I meaſure yours by mine:
Or if extinguiſht, like a trail of ſmoak
From a Wax Taper, ſoon wou'd light again.

Alphon. 'Tis ſo, for when I ſay I will not Love,
Then I Love moſt: Farewell my only Joy,
I go to hide me from the World and you.
Victo. As when the Sun is down,
His Light is clipt into a thouſand Stars,
So your ſweet Image, tho you ſhine not on me,
Will guild the horrour of the Night, and make
A pleaſing Scene of ſolitary Grief.

Enter Veramond *and* Ximena, *he with an* Ovid *in his hand.*

Vera. How dar'ſt thou, Rebel, thus provoke my Patience,
Beyond all ſufferance, and tranſgreſs thy Bounds?
Alphon. When Kings and Fathers, on their Sons and Subjects
Exact intollerable things to bear,
Nature and Self-defence diſpence with Duty.
Vera. Oh Heav'n, what horrid Sin have I committed!
That I was puniſh'd to beget this Son?
Alph. I cou'd ask Heaven another Queſtion too;
But that 'tis not ſo decent: In few words,
Hither I came to take my lateſt leave
Of dear *Victoria*, then depart for ever.
And buried in ſome ſolitary Cave,
Forgetting and forgotten, end my Days.
Vera. 'Tis what thou haſt deſerv'd: perform thy Pennance.
Ximen. So hard a Sentence for ſo ſmall a Fault?
Are you a Father, Sir?
Vera. Is he a Son?
Thou know'ſt not his Offence.
But mark the glowing Blood, the guilty Fluſh
Upon *Victoria*'s Face, and read it there.
Ximen. I know not what you mean.
Vera. *Victoria*, ſpeak
And clear your ſelf——She anſwers not a word.
Nay then my fears are true, on both ſides guilty.
Victo. (*aſide.*) 'Tis found; and we are loſt.

Vera. But what needs more Conviction: Know you this?
[*Shewing the* Ovid *to* Alphonſo.
This Book the Tutor of Inceſtuous Love?
The Page is doubled down, and points thee to thy Crime.
I fear'd, before, from every rolling glance;
How quick they ſhot upon thy Siſter's Face:
And ſhe receiv'd them all, like ſmoaking Flax;
Confeſs'd the Fire, and anſwer'd to the Flame.

Vict. I Love my Brother, and avow that Fire:
His Love to me, has rais'd his Noble Thoughts
To Brave Atchievements, for your Crown and you.
For Love's the Steel, that ſtrikes upon the Flint:
Gives Coldneſs Heat, exerts the hidden Flame;
And ſpreads the Sparkles round, to warm the World.

Vera. Oh Heav'ns, ſhe makes a Merit of her Crime.
Victoria, I wou'd yet think better of thee,
And therefore dare I not enquire too far;
Willing to doubt the Guilt I fear to find.
Depart, and Anſwer not. [*Exit* Victoria.
For thee, whom I abhor to call my Son, [*To* Alphonſo.
And wiſh thou wert a Stranger to my Blood——

Ximena. (*aſide.*) That was a happy hint; I muſt improve it.

Vera. One way, and only one, remains to clear thee:
If, with a Holy Fire, thou Lov'ſt thy Siſter,
Aſpiring but to Fame, not ſinking down
Into th' abyſs of Luſt unnatural,
Conſent that ſhe may be *Don Garcia*'s Wife;
Elſe give the Lye to all thy fair Pretences;
And ſtand expos'd a Monſter of Mankind:
Foul as the Fiends, which fell from Heaven's high Towers,
Fall thou from Empire ſo; and from my ſight;
Depart, Accurſt for ever.

Alph. Gladly I leave you; but ſhall go more lightly,
If eas'd of this your dreadful Imprecation:
O! let me go unloaded with your Curſe;
And I will bleſs you for my Baniſhment.

Vera. So may that Bleſſing or that Curſe o'retake thee,
As thou Obey'ſt or Diſobey'ſt my Will.

Alph. Guiltleſs of Sin, with Conſcience to my Friend,
I go, to ſhun that fatal Hour, that ſhews me
Victoria Married, and *Alphonſo* loſt.

[*He's going.*

Ximena. Stay yet, *Alphonſo*; for one moment ſtay:
For ſomewhat, if I durſt, I have to ſpeak,
Which wou'd at leaſt take half thy load away;
And free thy ſhoulders from the weight of Sin.

Vera. *Ximena*, dar'ſt thou hope to palliate Inceſt,
And gild ſo black a Crime?

Ximena. I gild it not; but if I prove it none,
You may be kind, *Alphonſo* may be happy,
And theſe Domeſtick Jarrs, for ever ceaſe.

Vera. Explain your ſelf.

Ximena. Afford me then your Patience.
A mighty Secret labours in my Soul,
And like a ruſhing Stream breaks down the Dam;
This day muſt give it vent, it reſts in you
To make it end in a Tempeſtuous Night,
Or in a Glorious Evening.

Vera. No more Preface.

Ximena. You wonder at *Alphonſo*'s haughty Carriage,
His fiery Temper, and his awleſs Mind.

Vera. Too true, *Ximena.*

Ximena. And he wonders more
At your harſh Nature, and your rugged uſage,
On each ſide unbecoming Son and Father;
And yet the cauſe of both is to be found.
But e're I farther ſhall proceed to ſpeak;
Command your Royal Priſoner to be brought;
For I muſt be confronted with *Ramirez*:
And in his Preſence tell you wondrous things;
Which if he vouch not, let *Ximena* Dye.

Vera. I ſent for him to hear his final Doom:
And think he waits without.
Admit the Priſoner.

[*He goes to the Door and ſpeaks.*

Enter Ramirez, *Guarded.*

Now, Sir, is yet your Haughty Soul reſolv'd
To quit your empty Title for your Freedom ?
Ximena. *Ramirez*, anſwer not, to raiſe his Paſſion :
For now th' important Secret of our Lives
Muſt come to Publick view ; and on that hinge
Depends thy Crown, thy Liberty, and Life,
My Honour and thy Son's.
Alpho. (*aſide.*) What means my Mother ?
Vera. A Son, *Ramirez* ?
Ram. Yes, a Son I had.
Vera. He Dyed an Infant here in *Saragoſſa.*
Ram. A living Son I have ; and ſince the Queen
Is pleas'd t' expoſe my Life,
Before a Judge ſo prejudic'd as you :
Undaunted in the Face of Death I ſpeak ;
And claim *Alphonſo* mine.
Vera. There needs no more ; I ſpare thee all the reſt :
My Wife's Adultery, thy foul Interloping ;
My own Diſhonour, and that Baſtard's Birth.
Ximena. Injurious words, unfitting you to ſpeak ;
And me, my Lord, and thoſe concern'd to hear.
Alph.(to *Vera.*)Tho' I wou'd give what e're the Sun beholds
Not to be yours ; yet, when my Mother's Fame
Is queſtion'd, none ſhall wrong her Innocence :
Nor ſhall *Ramirez* go
Unpuniſht for that Infamous Aſperſion.
Ramir. *Alphonſo*, Peace, your Father bids you Peace.
Vera. Then, what am I ?
Ramir. His Foſter-Father.
Vera. Impudently ſaid :
And yet I hope 'tis true ; ſo much I hate him,
That I cou'd buy the Publick Scorn, to be
An Alien to his Blood.
Ximena. Have patience, Sir ;
And you ſhall have your wiſh, on cheaper Terms,

But hear me ſpeak.
Vera. Good Heav'n, then give me patience.
Ximena. When you and brave *Ramirez*, then your Friend,
Me and my Siſter Married, four full Years
We paſs'd in Barren Wedlock, Childleſs both;
Ramirez, you remember, brought his Queen
To *Saragoſſa* on a friendly Viſit:
Then as we both were Married on one day;
We both Conceiv'd together.
Vera. I obſerve it:
That when *Ramirez* came, you both Conceiv'd,
Mark that; and if thou haſt the Face, proceed.
Ximena. My Lord, I dare;
You took me once aſide; and as your Rage
Inſpir'd your Soul, ſpoke thus; *Ximena*, know
That if the Fruit thou bear'ſt, be not a Son,
Henceforth, no more my Queen, we part for ever.
The word was hard, I bore it as I cou'd;
I Pray'd, and Heav'n in pity heard my Vows:
Two Boys in one fair Morning were diſclos'd;
By me, and by my Siſter.
And both the Fathers equally were Bleſt.
Vera. Say one was Bleſt with two; and ſpeak more truly.
Ximena. Forbear this Language, Sir; or I am Dumb;
It ſeems that you deſerv'd not him you had:
For, in ſev'n days, Heav'n Raviſht your *Alphonſo*;
My Siſter's little *Veramond* ſurviv'd,
And ſhe's a Living Witneſs of this Truth.
Great was my Grief; but greater was my Fear,
From your (alas) too much experienc'd Anger.
Thus low reduc'd, and urg'd by anxious Thoughts,
Of what I might expect from your unkindneſs ——
Now ſpeak, *Ramirez*; and relate the reſt;
For my Tongue falters, and denies its Office;
So much I fear my Lord ſhou'd take offence.
Ramir. Then like, or diſapprove it, thus it was.
She told my Wife and me this mournful Story,
Her Fears for thy Reſentment of thy loſs,

If by miſfortune it ſhou'd reach thy Ears:
Begg'd Secreſie, and then Implor'd our Aid,
To ſubſtitute the Living for the Dead;
And make our *Veramond* paſs for thy *Alphonſo*.
A hard Requeſt, but with compaſſion mov'd,
At length, 'twas granted.
Vera. Is this true, *Ximena?*
Ximen. So Heav'n and you forgive my Pious Fraud,
As what he ſays is certain.
Alph. Oh Joyful News, Oh Happy Day; too good
To end in Night,——My Father, and my King.
[*Runs to* Ramirez, *kneels to him, and kiſſes his Hand.*
My Soul foreknew you with a ſure preſage
Of Native Duty, and Inſtinctive Love.
Ramir. Ariſe, my Son.
Vera. You own him then?
Ramir. I do.
Vera. A welcome riddance;
Mean time, in proſpect of a double Crown,
You gave the Sparrow leave to brood upon
The Cuckoo's Egg.
Ramir. The advantage was to you;
He prov'd his Blood upon me when we fought.
Fierce Eagles never procreate fearful Doves:
I ſent him word he was my Son, before
The Battel, but the Hand of Fate was in it:
The Note miſcarried, and we blindly met.
Ximena. Paſt Accidents imbitter both your Minds.
Think forwards on your mutual Intereſts;
Alphonſo Loves *Victoria*:
I ſaw it in the Seeds, before diſclos'd
To other Eyes; conniv'd at it, approv'd it.
Vera. A moſt commodious Mother!
Ximena. Blame me not;
Guilt there was none, but in their apprehenſion:
And both their Virtues bar'd ill conſequences.
Now take the bleſt occaſion by the foretop;
And, on their Marriage found a laſting Peace.

Ramir. A trivial Accident begot this War.
Some paltry bounds of ill diſtinguiſht Earth;
A clod that lay betwixt us unaſcertain'd;
And Royal Pride, on both ſides, drew our Swords:
Thus Monarchs quarrel, and their Subjects bleed.
Remove your Land-marks, ſet 'em where you pleaſe:
Stretch out your *Arragon* on my *Caſtile*;
And be once more my Brother.
Alph. I implore it:
And proſtrate, beg your Pardon, and your Grace;
I have offended in my Proud Behaviour;
But make *Victoria* mine, and what your Son
In Duty wanted, by your Son-in-Law
Shall doubly be ſupply'd.
Ximena. What, wou'd you more?
Vera. (*to her*.) Are you the Mediatrix of this Peace?
Ximen. It well becomes the ſoftneſs of my Sex;
To mediate for ſweet Peace, the beſt of Bleſſings,
And like a *Sabine* Wife, to run betwixt
Relations lifted Swords.
Vera. A rare Chaſte *Sabine*, you!
To ſave th' Adulterer of thy Husband's Bed:
See there *Alphonſo*'s Father, that Old Goat,
Who on, Two Siſters propagated Luſt:
And Got two Children; for himſelf and me.
Suppoſe thee Chaſte, a favourable Gueſs
To any of thy Sex, theſe are my Foes.
(To *Ramirez*.) Thou firſt, the former ſharer of my Sheets:
A King without a Kingdom, thine is Conquer'd;
And *Garcia* with *Victoria* ſhall enjoy it.
Ramirez. So monſtrouſly you wrong your Wife and me----
Vera. No more, my Will is Law.
Ramir. So Tyrants ſay.
Vera. I will not hear thee ſpeak, conduct him hence;
And ſtew him in the Dungeon's depth with Toads.
[*The Guards carry off* Ramirez.
(To *Alphon*.) For thee the worthy Son of ſuch a Father——
[*Walks by himſelf*.

Ximen. } 'Tis deſp'rate now ; and I with ill-tim'd zeal,
(to *Alphon.*) } Have haſtn'd your deſtruction.
Alphonſo. (*to her.*) You have Sav'd me.
Vera.(*aſide.*)Say I ſhou'd put th' ungrateful Wretch to Death,
He's thought my Son, and whilſt ſo thought, 'tis dangerous.
Impriſon him ; the People might Rebel :
He's Popular, and I am ill-Belov'd.
Then Baniſh him, that's beſt, but yet unſafe :
He may with Foreign Aid Reconquer all.
I'll venture that, with *Garcia* to my Friend ;
He ſhall recall his Troops, mine are at hand
And ready preſt for Service.
[*He comes to* Alph. *and* Ximena.
Ximen. Now the ſtorm——
Vera. } Thy Doom's reſolv'd : too gentle for thy Crimes :
(To *Alph.*) } I ſpare thy Life, depart to Baniſhment ;
To morrow leave the Realm, this day the Town :
And like the Scape-Goat driv'n into the Deſart,
Bear all ill Omens with thee.
Alph. Proud of my Exile, with erected Face,
I leave your Court, your Town, and your Dominions.
Pleas'd that I Love, at leaſt without a Crime ;
Lighter by what I loſt : I tread in Air
Unhappy, but Triumphant in deſpair.
[*Exit* Alphonſo.
Vera. Behold how haughtily he ſtrides away,
Lofty and bold ; as if not Baniſht hence,
But ſeeking for ſome other place to Reign.
I think he cannot hope ; but leſt he ſhou'd,
Victoria ſoon ſhall be *Don Garcia*'s Bride.
(To *Ximen.*) Go, Madam, for I know you are in haſte,
To greet your Daughter with this goodly News.
Tell her, *Alphonſo* is no more my Son.
But tell her too, he ſhall not be her Husband.
Bid her prepare her ſelf to Wed *Navarr* :
Whether by force or by conſent, I care not :
To morrow ſhall determine that Affair.

Nor ſhall my Will be fruſtrate, or delay'd:
Kings are not Kings, unleſs they be obey'd.

[*Exeunt* Ambo.

The Scene is in the Street, before Lopez's *Houſe.*

Enter Sancho, *Habited like* Don Alonzo de Cardona. Dalinda *meeting him.*

Dalin. I watch'd your coming at the Window, and told my Father: He's coming out to welcome you.

Sanch. But if I chance to break out into a little Wit ſometimes, you'll excuſe my frailty.

Dalin. Pugh, you are ſo ſuſpicious of your ſelf, and have ſo little reaſon for't: be as witty as you can; I fear you not.

Enter Don Lopez, *and ſalutes him.*

Lop. Noble *Conde*, you are welcome from the Wars: and who did beſt in the Battel, I beſeech your Honour?

Sanch. Why, next my Honour, one Colonel *Sancho* did beſt.

Lop. Who, *Sancho?* he's little better than a Coxcomb.

Sanch. Nay, he has too much Wit; if he had as much Grace, 'twou'd be better for him.

Lop. But he's your Lordſhip's Rival in my Daughter.

Sanch. Is he ſo? then make much of him, Old Gentleman.

Lop. You wou'd not have me prefer him to your Excellency?

Sanch. Faith, you can hardly chuſe amiſs betwixt us two; he's my other ſelf, Man.

Lop. I make a vaſt difference betwixt you.

Sanch. That ſhall be a very good Jeſt between you and me another time.

Dalin. (*aſide.*) The Fool's too much a Fool, he's going to diſcover himſelf, if I prevent it not. (*To* Lopez.) Make haſte, Father, and put him upon the Point, or he'll give me up to *Sancho*.

Lop. Let *Sancho* be no Fool, ſince your Lordſhip pleaſes, for he is not bound to make my Daughter any ſatisfaction, as you are.

Sanch. And ſatisfaction ſhe ſhall have: What, I hope you don't think I am an Eunuch?

Dal. (*aſide*.) Oh Heaven! I ſhall be ruin'd between them, I forgot to inſtruct my Father not to meddle with that Point. (*To* Lopez.) Say no more of it, I beſeech you, Sir.

Lop. (*to her*.) 'Tis for thy good; let me alone: You know you have injur'd the poor Girl, my Lord.

Sanch. Not to my Remembrance, Sennor; You and I may have quarrel'd, I confeſs, and I think I may have given you ſome hard words to day.

Dal. (*aſide*.) Now has he forgotten he's my Lord, and is harping upon the Quarrel he had with him as *Sancho*: this muſt end in my Deſtruction.

Lop. Your Lordſhip and I can have had no Quarrel to day, for I have not ſeen you this Twelve-month.

Sanch. That's true; now I remember my ſelf, you have not.

Lop. But that you have wrong'd my Daughter is manifeſt.

Dal. (to *Sanch*.) Sir, I muſt needs ſpeak a word with you in private; if you love me, confeſs you have enjoy'd me; for I told my Father ſo on purpoſe to make him the more condeſcending to the Match.

San. (*to her*.) A word to the Wiſe, I underſtand you; Now you ſhall ſee me top upon the old Fellow.

(*To* Lopez.) Well, Sennor, I won't ſtand with you for a Night's Lodging with your Daughter; I acknowledge I have been a little familiar with her, or ſo: but to make her amends I will marry her, and conſummate with her moſt abundantly.

Lop. Then all ſhall be ſet right, and the Man ſhall have his Mare again.

Enter Carlos *habited like* Sancho.

Lop. What, another *Don Alonzo?* this is Prodigious!

Carl. (*aſide, ſeeing* Sancho.) Bleſs me, the Poſt is taken up already, and the true Count is here before me.

Dal. (*aſide*.) This is not my *Conde:* but ſome other Counterferfeit. (*To* Sancho.) You are as true a Count as he: Stand to your Likeneſs.

Sanch. Wou'd I were out of my Likeneſs.

[*Sneaking back*.

Dal. Put forward, Man, I'll ſecond you.

Sanch. But what a Deviliſh high Back he has gotten too, he'll carry me away a pick a pack, that's certain.

Carl. (*aſide*.) I find him now: by their whiſpering, and by his aukwardneſs, this muſt be *Sancho*; and I'll outface him.

(*To* Lopez.) Sennor *Don Lopez*, I am come by your Permiſſion, to renew my Addreſſes to your fair Daughter.

Lop. Your Lordſhip is moſt welcome.

Sanch. Whoſe Lordſhip?

Lop. Why, one of your Lordſhips; I know not which; for by your Backs you are both my Lords: That's as you two can agree the matter.

Sanch. (to *Carlos*.) Sirrah, where did you ſteal that Back of mine?

Carl. Sirrah, I was born with it; but what He Cammel has your Mother been dealing withal, that you are begotten in my Reſemblance?

Sanch. What, I hope you won't pretend to paſs for the true *Conde?*

Carl. I am Don *Alonzo de Cardona*.

Sanch. And ſo am I.

Carl. If you ſtay a little longer, I'll ſtretch your Bones till you are as ſtreight as an Arrow.

Sanch. Do not provoke me; I am miſchievouſly bent.

Carl. Nay, you are bent enough in Conſcience, but I have a bent Fiſt for Boxing.

Sanch. And I have a ſtreight Foot for Kicking.

[*They come up to each other.*

Lop. Here will be Blood-ſhed immediately; hold Noblemen both; will ye be content that I ſhould examine ye; and then ſtand to my award which is the true *Conde.*

Sanch. Well, to ſave Chriſtian Blood, I will.

Carl. And to ſave Jewiſh Blood, that's your Blood, Sirrah, I am contented too.

Lop. (to *Carlos.*) What Command had you, my Lord, in the laſt Battel?

Carl. I had none; I was a Volunteer, and Charg'd with Honourable Colonel *Carlos* in the Fight.

Lop. (to *Sancho.*) And what Command had your Lordſhip there?

Sanch. I had none neither; and I charg'd with that Rogue, *Carlos.*

Lop. (*aſide.*) So far they are both right, as I have heard. (*To* Sancho.) And what became of you afterwards?

Sanch. Now I am pos'd; for *Carlos* told me he knew nothing of the Count afterwards: Sennor, I do not well remember what became of me, for I was in a very great Paſſion; but I did prodigious things, that's certain.

Carl. (to *Lop.*) Sennor, you may ſee he's a Counterfeit, becauſe he knows nothing of himſelf; but I, the true *Conde*, was trodden under the Horſes Feet, and lay for dead above half an hour.

Sanch. Well; and now I remember my ſelf, I was laid for dead too for juſt about half a year.

Lop. (to *Dalind.*) This is the wrong Lord, he can ſay nothing but what the other Lord has ſaid before him.

Dalin. Then he's the likelier to be the true *Conde*, for he's a Fool, Father.

Carl. You ſee, Sennor, he does not remember what became of him; as I ſaid before.

Sanch. How wou'd you have a Man remember, when he was laid for dead?

Carl. But I recover'd, Rogue, and purſu'd the Enemy.

Sanch. And I recover'd, and purſu'd 'em too, for above an hundred miles together, at full ſpeed.

Lop. That's farther than you needed by threeſcore miles; for 'tis but forty from the place of Battel to the City.

Carl. Yes, at full ſpeed upon the ſame Horſe, and never drew Bit neither.

Sanch. (to *Dalin.*) Help me, dear *Dalinda*! I am Bogg'd, you ſee.

Dalin. (*to him.*) That's with purſuing your Enemies too far; but I'll help you out again——(*To* Lopez.) Pray, Sir, let me examine 'em a little.

Lop. You'll make nothing of that firſt *Conde*.

Dalin. Yes, a Son-in-Law, I warrant you.
(*To them.*) Which of you two promis'd me Marriage?

Both. I did.

Dalin. (to *Carl.*) And did you enjoy me?

Carl. Heaven forbid, Madam: what, before Marriage?

Dalin. (to *Sanch.*) And what did you?

Sanch. I did enjoy her, ſo I did: and there I was before you, for a falſe *Conde* as you are.

Carl. Speak for your ſelf, Madam, and clear your Reputation, from that ſcandalous Companion.

Dalin. (*with her Fan before her face.*) I muſt confeſs the true *Conde* has enjoy'd me; the more my Frailty.

Lop. The matter mends on that ſide.

Sanch. Now Good man Gooſe-cap, who's the moſt a Man of Honour, he who has enjoy'd a fair Lady, or he who has only lickt his Lips, and gone without her?

Carl. (*aſide.*) I ſee ſhe takes his part; this is all a Lye contriv'd betwixt 'em.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. (to *Dalind.*) Madam, I am ſent to you on a ſad Errand from the late *Conde Don Alonzo*, who was kill'd in the laſt Battel.

Lop. You are miſtaken, Friend; for here he ſtands alive, and well. [*Pointing to* Sancho.
And for fear of failing, here's a Counterpart of him.
[*Pointing to* Carlos.

Meſſ. Do not abuſe your ſelf, Sennor; neither of theſe is the true *Conde*: I took him from under the Horſes Feet, and he had only life enough to ſay, Remember me to my fair *Dalinda*.

Lop. (to *Sanch.*) What does your Lordſhip ſay to this?

Sanch. He was fairly kill'd, I muſt confeſs: but I can give you a better account of his Lordſhip afterwards.

Lop. You? why, who are you?

Sanch. Nay, I am he too.

Meſſ. You ſee he's a Counterfeit; and ſo is the other.

Lop. 'Tis too true.

Dal. Did the *Conde* leave me nothing in his Will?

Meſſ. Not a Croſs, Madam.

Dalin. There's the ſame Payment for your News; be gone, poor Fellow. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Carl. At leaſt I have the ſatisfaction that he's diſcover'd as well as I am. [*Throwing off ſome part of his Diſguiſe.* Now, *Sancho*, you are welcome to the diſcovery of your fine Intrigue.

Lop. Then, *Sancho*, I make good my word to you; ſince the *Conde* is dead, you ſtand faireſt for my Daughter; and you, Couſin *Carlos*, with your Wit and your Poverty, are in *Statu Quo*: Come away, Son-in-Law, and leave the forſaken Lover to make himſelf a Willow Garland.

[*Exeunt* Sancho, Lopez, *and* Dalinda.

Carl. Yet if I cou'd hinder *Sancho* from marrying her, I ſhou'd make my ſelf ſome ſatisfaction. I'll think on't farther; and ſomething comes into my head already.

[*Stands muſing.*

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Now *Carlos*, what make you here in this Diſguiſe? I have been looking for you at leaſt half an hour.

Carl. Only a Maſquerade, Sir, an innocent Diverſion in times of Peace.

Alph. No, *Carlos*, theſe are times of War, not Peace: I muſt abruptly tell you what is paſt:

I am *Ramirez* Son, not *Veramond*'s.
I love *Victoria*, and for her am baniſht.

Carl. Juſt my own condition: I have had a Revolution in my ſmall Affairs too; I am baniſht, and going to look for the next commodious Tree to make a wry Face upon it.

Alph. I know you Brave; and if you love me ſtill,
Follow my Fortune; yours ſhall be my Care,
Our Army lies Encamp'd without the Walls:
Your Regiment is Quarter'd in the Town:
I think I can with eaſe Revolt the Troops,
Becauſe they love me; and with their Aſſiſtance,
Releaſe my Father; and redeem my Miſtreſs:
While you and yours, at an appointed Signal,
Procure me Entrance.

Carl. Right; and force the Gate.——

Alph. That's all I ask: I think my ſelf as worthy
To wed *Victoria*, as this Foreign Prince:
But if you find Reluctance to this Action,
Now ſpeak, that I may ſeek ſome other Friend.

Carl. No, Sir; I ſhall never break with you for ſo ſmall a matter as a Rebellion, I warrant you for my Souldiers, they'll never flinch, when there's a Town to Plunder.

Alph. The Signal and the Time ſhall be concerted:
Victoria be the Word——
That happy Name our bold Attempt ſhall bleſs;
And give an Omen of aſſur'd Succeſs.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene a Street; with a Temple at a diſtance.

Enter Garcia, *with a Letter in his Hand*; Ximena *and* Celidea.

Garcia. MAY I believe you, 'tis *Victoria*'s Hand?
For 'tis a ſtrange Requeſt.

Ximen. So may it move your Noble Mind to pity,
As what the Paper tells you is moſt true.
She gave it me; and with a thouſand ſighs,
Begg'd me to recommend her Life, her Love,
And all her hopes of Happineſs to you.

Garc. To break my Marriage off, renounce her Bed,
To ſtand excluded from my promis'd Bliſs,
And as my proper Act to do all this?
Diſdainful, Faithleſs, and Ungrateful Maid!

Celid. Diſdainful and Ungrateful; but not Faithleſs.
Becauſe ſhe never vow'd nor promis'd Love;
But only to *Alphonſo*.

Xime. They lov'd not as a Brother and a Siſter,
But as the Fair and Brave each other Love.
For ſympathy of Souls inſpir'd their Paſſion.

Gar. That ſympathy which made him Love *Victoria*,
Has caus'd the ſame effect of Love in me.

Celid. But not in her: She Lov'd him firſt, my Lord;
And you Beſieg'd a Town already his.
As you for her, others may Dye for you;
And plead that Argument to hope your Love,
If the ſame Reaſon hold.

Gar. No doubt it wou'd,
Were not my Soul already prepoſſeſt.

Celid. So is *Victoria*'s Soul, for her *Alphonſo.*
And that's her Plea for Conſtancy to him.
Gar. My Reaſon is convinc'd, but not my Paſſion.
For I muſt Love, and Loving muſt Enjoy.
Celid. Others muſt not Enjoy, and yet muſt Love.
Xime. You cannot Wed *Victoria* but by force:
And force can only make her Perſon yours.
Think what a fatal Doom you paſs on her,
To make your ſelf half happy.
Gar. When ſhe's mine
I will perſue her with ſo dear a Paſſion,
So chaſe her coldneſs with my warm Embraces,
That ſhe ſhall melt at length, hard as ſhe is;
And run like ſtubborn Mettal.
Celid. No, my Lord,
Victoria is not form'd of Steel, but Marble,
Which is not made to melt, but flies the Fire;
And neither yields nor ſoftens to the flames.
Gain her Eſteem at leaſt, her Love is hopeleſs.
Gar. Eſteem, a ſcanty, mean Reward of Paſſion,
That pays not half the value of the loſs.
Celid. Pay Scorn, with Scorn, and make Revenge a Pleaſure;
So Generous Minds ſhou'd do, and ſo ſhou'd I;
What needs there more,
You ſee who Loves you not——And——
Xime. And ſhe wou'd ſay, you may behold who Loves you;
But Maiden Baſhfulneſs has ty'd her Tongue:
Look on her Eyes, they ſpeak.
Celid. (*ſoftly.*) A Language which they never ſpoke before.
Xime. Mark how ſhe whiſpers, like a Weſtern wind
Which trembles thro' the Foreſt; ſhe, whoſe Eyes
Meet ready Victory where e're they glance;
Whom gazing Crowds admire, whom Nations Court,
And (did her Praiſe become a Mother's Mouth)
One who cou'd change the Worſhip of all Climates,
And make a New Religion where ſhe comes;
Unite the differing Faith of all the World;

To Idolize her Face.
Gar. And well ſhe may:
Her Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shape, her Features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand; by Love
Himſelf in Love; but oh, 'tis now too late,
My Eyes have drank a Poiſon in, before;
A former Baſilisk has ſeen me firſt.
Yet know, Fair Princeſs, if there were a part
In all my Breaſt, that cou'd receive a wound,
Your Eyes cou'd only give it.
Celid. So helpleſs Friends, when ſafe themſelves a-ſhoar,
Behold a Veſſel driv'n againſt a Rock,
They Sigh, they Weep, they Counſel, and they Pray,
They ſtretch their unaſſiſting Hands in vain,
But none will plunge into the raging Main,
To ſave the ſinking Paſſenger from Death.
Xime. Already ſee the Joyleſs Bride appears;
Grief, Rage, Diſdain, Diſtraction and Deſpair
Are equal in my Daughters diff'rent Fates:
In one, to be conſtrain'd to be your Wife;
In one, to be refus'd.

Enter Veramond *and* Victoria; *led as to Marriage, a Train follows; and after it a Guard.*

Celid. Great Nature break thy Chain, that Links together
The Fabrick of this Globe, and make a Chaos
Like that within my Soul; Oh Heaven unkind
That gives us Paſſions, ſtrong and unconfin'd;
And leaves us Reaſon for a vain Defence;
Too Pow'rful Rebels, and too weak a Prince.

[Garcia, Ximena, Celidea, *mix with the Train, which walk as in Proceſſion, towards the Temple.*

Enter on the ſudden Alphonſo *and* Carlos *at the head of their Party; the Souldiers attack the Guards, and King; and drive 'em off the Stage:* Alphonſo *fights with* Garcia, *grapples with him and gets him under; in the mean time* Ximena, Victoria, *and* Celidea, *retire to a corner of the Stage: when* Garcia *is fall'n* Celidea *runs, and kneels to* Alphonſo.

Celid. Oh ſpare him, ſpare the Noble *Garcia*'s Life:
Or take the Forfeit in the loſs of mine.
How happy ſhou'd I be to dye for him,
Who will not live for me!
Alph. (to *Garcia.*) Riſe, and be ſafe:
If you have any Thanks to pay, reſerve 'em
To give this Royal Maid.
Gar. (*riſing.*) You'd been more kind
To take my Life, for I wou'd throw it off;
Diſhonour'd as I am, 'tis worn to Rags,
Not worth a Prince's wearing.
[*Exit* Garcia *follow'd by* Celidea.

Re-enter Veramond *diſarm'd, and led by* Carlos.

Vera. Ungrateful Traytor!
Alph. Hold thy peace, Old Man:
I do not love t'inſult on thy Misfortunes.
Tho thou haſt brought this Ruine on thy ſelf.
Vera. Avenging Heav'n———
Alph. I prithee curſe me not,
Becauſe I held thee for my Father once.
Vera. Then wou'd I were thy Father, that my Curſe
Might take the ſurer place, and———
Alph. Guard him hence;
But uſe no Violence to his Royal Perſon:
Call back the Souldiers, *Carlos*, from the Spoil.

I have my wiſh in having my *Victoria*,
And wou'd no more of him, nor what is his.

[Carlos *reſtores to* Veramond *his Sword, with Reſpect, and conducts him off*; Ximena *follows him*: Alphonſo *waits on them to the Door, and returns.*

Vict. What have you done, *Alphonſo ?*
Alph. What I ought.
Obtain'd the Glorious Prize for which I fought ;
Redeem'd you from a Father's Tyranny ;
And from a hated Rival ſet you free.
Remove, my Fair, from this unhappy place ;
The Scene of Sorrows, Suff'rings, and Diſgrace :
To my Victorious Camp with me remove :
The Scene of Triumph, and Rewarded Love.
Vict. Mars has been preſent with your Arms to day,
But Love and *Hymen* have been far away :
You forc'd me from a Rival's Pow'r, I know ;
But then you forc'd me from a Father's too.
Alph. What words are theſe ! I feel my Vital Heat
Forſake my Limbs, my curdl'd Blood retreat :
Too much amaz'd to ſpeak, in this Surprize,
With ſilent Grief, on yours I fix my Eyes :
To learn the reaſons of your Change from thence ;
To read your cruel Doom, and my Offence.
Vict. Your Arms, and Glorious Action, I approve :
Eſteem your Honour, and Embrace your Love.
Alph. My Soul recovers, as a gentle Show'r
Refreſhes and revives a drooping Flow'r.
I'm yours ſo much, ſo little am my own ;
Your Smiles are Life ; and Death is in your Frown.
Vict. But oh, a hard requeſt is yet behind ;
Which, for my ſake, endure with equal Mind :
Your Debt of Honour you have clear'd this day ;
But mine of Duty, ſtill remains to pay :
Reſtore my Liberty, and let me go
To make a full Diſcharge of all I owe.

Alph. What Debts but thoſe of Love have you to clear?
Are you not free, are you not Soveraign here?
And were you not a Slave, before I broke
Your fatal Chains, and looſ'd you from the Yoke?
Vict. 'Tis trne, I was; but that Captivity,
Tho hard to bear, was more becoming me.
A Slave I am; but Nature made me ſo,
Slave to my Father, not my Father's Foe:
Since, then, you have declar'd me Free, this hour
I put my ſelf within a Parent's Power.
Alph. Cruel *Victoria*! wou'd you go from hence,
And leave a deſolate, deſpairing Prince?
Is this the Freedom you demand from me;
Are theſe the Vows, and this the Conſtancy?
Put off the Mask: for I too well perceive
Whom you reſolve to love, and whom to leave:
Go, teach me at my own Expence, to find
What change a day can make in Womankind.
Vict. Think not a day, or all my Life, can make
Victoria's Heart her ſtedfaſt Love forſake:
I plighted you my Faith: and I renew
My Vows once more, to love but only you.
Alph. You vow'd no time our Fortune ſhou'd divide:
And well 'twas kept, like all your Vows beſide;
When ev'n this hour you went to be a Bride.
Vict. I went; but was ſecurely firſt prepar'd:
For this was my Redemption or my Guard.
[*Pulls out a Dagger.*
Let this your cauſeleſs Jealouſie remove;
And learn no more to doubt *Victoria*'s Love.
Alph. That fatal Proof I never did deſire.
Vict. And yet a Proof more fatal you require.
Which wou'd, with Infamy, my Name perſue;
To fly my Father, and to follow you.
Alph. Your Love you forfeit, if you go away.
Vict. I forfeit my Obedience if I ſtay.
Alph. You may transfer your Duty, and be mine.
Vict. Yes, when my Father ſhall his Claim reſign:

For when the Nuptial Knot our Love aſſures;
All that was his before, is, after, yours.
Alph. Then, when yon vow'd your Love, you falſly ſwore.
Vict. I love you much, but love my Honour more.
Alph. You hate my Rival, yet you take the way
To make you his inevitable Prey.
Vict. Beaſts fear not more to be the Hunter's Spoil.
Alph. Then ſure you wou'd not run into the Toyl.
How ill your Actions with your Words agree!
Vict. This Friend is ſtill at hand to ſet me free.
[*Holding up the Dagger.*
Alph. Let me not live to ſee that Fatal Hour:
Rather return into your Father's Pow'r.
Rather return into *his* Arms again,
For whom your Loſt *Alphonſo* you diſdain.
If one muſt dye, to ſet your Honour free,
You have already caſt the Lot on me.
Death is my only way to clear my Fame;
Which muſt be Branded with a Coward's Name,
If baſely I reſign *Victoria*'s Charms,
And tamely give you to my Rival's Arms.
Vict. To give me to my Father is no Crime.
Alph. 'Tis ſtill the ſame; your Father gives you him.
Ungrateful Woman!
Vict. More ungrateful Man!
More than I ought I give, and all I can:
But if my Duty I prefer to you,
Be ſatisfi'd with all that Love can do.
Alph. Not ſatisfi'd; but yet your Will ſhall be
Like Fates inviolable Law to me.
Since my Unhappy Stars will have it ſo,
Depart from hence, and leave your Father's Foe.
Go then; but quickly go; for while you ſtay,
As on a Rack I find my ſelf decay;
And every Moment looks a part of me away.
Vict. I wiſh I with my Duty cou'd diſpence:
Heav'n knows how loath I am to part from hence:

So, from the Seal is ſoften'd Wax disjoyn'd:
So, from the Mother Plant, the tender Rind:
But take the lateſt Pledge that Love can give;
Have Courage; and for your *Victoria* Live.

[*She offers him her Hand, he Kiſſes it*: *Exit* Victoria, *he Looking after her.*

Enter Ramirez, *Attended by* Carlos, Ramirez *Embraces* Alphonſo.

Ram. Prop of my Age, and Pattern of my Youth,
But ſuch as far excels th' Original;
Ten Thouſand Bleſſings on thee, for this Deed.
Alph. Heav'n and my Fate ſpeak other Language to me;
No Bleſſings, none, but millions of their Curſes,
Like burning Glaſſes, with contracted Beams,
Are pointed on my Head.
Ram. What words are theſe, on this Auſpicious Day!
Alph. Oh fly me, fly me, Sir.
Leſt the Contagion of my Woes,
Pollute my Father's Joys; *Victoria*'s gone,
And with her, went *Alphonſo*'s Life, and Soul.
Ram. You had her in your Pow'r; and were too eaſie.
Alph. Or rather ſhe too cruel.
Her Duty forc'd her hence, in ſcorn of Love.
Ram. You muſt reſume your Arms;
And force her Father's Will, to make her yours.
Why, like a Woman, ſtand you thus complaining,
Born to the Strength, and Courage of a Man?
Rouze up your Spirits to a juſt Revenge:
Like Lightning waſtful, and like Thunder loud.
Rivers of Blood ſhall run about the Town;
For which you were ſo laviſh of your own.
Garcia ſhall Dye; and, by his Death, remove
The cauſe of Jealouſie, and Injur'd Love.
The King himſelf, th' ungrateful King, ſhall fall;
Of all our Ills, the curſt Original.

Alph. Beſeech you, Sir, no more.
Ram. Your Reaſon, Son?
Alph. For you have giv'n my Soul ſo large a ſwing,
That it bounds back again with double force;
Only becauſe you carried it too far.
You've ſet an Image of ſo vaſt deſtruction
Before my ſight, that Reaſon ſhuns th' approach;
And dares not view the fearful precipice.
Ram. Is Vengeance, which is ſaid ſo ſweet a Morſel
That Heav'n reſerves it for its proper Taſt,
Is it ſo ſoon diſ-reliſht?
Alph. What have the People done? The Sheep of Princes,
That they ſhou'd periſh for the Shepherd's Fault?
They bring their yearly Wool, to cloath their owners,
And yet when bare themſelves, are cull'd for Slaughter.
Shou'd I do this, what cou'd the Wolf do more,
Than what the Maſter did?
Ram. Then *Garcia*, muſt he ſcape?
Alph. 'Tis true, I had him at my Mercy once;
I ſhou'd have Kill'd him then, or once forgiven,
Shou'd ſpare him now.
Ram. (*aſide.*) His Noble Soul relents!
Alph. But then I give *Victoria* to his Arms;
And make my own Deſtruction my own Act———
That fires my Blood again——yet if ſhe Love him,
Is Killing him ſhe Loves, the way to gain her?
No, let him Live——But *Veramond* ſhall Dye;
Who, when he was my Father as he thought,
When I deſerv'd his Love; then hated me.
Ram. (*aſide.*) Oh! now the Tempeſt drives another way.
Alph. No more deliberation, there it goes:
I'le Kill him firſt, to ſatisfie my Vengeance:
And then t' Attone her Anger, Kill my ſelf.
[*Seems going haſtily.*
Ram. Hold, hold, *Alphonſo*, Heav'n and Earth and I,
Who have a Father's Title to your Life,
Forbid that Parricide.

Alph. Wou'd you refuſe a Mad-Man leave to Sleep?
'Tis Sleep muſt cure me, and that Sleep is Death.
Ram. A Mad-Man muſt be cool'd, to make him Sleep.
I have prepar'd a gentle Opiat for you,
One Moment's Patience, and I will infuſe it:
You ſee me diſpoſſeſt of all my State———
Alph. Yes, to my Grief: and to enhance that Grief,
'Tis to my Sword, my Father ows his Ruin.
Ram. And 'tis that only Sword that can reſtore me.
It muſt, and ought: you owe it to your Duty.
Alph. Duty was what *Victoria* urg'd to me:
I hate that fatal word, becauſe ſhe us'd it;
And for a Cruel Father, left her Love.
Ram. Cou'd ſhe do that, for *Veramond*, a Tyrant,
Which you refuſe to me?
The Conquering Troops of *Arragon* are yours:
You are their Life, their Idol, and their Soul.
Conduct me Home, and with their Aid Reſtore me;
And that once done, we ſhall not need to Treat,
For *Veramond* himſelf will ſend; and ſue
For that Alliance, which his Pride now ſcorns.
Alph. Long e're that time, *Victoria* will be *Garcia*'s:
Her Father will not loſe one moment's ſpace,
To gratifie his Vengeance with my Ruine:
If I wou'd force him, this muſt be the time:
Which ſince I now refuſe, 'tis loſt for ever.
Hear then; and take it as my laſt reſolve;
Lead you the Troops: you need not fear their Faith:
The Guilt of their Rebellion make 'em yours.
With them, and with your own, Reſtore your ſelf.
Ram. Then what becomes of you?
Alph. No matter what.
Provide your ſelf of ſome more worthy Heir.
For I am loſt, beyond Redemption loſt;
Farewel the Joys of Empire from this moment:
Farewel the Honours of the duſty Field;
Here lay I down this Inſtrument of Death.
[*Ungirds his Sword, and lays it down.*

And may it gird ſome Happier Souldier's ſide:
For nothing it cou'd gain, can countervail
To me, the loſs of my *Victoria*'s Love.
Your Bleſſing, and farewel——— [*Kneels.*

Ram. Alas, I fear ſome fatal Reſolution
Is harbour'd in your Soul: if thus you leave me,
My Mind forbodes, we never more ſhall meet.

Alph. Give not ſo black an Omen to this parting.
For we may meet again, if Heav'n thinks fit———
A Beam of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,
Gilds the brown Horrour, and directs my way.
Blaſt not my purpoſe, by refuſing leave,
Nor ask the means: but know I will not Dye
Till I have prov'd th' extreameſt Remedy.
And, if Unarm'd, I go to tempt my Fate:
Think my deſpair is from *Victoria*'s Hate.

[*Exit* Alphonſo.

Ram. I might have us'd the Pow'r Heav'n gives to Parents,
And hindred his departure:
But ſomewhat of Divine controul'd my Tongue;
For Hero's Souls, irregular to us,
Yet move like Planets in their proper Sphere;
Performing even courſe,
In Paths uneven to beholders Eyes.———

[*Pauſes a little.*

(To *Carlos*) His words, myſterious as they were, imported,
Some deſperate Deſign, which I muſt watch,
And therefore dare not lead the Forces far:
But Camp'd without the Town at ſome ſmall diſtance;
T' expect the Iſſue, and prevent his Death.

Carlos. Sir, what Orders give you? for you are now our General.

Ram. Follow, and you ſhall know———

[*Exit* Ramirez.

Carl. Follow! whither? No Plunder when the Town was fairly taken, there's a hopeful General to follow; the Son and Father are both gone away, without providing for me, who betray'd the City to 'em; a fine Incouragement for Virtue; Well,

Well; theſe Monarchs make no more of us Souldiers, when their turn is ſerv'd, than we make of our old batter'd Horſes; to put us off for Stallions, is the beſt that can become of us: and thoſe indeed are my preſent Circumſtances: *Dalinda* will none, and *Sancho* is juſt mounting; if I get not between, and thruſt him off: for which purpoſe I have inſinuated to him that I have left *Dalinda* for his ſake, and am upon another Scent,——Yonder he comes: This, and another Lye which I have ready coin'd, will go near to ſpoil his Market.

Enter Sancho.

Sanch. Well, *Carlos*, the Hurly Burly's quite over; I met *Ramirez* marching off the Army; and juſt afterwards appear'd a Fellow in a Fool's Coat on Horſe-back, with three Trumpets; *Herod*, I think they call'd him; or ſome ſuch Jewiſh Name.

Carl. A Herauld at Arms you mean.

Sanch. It may be ſo; but I ſhou'd have taken him for ſome *Pardonner*, for he ſcatter'd Indulgences by handfuls to the People, but only they paid nothing for 'em.

Carl. But did he Proclaim nothing?

Sanch. Oh, yes; and now I remember, he began his Speech with, *O Yes*, too; he Proclaim'd a General Pardon to all Rebels, of which number, you know, you and I, *Carlos*, were two Ring-leaders.

Carl. Then farewell *Ramirez*, e'en trudge on by your ſelf, for there's an end of my Expedition; I will lay down my Arms like a Dutiful Subject; and ſubmit to his Majeſty when I can rebel no longer.

Sanch. Very good; and try t'other touch for *Dalinda*, will you?

Carl. You know I have quitted her for your ſake, and now am altogether for——Let me ſee, what Lady am I for?

Sanch. Pump, pump, *Carlos*; for that's to be invented yet.

Carl. Only out of my Head a little: 'Tis the dead Count's Siſter ; a great Fortune ſince her Brother died, but ſomewhat homely: She has already made ſome Advances to me, or elſe I lye.

Sanch. And will you ſay *To Have and to Hold*, with an ugly Woman?

Carl. Yes, and *For Better for Worſe*, that is, for Virgin or for Whore, as you will, *Sancho* ; who are liſting your ſelf into the Honourable Company of Cuckolds.

Sanch. What, a Hero as I am, to be a Cuckold?

Carl. Do not diſdain your Calling ; *Julius Cæſar* was one before you: The Count has had her by her own Confeſſion ; ſo ſhe's a Nobleman's Dowager for your Comfort.

Sanch. Pugh, ſhe deny'd it afterwards ; that was but a Copy of her Countenance.

Carl. What if it prove a Copy of the *Conde*'s Countenance, do yout think ſhe had not a Baſtard by him?

Sanch. That was only a Plot betwixt us to cheat her Father.

Carl. Did her Father know nothing of it?

Sanch. Not a Syllable.

Carl. Then when he believ'd you to be the Count, how came he to charge you with enjoying her?

Sanch. That is ſomething to the purpoſe ; but now I think on't, 'tis nothing neither ; 'tis but asking her the Queſtion, and I know ſhe'll ſatisfie me.

Carl. And you are reſolv'd to take her word?

Sanch. Rather than yours ; for you may have a mind to have a lick at the Honey-pot your ſelf.

Carl. Farewel ; you know I have other buſineſs upon the Stocks.

[*Seems going out.*

Sanch. Stay, *Carlos* ; I'm afraid you know ſomething more of this bawdy buſineſs than you confeſs.

Carl. Fecks, not I.

Sanch. Fecks! what a ſneaking Oath is that for a Man of Honour? Swear me bloodily like a Souldier, if you wou'd be believ'd.

Carl. Without Swearing, I believe her honeſt; therefore make ſure of her immediately.

Sanch. That is, take a Rival's Counſel, and make ſure of being an Antedated Cuckold.

Carl. If you won't believe me, I can't help it; but marry *Dalinda*, and be happy; for I may prevent you, if you make not haſte.

Sanch. Thou haſt cheated me ſo often, that I can't credit one Syllable thou ſay'ſt.

Carl. (*going out.*) Then take your Fortune.

[Carlos *pulls out his Handkerchief to wipe his Face, and drops a Letter.*

Yonder comes *Dalinda*; I know her by her Trip. I'll watch their Greeting. [*Exit.*

Sanch. The Rogue's malicious, and wou'd have me marry her in ſpight; beſides he's off and on at ſo Deviliſh a rate, a Man knows not where to have him: Well, I am reſolv'd in the firſt place not to follow the Rogue's Counſel, I will not marry her becauſe he adviſ'd me to't; and yet I will marry her becauſe he counſel'd me not to marry her: Hey day, I will marry her, and I will not marry her: what's the meaning of this, Friend *Sancho?* That's taking the Rogue's advice one way or t'other.

[*Sees the Letter, and takes it up.*

What, has he dropt a Letter! To whom is it directed? to Don *Carlos D'Ybarra*, that's himſelf.

Mutters, as reading to himſelf.

Dalinda'*s Fair. and a Fortune; but marry her not; for to my knowledge* (Pox confound him for his knowledge) *ſhe has had a* —— (What A —— Mr. Friend?) why, a Baſtard, *by the late* Conde: (Ay, I thought as much.) *But his Siſter* Leonora *is in Love with you.*

Damn it, I'll read no more: It agrees with what he firſt told me; and therefore it muſt be all Orthodox: Here ſhe comes too, juſt in the nick of my Revenge ; but I ſhall be very Laconnick with her.

Enter Dalinda.

Dal. Now Servant.
Sanch. Now Cockatrice.
Dal. You're pretty familiar———
Sanch. So have you been———
Dal. With your Miſtreſs.
Sanch. With the *Conde*, of Whoring Memory.
Dal. A fine Salutation !
Sanch. A final parting.
Dal. What's the meaning of this ! will you come in ?
Sanch. Will you go in ?
Dal. Come, look upon me.
[*She makes the* Doux Yeux *to him.*
Sanch. I have no Eyes.
Dal. Then I muſt take you by the Hand.
[*She offers, and he pulls back.*
Sanch. I have no Hands neither.
Dal. How's this ! I have been but too kind———
Sanch. Yes, to the *Conde.*
Dal. Pugh, that was a Jeſt, you know.
Sanch. 'Tis turn'd to earneſt.
Dal. You know 'twas of my Conception.
Sanch. And of your bringing forth too.
Dal. What did I bring forth ?
Sanch. A Baſtard.
Dal. Oh Impudent !
Sanch. Woman.
Dal. What Proof have you of that Scandal ?
Sanch. This, with a Pox to ye.
[*Throws her the Letter.*

Patience, oh ye Gods ! [*Exit.*

[*She takes up the Note, and as ſhe is reading it,*
Re-enter Carlos.

Carl. Much good may do you with your Note, Madam; now I think I am Reveng'd at full; your Cully has forſaken you.

Dal. Well, I did not expect this from you, Cozen *Carlos.*

Carl. What did you take me for? King *Log* in *Æſop*'s Fables, for you to inſult me, and play at leap Frog over me? Did not you forſake me for a Fool?

Dal. But was not this a terrible Revenge of yours? muſt you needs ſhew him the Letter which has ruin'd my Reputation, and loſt my Fortune? Am I the firſt frail Creature, that had the Misfortune of two Great Bellies, and yet afterwards, was Decently Married, and paſs'd for a Virgin?

Carl. Nay, don't aggravate the Matter: conſult your Note, and you'l find but one Baſtard charg'd upon you; you ſee I was not for laying loaders.

Dal. A great Curteſie to bate me one, as if that was not enough to do my Buſineſs.

Carl. Well, ſuppoſe I ſhou'd diſcover this Contrivance of mine; and ſet all right again?

Dal. (*aſide.*) Contrivance; oh Heaven! I've undone my ſelf, by confeſſing all too ſoon.

Carl. If I ſhou'd prove you Innocent, you'd prove ungrateful?

Dal. No, you know I always Lov'd you.

Carl. You've ſhewn it moſt abundantly, in chuſing *Sancho*!

Dal. You ſpeak more truly than you think: I have ſhewn it. For, ſince I muſt confeſs the Truth to you, I am no Fortune: my Father, tho' he bears it high to put me off, has Mortgag'd his Eſtate: We keep Servants for ſhew, and when we ſhou'd pay their wages, pick a Quarrel with their Service, and turn 'em off Pennyleſs. There's neither Sheet nor Shirt in the whole Family; the Lodging Rooms are furniſht with Loam: and bare Mattreſſes are the Beds. The Dining Room, plays the Hypocrite for all the Houſe; for all the Furniture is there: when Strangers Dine with us, we Eat before the Servants, and then they Faſt; but when we Dine alone, 'tis all a muſs: They ſcramble for the Victuals, before 'tis ſerv'd up, and then we Faſt.

Carl. The Spirit of Famine comes upon me, at the very deſcription of it.

Dal. Now, ſince neither you nor I have Fortunes, what ſhou'd we do together, unleſs we ſhou'd turn *Canibals*, and Eat up one another? But if you wou'd make up this foul Buſineſs, and help me to that Rich Fool *Sancho*, I ſay no more, But——

Carl. But thou wou'dſt be kind to me; ſpeak out; for I dare not truſt thee; thou'rt ſuch a Woman.

Dal. You ſhou'd.——

Carl. What ſhou'd I?

Dal. Why, you ſhou'd——

Carl. Well, well, I will believe thee, tho my Heart miſgives me plaguily. And therefore, in the firſt place, I beg your pardon for the Scandal I have laid upon you: In the next, I reſtore your Virginity, and take away your Baſtard.

Dal. And you'l tell *Sancho* 'twas a forg'd Letter.

Carl. No doubt on't; for I wrote it to my ſelf; and out of Revenge invented the whole Story.

Dal. But ſuppoſe, Dear Cozen; that *Sancho* ſhou'd not believe all this to be your Invention; and ſhou'd ſtill ſuſpect the Letter to be true?

Carl. I can eaſily convince him, by Writing the ſame Hand again, in which that Letter was Indited.

Dal. That's an excellent Expedient; but do it now; for a Woman can never be clear'd too ſoon.

Carl. But when you are clear'd, you'l forget your Promiſe to me——

Dal. But if I am not clear'd, I cannot Marry him; nor be put in a way to keep my Promiſe. Come, I'le hold my Hand, Write upon it, I always carry Pen and Ink about me.

Carl. Let me Seal my Affection firſt: [*Kiſſes her Hand.* Now, what ſhou'd I write?

Dal. Only theſe words at the bottom of the Note, in the ſame Character.

This Letter was wholly forg'd by me, *Carlos.*

[*He Kneels and Writes.*

Carl. There 'tis—— [*Gives it her, ſhe puts it in her Pocket.*

But now tell me truly; what made you confeſs a couple of Baſtards, have you indeed been dabbling?

Dal. Who, I confeſs it! Oh thou Impudent Fellow! I only ſooth'd thee up in thy Villany, to make thee betray thy own Plot. I confeſs'd ſeemingly, to make thee confeſs really. Heav'n and thy own Conſcience, know I did. [*Seems to weep.*

Carl. But when you're Married, you'l remember your Promiſe?

Dal. What Promiſe?

Carl. That I ſhou'd——

Dal. Shou'd what?

Carl. Muſt I tell you?

Dal. No, I'le tell you; I ſaid you ſhou'd; and ſo you ſhall, be cozen'd in your Expectation.

Carl. I foreboded this; and yet was Fool enough to truſt thee; give me back my Letter.

Dal. What, deliver up my Evidence, that's the Teſtimony of my Virtue, and thy Wickedneſs.

Carl. I'le ſearch your Petticoat.

Dal. Dare but touch my Petticoat, and I'le cry out a Rape againſt thee.

Carl. Oh thou *Eve* of *Geneſis*; thou wou'dſt have Tempted the Serpent, if thou haſt bin there.

Dal. The next News you hear, is of my Wedding; be Patient, and you ſhall be Invited to the Dinner.

Carl. I ſay no more, but I'le go Home and Indite *Iambicks*; thou ſhalt not want for an *Epithalamium*; I'le do thy buſineſs in Verſe. [*Exit.*

Dal. My Comfort is, I have done your Buſineſs in Proſe, already.

The Wittieſt Men, are all but Womens Tools,
'Tis our Prerogative, to make 'em Fools.
For one Sweet Look, the Rich, the Beaux, the Braves,
And all Mankind, run headlong to be Slaves.
Ours is the Harveſt which thoſe *Indians* mow;
They Plough the Deep; but we Reap what they Sow.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Lopez's *Houſe*.

Sancho, Lopez, Dalinda. Carlos *meeting them*.

Carl. Give you Joy Mr. Bridegroom and Mrs. Bride, you ſee I have accepted your Invitation.

Sanch. And thou art welcome, as a Witneſs of my Triumph.

Carl. I cou'd tell Tales, that wou'd ſpoil your Appetite, both to your Dinner and your Bride: You think you are married to a vaſt Fortune.

Dal. A better, perhaps, than you imagine.

Lop. For if *Sancho* looks into his Writings, he'll find that my Eſtate was mortgag'd to his Father.

Sanch. Then wou'd I had lookt into my Writings before I had lookt ſo far into your Daughter.

Dal. My Father's Fortune will be yours at laſt: and I have but redeem'd it for you.

Sanch. I'm ſure I'm married without Redemption!

Carl. You muſt take the good and the bad together; he that keeps a tame Cat muſt be content to be ſcratcht a little.

Dal. The Count's Siſter, I hope, has Claws for you too.

Carl. That was invented only in hopes of you, *Dalinda*: tho now I thank my Stars that I have miſs'd you: for two Wits without Fortunes, wou'd be like two Milſtones without Corn betwixt 'em; they wou'd only grind upon one another, and make a terrible noiſe, but no Meal wou'd follow.

Enter a Nurſe leading a Boy and a Girl.

Nurſe. Madam, here are two poor Orphans, that hearing you are married, come to dine with you.

Dal. (*aſide.*) My two Baſtards! I am undone: what ſhall I do with 'em?

Lop. (*aſide.*) The Devil take my damn'd Grand-children for their unſeaſonable Viſit.

Sanch. Welcome, welcome: They're come a mumming to grace my Wedding, I'll warrant you.

Carl. I begin to ſuſpect they come to Sup and Lodge as well as Dine here.

Lop. (*to Nurſe.*) There's two Piſtols for you; take 'em away, and bring 'em again to Morrow Morning.

Nurſe. Thank your Honour: Come away, Children; but firſt I muſt deliver a Note to this Gentleman: Don *Carlos*, I'm ſure you remember me.

[*Gives him a Note.*

Carl. Did not you wait on Donna *Leonora*, the *Condé*'s Siſter?

Nurſe. Have you forgotten *Ynez* the faithful Truſtee of your Affection? Read your Letter; there's better News than you deſerve.

[Carlos *reads his Letter to himſelf.*

Dal. (*to Nurſe.*) Steal away, dear Nurſe, while he's reading, and there's more Money for you; fear not, you ſhall be duly paid; for I am married to one who can provide for them.

Nurſe. (*to her.*) Well, I'll keep your Credit: but remember. [*Exit Nurſe with the Children.*

Carl. (*after Reading.*) Poor loving Creature, ſhe is e'en too Conſtant; I cou'd never have expected this from her: Look you here, you ſhall ſee I have no reaſon to envy your Fortune, *Sancho.*

[*Looks about him.*

How now, what's become of the Nurſe and the two Children?

Dal. They wou'd have been but too troubleſome Gueſts, and are gone away.

Carl. By your Favour I ſhall make bold to call 'em back again. [*Exit* Carlos.

Dal. (to *Lopez.*) Oh Barbarous Villain! he'll diſcover all.

Lop. The beſt on't is, you're already married.

Dal. But we have not Conſummated; I cou'd have ſo wheedled Mr. Bridegroom to Night, that e're to Morrow Morning he ſhou'd have forgiven me.

Re-enter Carlos *with Nurſe and Children.*

Carl. Come, Nurſe, no more mincing Matters; your Lady's Orders in my Letter muſt be obey'd: I muſt find a Father and Mother for the Children in this Company.

Sanch. Whoſe pretty Children are theſe, *Carlos*, that you are to provide for?

Carl. E'en your Bride's, *Sancho*, at your ſervice: Children, do your Duty to your Mother.

Children. (kneeling.) Mamma, your Bleſſing.

Sanch. Hey day, what's here to do? Are theſe the Iſſue of your Body, Madam Bride?

Carl. Yes; and they are now your Children by the Mother's ſide: The late *Conde* preſents his Service to you, with theſe two Pledges of his Affection to your Wife.

Sanch. Is it even thus, *Dalinda?*

Lop. Chriſtian Patience, Son-in-Law.

Sanch. Chriſtian Patience! I ſay Pagan Fury: This is enough to make me turn Jew again, like my Father of Hebrew Memory.

Carl. You may make your Aſſault, Colonel, without danger; the breach is already made to your hands.

Sanch. Ay, the Devil take him that ſtorm'd it firſt.

Carl. Speak well of the Dead.

Dal. (kneeling.) And forgive the Living.

Sanch. Oh *Dalinda!* no more *Dalinda*, but *Dalilah* the *Philiſtine*: Cou'd you find none but me to practice on?

Carl. Sooner upon you than upon any Man; for Nature has put a Superſcription upon a Fool's Face, and all Cheats are directed thither.

Lop. There's no recalling what's paſt and done.

Sanch. You never ſaid a truer word, Father-in-Law; 'tis done, indeed, to my Sorrow.

Carl. If you cou'd undo it, *Sancho*, it were ſomething; but ſince you cannot, your only Remedy is to do it again.

Sanch. That's true: But the Memory of that damn'd *Conde* is enough to turn ones Stomach to her: Do you remember what a Deviliſh hunch Back he had when you and I play'd him?

Carl. For that Reaſon you may be ſure ſhe'll loath the thought of him.

Sanch. Do you think ſo, *Carlos?*

Dal. How can I do otherwiſe, when I have in my Arms ſo handſome, ſo ſweet, and ſo charming a Cavalier as you?

Sanch. Well, I am I know not howiſh; ſhe has a delicious Tongue of her own, and I begin to mollifie.

Carl. Do, *Sancho:* Faith, you've held it out too long, in Conſcience, for ſo ſlight a quarrel; this is nothing among great Ladies, Man; how many Fathers have I known that have given their Bleſſings to other Mens Children: Come, bleſs 'em, bleſs 'em, honeſt Daddy: Kneel down, Children.

Children. (kneeling.) Your Bleſſing, Pappa.

[*Children cry.*

Sanch. It goes againſt the grain to give it them.

Carl. For ſhame, *Sancho*, take 'em up: you'll break their pretty Hearts elſe: 'twou'd grieve a Man's Soul to ſee 'em weep thus.

Sanch. Ay, they learnt that trick of their Mother; but I cannot be obdurate, the fault was none of theirs, I'm ſure. [*Crying.*
Heav'n e'en bleſs you, and I'll provide for you: Nay, and it

it ſhall go hard, but I'le get you ſome more Play-Fellows: if your Mother be as Fruitful as ſhe us'd to be.

Lop. Why this is at it ſhou'd be.

Dal. Heav'n Reward you; and I'le ſtudy Obedience to you.

Sanch. They ſay, Children are great Bleſſings; if they are, I have two great Bleſſings ready gotten to my hands.

Carl. For your Comfort, Marriage they ſay, is Holy.

Sanch. Ay, and ſo is Martyrdom, as they ſay; but both of 'em are good for juſt nothing, but to make an end of a Man's Life.

Lop. Chear up, Son-in-Law, your Children are very towardly, you ſee they can ask Bleſſing already.

Dal. If he does not like 'em, he may Get the next himſelf.

Carl. I will not trouble the Company, with Reading my Letter from the Dead Count's Siſter; 'Tis enough to tell you, that I Lov'd her once, and forſook her, becauſe ſhe was then no Fortune: but ſhe has been kinder to me, than I deſerve: and has offer'd me her Brother's Eſtate in Dowry with her.

Dal. Which I hope you will accept.

Carl. Yes, and releaſe you of a certain Promiſe to me, without explaining. She only recommended to me her Brother's Children by *Dalinda*. And I think I have taken a decent care in providing them a Rich Father.

Sanch. I always Lov'd a Harlot, and now I have one of my own, I'le e'en take up with her; for my Youth is going; and my days of Whoring, I mean emphatical Whoring, are almoſt over: but for once, we'll have a Frolick; come Offſpring, can either of you two Dance?

1 *Child*. Yes, forſooth Father, and my Siſter can Sing too like a little Angel.

Sanch. Then foot it featly; that you may ſay hereafter, you remember when your Mother was firſt Married, and Danc'd at her Wedding.

Carl. Hold a little; you may remember too, Madam Bride, that I promis'd you an Epithalamium: 'Twas meant

a

a Satire; but Fortune has turn'd it to a Jeſt; I have giv'n it to the Muſicians, and brought 'em along with me; ſtrike up, Gentlemen.

[*The Dance is firſt, then the Song, the laſt words of which are Sung while the Company is going out, and the Muſick Plays before them.*

Song: By Mr. *Congreve.*

1.

HOW Happy's the Husband, whoſe Wife has been try'd!
Not Damn'd to the Bed of an Ignorant Bride?
Secure of what's left, he ne're miſſes the reſt,
But where there's enough, ſuppoſes a Feaſt;
So foreknowing the Cheat,
He eſcapes the Deceit,
And in ſpite of the Curſe, reſolves to be Bleſt.

2.

If Children are Bleſſings, his Comfort's the more,
Whoſe Spouſe has been known to be Fruitful before;
And the Boy that ſhe brings ready made to his Hand,
May ſtand him inſtead, for an Heir to his Land,
Shou'd his own prove a Sot,
When he's Lawfully Got,
As when e're 'tis ſo, if he don't, I'le be hang'd.

Song for a GIRL.

1.

YOung I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a Lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to Love; and when to feign:

2.

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am Young and True;
E're I can my Soul diſguiſe;
Heave my Breaſts, and roul my Eyes.

3.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to Lye, and to Betray:
He that has me firſt, is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.

4.

Cou'd I find a blooming Youth;
Full of Love, and full of Truth,
Brisk, and of a janty meen,
I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

A Royal Chamber is diſcover'd, by drawing the former Scene; Veramond, Garcia, Ximena, Victoria, Celidea, *with a full Train of Courtiers and Guards; amongſt the Croud,* Ramirez *Diſguis'd, with ſome of his Party.*

Vera. (to *Vict.*) No more delays, but go.
Ximen. This is Inhumane,
To preſs her to a Marriage made by Force.
At leaſt allow your ſelf and her this day,
That each of you may think, and one may change.
Vera. You mean the Times or Accidents may change,
And leave her for *Alphonſo.*
Ximen. Your Enemies are but without your Gates,
And ſoon they may return: forbear for fear.
Vera. The ſooner then
I muſt prevent th' effect of their return.
What now remains, but to compleat my Vows,
And Sacrifice to Vengeance?
Ximen. Your own Daughter!
Vera. Even her, my ſelf, and all the World together.
Vict. Can you refuſe me one poor day to Live?
Vera. Obey me, and be Bleſt; if not, Accurſt.
A Father's Curſe has wings, remember that;
Thro this World and the next, it will purſue thee;
And ſink thee down, for ever.
Vict. 'Tis enough,
I know how far a Daughter owes Obedience;
But Duty has a bound like other Empires!
It reaches but to Life, for all beyond it
Is the Dominion of another World,
Where you have no Command.
For you, *Don Garcia,*
You know the Pow'r a Miſtreſs ought to have;
But ſince you will be Maſter, take your Hour,
The next is mine.

Gar. I grant the Debt of Service which I owe you;
But 'tis a Summ too vaſt to pay at ſight.
If now you call it in, I muſt be Bankrupt
To all my future Bliſs.

Vict. I find by you,
The Laws of Love, are like the Laws of Heav'n;
All know, but few will keep 'em——To the Temple,
Where I my ſelf am Victim.

Enter Alphonſo, *Unarm'd; all ſeem Amaz'd.*

Alph. Stay, *Veramond.*

Vera. (*aſide.*) *Alphonſo* here! then all my Hopes are blaſted.
The Town is his, and I once more a Slave.

Alph. Diſmiſs thy fears and tremble not, Old Man,
I neither come with purpoſe, nor with Power
T' avenge my wrongs, but ſingle and unarm'd:
This Head is neceſſary to thy Peace,
And to *Victoria*'s violated Vows:
Who, while I Live, can never be *Don Garcia*'s.
Take then this odious Life; ſecurely take it,
And glut thy Vengeance with *Alphonſo*'s Blood.
Behold the Man who forc'd thee in thy Strength,
In thy Imperial Town made thee a Captive.
Now give thy Fury ſcope: Revenge th' Affront,
And ſhew more pity not to ſpare my Life,
Than I in ſparing thine.

Ximen. (to *Celidea.*) Oh boundleſs Courage, or extream Deſpair!

Celid. (to *her.*) I tremble for th' event; ſee the King reddens.
The Fear which ſeiz'd him at *Alphonſo*'s ſight,
And left his Face forſaken of his Blood,
Is vaniſht now;
And a new Tide returns upon his Cheeks;
And Rage and Vengeance ſparkle in his Eyes.

Vera. (*aſide.*) All things are huſht; no noiſe is in the Streets;
Nor ſhouts of Souldiers, nor the cries of Matrons,
To ſpeak a Town in plunder——Then I take

(To *Alph.*) A Traytor's Counſel once, and thou ſhalt Die;
Condemn'd by thy own Sentence, go to Death;
Nor ſhall thy ſeeming Generoſity,
And feign'd aſſurance, ſave thee; 'tis deſpair,
To ſee thy fruſtrate Hopes, that brought thee hither;
To meet my juſt Revenge.

Alph. Yes, I will Dye, becauſe I chuſe to Dye.
Which had I not deſir'd, I had not come
Unarm'd, Unguarded, and alone, to tempt
Thy known Ingratitude, and barb'rous hate.
Boaſt not th' advantage, which thou hold'ſt of me,
But know thy ſelf for what thou art; no more
Than the mean Miniſter of my deſpair.

Vera. Whether to Heav'n's Juſtice, or thy Choice,
I owe this happy Hour of ſweet Revenge,
I'le not be wanting to the wiſht occaſion.

Vict. You ſhall not Dye alone, my dear *Alphonſo*,
Tho much I blame this deſp'rate Enterprize:
You ſhou'd have ſtay'd, to ſee
Th' Event of what I promis'd to perform:
For had I been ſo baſe to be another's,
That baſeneſs might have cur'd your ill-plac'd Love.
But this untimely raſhneſs, makes you Guilty,
Both of your Fate, and mine.

Alph. While I believ'd
My Life was precious to my dear *Victoria*,
I valu'd and preſerv'd it for her ſake.
But when you broke from your Deliv'rer's Arms,
To put your ſelf into a Tyrant's Power;——
I threw a worthleſs, wretched Being from me;
Abandon'd firſt by you.

Vict. Oh Cruel Man!
Where, at what moment did that Change begin,
With which you tax my Violated Vows?
I left your Lawleſs Pow'r, to put my ſelf
Into a Father's Chains, my Lawful Tyrant.
If this be my upbraided Crime, even this,
On that occaſion, wou'd I do once more.

But, cou'd I, with my Honour ſafe, have ſtay'd
In your dear Arms, bear witneſs Heav'n and Earth,
Nor Threats, nor Force, nor Promiſes, nor Fears
Shou'd take me from your Love.
Alph. Oh, I believe you.
Vaniſh my fears, and cauſeleſs Jealouſies;
Live my *Victoria*: for your ſelf, not me;
But let th' unfortunate *Alphonſo* Dye;
My Death will glut your Cruel Father's Rage;
When I am gone, and his Revenge compleat,
Pity perhaps may ſeize a Parent's Mind;
To free you from a hated Lover's Arms.
Celid. (to *Ximen.*) } Speak Mother, ſpeak: my Father gives you time,
He ſtands amaz'd, irreſolute, and dumb:
Like the ſtill Face of Heav'n before a Storm;
Speak, and Arreſt the Thunder e're it rowls.
Ximen. I ſtand ſuſpected: but you, *Celidea*,
The Favourite of his Heart, his Darling Child,
May ſpeak, and ought, your Int'reſt is concern'd:
For if *Alphonſo* Dye, your hopes are loſt.
I ſee your Father's Soul, like glowing Steel
Is on the Anvil; ſtrike, while yet he's hot;
Turn him, and ply him, ſet him ſtraight betimes,
Leſt he for ever warp.
Celid. I fear, and yet wou'd ſpeak; but will he hear me?
Ximen. For what is all this ſilence, but to hear?
Bring him but to calm Reaſoning, and he's gain'd.
Celid. Then Heav'n inſpire my Tongue——
Sir, Royal Sir——:
He hears me not; he lifts not up his Eyes:
But fixt upon the Pavements looks the way
That points to Death. [*She pulls him.*
Oh hear me, hear me, Father.
Have you forgot that dear indulgent Name,
Never before in vain pronounc'd by me?
Vera. Ha! who diſturbs my Thoughts?
Celid. (*kneeling.*) 'Tis *Celidea*.
Alas I wou'd relieve you, if I durſt;

If ever I offended, even in Thought,
Or made not your Commands
The bounds of all my Wiſhes, and Deſires,
Bid me be dumb, or elſe permit me Speech.
Vera. Oh riſe, my only unoffending Child,
Who reconciles me to the Name of Father!
Speak then; but not for her, and leſs for him.
Celid. Perhaps I wou'd accuſe 'em, not defend;
For both are Guilty, dipt in equal Crimes:
And are obnoxious to your Juſtice both.
Vera. True, *Celidea*; thou confirm'ſt my Sentence;
'Tis juſt *Alphonſo* Dye.
Ximen. } Forgive her, Heav'n! ſhe aggravates their Faults;
(*aſide.*) } And puſhes their deſtruction.
Celid. Speak *Alphonſo*:
Can you deny, when Royal *Veramond*,
Then thought your Father, and by you ſo deem'd,
When he requir'd your Captive, old *Ramirez*,
And order'd his Confinement; did you well
Then to controul the Pleaſure of that King,
Under whoſe juſt Commands you Fought and Conquer'd?
Alph. I did not well: but heat of boyling Youth,
And ill-weigh'd Honour, made me diſobey.
Vera. That Cauſe is gain'd; for he confeſſes Guilt.
Proceed, moſt equitable Judge, proceed.
Celid. } Next I reproach you, with a worſe Rebellion.
(to *Alph.*) } The King's firſt Promiſe to *Don Garcia* made,
You dar'd t' oppoſe: forbad his fair Addreſſes;
Then made a Ruffian Quarrel with that Prince.
And laſt, were guilty of Inceſtuous Love.
I will not load my Siſter with Conſent;
But, in ſtrict Virtue, liſtning to a Crime,
And not rejecting, is it ſelf a Crime.
Vict. Is this a Siſter's Office? Peace for ſhame:
We Lov'd without tranſgreſſing Virtues bounds;
We fixt the limits of our tend'reſt Thoughts;
Came to the verge of honour, and there ſtopt:
We warm'd us by the Fire; but were not ſcorcht:

If this be Sin, Angels might Love with leſs;
And mingle Rays of Minds, leſs pure than ours.
Our Souls enjoy'd; but to their Holy Feaſts,
Bodies on both ſides, were forbidden Gueſts.

Celid. Now help me, Father; or our Cauſe is loſt:
For much I fear their Love was innocent.

Vera. With my own Troops *Alphonſo* ſeiz'd my Perſon;
In my own Town, to my perpetual Shame:
Paſs on to that; and ſtrike the Traytor Dead.

Celid. Yes, Proud *Alphonſo*, you were baniſht hence;
Your Father was confin'd; and doom'd to Death;
The Beauty you Ador'd was made another's.
How durſt you, then, attempt t' avenge your wrongs,
And force your Miſtreſs from your Rival's Arms?
Rather than Dye contented, as you ought.

Alph. Even for thoſe very Reaſons you alledge.

Ximen. (*aſide.*) At laſt I find her drift.

Vera. Thou Juſtifieſt, and not Accuſeſt him.

Celid. Patience, good Father, and hear out the reſt.
[To *Alph.*
Thought you, becauſe you bravely Fought, and Conquer'd
For Royal *Veramond*, nay, ſav'd his Life,
And ſet him free, when you had Conquer'd him,
Only becauſe he was *Victoria*'s Father,
Thought you for ſuch ſlight Services as theſe,
That he ſhou'd ſpare you now? O Generous Madman,
To give your Head to one, who ne're forgave.

Vera. (*aſide.*) Oh, ſhe ſtings me.

Celid. And you, *Don Garcia*, witneſs to this Truth:
You were his hated Rival, fairly vanquiſht;
And yet he ſpar'd your Life.

Garc. At your requeſt:
I owe it to you both.
That he diſmiſt my Siſter, 'twas her Fault:
I charge it not on him; but 'twas his Folly.
A Capital Fool he was, in that laſt Error;
For which he juſtly ſtands Condemn'd to Death.
Your Sentence, Royal Sir?

Vera. That he ſhou'd Live;
Shou'd Live Triumphant over *Veramond*,
And ſhou'd Live Happy in *Victoria*'s Love——
Oh, I have held as long as Nature cou'd;
Convinc'd in Reaſon, obſtinate in Will;
I ſaw the Pleader's aim, found her deſign,
I long'd to be o'recome, and yet reſiſted.
What have I done againſt thee, my *Alphonſo*?
And what haſt thou not done for *Veramond*?
Ximen. Oh fortunate Event!
Vict. Oh happy Day!
Alph. Oh unexpected Bliſs, and therefore double!
Vera. (to *Alph.*) Can you forgive me, yes, I know you can:
Alphonſo can forgive *Victoria*'s Father.
But yet, in pity, Pardon not too ſoon:
Puniſh my Pride a while;
And make me linger for ſo great a Good.
Leſt extaſie of Joy prevent the Bleſſing;
And you, inſtead of Pardon, give me Death.
[*He offers to kneel to* Alphonſo: Alphonſo *takes him up, and kneels himſelf.*
Alph. Oh let me raiſe my Father from the ground!
Vera. (*riſing.*) 'Tis your peculiar Virtue, my *Alphonſo*,
Always to raiſe me up.
Alph. Here let me grow, till I obtain your Grace:
My Life has been, one Univerſal Crime;
And you, like Heav'n, accepting ſhort Repentance,
Forgive my length of Sins.
Vera.(*raiſing him.*) Let us forget from whence offence began.
But ſince to ſave my ſhame, thou wilt be Guilty,
Impute thy hate for me, to ſure inſtinct;
That ſhow'd thee thy True Father in my Foe;
Now Grafted on my Stock, be Son to both.
(*turning to Garc.*) To you, *Don Garcia*, next.
Garc. Before you ſpeak;
Permit me, Sir, t' aſſume ſome little Merit
In this days Happineſs; your Promiſe made
Victoria mine——

Alph. What then?
Garc. Nay, hear me out.
He kept his Royal Word ; he gave her me ;
I loſt her, when I fell beneath your Sword.
Or if I have a Title, I reſign it,
And make her yours.
Alph. I take her as your Gift.
Garc. (to *Vera.*) Make me but Bleſt in *Celidea*'s Love ;
She ſav'd my Life, and hers it is for ever.
'Tis pity ſhe who gain'd another's Cauſe,
Shou'd loſe her own.
Vera. (preſenting *Celidea.*) She's yours.
Celid. My Joys are full.
Vict. And mine o're-flow.
Alph. And mine are all a Soul can bear, and Live.
Vera. Then ſeek we out *Ramirez* ;
To make him Partner of this happy day ;
That gives him back his Crown, and his *Alphonſo*.
Ram. Behold me here, unſought : with ſome few Friends ;
[*Taking off his Vizard.*
(Reſolv'd to Save my Son, or Periſh with him)
Thus far I trac'd, and follow'd him, unknown,
And here have waited, with a beating Heart,
To ſee this bleſt Event.
Vera. Juſt like the winding up of ſome Deſign,
Well form'd, upon the crowded Theatre.
Where all concern'd ſurprizingly are pleas'd ;
And what they wiſh, ſee done. Lead to the Temple ;
Let Thanks be paid ; and Heav'n be prais'd no leſs
For private Union, than for publick Peace.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

NOW, in Good Manners, nothing ſhou'd be ſed
Againſt this Play, becauſe the Poet's dead.
The Prologue told us of a Moral here:
Wou'd I cou'd find it, but the Devil knows where.
If in my Part it lyes, I fear he means
To warn us of the Sparks behind our Scenes:
For if you'l take it on Dalinda's *Word,*
'Tis a hard Chapter to refuſe a Lord.
The Poet might pretend this Moral too,
That when a Wit and Fool together woo;
The Damſel (not to break an Ancient Rule,)
Shou'd leave the Wit, and take the Wealthy Fool.
This he might mean, but there's a Truth behind,
And ſince it touches none of all our Kind,
But Masks and Miſſes; faith, I'le ſpeak my Mind.
What, if he Taught our Sex more cautious Carriage,
And not to be too Coming before Marriage:
For fear of my Misfortune in the Play,
A Kid brought home upon the Wedding day:
I fear there are few Sancho's *in the Pit,*
So good as to forgive, and to forget;
That will, like him, reſtore us into Favour,
And take us after on our good Behaviour.
Few, when they find the Mony Bag is rent,
Will take it for good Payment on content.

But in the Telling, there the difference is,
Sometimes they find it more than they cou'd wiſh.
Therefore be warn'd, you Miſſes and you Masks,
Look to your hits, nor give the firſt that asks.
Tears, Sighs, and Oaths, no truth of Paſſion prove,
True Settlement alone, declares true Love.
For him that Weds a Puſs, who kept her firſt,
I ſay but little, but I doubt the worſt:
The Wife that was a Cat may mind her houſe,
And prove an Honeſt, and a Careful Spouſe;
But faith I wou'd not truſt her with a Mouſe.

FINIS.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.
The YEAR of
WONDERS,
M. DC. LXVI.
AN
Hiſtorical Poem.

ALSO
A *POEM* on the Happy RESTORATION and RETURN of
His Late *Sacred MAJESTY*
Charles the Second.
LIKEWISE
A PANEGYRICK on His *CORONATION.*
TOGETHER
With a POEM to My LORD CHANCELLOR
Preſented on *New-Years-Day.* 1662.

By *JOHN DRYDEN*, Eſq;

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Jacob Tonſon at the *Judges-Head* in *Chancery-Lane*. 1688.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

The moſt Renowned and late Flouriſhing

City of London,

In Its

REPRESENTATIVES

The LORD MAYOR *and Court of* ALDERMEN,
the SHERIFFS *and* COMMON COUNCIL *of it*.

AS perhaps I am the firſt, who ever preſented a work of this nature to the Metropolis of any Nation, ſo it is likewiſe conſonant to Juſtice, that he who was to give the firſt Example of ſuch a Dedication ſhould begin it with that City, which has ſet a Pattern to all others of true Loyalty, invincible Courage and unſhaken Conſtancy. Other Cities have been prais'd for the ſame Virtues, but I am much deceiv'd if any have ſo dearly purchas'd their Reputation; their Fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expenſive, though neceſſary, War, a conſuming Peſtilence, and a more conſuming Fire. To ſubmit yourſelves with that humility to the Judgments of Heaven, and at the ſame time to raiſe yourſelves with that vigour above all human Enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be ſtruck down and to triumph; I know not whether ſuch Trials have been ever parallel'd in any Nation, the reſolution and ſucceſſes of them never can be. Never had Prince or People more mutual reaſon to love each other, if ſuffering for each other can indear affection. You have come together a pair of matchleſs Lovers, through many difficulties; He, through a long Exile, various traverſes of Fortune, and the interpoſition of many Rivals, who violenlently raviſh'd and with-held You from Him: And certainly you have had your ſhare in ſufferings. But Providence has caſt upon you want of Trade, that you might appear bountiful to your Country's neceſſities; and the reſt of your Afflictions are not more the effects of God's Diſpleaſure, (frequent examples of them having been in the Reign of the moſt excellent Princes,) than occaſions for the manifeſting of your Chriſtian and Civil virtues. To you therefore this *Year of Wonders* is juſtly dedicated, becauſe you have made it ſo. You, who are to ſtand a wonder to all Years and Ages; and, who have built yourſelves an Immortal Monument on your own Ruins. You are now a *Phœnix* in her aſhes, and, as far as Humanity can approach, a great Emblem of the ſuffering Deity. But Heaven never made ſo much Piety and Virtue to leave it miſerable. I have heard indeed of ſome virtuous Perſons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous Nation: Providence is engag'd too deeply, when the Cauſe becomes ſo general. And I cannot imagine it has reſolv'd the Ruin of that People at home, which it has bleſs'd abroad with ſuch Succeſſes. I am therefore to conclude, that your Sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my Poem has not been more an Hiſtory of your deſtruction, than the other a Prophecy of your reſtoration. The accompliſhment of which happineſs, as it is the wiſh of all true *Engliſh-men*, ſo is by none more paſſionately deſired than by

The greateſt of Your Admirers,

And moſt humble of Your Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
Enſuing POEM,
IN
A LETTER
To the HONORABLE
Sr. Robert Howard.

SIR,

I Am ſo many ways oblig'd to you, and ſo little able to return your Favours, that, like thoſe who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my Fortune, which was the effect of your Nobleneſs, but you have been ſolicitous of my Reputation, which is that of your Kindneſs. It is not long ſince I gave you the trouble of peruſing *a Play for me, and now, inſtead of an Acknowledgement, I have given you a greater, in the Correction of a Poem. But ſince you are to bear this Perſecution, I will at leaſt give you the encouragement of a Martyr, you could never ſuffer in a nobler cauſe. For I have choſen the moſt heroick Subject which any Poet could deſire: I have taken upon me to deſcribe the motives, the beginning, progreſs and ſucceſſes, of a moſt juſt and neceſſary War; in it, the care, management and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a Royal Admiral, and of two incomparable Generals; the invincible courage of our Captains and Seamen, and three glorious Victories, the reſult of all. After this, I have, in the Fire, the moſt deplorable, but withal the greateſt Argument that can be imagin'd; the deſtruction being ſo ſwift, ſo ſudden, ſo vaſt and miſerable, as nothing can parallel in Story. The former part of this Poem, relating to the War, is but a due expiation for my not ſerving my King and Country in it. All Gentlemen are almoſt oblig'd to it: And I know no reaſon we ſhould give that advantage to the Commonalty of* England *to be formoſt in brave actions, which the Nobleſs of* France *would never ſuffer in their Peaſants. I ſhould not have written this but to a Perſon, who has been ever forward to appear in all Employments, whither his Honour and Generoſity have call'd him. The later part of my Poem, which deſcribes the Fire, I owe firſt to the Piety and Fatherly Affection of our Monarch to his ſuffering Subjects; and, in the ſecond place, to the Courage, Loyalty and Magnanimity of the City; both which were ſo conſpicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as* *they deſerve. I have called my Poem* Hiſtorical, *not* Epick, *though both the Actions and Actors are as much Heroick, as any Poem can contain. But ſince the Action is not properly one, nor that accompliſh'd in the laſt ſucceſſes, I have judg'd it too bold a Title for a few* Stanza's, *which are little more in number than a ſingle* Iliad, *or the longeſt of the* Æneids. *For this reaſon, (I mean, not of length, but broken action, ti'd too ſeverely to the Laws of Hiſtory,) I am apt to agree with thoſe who rank* Lucan, *rather among Hiſtorians in Verſe, than* Epique *Poets: In whoſe room, if I am not deceived,* Silius Italicus, *though a worſe Writer, may more juſtly be admitted. I have choſen to write my Poem in* Quatrains *or* Stanza's *of four in alternate rhyme, becauſe I have ever judg'd them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the Sound and Number, than any other Verſe in uſe amongſt us; in which I am ſure I have your approbation. The learned* Languages *have, certainly, a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the ſlavery of any Rhyme; and were leſs conſtrain'd in the quantity of every ſyllable, which they might vary with* Spondæes *or* Dactiles, *beſides ſo many other helps of Grammatical Figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the Modern are in the cloſe of that one Syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts the ſenſe of all the reſt. But in this neceſſity of our Rhymes, I have always found the couplet Verſe moſt eaſie, (though not ſo proper for this occaſion,) for there the work is ſooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the Poet: But in* Quatrains *he is to carry it farther on; and not only ſo, but to bear along in his head the trou-*

bleſome ſenſe of four lines together. For thoſe who write correctly in this kind, muſt needs acknowledge, that the laſt line of the Stanza *is to be conſider'd in the compoſition of the firſt. Neither can we give our ſelves the liberty of making any part of a Verſe for the ſake of Rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not currant Engliſh, or uſing the variety of Female Rhymes, all which our Fathers practiſed; and for the Female Rhymes, they are ſtill in uſe amongſt other Nations; with the* Italian *in every line, with the* Spaniard *promiſcuouſly, with the* French *alternately, as thoſe who have read the* Alarique, *the* Pucelle, *or any of their later Poems, will agree with me. And beſides this, they write in* Alexandrins, *or Verſes of ſix feet, ſuch as amongſt us is the old Tranſlation of* Homer, *by* Chapman: *All which, by lengthning of their Chain, makes the ſphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my* Stanza, *which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface* to Gondibert; *and therefore I will haſten to acquaint you with my endeavors in the writing. In general I will only ſay, I have never yet ſeen the deſcription of any Naval Fight in the proper terms which are us'd at Sea; and if there be any ſuch in another Language, as that of* Lucan *in the third of his* Pharſalia, *yet I could not prevail my ſelf of it in the* Engliſh; *the terms of Art in every Tongue bearing more of the Idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed, among our Poets, of the Thundring of Guns, the Smoke, the Diſorder and the Slaughter; but all theſe are common notions. And certainly as thoſe, who, in a* Logical *diſpute, keep in general terms,* *would hide a fallacy, ſo thoſe who do it in any Poetical deſcription would vail their Ignorance.*

Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the Sea, yet I have thought it no ſhame to learn: And if I have made ſome few miſtakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witneſs, becauſe I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole Poem being firſt written, and now ſent you from a place, where I have not ſo much as the converſe of any Sea-man. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompens'd by the pleaſure; I found my ſelf ſo warm in celebrating the Praiſes of Military men, two ſuch eſpecially as the Prince *and* General, *that it is no wonder if they inſpir'd me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfied, that as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I have ever had, excepting only the* Royal Family; *ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have perform'd on any other. I have been forc'd to help out other Arguments, but this has been bountiful to me; they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful: But here —* Omnia ſponte ſuâ reddit juſtiſſima tellus. *I have had a large, a fair and a pleaſant field, ſo fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two Harveſts in a Summer, and in both oppreſſed the Reaper. All other greatneſs in Subjects is only counterfeit, it will not endure the teſt of danger; the greatneſs of arms is only real: Other greatneſs burdens a Nation with its weight, this ſupports it with its ſtrength.*

ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the Age, ſo it is the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of Kings, that we may praiſe his Subjects without offending him: Doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own Virtue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him; for the Good or the Valiant are never ſafely praiſed under a bad or a degenerate Prince. But to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of my Poem, I muſt crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The Compoſition of all Poems is or ought to be of wit, and wit in the Poet, or wit writing, (if you will give me leave to uſe a School diſtinction,) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the Writer, which, like a nimble Spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of Memory, till it ſprings the Quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which ſearches over all the Memory for the Species or Idea's of thoſe things which it deſigns to repreſent. Wit written, is that which is well defin'd, the happy reſult of Thought, or product of Imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an Heroick or Hiſtorical Poem, I judge it chiefly to conſiſt in the delightful imaging of Perſons, Actions, Paſſions, or Things. 'Tis not the jerk or ſting of an Epigram, nor the ſeeming contradiction of a poor Antitheſis, (the delight of an ill-judging Audience in a Play of Rhyme,) nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomaſia; neither is it ſo much the morality of a grave Sentence, affected by Lucan, but more ſparingly uſed by Virgil; but it is ſome lively and apt deſcription, dreſſed in ſuch colours *of ſpeech, that it ſets before your eyes the abſent object, as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then, the firſt happineſs of the Poet's Imagination is properly Invention, or finding of the thought; the ſecond is Fancy, or the Variation, deriving or moulding of that thought, as the Judgment repreſents it proper to the ſubject; the third is* Elocution, *or the Art of clothing and adorning that thought, ſo found and varied, in apt, ſignificant and ſounding words: The quickneſs of the Imagination is ſeen in the Invention, the fertility in the Fancy, and the accuracy in the Expreſſion. For the two firſt of theſe,* Ovid *is famous amongſt the Poets, for the later* Virgil. Ovid *images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary paſſions, or extreamly diſcompos'd by one: His words therefore are the leaſt part of his care, for he pictures* Nature *in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of Dialogue or Diſcourſe, and, conſequently, of the* Drama, *where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppos'd the effect of ſudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickneſs of Wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of Tropes, or, in fine, any thing that ſhews remoteneſs of thought, or labour, in the Writer. On the other ſide,* Virgil *ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like* Ovid, *but in his own, he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his Imagination. Though* *he deſcribes his* Dido *well and naturally, in the violence of her Paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the* Myrrha, *the* Biblis, *the* Althæa, *of* Ovid; *for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge, that, if I ſee not more of their Souls than I ſee of* Dido's, *at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them: And that convinces me, that* Ovid *has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than* Virgil *could. But when Action or Perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch Image is to be ſet before us, how bold, how maſterly are the ſtrokes of* Virgil! *We ſee the objects he repreſents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but ſo we ſee them, as our own Eyes could never have beheld them ſo beautiful in themſelves. We ſee the Soul of the Poet, like that univerſal one of which he ſpeaks, informing and moving through all his Pictures,* Totamque inſuſa per artus Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet; *we behold him embelliſhing his Images, as he makes* Venus *breathing beauty upon her ſon* Æneas.

——lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum, Pariuſve lapis circundatur auro.

See his Tempeſt, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus *and* Æneas, *and in his* Georgicks, *which I eſteem the Divineſt part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battel of Bulls, the labour of the Bees, and thoſe many other excellent Images of* Nature, *moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: But the words wherewith he deſcribes them* *are ſo excellent, that it might be well appli'd to him which was ſaid by* Ovid, Materiam ſuperabat opus: *The very Sound of his Words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject, and while we read him, we ſit, as in a Play, beholding the Scenes of what he repreſents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of Tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification; and this is it which* Horace *means in his Epiſtle to the* Piſos.

Dixeris egregie, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum ———

But I am ſenſible I have preſum'd too far to entertain you with a rude diſcourſe of that Art, which you both know ſo well, and put into practice with ſo much happineſs. Yet before I leave Virgil, *I muſt own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my Maſter in this Poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what ſucceſs, but I am ſure with diligence enough: My Images are many of them copied from him, and the reſt are imitations of him. My Expreſſions alſo are as near as the Idioms of the two Languages would admit of in tranſlation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldneſs, for which I will ſtand accomptable to any of our little Criticks, who, perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your firſt peruſal of this Poem, you have taken notice of ſome words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to ſay, refin'd,) upon his* Latin; *which, as I offer not to introduce into* Engliſh *proſe, ſo I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant in Verſe; and, in this,* Horace *will again defend me.*

Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, ſi
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——

The inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman *Poet might have liberty to coin a word, ſuppoſing only that it was derived from the* Greek, *was put into a* Latin *termination, and that he us'd this liberty but ſeldom, and with modeſty: How much more juſtly may I challenge that priviledge to do it with the ſame prerequiſits, from the beſt and moſt judicious of* Latin *Writers? In ſome places where either the Fancy, or the Words, were his, or any others, I have noted it in the Margin, that I might not ſeem a Plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediouſneſs, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such deſcriptions or images, well wrought, which I promiſe not for mine, are, as I have ſaid, the adequate delight of heroick Poeſie, for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the Images of the Burleſque, which is contrary to this, by the ſame reaſon beget laughter; for the one ſhews Nature beautified, as in the Picture of a fair Woman, which we all admire; the other ſhews her deformed, as in that of a Lazar, or of a Fool with diſtorted face and antique geſtures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, becauſe it is a deviation from Nature. But though the ſame Images ſerve equally for the Epique Poeſie, and for the Hiſtorique and Panegyrique, which are branches of it, yet a ſeveral ſort of Sculpture is to be uſed in them: If ſome of them are to be like thoſe of* Juvenal, Stantes in curribus Æmiliani, *Heroes drawn in their triumphal Chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of* Virgil, Spirantia mollius æra:

there is ſomewhat more of ſoftneſs and tenderneſs to be ſhewn in them. You will ſoon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have ſeen a paper of Verſes which I wrote laſt year to her Highneſs the Dutches, *have accus'd them of that only thing I could defend in them; they ſaid I did* humi ſerpere, *that I wanted not only height of Fancy, but dignity of Words to ſet it off; I might well anſwer with that of* Horace, Nunc non erat hic locus, *I knew I addreſs'd them to a Lady, and accordingly I affected the ſoftneſs of expreſſion, and the ſmoothneſs of meaſure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to ſay, I have ſucceeded. I deteſt arrogance, but there is ſome difference betwixt that and a juſt defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the Readers. I leave them to ſpeak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.*

Verſes to Her Highneſs the Dutches *on the Memorable Victory gain'd by the* Duke *againſt the* Hollanders, June *the* 3d. 1665. *And on Her Journey afterwards into the* North.

MADAM,

WHen, for our ſakes, your *Heroe* you reſign'd
To ſwelling Seas, and every faithleſs wind;
When you releas'd his Courage, and ſet free
A Valour fatal to the Enemy,

You lodg'd your Countries cares within your breaſt
(The manſion where ſoft Love ſhould only reſt:)
And e're our Foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your Souls divide!
Your Honour gave us what your Love deni'd:
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe Foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two ſuch Navies ſaw,
As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give Law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the Trident of the *Sea*:
The Winds were huſh'd, the Waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's People paſt:
Thoſe, yet uncertain on whoſe Sails to blow,
Theſe; where the wealth of Nations ought to flow.
Then with the Duke your Highneſs rul'd the day:
While all the Brave did his Command obey,
The Fair and Pious under you did pray.
How pow'rful are chaſt Vows! the Wind and Tyde
You brib'd to combat on the *Engliſh* ſide.
Thus to your much lov'd Lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour, ſent the neareſt way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So *Moſes* was upheld while *Iſrael* fought.)
While, from afar, we heard the Cannon play,
Like diſtant Thunder on a ſhiny day.
For abſent Friends we were aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, Men and Arms, our Country might reſtore,

But ſuch a Leader could ſupply no more.
With generous thoughts of Conqueſt he did burn,
Yet ſought not more to vanquiſh than return.
Fortune and Victory he did perſue,
To bring them, as his Slaves, to wait on you.
Thus Beauty raviſh'd the rewards of Fame,
And the Fair triumph'd when the Brave o'recame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way
By Land your Conqueſts far as his by Sea,
Leaving our Southern Clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn North, ten thouſand *Cupid*'s ſtrong.
Like Commons the Nobility reſort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving Court:
To welcome your approach the Vulgar run,
Like ſome new Envoy from the diſtant Sun.
And Country Beauties by their Lovers go,
Bleſſing themſelves, and wondring at the ſhow.
So when the New-born *Phœnix* firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd Subjects all adore their Queen.
And, while She makes her Progreſs through the Eaſt,
From every Grove her numerous Train's increaſt:
Each Poet of the air her Glory ſings,
And round him the pleas'd Audience clap their Wings.

And now, Sir, 'tis time I ſhould relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the Publick to detain you longer. In concluſion, I muſt leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the Printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the *number of thoſe, of whom the younger* Pliny *ſpeaks*, Nec ſunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos ſuos judicium vocant; *I am rather too ſecure of you on that ſide. Your candor in pardoning my Errors may make you more remiſs in correcting them; if you will not withal conſider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greateſt favour you can confer upon an abſent perſon, ſince I repoſe upon your management what is deareſt to me, my Fame and Reputation; and therefore I hope it will ſtir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your blots; If not, you know the ſtory of the Gamſter who married the rich Man's Daughter, and when her Father denied the Portion, Chriſtened all the Children by his Sirname, that if, in concluſion, they muſt beg, they ſhould do ſo by one Name, as well as by the other. But ſince the reproach of my Faults will light on you, 'tis but reaſon I ſhould do you that juſtice to the Readers, to let them know, that if there be any thing tolerable in this Poem, they owe the Argument to your choice, the Writing to your encouragement, the Correction to your judgment, and the Care of it to your friendſhip, to which he muſt ever acknowledge himſelf to owe all things, who is,*

SIR,

The moſt Obedient and moſt
Faithful of Your Servants,

From Charlton *in*
Wiltſhire, *Nov.*
10. 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Annus Mirabilis,

The YEAR of

WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

1.

IN thriving Arts long time had *Holland* grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad :
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own ;
Our King they courted, and our Merchants aw'd.

2.

Trade, which like Blood ſhould circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their Chanels, found its Freedom loſt :
Thither the Wealth of all the World did go,
And ſeem'd but Shipwrack'd on ſo baſe a Coaſt.

3.

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,
(*a*) In Eaſtern Quarries ripening precious Dew:
For them the *Idumæan* Balm did ſweat,
And in hot *Ceilon* Spicy Forreſts grew.

(a) In Eaſtern Quarries, &c. Precious Stones at firſt are dew, condens'd and hardned by the warmth of the Sun, or ſubterranean Fires.

4.

The Sun but ſeem'd the Lab'rer of the Year;
(*b*) Each waxing Moon ſuppli'd her watry ſtore,
To ſwell thoſe Tides, which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full Veſſels, to the *Belgan* ſhore.

(b) Each waxing, &c. according to their opinion, who think, that great heap of Waters under the Line is depreſſed into Tides by the Moon, towards the Poles.

5.

Thus mighty in her Ships, ſtood *Carthage* long,
And ſwept the Riches of the world from far;
Yet ſtoop'd to *Rome*, leſs wealthy, but more ſtrong:
And this may prove our ſecond Punick War.

6.

What Peace can be where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a Peace, it ſoon muſt have an end;
For they would grow too pow'rful were it long.

7.

Behold two Nations then, ingag'd ſo far,
That each ſeven years the Fit muſt ſhake each Land:
Where *France* will ſide to weaken us by War,
Who only can his vaſt Deſigns withſtand.

8.

See how he feeds th' (c) *Iberian* with delays,
To render us his timely Friendſhip vain;
And, while his ſecret Soul on *Flanders* preys,
He rocks the Cradle of the Babe of *Spain*.

(c) Th' Iberian, *the* Spaniard.

9.

Such deep deſigns of Empire does he lay
O're them, whoſe Cauſe he ſeems to take in hand:
And, prudently, would make them Lords at Sea,
To whom with eaſe he can give Laws by Land.

10.

This ſaw our King; and long within his breaſt
His penſive Counſels balland'd too and fro;
He griev'd the Land he freed ſhould be oppreſs'd,
And he leſs for it than Uſurpers do.

11.

His gen'rous Mind the fair *Ideas* drew
Of Fame and Honor, which in dangers lay;
Where Wealth, like Fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by Birds of prey.

12.

The Loſs and Gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his Subjects call'd aloud for War:
But peaceful Kings o're martial people ſet,
Each others poize and counter-ballance are.

13.

He, firſt, ſurveyed the Charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty Monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbecks riſe,
It would in richer ſhowers deſcend again.

14.

At length reſolv'd t'aſſert the watry Ball,
He in himſelf did whole Armado's bring:
Him, aged Sea-men might their Maſter call,
And chooſe for General were he not their King.

15.

It ſeems as every *Ship* their *Sovereign* knows,
His awful *Summons* they ſo ſoon obey;
So here the skaly Herd when (*d*) *Proteus* blows,
And ſo to Paſture follow through the Sea.

(d) *When* Proteus *blows, or* Cœruleus Proteus immania ponti armenta & magnas poſcit ſub gurgite Phocas. *Virg.*

16.

To ſee this Fleet upon the Ocean move,
Angels drew wide the Curtains of the Skies:
And Heav'n, as if there wanted Lights above,
For Tapers made two glaring Comets riſe.

17.

Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,
Fir'd by the Sun, or ſeeming ſo alone;
Or each ſome more remote and ſlippery Star,
Which loſes footing when to Mortals ſhewn.

18.

Or one, that bright companion of the Sun,
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born King;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

19.

Victorious *York* did, firſt, with fam'd ſucceſs,
To his known valour, make the *Dutch* give place:
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confeſs,
Beginning conqueſt from his Royal Race.

20.

But ſince it was decreed, Auſpicious King,
In *Britains* right that thou ſhould'ſt wed the Main,
Heav'n, as a gage, would caſt ſome precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that *Lawſon* ſhould be ſlain.

21.

Lawſon amongſt the formoſt met his fate,
Whom Sea-green *Syrens* from the Rocks lament:
Thus as an off'ring for the *Grecian* State,
He firſt was kill'd who firſt to Battel went.

22.

(†) *The Admiral of* Holland.

(†) Their Chief blown up, in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his Pride preſum'd to give the Law:
The *Dutch* confeſs'd Heaven preſent, and retir'd,
And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean ſaw.

23.

To neareſt Ports their ſhatter'd Ships repair,
Where by our dreadful Canon they lay aw'd:
So reverently Men quit the open air,
When Thunder ſpeaks the angry Gods abroad.

24.

And now approach'd their Fleet from *India* fraught,
With all the Riches of the riſing Sun:
And precious Sand from *(e)* Southern Climates brought,
(The fatal Regions where the War begun.)

The attempt at Berghen.

(e) *Southern Climates*, Guinny.

25.

Like hunted *Caſtors*, conſcious of their Store,
Their way-laid wealth to *Norways* coaſts they bring:
There firſt the North's cold boſome Spices bore,
And Winter brooded on the Eaſtern Spring.

26.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd Prey,
Which flanck'd with Rocks, did cloſe in covert lie:
And round about their murdering Canon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the Eye.

27.

Fiercer than Canon, and than Rocks more hard,
The *Engliſh* undertake th' unequal War:
Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is barr'd,
Beſiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

28.

Theſe fight like Husbands, but like Lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain enjoy:
And to ſuch height their frantick Paſſion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to deſtroy.

29.

Amidſt whole heaps of Spices lights a Ball,
And now their Odours arm'd againſt them flie:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd Porc'lain fall,
And ſome by Aromatick Splinters die.

30.

And though by Tempeſts of the Prize bereft,
In Heavens inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our Foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the Seas and Wind.

31.

Nor wholly loſt we ſo deſerv'd a Prey;
For Storms, repenting, part of it reſtor'd:
Which, as a Tribute from the Baltick Sea,
The Britiſh Ocean ſent her mighty Lord.

32.

Go, Mortals, now, and vex yourſelves in vain
For Wealth, which ſo uncertainly muſt come:
When what was brought ſo far, and with ſuch pain,
VVas onely kept to loſe it nearer home.

33.

The Son, who, twice three months on th' Ocean toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees in *Engliſh* Ships the *Holland* Coaſt,
And Parents Arms, in vain, ſtretcht from the Shore.

34.

This careful Husband had been long away,
VVhom his chaſte VVife and little Children mourn;
VVho on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their Father promis'd to return.

35.

(f) *Such are*, &c. *from* Petronius, Si bene calculum ponas, ubique fit naufragium.

(f) Such are the proud Deſigns of human kind,
And ſo we ſuffer Shipwrack every where!
Alas, what Port can ſuch a Pilot find,
VVho in the night of Fate muſt blindly ſteer.

36.

The undiſtinguiſh'd Seeds of Good and Ill
Heaven, in his boſom, from our knowledge hides;
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
VVhich oft, for friends, miſtaken foes provides.

37.

(g) *The* German *Faith*, Tacitus *ſaith of them*. Nullos mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos eſſe.

Let *Munſters* Prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the (g) *German* Faith in vain:
Alas, that he ſhould teach the *Engliſh* firſt,
That Fraud and Avarice in the Church could reign!

38.

Happy who never truſt a Strangers will,
VVhoſe Friendſhip's in his Intereſt underſtood!
Since Money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
VVhen pow'r is too remote to make him good.

39.

Till now, alone the Mighty Nations ſtrove;
The reſt, at gaze, without the Liſts did ſtand:
And threatning *France*, plac'd like a painted *Jove*,
Kept idle Thunder in his lifted hand.

War declar'd by France.

40.

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Hollands* trade,
VVho envies us what he wants pow'r t'enjoy!
VVhoſe noiſeful valour does no Foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his Friends deſtroy.

41.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret Hate to ſhew:
VVhich *Charles* does with a mind ſo calm receive
As one that neither ſeeks, nor ſhuns his Foe.

42.

VVith *France*, to aid the *Dutch*, the *Danes* unite:
France as their Tyrant, *Denmark* as their Slave.
But when with one three Nations join to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

43. *Lewis*

43.

Lewis had chas'd the *Engliſh* from his ſhore ;
  But *Charles* the *French* as Subjects does invite :
VVould Heav'n for each ſome *Solomon* reſtore,
  VVho, by their mercy, may decide their right.

44.

VVere Subjects ſo but only by their choice,
  And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion take,
Our Prince alone would have the publique voice ;
  And all his Neighbours Realms would deſarts make.

45.

He without fear a dangerous VVar purſues,
VVhich without raſhneſs he began before.
As Honour made him firſt the danger chooſe,
  So ſtill he makes it good on virtues ſcore.

46.

The doubled charge his Subjects love ſupplies,
  VVho, in that bounty, to themſelves are kind :
So glad Egyptians ſee their *Nilus* riſe,
  And in his plenty their abundance find.

47.

VVith equal pow'r he does two Chiefs create,
Two ſuch, as each ſeem'd worthieſt when alone:
Each able to ſuſtain a Nations fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

Prince Rupert *and Duke* Albemarl *ſent to Sea.*

48.

Both great in Courage, Conduct and in Fame,
Yet neither envious of the others Praiſe;
Their Duty, Faith, and Int'reſt too the ſame,
Like mighty Partners equally they raiſe.

49.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once poſſeſs'd did abſolutely reign;
Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* ſtrove,
And conquer'd firſt thoſe Beauties they would gain.

50.

The Duke beheld, like *Scipio*, with diſdain
That *Carthage*, which he ruin'd, riſe once more:
And ſhook aloft the Faſces of the Main,
To fright thoſe Slaves with what they felt before.

51.

Together to the watry Camp they haſte,
VVhom Matrons paſſing, to their children ſhew:
Infants firſt vows for them to Heav'n are caſt,
And (*b*) future people bleſs them as they go.

(*b*) *Future people*, Examina infantium futuruſque populus. Plin. Jun. in Pan. ad Traj.

52.

VVith them no riotous pomp, nor *Aſian* train,
T' infect a Navy with their gaudy fears:
To make ſlow fights, and victories but vain;
But war, ſeverely, like it ſelf, appears.

53.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where e're they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their Valour works like Bodies on a glaſs,
And does its Image on their men project.

54.

Our Fleet divides, and ſtraight the *Dutch* appear,
In number, and a fam'd Commander, bold:
The Narrow Seas can ſcarce their Navy bear,
Or crowded Veſſels can their Soldiers hold.

Duke of Albemarl'*s Battel*, *firſt day*.

55. The

55.

The Duke, leſs numerous, but in Courage more,
On wings of all the winds to Combat flies:
His murdering Guns a loud Defiance roar,
And bloody Croſſes on his Flag-ſtaffs riſe.

56.

Both furl their Sails, and ſtrip them for the Fight;
Their folded Sheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs Air:
(*i*) Th' *Elean* Plains could boaſt no nobler ſight,
VVhen ſtruggling Champions did their Bodies bare.

(i) *Th' Elean,* &c. *Where the Olympick Games were celebrated.*

57.

Born each by other in a diſtant Line,
The Sea-built Forts in dreadful order move:
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not Fleets did join,
(*k*) But Lands unfixt, and floating Nations ſtrove.

(k) *Lands unfix'd,* from Virgil: Credas innare revulſas Cycladas, *&c.*

58.

Now paſs'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack,
Both ſtrive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more cloſely they come back
To finiſh all the Deaths they left behind.

59.

ON high-rais'd Decks the haughty *Belgians* ride,
Beneath whoſe Shade our humble Frigats go:
Such port the *Elephant* bears, and ſo defi'd
By the *Rhinocero's* her unequal foe.

60.

And as the Built, ſo different is the Fight;
Their mounting Shot is on our Sails deſign'd:
Deep in their Hulls our deadly Bullets light,
And through the yielding Planks a paſſage find.

61.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
VVhoſe batter'd Rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like ſome old Oak which Tempeſts beat,
He ſtands, and ſees below his ſcatter'd leaves.

62.

Heroes of old, when wounded, Shelter ſought,
But he, who meets all Danger with diſdain,
Ev'n in their Face his Ship to Anchor brought,
And Steeple-high ſtood propt upon the Main.

63.

At this exceſs of Courage, all amaz'd,
The foremoſt of his Foes a while withdraw:
VVith ſuch reſpect in enter'd *Rome* they gaz'd,
VVho on high Chairs the God-like Fathers ſaw.

64.

And now, as where *Patroclus* Body lay,
Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, and there the *Greek*:
Ours o're the Duke their pious wings diſplay,
And theirs the nobleſt Spoils of *Britain* ſeek.

65.

Mean time, his buſie Mariners he haſts,
His ſhatter'd Sails with Rigging to reſtore:
And willing Pines aſcend his broken Maſts,
VVhoſe lofty heads riſe higher than before.

66.

Streight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful Prow,
More fierce th' important Quarrel to decide:
Like Swans, in long array his veſſels ſhew,
VVhoſe creaſts, advancing, do the waves divide.

67.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the Sea
They drive, and ſquander the huge *Belgian* Fleet.
Berkley alone who neareſt Danger lay,
Did a like Fate with loſt *Creuſa* meet.

68.

The night comes on, we eager to perſue
The Combat ſtill, and they aſham'd to leave:
Till the laſt ſtreaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful Moon-light did our rage deceive.

69.

In th' *Engliſh* Fleet each Ship reſounds with Joy,
And loud Applauſe of their great Lead'rs Fame:
In fiery dreams the *Dutch* they ſtill deſtroy,
And ſlumbring, ſmile at the imagin'd Flame.

70.

Not ſo the *Holland* Fleet, who tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their Decks like weary Oxen lie:
Faint Sweats all down their might Members run,
(Vaſt bulks which little Souls but ill ſupply.)

71.

In Dreams they fearful Precipices tread,
  Or, ſhipwrack'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore:
Or in dark Churches walk among the Dead;
  They wake with horror, and dare ſleep no more.

72.

The Morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
  Till, from their Main-top, joyful news they hear
Of Ships, which by their mould bring new Supplies,
  And in their Colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

Second days Battel.

73.

Our watchful General had diſcern'd, from far,
  This mighty ſuccour which made glad the Foe:
He ſigh'd, but, like a Father of the War,
  (*l*) His face ſpake hope, while deep his Sorrows flow.

(*l*) *His face,* &c. Spem vultu ſimulat, premit alto corde dolorem. *Virg.*

74.

His wounded Men he firſt ſends off to ſhore:
  (Never, till now, unwilling to obey.)
They, not their wounds but want of Strength deplore,
  And think them happy who with him can ſtay.

75.

Then, to the reſt, Rejoyce, (ſaid he,) to day,
In you the Fortune of *Great Britain* lies:
Among ſo brave a people, you are they,
Whom Heav'n has choſe to fight for ſuch a Prize.

76.

If number *Engliſh* courages could quell,
We ſhould at firſt have ſhun'd, not met, our Foes;
Whoſe numerous Sails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers grows.

77.

He ſaid; nor needed more to ſay: with haſt
To their known Stations chearfully they go:
And all at once, diſdaining to be laſt,
Solicite every Gale to meet the Foe.

78.

Nor did th'incourag'd *Belgians* long delay,
But, bold in others, not themſelves, they ſtood:
So thick, our Navy ſcarce could ſteer their way,
But ſeem'd to wander in a moving wood.

79.

Our little Fleet was now ingag'd ſo far,
That, like the Sword-fiſh in the Whale, they fought:
The Combat only ſeem'd a Civil War,
Till through their Bowels we our Paſſage wrought.

80.

Never had Valour, no not ours before,
Done ought like this upon the Land or Main:
Where not to be o'rcome was to do more
Than all the Conqueſts former Kings did gain.

81.

The mighty Ghoſts of our great *Harries* roſe,
And armed *Edwards* look'd, with anxious eyes,
To ſee this Fleet among unequal Foes,
By which fate promis'd them their *Charles* ſhould riſe.

82.

Mean time the *Belgians* tack upon our Reer,
And raking Chaſe-guns through our Sterns they ſend:
Cloſe by, their Fire-ſhips, like *Jackals*, appear,
Who on their Lions for the Prey attend.

83.

Silent in ſmoke of Cannons they come on:
(Such Vapours once did fiery *Cacus* hide,)
In theſe the height of pleas'd Revenge is ſhewn,
Who burn contented by anothers ſide.

84.

Sometimes, from fighting Squadrons of each Fleet,
(Deceiv'd themſelves, or to preſerve ſome Friend,)
Two grappling *Ætna*'s on the Ocean meet,
And *Engliſh* Fires with *Belgian* Flames contend.

85.

Now, at each tack, our little Fleet grows leſs;
And, like maim'd Fowl, ſwim lagging on the Main:
Their greater Loſs their Numbers ſcarce confeſs,
While they loſe cheaper than the *Engliſh* gain.

86.

Have you not ſeen, when, whiſtled from the Fiſt,
Some Falcon ſtoops at what her Eye deſign'd,
And, with her eagerneſs, the Quarry miſs'd,
Streight flies at check, and clips it down the Wind.

87.

The daſtard Crow, that to the Wood made wing,
And ſees the Groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does bring,
Who, ſafe in numbers, cuff the noble Bird.

88.

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemarl* did fare:
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to flie;
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling *Cæſar*, decently to die.

89.

Yet Pity did his manly Spirit move
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought:
And, generouſly, with his deſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

90.

Let other Muſes write his proſp'rous fate,
Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings reſtor'd:
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford.

91.

He drew his mighty Frigats all before,
On which the Foe his fruitleſs Force employes:
His weak ones deep into his Reer he bore,
Remote from Guns as Sick-men from the Noiſe.

92.

His fiery Canon did their Paſſage guide,
And following Smoke obſcur'd them from the Foe:
Thus *Iſrael* ſafe from the *Egyptian*'s Pride,
By flaming Pillars, and by Clouds did go.

93.

Elſewhere the *Belgian* Force we did defeat,
But here our Courages did theirs ſubdue:
So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd Retreat,
Which firſt the *Aſian* Empire overthrew.

94.

The Foe approach'd; and one, for his bold Sin,
Was ſunk, (as he that touch'd the Ark was ſlain:)
The wild Waves maſter'd him, and ſuck'd him in,
And ſmiling *Eddies* dimpled on the Main.

95.

This ſeen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood;
As if they had been there as Servants ſet,
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not perſue, but wait on his Retreat.

96.

So *Lybian* Huntſmen, on ſome Sandy plain,
From ſhady coverts rouz'd, the Lion chace:
The Kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
(*m*) And ſlowly moves, unknowing to give place.

(m) *The Simile is* Virgil'*s*, Veſtigia retro improperata refert, &c.

97.

But if ſome one approach to dare his Force,
He ſwings his Tail, and ſwiftly turns him round:
With one Paw ſeizes on his trembling Horſe,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

98.

Amidſt theſe Toils ſucceeds the balmy night,
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd Guns reſtore;
(*n*) And weary waves, withdrawing from the Fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent Shore.

(n) *Weary waves, from* Statius Sylv. Nec trucibus fluviis idem ſonus: Occidit horror æquoris, antennis maria acclinata quieſcunt.

99.

The Moon ſhone clear on the becalmed floud,
Where, while her Beams like glittering ſilver play,
Upon the Deck our careful General ſtood,
And deeply muſ'd on the (*o*) ſucceeding Day.

(o) *The third of* June, *famous for two former Victories.*

100.

That happy Sun, ſaid he, will riſe again,
Who twice victorious did our Navy ſee:
And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
Without one ray of all his Star for me.

101.

Yet, like an *Engliſh* Gen'ral will I die,
And all the Ocean make my ſpatious Grave:
VVomen and Cowards on the Land may lie;
The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the Brave.

102.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnants of the Night,
Till the freſh Air proclaim'd the Morning nigh:
And burning Ships, the Martyrs of the Fight,
VVith paler fires beheld the Eaſtern sky.

103.

But now, his Stores of Ammunition ſpent,
His naked Valour is his only guard:
Rare Thunders are from his dumb Cannon ſent, *Third day.*
And ſolitary Guns are ſcarcely heard.

104.

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, here forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with Virtue be at ſtrife:
This, as a Ranſom, *Albemarl* did pay,
For all the Glories of ſo great a Life.

105.

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears,
Whoſe waving Streamers the glad General knows:
With full ſpread Sails his eager Navy ſteers,
And every Ship in ſwift proportion grows.

106.

The anxious Prince had heard the Cannon long,
And from that length of time dire *Omens* drew
Of *Engliſh* over-match'd, and *Dutch* too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days but to perſue.

107.

Then, as an Eagle, (who, with pious care,
VVas beating widely on the wing for prey,)
To her now ſilent *Eiry* does repair,
And finds her callow Infants forc'd away.

108.

Stung with her Love, ſhe ſtoops upon the Plain,
The broken Air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops, and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her Pinions by her Young ones cries.

109.

VVith ſuch kind paſſion haſts the Prince to fight,
And ſpreads his flying Canvaſs to the ſound:
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now, abſent, every little noiſe can wound.

110.

As, in a drought, the thirſty Creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd Clouds for *Rain*;
And firſt the Martlet meets it in the Sky,
And, with wet wings, joys all the feather'd Train.

111. VVith

111.

VVith ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing Men,
Salute th' appearance of the Princes Fleet:
And each ambitiouſly would claim the Ken,
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

112.

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds before,
To reap the harveſt their ripe Ears did yield,
Now look like thoſe, when rowling Thunders roar,
And ſheets of Lightning blaſt the ſtanding Field.

113.

Full in the Princes Paſſage, hills of Sand,
And dangr'ous Flats, in ſecret Ambuſh lay,
VVhere the falſe Tides skim or'e the cover'd Land,
And Sea-men with diſſembled Depths betray.

114.

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n-Angels, fear'd
This new *Meſſia*'s coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving Veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his Courage with ſo fair a Bait.

115.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
Secure of Fame when e're he pleaſe to fight:
His cold Experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boaſting Valour ſlight.

116.

Heroick Virtue did his Actions guide,
And he the ſubſtance not the appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch Friend he took more pride
Than to deſtroy whole Thouſands of ſuch Foes.

117.

But, when approach'd, in ſtrict Embraces bound,
Rupert and *Albemarl* together grow:
He joys to have his Friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that Friend would owe.

118.

The chearful Soldiers, with new ſtores ſuppli'd,
Now long to execute their ſpleenful VVill;
And, in revenge for thoſe three days they tri'd,
VViſh one, like *Joſhuah*'s, when the Sun ſtood ſtill.

119.

Thus re-inforc'd, againſt the adverſe Fleet,
  Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way:
With the firſt bluſhes of the Morn they meet,
  And bring night back upon the new-born day.

Fourth days Battel.

120.

His Preſence ſoon blows up the kindling Fight,
  And his loud Guns ſpeak thick like angry men:
It ſeem'd as Slaughter had been breath'd all night,
  And Death new pointed his dull Dart agen.

121.

The *Dutch*, too well his mighty Conduct knew,
  And matchleſs Courage ſince the former Fight:
Whoſe Navy like a ſtiff-ſtretch'd cord did ſhew,
  Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

122.

The Wind he ſhares while half their Fleet offends
  His open ſide, and high above him ſhews:
Upon the reſt at pleaſure he deſcends,
  And, doubly harm'd, he double harms beſtows.

123.

Behind, the Gen’ral mends his weary Pace,
And ſullenly to his Revenge he ſails:
(*p*) So glides ſome trodden Serpent on the Graſs,
And long behind his wounded Volume trails.

(*p*) *So glides,* &c. *from* Virgil. Quum medii nexus, extremæque agmina caudæ ſolvuntur; tardoſque trahit ſinus ultimus orbes, *&c.*

124.

Th’ increaſing Sound is born to either ſhore,
And for their ſtakes the throwing Nations fear:
Their Paſſion, double with the Cannons roar,
And with warm wiſhes each Man combats there.

125.

Pli’d thick and cloſe as when the Fight begun,
Their huge unwieldly Navy waſts away:
So ſicken waning Moons too near the Sun,
And blunt their Creſcents on the edge of day.

126.

And now reduc’d on equal terms to fight,
Their Ships like waſted Patrimonies ſhew:
Where the thin ſcatt’ring Trees admit the light,
And ſhun each others Shadows as they grow.

127.

The warlike Prince had ſever'd from the reſt
  Two giant Ships, the pride of all the Main;
Which, with his one, ſo vigorouſly he preſs'd,
  And flew ſo home they could not riſe again.

128.

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,
  In vain upon the paſſing Winds they call:
The paſſing Winds through their torn Canvaſs play,
  And flagging Sails on heartleſs Sailors fall.

129.

Their open'd ſides receive a gloomy light,
  Dreadful as day let in to ſhades below:
Without, grim death rides bare-fac'd in their ſight,
  And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

130.

When one dire ſhot, the laſt they could ſupply,
  Cloſe by the board the Prince's Main-maſt bore:
All three now, helpleſs, by each other lie,
  And this offends not, and thoſe fear no more.

131.

So have I ſeen ſome fearful Hare maintain
A Courſe, till tir'd before the Dog ſhe lay:
Who, ſtretch'd behind her, pants upon the Plain,
Paſt pow'r to kill as ſhe to get away.

132.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his Prey,
His warm breath blows her flix up as ſhe lies:
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beſeeching eyes.

133.

The Prince unjuſtly does his Stars accuſe,
Which hinder'd him to puſh his Fortune on:
For what they to his Courage did refuſe,
By mortal Valour never muſt be done.

134.

This lucky hour the wiſe *Batavian* takes,
And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home:
Proud to have ſo got off with equal ſtakes,
(q) Where 'twas a Triumph not to be o're-come.

(q) *From* Horace: Quos opinius fallere & effugere eſt triumphus.

135.

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can perſue:
Laſting till Heav'n had done his Courage right,
When he had conquer'd he his Weakneſs knew.

136.

He caſts a Frown on the departing Foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the watry Field:
His ſtern fix'd Eyes no ſatisfaction ſhew,
For all the glories which the Fight did yield.

137.

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,
He ſtands confeſs'd ev'n by the boaſtful *Dutch*,
He only does his Conqueſt diſavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

138.

Return'd, he with the Fleet reſolv'd to ſtay,
No tender thoughts of Home his heart divide:
Domeſtick Joys and Cares he puts away,
For Realms are houſholds which the Great muſt guide.

139.

As thoſe who unripe veins in Mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm Turf lay,
Till time digeſts the yet imperfect Ore,
And know it will be Gold another day.

140.

So looks our Monarch on this early Fight,
Th' eſſay, and rudiments of great Succeſs:
Which all-maturing time muſt bring to light,
While he, like Heav'n, does each days labour bleſs.

141.

Heav'n ended not the firſt or ſecond day,
Yet each was perfect to the work deſign'd:
God and Kings work, when they their work ſurvey,
And paſſive aptneſs in all Subjects find.

142.

In burden'd Veſſels, firſt, with ſpeedy care,
His plenteous Stores do ſeaſon'd Timber ſend:
His Majeſty repairs the Fleet. Thither the brawny Carpenters repair,
And as the Surgeons of maim'd Ships attend.

143.

VVith Cord and Canvaſs from rich *Hamburgh* ſent,
His Navies molted wings he imps once more:
Tall *Norway* Fir, their Maſts in Battel ſpent,
And *Engliſh* Oak ſprung Leaks and Planks reſtore.

144.

All hands employ'd, (*r*) the Royal work grows warm,
Like labouring Bees on a long Summers day,
Some ſound the Trumpet for the reſt to ſwarm,
And ſome on bells of taſted Lillies play.

(*r*) Fervet opus: *The ſame ſimilitude in* Virgil.

145.

VVith glewy wax ſome new Foundations lay
Of Virgin-combs, which from the Roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors, upon Duty ſtay,
Or tend the Sick, or educate the Young.

146.

So here, ſome pick out Bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old Okum through each Seam and Rift:
Their left-hand does the Calking-iron guide,
The ratling Mallet with the right they lift.

147.

VVith boiling Pitch another near at hand
(From friendly *Sweden* brought,) the ſeams inſtops:
VVhich well paid or'e the ſalt-Sea waves withſtand,
And ſhakes them from the riſing Beak in drops.

148.

Some the gall'd Ropes with dawby Marling bind,
Or ſear-cloth Maſts with ſtrong Tarpawling coats:
To try new Shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one, below, their Eaſe or Stifneſs notes.

149.

Our careful Monarch ſtands in Perſon by,
His new-caſt Cannons Firmneſs to explore:
The ſtrength of big-corn'd Powder loves to try,
And Ball and Cartrage ſorts for every bore.

150.

Each day brings freſh ſupplies of Arms and Men,
And Ships which all laſt VVinter were abroad:
And ſuch as fitted ſince the Fight had been,
Or new from Stocks were fall'n into Road.

151.

The goodly *London* in her gallant Trim,
(The *Phœnix* daughter of the vaniſh'd old:)
Like a rich Bride does to the *Ocean* ſwim,
And on her ſhadow rides in Floating-gold.

Loyal London *deſcribed.*

152.

Her Flag aloft ſpread ruffling to the Wind,
And ſanguine Streamers ſeem the Floud to fire:
The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom deſign'd,
Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

153.

VVith roomy Decks, her Guns of mighty ſtrength,
(Whoſe low-laid Mouths each mounting Billow laves:)
Deep in her Draught, and warlike in her Length,
She ſeems a Sea-waſp flying on the VVaves.

154.

This martial Preſent, piouſly deſign'd,
The Loyal City give their beſt-lov'd King:
And with a Bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted and maintain'd to aid him bring.

155.

Digreſſion concerning Shipping and Navigation.

By viewing Nature, Natures Hand-maid, Art,
Makes mighty things from ſmall beginnings grow:
Thus Fiſhes firſt to Shipping did impart,
Their Tail the Rudder, and their Head the Prow.

156.

Some Log, perhaps, upon the waters ſwam,
An uſeleſs drift, which, rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, firſt a floating Trough became,
And croſs ſome Riv'let Paſſage did begin.

157.

In ſhipping ſuch as this, the *Iriſh Kern*
And untaught *Indian*, on the Stream did glide:
Ere ſharp-keel'd Boats to ſtem the Floud did learn,
Or fin-like Oars did ſpread from either ſide.

158.

Add but a Sail, and *Saturn* ſo appear'd,
VVhen, from loſt Empire, he to Exile went,
And with the Golden age to *Tyber* ſteer'd,
VVhere Coin and firſt Commerce he did invent.

159.

Rude as their Ships was Navigation, then;
No uſeful Compaſs or Meridian known:
Coaſting, they kept the Land within their ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-ſtar ſhone.

160.

Of all who ſince have us'd the open Sea,
Than the bold *Engliſh* none more Fame have won:
(ſ) Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'ns high-way,
They make diſcoveries where they ſee no Sun.

(ſ) Extra anni ſoliſque vias, *Virg.*

161.

But what ſo long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor man-kinds benighted VVit is ſought:
Shall in this Age to *Britain* firſt be ſhewn,
And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

162.

The Ebbs of Tides, and their myſterious Flow,
VVe, as Arts Elements ſhall underſtand:
And as by Line upon the Ocean go,
VVhoſe Paths ſhall be familiar as the Land.

163.

(t) By a more exact meaſure of Longitude.

(t) Inſtructed Ships ſhall ſail to quick Commerce;
By which remoteſt Regions are alli'd:
VVhich makes one City of the Univerſe,
VVhere ſome may gain, and all may be ſuppli'd.

164.

Then, we upon our Globes laſt verge ſhall go,
And view the Ocean leaning on the *Sky*:
From thence our rolling Neighbours we ſhall know,
And on the Lunar world ſecurely pry.

165.

Apoſtrophe to the Royal Society.

This I fore-tel, from your auſpicious Care,
VVho great in ſearch of God and Nature grow:
VVho beſt your wiſe Creator's Praiſe declare,
Since beſt to praiſe his works is beſt to know.

166.

O truly Royal! who behold the Law,
And rule of Beings in your Makers mind:
And thence, like Limbecks, rich Idea's draw,
To fit the levell'd uſe of Human-kind.

167.

But firſt the toils of War we muſt endure,
And from th' Injurious *Dutch* redeem the Seas.
War makes the valiant of his right ſecure,
And gives up Fraud to be chaſtis'd with eaſe.

168.

Already were the *Belgians* on our Coaſt,
Whoſe Fleet more mighty every day became
By late Succeſs, which they did falſly boaſt,
And now, by firſt appearing ſeem'd to claim.

169.

Deſigning, Subtil, Diligent, and Cloſe,
They knew to manage War with wiſe delay:
Yet all thoſe arts their Vanity did croſs,
And, by their pride, their prudence did betray.

170.

Nor ſtaid the *Engliſh* long: But, well ſuppli'd,
Appear as numerous as th' inſulting Foe:
The Combat now by Courage muſt be tri'd,
And the Succeſs the braver Nation ſhew.

171.

There was the *Plimouth* Squadron now come in,
VVhich in the *Streights* laſt Winter was abroad:
VVhich twice on *Biſcay*'s working-Bay had been,
And on the Mid-land Sea the *French* had aw'd.

172.

Old expert *Allen*, Loyal all along,
Fam'd for his Action on the *Smirna* Fleet:
And *Holmes*, whoſe Name ſhall live in Epick Song,
VVhile Muſick Numbers, or while Verſe has Feet.

173.

Holmes, the *Achates* of the Gen'rals Fight,
VVho firſt bewitch'd our Eyes with *Guinny* Gold:
As once old *Cato* in the *Roman*'s ſight
The tempting Fruits of *Africk* did unfold.

174.

VVith him went *Sprag*, as bountiful as brave,
VVhom his high Courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice fir'd *Harry* ſave,
And in his burning ſhip undaunted fought.

175.

Young *Hollis*, on a *Muſe* by *Mars* begot,
Born, *Cæſar*-like, to write and act great Deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal Shot,
His right hand doubly to his left ſucceeds.

176.

Thouſands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whoſe Deeds ſome nobler Poem ſhall adorn:
And, though to me unknown, they, ſure, fought well,
Whom *Rupert* led, and who were *Britiſh* born.

177.

Of every ſize an hundred fighting Sail,
So vaſt the Navy now at Anchor rides,
That underneath it the preſs'd Waters fail,
And, with its weight, it ſhoulders off the Tides.

178.

Now Anchors weigh'd, the Sea-men ſhout ſo ſhrill,
That Heaven and Earth and the wide Ocean rings:
A Breeze from Weſtward waits their Sails to fill,
And reſts, in thoſe high beds, his downy Wings.

179.

The wary *Dutch* this gathering Storm foreſaw,
And durſt not bide it on the *Engliſh*-coaſt:
Behind their treach'rous Shallows they withdraw,
And there lay Snares to catch the *Britiſh* Hoſt.

180.

So the falſe Spider, when her Nets are ſpread,
Deep ambuſh'd in her ſilent Den does lie:
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
Whoſe filmy Cord ſhould bind the ſtruggling Fly.

181.

Then, if at laſt, ſhe find him faſt beſet,
She iſſues forth, and runs along her Loom:
She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,
And drags the little VVretch in triumph home.

182.

The *Belgians* hop'd, that, with diſorder'd haſte,
Our deep-cut Keels upon the Sands might run:
Or, if with caution leiſurely were paſt,
Their numerous Groſs might charge us one by one.

183.

But, with a Fore-wind puſhing them above,
  And ſwelling Tide that heav'd them from below,
O're the blind Flats our warlike Squadrons move,
  And, with ſpread Sails, to welcom Battel go.

184.

It ſeem'd as there the *Britiſh Neptune* ſtood,
  With all his hoſts of Waters at Command,
Beneath them to ſubmit th' officious Floud:
  (*u*) And, with his Trident, ſhov'd them off the Sand.

(*u*) Levat ipſe Tridenti, & vaſtas aperit Syrtes, &c. *Virg.*

185.

To the pale Foes they ſuddenly draw near,
  And ſummon them to unexpected Fight:
They ſtart like Murderers when Ghoſts appear,
  And draw their Curtains in the dead of night.

186.

Second Battel.

Now Van to Van the foremoſt Squadrons meet,
  The midmoſt Battels haſtning up behind,
Who view, far off, the ſtorm of falling Sleet,
  And hear their Thunder ratling in the wind.

187.

At length the adverſe Admirals appear;
(The two bold Champions of each Countries right:)
Their Eyes deſcribe the liſts as they come near,
And draw the lines of Death before they fight.

188.

The diſtance, judg'd for Shot of every ſize,
The Linſtocks touch, the pond'rous Ball expires:
The vig'rous Sea-man every Port-hole plies,
And adds his Heart to every Gun he fires.

189.

Fierce was the Fight on the proud *Belgians* ſide,
For Honour, which they ſeldom ſought before:
But now they by their own vain Boaſts were ti'd,
And forc'd, at leaſt in ſhew, to prize it more.

190.

But ſharp remembrance on the *Engliſh* part,
And ſhame of being match'd by ſuch a Foe,
Rouze conſcious Virtue up in every heart,
(*w*) And ſeeming to be ſtronger makes them ſo.

(*w*) Poſſunt, quia poſſe videntur. *Virg.*

191.

Nor long the *Belgians* could that Fleet ſuſtain,
  Which did two Gen'rals fates, and *Cæſar*'s bear:
Each ſeveral Ship a Victory did gain,
  As *Rupert* or as *Albemarl* were there.

192.

Their batter'd Admiral too ſoon withdrew,
  Unthank'd by ours for his unfiniſh'd Fight:
But he the Minds of his *Dutch* Maſters knew,
  Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

193.

Never did Men more joyfully obey,
  Or ſooner underſtood the ſign to flie:
With ſuch alacrity they bore away,
  As if to praiſe them All the States ſtood by.

194.

O famous Leader of the *Belgian* Fleet,
  Thy Monument inſcrib'd ſuch Praiſe ſhall wear,
As *Varro*, timely flying, once did meet,
  Becauſe he did not of his *Rome* deſpair.

195.

Behold that Navy which a while before
Provok'd the tardy *Engliſh* cloſe to Fight;
Now draw their beaten Veſſels cloſe to Shore,
As Larks lie dar'd to ſhun the Hobbies flight.

196.

Who e're would *Engliſh* Monuments ſurvey,
In other Records may our Courage know:
But let them hide the Story of this day,
Whoſe Fame was blemiſh'd by too baſe a Foe.

197.

Or if too buſily they will enquire
Into a Victory which we diſdain:
Then let them know, the *Belgians* did retire
(x) Before the Patron Saint of injur'd *Spain*.

198.

Repenting *England* this revengeful day,
(y) To *Philips*'s Manes, did an Off'ring bring:
England, which firſt, by leading them aſtray,
Hatch'd up Rebellion to deſtroy her King.

(x) *Patron Saint*: St. James, *on whoſe day this Victory was gain'd.*

(y) Philips's *Manes*: Philip *the Second, of* Spain, *againſt whom the* Hollanders *rebelling, were aided by* Queen Elizabeth.

199.

Our Fathers bent their baneful Induſtry,
To check a Monarchy that ſlowly grew;
But did not *France* or *Holland*'s Fate foreſee,
VVhoſe riſing Pow'r to ſwift Dominion flew.

200.

In fortunes Empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathleſs Deſtiny:
VVhoſe dark reſorts ſince Prudence cannot know;
In vain it would provide for what ſhall be.

201.

But what e're *Engliſh* to the bleſs'd ſhall go,
And the fourth *Harry* or firſt *Orange* meet:
Find him diſowning of a *Burbon* foe,
And him deteſting a *Batavian* Fleet.

202.

Now on their Coaſts our conquering Navy rides,
VVay-lays their Merchants, and their Land beſets;
Each day, new Wealth without their Care provides,
They lie aſleep with Prizes in their Nets.

203.

So, cloſe behind ſome Promontory lie
The huge Leviathans t' attend their Prey:
And give no Chace, but ſwallow in the Frie,
Which through their gaping Jaws miſtake the way.

204.

Burning of the Fleet, in the Vly, *by Sir* Robert Holmes.

Nor was this all: In Ports and Roads remote,
Deſtructive Fires among whole Fleets we ſend:
Triumphant Flames upon the Water flote,
And out-bound Ships at Home their Voyage end.

205.

Thoſe various Squadrons, variouſly deſign'd,
Each Veſſel fraighted with a ſeveral Load:
Each Squadron waiting for a ſeveral wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the Road.

206.

Some bound for *Guinny*, golden Sand to find,
Bore all the Gauds the ſimple Natives wear:
Some for the pride of *Turkiſh* Courts deſign'd,
For folded *Turbants* fineſt *Holland* bear.

207.

Some *Engliſh* Wool, vex'd in a *Belgian* Loom,
And into Cloth of ſpungy ſoftneſs made:
Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,
To ruine with worſe ware our ſtaple Trade.

208.

Our greedy Sea-men rummage every hold,
Smile on the Booty of each wealthier Cheſt:
And, as the Prieſts who with their Gods make bold,
Take what they like, and ſacrifice the reſt.

209.

Transit *to the Fire of* London.

But ah! how unſincere are all our Joys!
Which, ſent from Heav'n, like Lightning make no [ſtay:
Their palling Taſte the Journeys Length deſtroys,
Or Grief, ſent poſt, o're-takes them on the way.

210.

Swell'd with our late Succeſſes on the Foe,
Which *France* and *Holland* wanted power to croſs:
We urge an unſeen Fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious Eyes with *Engliſh* loſs.

211.

Each Element his dread Command obeys,
Who makes or ruines with a Smile or Frown;
Who as by one he did our Nation raiſe,
So now, he with another pulls us down.

212.

Yet, *London*, Empreſs of the Northern Clime,
By an high Fate thou greatly didſt expire;
(z) Great as the Worlds, which at the death of time
Muſt fall, and riſe a nobler frame by fire.

213.

As when ſome dire Uſurper Heav'n provides,
To ſcourge his Country with a lawleſs Sway;
His Birth, perhaps, ſome petty Village hides,
And ſets his Cradle out of Fortune's way.

214.

Till fully ripe his ſwelling Fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty Miſchiefs on:
His Prince, ſurpriz'd at firſt, no ill could doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

215. Such

(z) Quum mare, quum tellus correptaque regia Cœli, ardeat, &c. *Ovid.*

215.

Such was the Riſe of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean Buildings firſt obſcurely bred,
From thence did ſoon to open Streets aſpire,
And ſtreight to Palaces and Temples ſpread.

216.

The diligence of Trades and noiſeful Gain,
And Luxury, more late, aſleep were laid:
All was the nights, and in her ſilent reign,
No ſound the reſt of Nature did invade.

217.

In this deep quiet, from what ſcource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of Fire their fatal Birth diſcloſe:
And firſt, few ſcatt'ring Sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our Ruin roſe.

218.

Then, in ſome cloſe-pent Room it crept along,
And, ſmouldring as it went, in ſilence fed:
Till th' infant Monſter, with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

219.

Now, like ſome rich or mighty Murderer,
Too great for Priſon, which he breaks with Gold:
Who freſher for new Miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the World to tax him with the old.

220.

So ſcapes th' inſulting Fire his narrow Jail,
And makes ſmall out-lets into open air:
There the fierce Winds his tender Force aſſail,
And beat him down-ward to his firſt repair.

221.

(a) The Winds, like crafty Courtezans, with-held
His Flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And, every freſh attempt, he is repell'd
With faint Denials, weaker than before.

(a) *Like crafty*, &c. Hæc arte tractabat cupidum virum, ut illius animum inopia accenderet.

222.

And now, no longer letted of his Prey,
He leaps up at it with inrag'd Deſire:
O'relooks the Neighbours with a wide ſurvey,
And nods at every Houſe his threatning Fire.

223. The

223.

The Ghoſts of Traitors from the Bridge deſcend,
With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce:
About the Fire into a Dance they bend,
And ſing their Sabbath Notes with feeble voice.

224.

Our Guardian Angel ſaw them where he ſate
Above the Palace of our ſlumbring King,
He ſigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And, drooping, oft lookt back upon the wing.

225.

At length, the crackling noiſe and dreadful blaze
Call'd up ſome waking Lover to the ſight:
And long it was ere he the reſt could raiſe,
Whoſe heavy Eye-lids yet were full of Night.

226.

The next to Danger, hot perſu'd by Fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, haſtily retire:
And frighted Mothers ſtrike their Breaſts, too late,
For helpleſs Infants left amidſt the Fire.

227.

Their Cries ſoon waken all the Dwellers near;
Now murmuring Noiſes riſe in every Street:
The more remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
And, in the dark, Men juſtle as they meet.

228.

So weary Bees in little Cells repoſe;
But if Night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd Hive,
An humming through their waxen City grows,
And out upon each others wings they drive.

229.

Now Streets grow throng'd and buſie as by day,
Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire:
Some cut the Pipes, and ſome the Engines play;
And ſome more bold mount Ladders to the fire.

230.

In vain: For, from the Eaſt, a *Belgian* wind
His hoſtile Breath through the dry Rafters ſent;
The Flames impell'd, ſoon left their Foes behind,
And forward, with a wanton fury went.

231.

A Key of Fire ran all along the Shore,
(b) And lighten'd all the River with a Blaze:
The waken'd Tides began again to roar,
And wond'ring Fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

(b) Sigæa igni freta lata relucent. *Virg.*

232.

Old Father *Thames* rais'd up his reverend head,
But fear'd the Fate of *Simoeis* would return:
Deep in his *Ooze* he ſought his ſedgy Bed,
And ſhrunk his Waters back into his Urn.

233.

The Fire, mean time, walks in a broader groſs,
To either hand his Wings he opens wide:
He wades the Streets, and ſtreight he reaches croſs,
And plays his longing Flames on th' other ſide.

234.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they take;
Now with long Necks from ſide to ſide they feed:
At length, grown ſtrong, their Mother-fire forſake,
And a new Colony of Flames ſucceed.

235.

To every nobler Portion of the Town,
The curling Billows roul their reſtleſs Tide:
In parties now they ſtruggle up and down,
As Armies, unoppos'd, for Prey divide.

236.

One mighty Squadron, with a Side-wind ſped,
Through narrow Lanes his cumber'd Fire does haſte:
By pow'rful charms of Gold and Silver led,
The *Lombard* Banquers and the *Change* to waſte.

237.

Another backward to the *Tow'r* would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the Wind:
But the main Body of the marching Foe
Againſt th' Imperial Palace is deſign'd.

238.

Now Day appears, and with the day the King,
Whoſe early Care had robb'd him of his reſt:
Far off the Cracks of Falling-houſes ring,
And Shrieks of Subjects pierce his tender Breaſt.

239.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of Smoke,
With gloomy Pillars, cover all the Place:
Whoſe little intervals of Night are broke
By Sparks that drive againſt his Sacred Face.

240.

More than his Guards his Sorrows made him known,
And pious Tears which down his Cheeks did ſhow'r:
The Wretched in his Grief forgot their own:
(So much the Pity of a King has pow'r.)

241.

He wept the Flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love:
For never Prince in Grace did more excel,
Or Royal City more in Duty ſtrove.

242.

Nor with an idle Care did he behold:
(Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs muſt redreſs;)
He chears the Fearful, and commends the Bold,
And makes Deſpairers hope for good Succeſs.

243.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the Succours which they bring.
The Helpful and the Good about him run,
And form an Army worthy ſuch a King.

244.

He ſees the dire Contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That where it ſeizes, all Relief is vain:
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That Country which would, elſe, the Foe maintain.

245.

The Powder blows up all before the Fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipices-brink retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

246.

Thus fighting Fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtreight, like *Turks*, forc'd on to win or die:
They firſt lay tender Bridges of their fume,
And o're the Breach in unctuous vapours flie.

247. Part

247.

Part ſtays for Paſſage till a guſt of wind
Ships o're their Forces in a ſhining Sheet:
Part, creeping under ground, their Journey blind,
And, climbing from below, their Fellows meet.

248.

Thus, to ſome deſert Plain, or old Wood-ſide,
Dire Night-hags come from far to dance their round:
And o're broad Rivers, on their Fiends, they ride,
Or ſweep in Clouds above the blaſted ground.

249.

No help avails: For, *Hydra*-like, the Fire,
Lifts up his Hundred heads, to aim his way:
And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the Prey.

250.

The Rich grow ſuppliant, and the Poor grow proud;
Thoſe offer mighty Gain, and theſe ask more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble Crowd,
When others Ruin may increaſe their Store.

251.

As thoſe who live by Shores with joy behold
Some wealthy Veſſel ſplit or ſtranded nigh;
And, from the Rocks, leap down for ſhipwrack'd Gold,
And ſeek the Tempeſts which the others flie.

252.

So theſe but wait the Owners laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade:
Ev'n from their Jaws they hungry morſels tear,
And, on their backs, the Spoils of *Vulcan* lade.

253.

The days were all in this loſt labour ſpent;
And when the weary King gave place to Night,
His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,
And ſo ſhone ſtill in his reflective Light.

254.

Night came, but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A diſmal Picture of the gen'ral Doom;
Where Souls diſtracted when the Trumpet blows,
And half unready with their Bodies come.

255.

Thoſe who have Homes, when Home they do repair,
To a laſt Lodging call their wand'ring Friends;
Their ſhort uneaſie Sleeps are broke with Care,
To look how near their own Deſtruction tends.

256.

Thoſe who have none ſit round where once it was,
And with full Eyes each wonted Room require:
Haunting the yet warm Aſhes of the place,
As murder'd Men walk where they did expire.

257.

Some ſtir up Coals, and watch the Veſtal fire,
Others in vain from ſight of Ruin run:
And, while through burning Lab'rinths they retire,
With loathing Eyes repeat what they would ſhun.

258.

The moſt, in Feilds, like herded Beaſts lie down;
To Dews obnoxious on the graſſie Floor:
And while their Babes in Sleep their Sorrows drown,
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their Store.

259.

While by the Motion of the Flames they gueſs
What Streets are burning now, and what are near:
An Infant, waking, to the Paps would preſs,
And meets, inſtead of Milk, a falling Tear.

260.

No thought can eaſe them but their Sovereign's Care,
Whoſe Praiſe th' Afflicted as their Comfort ſing:
Ev'n thoſe whom Want might drive to juſt deſpair,
Think Life a Bleſſing under ſuch a King.

261.

Mean time he ſadly ſuffers in their Grief,
Out-weeps an Hermite, and out-prays a Saint:
All the long Night he ſtudies their Relief,
How they may be ſuppli'd, and he may want.

262.

Kings's Prayer.

O God, ſaid he, thou Patron of my Days,
Guide of my Youth in Exile and Diſtreſs!
Who me unfriended brought'ſt, by wondrous ways,
The Kingdom of my Fathers to poſſeſs.

263. Be

263.

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied Care
I ſince have labour'd for my People's good:
To bind the Bruiſes of a Civil War,
And ſtop the Iſſues of their waſting Blood.

264.

Thou, who haſt taught me to forgive the Ill,
And recompenſe, as Friends, the Good miſled;
If Mercy be a Precept of thy Will,
Return that Mercy on thy Servants head.

265.

Or, if my heedleſs Youth has ſtept aſtray,
Too ſoon forgetful of thy gracious hand:
On me alone thy juſt Diſpleaſure lay,
But take thy Judgments from this mourning Land.

266.

We all have ſinn'd, and thou haſt laid us low,
As humble Earth from whence at firſt we came:
Like flying Shades before the Clouds we ſhew,
And ſhrink like Parchment in conſuming Flame.

267.

O let it be enough what thou haſt done;
VVhen ſpotted Deaths ran arm'd through every Street,
VVith poiſon'd Darts, which not the Good could ſhun,
The Speedy could out-flie, or Valiant meet.

268.

The living few, and frequent Funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy VVrath on this forſaken place:
And now thoſe few who are return'd agen,
Thy ſearching Judgments to their dwellings trace.

269.

O paſs not, Lord, an abſolute Decree,
Or bind thy Sentence unconditional:
But in thy Sentence our Remorſe foreſee,
And, in that foreſight, this thy Doom recal.

270.

Thy Threatings, Lord, as thine, thou maiſt revoke:
But, if immutable and fix'd they ſtand,
Continue ſtill thy ſelf to give the Stroke,
And let not Foreign-foes oppreſs thy Land.

271.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quire
Choſe out the Cherub with the flaming Sword:
And bad him ſwiftly drive th' approaching Fire
From where our Naval Magazins were ſtor'd.

272.

The bleſſed Miniſter his Wings diſplai'd,
And like a ſhooting Star he cleft the night:
He charg'd the Flames, and thoſe that diſobey'd
He laſh'd to duty with his Sword of light.

273.

The fugitive Flames, chaſtis'd, went forth to prey
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd:
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,
E're Faith in Church-men without Works was heard.

274.

The wanting Orphans ſaw, with watry Eyes,
Their Founders Charity in the Duſt laid low:
And ſent to God their ever-anſwer'd cries,
(For he protects the Poor who made them ſo.)

275.

Nor could thy Fabrick, *Paul's*, defend thee long,
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Makers praiſe:
Though made Immortal by a Poet's Song;
And Poets Songs the *Theban* walls could raiſe.

276.

The daring Flames peept in and ſaw from far,
The awful Beauties of the Sacred Quire:
But, ſince it was prophan'd by Civil War,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

277.

Now down the narrow Streets it ſwiftly came,
And, widely opening, did on both ſides prey:
This benefit we ſadly owe the Flame,
If only Ruin muſt enlarge our way.

278.

And now, four days the Sun had ſeen our Woes,
Four nights the Moon beheld th' inceſſant Fire:
It ſeem'd as if the Stars more ſickly roſe,
And farther from the feav'riſh North retire.

279.

In th' Empyrean Heaven (the Bleſs'd abode,)
The Thrones and the Dominions proſtrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God:
And an huſh'd ſilence damps the tuneful Sky.

280.

At length th' Almighty caſt a pitying Eye,
And Mercy ſoftly touch'd his melting Breaſt:
He ſaw the Towns one half in Rubbiſh lie,
And eager Flames drive on to ſtorm the reſt.

281.

An hollow chryſtal Pyramid he takes,
In firmamental Waters dipt above;
Of it a broad Extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the Flames that to their quarry ſtrove.

282.

The vanquiſh'd Fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding, ſink into a ſleep:
Each houſhold Genius ſhews again his face,
And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

283.

Our King this more than natural change beholds;
With ſober Joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his liſted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284.

As when ſharp Froſts had long conſtrain'd the earth,
A kindly Thaw unlocks it with mild Rain:
And firſt the tender Blade peeps up to birth, [grain.
And ſtreight the Green fields laugh with promis'd

285.

By ſuch degrees, the ſpreading Gladneſs grew
In every heart, which Fear had froze before:
The ſtanding Streets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief the Periſh'd they deplore.

286.

The Father of the People open'd wide
His Stores, and all the Poor with Plenty fed:
Thus God's Anointed God's own place ſuppli'd,
And fill'd the Empty with his daily Bread.

287. This

287.

This Royal bounty brought its own Reward,
And, in their Minds, ſo deep did print the ſenſe;
That if their Ruins ſadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear, the ſight might drive him thence.

288.

Cities requeſt to the King not to leave them.

But ſo may he live long, that Town to ſway,
Which by his Auſpice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their Aſhes by his ſtay,
And not their humble Ruins now forſake.

289.

They have not loſt their Loyalty by Fire;
Nor is their Courage or their Wealth ſo low,
That from his Wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the Pity of a vanquiſh'd Foe.

290.

Not with more Conſtancy the *Jews* of old,
By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile ſent:
Their Royal City did in Duſt behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

291.

The utmoſt Malice of their Stars is paſt,
And two dire Comets which have ſcourg'd the Town,
In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd their laſt:
Or, dimly, in their ſinking ſockets frown.

292.

Now frequent Trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd *Jove* from his dark Priſon freed:
(Thoſe Weights took off that on his Planet hung,)
Will glorioſly the new-laid Works ſucceed.

293.

(c) Mex:co. Me-thinks already, from this Chymick flame,
I ſee a City of more precious mold:
Rich as the Town which gives the (c) *Indies* name,
With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

294.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
She ſhakes the Rubbiſh from her mounting Brow,
And ſeems to have renew'd her Charters date,
Which Heav'n will to the death of time allow.

295.

More great than human, now, and more (d) *Auguſt*,
New deified ſhe from her Fires does riſe:
Her widening Streets on new Foundations truſt,
And, opening, into larger parts ſhe flies.

(d) Auguſta, *the old name of* London.

296.

Before, ſhe like ſome Shepherdeſs did ſhew,
Who ſate to bathe her by a River's ſide:
Not anſwering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern pride.

297.

Now, like a Maiden Queen, ſhe will behold,
From her high Turrets, hourly Sutors come:
The Eaſt with Incenſe, and the Weſt with Gold,
Will ſtand, like Suppliants, to receive her Doom.

298.

The ſilver *Thames*, her own domeſtick Floud,
Shall bear her Veſſels, like a ſweeping Train;
And often wind (as of his Miſtreſs proud,)
With longing eyes to meet her Face again.

299.

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,
The glory of their Towns no more ſhall boaſt:
And *Sein*, That would with *Belgian* Rivers join,
Shall find her Luſtre ſtain'd, and Traffick loſt.

300.

The vent'rous Merchant, who deſign'd more far,
And touches on our hoſpitable Shore,
Charm'd with the Splendour of this Northern Star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

301.

Our pow'rful Navy ſhall no longer meet,
The wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade:
The beauty of this Town, without a Fleet,
From all the World ſhall vindicate her Trade.

302.

And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,
The *Britiſh* Ocean ſhall ſuch Triumphs boaſt,
That thoſe who now diſdain our Trade to ſhare,
Shall rob like Pyrats on our wealthy Coaſt.

303. Already

303.

Already we have conquer'd half the War,
And the leſs dang'rous part is left behind:
Our Trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not ſo great to Vanquiſh as to Find.

304.

Thus to the Eaſtern wealth through Storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A conſtant Trade-wind will ſecurely blow,
And gently lay us on the Spicy ſhore.

FINIS.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A
POEM
On the Happy
Reſtoration and Return
Of His Sacred Majeſty
Charles the Second.

By *JOHN DRIDEN.*

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virgil.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman,* and ſold by *Jacob Tonſon*
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ASTRÆA REDUX.

A
POEM
On the Happy Reſtoration and Return of His
Sacred MAJESTY
Charles the Second.

NOw with a general Peace the World was bleſt,
While Ours, a World divided from the reſt,
A dreadful Quiet felt, and worſer far
Than Armes, a ſullen Interval of War:
Thus when black Clouds draw down the lab'ring Skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged Thunder flies,
An horrid Stillneſs firſt invades the ear,
And in that ſilence We the Tempeſt fear.

Th' Ambitious *Swede* like reſtleſs Billows toſt,
On this hand gaining what on that he loſt,
Though in his life he Blood and Ruine breath'd,
To his now guideleſs Kingdom Peace bequeath'd.
And Heaven that ſeem'd regardleſs of our Fate,
For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create,
Such mortal Quarrels to compoſe in Peace
As Nature bred and Int'reſt did encreaſe.
We ſigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride
Muſt grow a Lilie to the Lilies ſide,
While Our croſs Stars deny'd us *Charles* his Bed
Whom Our firſt Flames and Virgin Love did wed.
For his long abſence Church and State did groan;
Madneſs the Pulpit, Faction ſeiz'd the Throne:
Experienc'd Age in deep deſpair was loſt
To ſee the Rebel thrive, the Loyal croſt:
Youth that with Joys had unacquainted been
Envy'd Gray hairs that once good Days had ſeen:
We thought our Sires, not with their own content,
Had ere we came to age our Portion ſpent.
Nor could our Nobles hope their bold Attempt
Who ruin'd Crowns would Coronets exempt:

For when by their deſigning Leaders taught
To ſtrike at Pow'r which for themſelves they ſought,
The Vulgar gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by the Prize was warm'd.
The Sacred Purple then and Scarlet Gown,
Like ſanguine Dye, to Elephants was ſhewn.
Thus when the bold *Typhoeus* ſcal'd the Sky,
And forc'd Great *Jove* from his own Heaven to fly,
(What King, what Crown from Treaſons reach is free,
If *Jove* and *Heaven* can violated be ?)
The leſſer Gods that ſhar'd his proſp'rous State
All ſuffer'd in the Exil'd Thund'rers Fate.
The Rabble now ſuch Freedom did enjoy,
As Winds at Sea, that uſe it to deſtroy:
Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs ſavage Libertie,
Like that our painted Anceſtors ſo priz'd
Ere Empires Arts their Breaſts had Civiliz'd.
How Great were then Our *Charles* his Woes, who thus
VVas forc'd to ſuffer for Himſelf and us!
He toſs'd by Fate, and hurried up and down,
Heir to his Fathers Sorrows, with his Crown,

Could taſte no ſweets of Youths deſired Age,
But found his Life too true a Pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn Eſtate
His Manly Courage overcame his Fate.
His VVounds he took like *Romans* on his Breaſt,
VVhich by his Virtue were with Laurels dreſt,
As Souls reach Heav'n while yet in Bodies pent,
So did he live above his Baniſhment.
That Sun, which we beheld with couz'ned eyes,
VVithin the VVater, mov'd along the Skies.
How eaſie 'tis when Deſtiny proves kind,
VVith full ſpread Sails, to run before the VVind.
But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff Gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and skilful too.
He would not like ſoft *Otho* hope prevent,
But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd Fortune to repent.
Theſe Virtues *Galba* in a Stranger ſought;
And *Piſo* to Adopted Empire brought.
How ſhall I then my doubtful Thoughts expreſs,
That muſt his Suff'rings both regret and bleſs!
For when his early Valour Heav'n had croſt,
And all at *Worc'ſter* but the honour loſt,

Forc'd into Exile from his rightful Throne,
He made all Countries where he came his own.
And viewing Monarchs ſecret Arts of ſway
A Royal Factor for their Kingdoms lay.
Thus baniſh'd *David* ſpent abroad his time,
VVhen to be Gods Anointed was his Crime,
And when reſtor'd made his proud Neighbours rue
Thoſe choiſe Remarks he from his Travels drew:
Nor is he only by Afflictions ſhewn
To conquer others Realms, but rule his own:
Recov'ring hardly what he loſt before,
His Right indears it much, his Purchaſe more.
Inur'd to ſuffer ere he came to raign,
No raſh procedure will his Actions ſtain.
To bus'neſs ripened by digeſtive thought,
His future rule is into Method brought:
As they who firſt Proportion underſtand,
VVith eaſie Practice reach a Maſter's hand.
VVell might the Ancient Poets then confer
On Night, the honour'd name of *Counſeller*,
Since ſtruck with rayes of proſp'rous Fortune blind,
VVe Light alone in dark Afflictions find.

In ſuch adverſities to Scepters train'd,
The name of *Great* his famous Grandſire gain'd:
Who yet a King alone in Name and Right,
With hunger, cold and angry *Jove* did fight;
Shock'd by a Covenanting Leagues vaſt Pow'rs,
As holy and as Catholick as ours:
Till Fortunes fruitleſs ſpight had made it known,
Her blows not ſhook but riveted his Throne.
  Some lazy Ages, loſt in Sleep and Eaſe,
No action leave to buſie Chronicles;
Such whoſe ſupine felicity but makes
In ſtory *Caſmes*, in *Epoche's* miſtakes;
O're whom *Time* gently ſhakes his wings of Down,
Till with his ſilent Sickle they are mown:
Such is not *Charles* his too too active age,
VVhich govern'd by the wild diſtemper'd rage
Of ſome black Star infecting all the Skies,
Made him at his own coſt like *Adam* wiſe.
Tremble, ye Nations, who ſecure before,
Laught at thoſe Arms that 'gainſt our ſelves we bore;
Rouz'd by the laſh of his own ſtubborn Tail,
Our Lion now will foreign Foes aſſail.

VVith *Alga* who the ſacred Altar ſtrows?
To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Offering owes:
A Bull to thee, *Portunus*, ſhall be ſlain,
A Lamb to you the Tempeſts of the Main:
For thoſe loud Storms that did againſt him rore,
Have caſt his ſhipwrack'd Veſſel on the Shore.
Yet as wiſe Artiſts mix their Colours ſo,
That by degrees they from each other go,
Black ſteals unheeded from the neighb'ring white
VVithout offending the well couz'ned ſight:
So on us ſtole our bleſſed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but ſcarce the manner ſee.
Froſts that conſtrain the ground, and birth deny
To Flow'rs, that in its womb expecting lie,
Do ſeldom their uſurping Pow'r withdraw,
But raging Floods perſue their haſty Thaw:
Our Thaw was mild, the Cold not chas'd away,
But loſt in kindly heat of lengthned day.
Heav'n would no bargain for its Bleſſings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himſelf, confer
A Gift unhop'd without the price of war.

Yet as he knew his Bleſſings worth, took care
That we ſhould know it by repeated Pray'r;
Which ſtorm'd the Skies and raviſh'd *Charles* from thence,
As Heav'n it ſelf is took by violence.
Booth's forward Valour only ſerv'd to ſhew,
He durſt that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' Attempt was fair; but Heav'ns prefixed hour
Not come; ſo like the watchful Travellor,
That by the Moons miſtaken light did riſe,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary Eyes.
'Twas *MONK* whom Providence deſign'd to looſe
Thoſe real bonds falſe Freedom did impoſe.
The bleſſed Saints that watch'd this turning Scene,
Did from their Stars wirh joyful wonder lean,
To ſee ſmall Clues draw vaſteſt weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order ſtrong.
Thus Pencils can by one ſlight touch reſtore,
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
VVith eaſe ſuch fond *Chymæra's* we perſue,
As Fancy frames for Fancy to ſubdue;
But when our ſelves to action we betake,
It ſhuns the Mint like Gold that Chymiſts make:

How hard was then his Task, at once to be,
VVhat in the Body natural we ſee;
Mans Architect diſtinctly did ordain
The charge of Muſcles, Nerves, and of the Brain,
Through viewleſs Conduits Spirits to diſpenſe
The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Senſe.
'Twas not the haſty product of a day,
But the well ripened Fruit of wiſe delay.
He like a patient Angler, er'e he ſtroak,
VVould let them play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the Stomach labours thus,
At firſt embracing what it ſtrait doth cruſh.
VViſe Leeches will not vain Receipts obtrude,
VVhile growing Pains pronounce the Humors crude;
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the Ill,
Till ſome ſafe *Criſis* authorize their Skill.
Nor could his Acts too cloſe a Vizard wear,
To ſcape their Eyes whom Guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted neſt,
VVhence Legion twice before was diſpoſſeſt.
Once Sacred houſe, which when they entr'd in,
They thought the place could ſanctifie a ſin;

Like thoſe that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
While to exceſs on Martyrs Tombs they drink.
And as devouter *Turks* firſt warn their Souls
To part, before they taſte forbidden Bowls,
So theſe when their black Crimes they went about,
Firſt timely charm'd their uſeleſs Conſcience out.
Religions Name againſt it ſelf was made;
The Shadow ſerv'd the Subſtance to invade:
Like Zealous Miſſions, they did Care pretend
Of Souls in ſhew, but made the Gold their end.
Th' incenſed Pow'rs beheld with ſcorn from high
An Heaven ſo far diſtant from the Sky,
Which durſt, with horſes hoofs that beat the Ground
And Martial Braſs, bely the Thunders Sound.
'Twas hence at length juſt Vengeance thought it fit
To ſpeed their Ruin by their impious wit.
Thus *Sforza*, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Loſt by his VViles the Pow'r his VVit did gain.
Henceforth their Fogue muſt ſpend at leſſer rate,
Than in its Flames to wrap a Nations Fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helots* ſet,
A virtuous Shame within us to beget.

For by example moſt we ſinn'd before,
And glaſs-like clearneſs mixt with frailty bore.
But ſince reform'd by what we did amiſs,
We by our ſuff'rings learn to prize our bliſs.
Like early Lovers whoſe unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their Jealouſies were vain,
With double heat renew their Fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the Joy, that hurried o're
Such ſwarms of *Engliſh* to the Neighb'ring ſhore,
To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made
So rich amends for our impoveriſh'd Trade.
Oh had you ſeen from *Schevelines* barren Shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewel bring
True Sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King;
While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,
And willing Winds to their lowr'd Sails denied.
The wavering Streamers, Flags, and Standart out,
The merry Seamens rude but chearful Shout;
And laſt the Cannons voice that ſhook the Skies,
And, as it fares in ſudden Extaſies,
At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes.

The *Naſeby*, now no longer *Englands* ſhame,
But better to be loſt in *Charles* his name,
(Like ſome unequal Bride in nobler ſheets)
Receives her Lord: The joyful *London* meets
The Princely *York*, himſelf alone a freight;
The *Swift-ſure* groans beneath Great *Glouc'ſters* weight.
Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with theſe,
He that was born to drown might croſs the Seas.
Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
The Wealth three Nations ventur'd at a ſtake.
The ſame indulgence *Charles* his Voyage bleſs'd,
Which in his right had Miracles confeſs'd.
The Winds that never Moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
Their ſtraightned Lungs, or conſcious of their Charge.
The Britiſh *Amphitryte* ſmooth and clear,
In richer Azure never did appear;
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the ſubmitted Faſces of the Main.

AND welcom now (*Great Monarch*!) to your own;
Behold th' approaching Cliffes of *Albion*:
It is no longer Motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.
The Land returns, and in the white it wears
The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears.
But you, whoſe Goodneſs your Deſcent doth ſhew,
Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too;
By that ſame Mildneſs, which your Fathers Crown
Before did raviſh, ſhall ſecure your own.
Not ty'd to rules of Policy, you find
Revenge leſs ſweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus when th' Almighty would to *Moſes* give
A ſight of all he could behold and live;
A Voice before his Entry did proclaim
Long-ſuffering, *Goodneſs*, *Mercy* in his Name.
Your Pow'r to Juſtice doth ſubmit your Cauſe,
Your Goodneſs only is above the Laws;
Whoſe rigid Letter while pronounc'd by you
Is ſofter made. So winds that tempeſts brew

When

VVhen through Arabian Groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich Odours, loſe their ſpight.
And as thoſe Lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated Soul of Generous VVine,
So tears of Joy for your returning ſpilt,
VVork out and expiate our former Guilt.
Methinks I ſee thoſe Crowds on *Dover's* Strand,
Who in their haſte to welcom you to Land
Choak'd up the Beach with their ſtill growing ſtore,
And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore.
While ſpurr'd with eager thoughts of paſt Delight,
Thoſe who had ſeen you court a ſecond ſight;
Preventing ſtill your Steps, and making haſt
To meet you often whereſoe're you paſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak of that triumphant Day
When you renew'd the expiring Pomp of *May!*
(A Month that owns an Intereſt in your Name:
You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim.)
That Star that at your Birth ſhone out ſo bright,
It ſtain'd the duller Suns Meridian light,
Did once again its potent Fires renew,
Guiding our Eyes to find and worſhip you.

And now times whiter Series is begun,
Which in ſoft Centuries ſhall ſmoothly run;
Thoſe Clouds that overcaſt your Morn ſhall fly,
Diſpell'd to fartheſt corners of the Sky.
Our Nation, with united Int'reſt bleſt,
Not now content to poize, ſhall ſway, the reſt.
Abroad your Empire ſhall no Limits know,
But like the Sea in boundleſs Circles flow.
Your much lov'd Fleet ſhall with a wide Command
Beſiege the petty Monarchs of the Land:
And as Old Time his Off-ſpring ſwallow'd down,
Our Ocean in its depths all Seas ſhall drown.
Their wealthy Trade from Pyrate's Rapine free,
Our Merchants ſhall no more Advent'rers be:
Nor in the fartheſt Eaſt thoſe Dangers fear
Which humble *Holland* muſt diſſemble here.
Spain to your Gift alone her *Indies* owes,
For what the Pow'rful takes not he beſtows.
And *France* that did an Exiles Preſence fear
May juſtly apprehend you ſtill too near.
At home the hateful names of Parties ceaſe
And factious Souls are weary'd into peace.

The diſcontented now are only they
VVhoſe Crimes before did your Juſt Cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your Edicts ſome reclaim from ſins,
But moſt your Life and Bleſt Example wins.
Oh happy Prince, whom Heav'n hath taught the way
By paying Vows, to have more Vows to pay!
Oh Happy Age! Oh times like thoſe alone,
By Fate reſerv'd for Great *Auguſtus* Throne!
When the joint growth of Arms and Arts foreſhew
The World a Monarch, and that Monarch *You*.

TO HIS SACRED
MAJESTY,
A
PANEGYRICK
ON HIS
CORONATION.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and ſold by *Jacob Tonſon*
at the *Judges-Head* in *Chancery-lane*. 1688.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,

A PANEGYRICK

ON HIS *CORONATION.*

IN that wild Deluge where the World was drown'd,
When Life and Sin one common Tomb had found,
The firſt ſmall proſpect of a riſing hill
With various notes of Joy the Ark did fill:
Yet when that Floud in its own depths was drown'd
It left behind it falſe and ſlipp'ry ground;
And the more ſolemn pomp was ſtill deferr'd
Till new-born Nature in freſh looks appear'd:

Thus (Royal Sir,) to ſee you landed here
VVas cauſe enough of Triumph for a year:
Nor would your Care thoſe glorious Joys repeat,
Till they at once might be ſecure and great:
Till your kind Beams by their continu'd ſtay
Had warm'd the Ground, and call'd the Damps away.
Such Vapours, while your pow'rful Influence dries,
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt riſe.
Had greater haſte theſe ſacred Rights prepar'd,
Some guilty Months had in your Triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted Year is all your own,
Your Glory's may without our Crimes be ſhewn.
VVe had not yet exhauſted all our Store,
VVhen you refreſh'd our Joys by adding more:
As Heav'n, of old, diſpens'd Celeſtial Dew,
You give us Manna and ſtill give us new.
 Now our ſad Ruins are remov'd from ſight,
The Seaſon too comes fraught with new delight;
Time ſeems not now beneath his years to ſtoop,
Nor doe his VVings with ſickly Feathers droop:
Soft weſtern VVinds waft o're the gaudy Spring,
And open'd Scenes of Flow'rs and Bloſſoms bring

To grace this happy Day, while you appear
Not King of us alone but of the year.
All Eyes you draw, and with the Eyes the Heart,
Of your own Pomp your ſelf the greateſt part:
Loud Shouts the Nations Happineſs proclaim,
And Heav'n this day is feaſted with your Name.
Your Cavalcade the fair Spectators view,
From their high ſtandings, yet look up to you.
From your brave Train each ſingles out a Prey,
And longs to date a Conqueſt from your day.
Now charg'd with Bleſſings while you ſeek repoſe,
Officious Slumbers haſte your Eyes to cloſe:
And glorious Dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you ſaw before.
Next, to the Sacred Temple you are led,
VVhere waits a Crown for your more Sacred Head:
How juſtly from the Church that Crown is due,
Preſerv'd from Ruin and reſtor'd by you!
The grateful Quire their Harmony employ
Not to make greater but more ſolemn Joy.
Wrapt ſoft and warm your Name is ſent on high,
As Flames do on the wings of Incenſe fly:

Muſick her ſelf is loſt, in vain ſhe brings
Her choiſeſt Notes to praiſe the beſt of Kings:
Her melting Strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like Bees in their own ſweetneſs drown'd.
He that brought Peace and Diſcord could atone,
His Name is Muſick of it ſelf alone.
Now while the Sacred Oil anoints your Head,
And fragrant Scents, begun from you, are ſpread
Through the large Dome, the Peoples joyful Sound
Sent back, is ſtill preſerv'd in hallow'd Ground:
Which in one Bleſſing mixt deſcends on you,
As heightned Spirits fall in richer Dew.
Not that our Wiſhes do increaſe your Store,
Full of your ſelf you can admit no more:
We add not to your Glory, but employ
Our time like Angels in expreſſing Joy.
Nor is it duty or our hopes alone
Create that Joy, but full Fruition:
We know thoſe Bleſſings which we muſt poſſeſs,
And judge of future by paſt happineſs,
No Promiſe can oblige a Prince ſo much
Still to be good, as long to have been ſuch.

A noble Emulation heats your Breaſt,
And your own Fame now robs you of your Reſt:
Good Actions ſtill muſt be maintain'd with good,
As Bodies nouriſh'd with reſembling Food.
You have already quench'd ſeditious brand;
And Zeal (which burnt it) only warms the Land.
The jealous Sects that dare not truſt their Cauſe
So far from their own will as to the Laws,
You for their Umpire and their Synod take,
And their appeal alone to *Cæſar* make.
Kind Heav'n ſo rare a temper did provide,
That Guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our Crimes oblivion may be ſet,
But 'tis our Kings perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to theſe rough Northern climes
From milder heav'ns you bring, without their Crimes:
Your Calmneſs does no after-Storms provide,
Nor ſeeming Patience mortal Anger hide.
When Empire firſt from Families did ſpring,
Then every Father govern'd as a King;
But you that are a Sovereign Prince, allay
Imperial Pow'r with your paternal ſway.

From thoſe great Cares when eaſe your Soul unbends,
Your Pleaſures are deſign'd to noble ends:
Born to command the Miſtreſs of the Seas,
Your Thoughts themſelves in that blue Empire pleaſe.
Hither in Summer Ev'nings you repair
To take the fraiſcheur of the purer Air:
Vndaunted here you ride when VVinter raves,
VVith *Cæſars* heart that roſe above the waves.
More I could ſing but Fear my Numbers ſtays;
No Loyal Subject dares that Courage praiſe.
In ſtately Frigats moſt delight you find,
VVhere well-drawn Battels fire your Martial mind.
VVhat to your Cares we owe is learnt from hence,
VVhen ev'n your Pleaſures ſerve for our Defence.
Beyond your Court flows in the admitted tide,
VVhere in new Depths the wond'ring Fiſhes glide:
Here in a Royal bed the waters ſleep,
VVhen tir'd at Sea within this Bay they creep.
Here the miſtruſtful Foul no harm ſuſpects,
So ſafe are all things which our King protects.
From your lov'd *Thames* a Bleſſing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;

A Queen, from whoſe chaſt womb, ordain'd by Fate,
The ſouls of Kings unborn for bodies wait,
It was your Love before made Diſcord ceaſe:
Your Love is deſtin'd to your Countries-Peace.
Both *Indies* (Rivals in your bed) provide
VVith Gold or Jewels to adorn your Bride.
This to a mighty King preſents rich Ore,
VVhile that with Incenſe does a God implore.
Two Kingdoms wait your Doom, and as you chooſe,
This muſt receive a Crown, or that muſt looſe.
Thus from your Royal Oak, like *Jove's* of old,
Are anſwers ſought, and deſtinies fore-told:
Propitious Oracles are begg'd with vows,
And Crowns that grow upon the ſacred Boughs.
Your Subjects, while you weigh the Nations Fate,
Suſpend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Chooſe only, (Sir,) that ſo they may poſſeſs
With their own peace their Childrens happineſs.

TO
MY LORD
CHANCELLOR,
Preſented on
New-years-day.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and ſold by
Jacob Tonſon at the *Judges-Head*
in *Chancery-lane*. 1688.

My Lord,

WHile ſlattering Crouds officiouſly appear
To give themſelves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatneſs of their Preſents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muſes (who your early courtſhip boaſt,
Though now your Flames are with their Beauty loſt,)
Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot,
They were your Miſtreſſes, the World may not:
Decay'd by Time and Wars, they only prove
Their former Beauty by your former Love;
And now preſent, as ancient Ladies do,
That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.
For ſtill they look on you with ſuch kind eyes,
As thoſe that ſee the Churches Sovereign riſe;
From their own Order choſe, in whoſe high State,
They think themſelves the ſecond choice of Fate.

When our Great Monarch into Exile went,
Wit and Religion ſuffer'd baniſhment:
Thus once when *Troy* was wrapt in fire and ſmoak,
The helpleſs Gods their burning ſhrines forſook;
They with the vanquiſht Prince and party go,
And leave their Temples empty to the Foe:
At length the Muſes ſtand, reſtor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druyds ſeem reviv'd by Fate,
VVhile you diſpenſe the Laws and guide the State.
The Nations ſoul (our Monarch) does diſpenſe,
Through you, to us his vital influence;
You are the Chanel where thoſe ſpirits flow,
And work them higher as to us they go.
In open proſpect nothing bounds our Eye,
Until the Earth ſeems join'd unto the Sky:
So in this Hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our King and you:
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find
So well your Virtues do with his agree,
That though your Orbes of different greatneſs be,

Yet both are for each others uſe diſpos'd,
His to encloſe, and yours to be inclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an Emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his Cares impart,
And ſhare his burden where he ſhares his heart.
In you his Sleep ſtill wakes; his Pleaſures find
Their ſhare of bus'neſs in your labr'ing mind:
So when the weary Sun his Place reſigns,
He leaves his Light and by Reflection ſhines.
Juſtice, that ſits and frowns where publick Laws
Exclude ſoft Mercy from a private cauſe,
In your Tribunal moſt her ſelf does pleaſe;
There only ſmiles becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young *David*, finds her ſtrength the more,
VVhen diſincumber'd from thoſe arms ſhe wore:
Heaven would your Royal Maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that Virtue, which we moſt did need,
And his mild Father (who too late did find
All mercy vain, but what with pow'r was join'd,)
His fatal goodneſs left to fitter times,
Not to increaſe but to abſolve our Crimes:

But when the Heir of this vaſt Treaſure knew
How large a Legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any Subject to retain,)
He wiſely ti'd it to the Crown again:
Yet paſſing through your hands it gathers more,
As Streams, through Mines, bear Tincture of their Ore.
VVhile Emp'rique Politicians uſe deceipt,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly ſhew that Skill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end:
VVhich ſhould you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As Men do Nature, till we came to you.
And as the *Indies* were not found, before
Thoſe rich perfumes, which from the happy ſhore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
VVhoſe guilty Sweetneſs firſt their VVorld betray'd;
So by your Counſels we are brought to view
A rich and undiſcover'd VVorld in you.
By you our Monarch does that fame aſſure,
VVhich Kings muſt have or cannot live ſecure:
For proſp'rous Princes gain their Subjects heart,
Who love that Praiſe in which themſelves have part:

By you he fits thoſe Subjects to obey,
As Heavens Eternal Monarch does convey
His pow'r unſeen, and Man to his deſigns,
By his bright Miniſters the Stars inclines.
Our ſetting Sun from his declining Seat,
Shot beams of kindneſs on you, not of heat:
And when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true;
Made you the favo'rite of his laſt ſad times,
That is a ſuff'rer in his Subjects Crimes:
Thus thoſe firſt Favours you receiv'd were ſent,
Like Heav'ns rewards, in earthly puniſhment.
Yet Fortune conſcious of your Deſtiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you ſoftly by:
And wrapt your fate among her precious things,
Kept freſh to be unfolded with your Kings.
Shewn all at once you dazled ſo our Eyes,
As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods ſurpriſe;
When ſpringing forth from *Jove*'s new-cloſing wound,
She ſtruck the warlike Spear into the ground;
VVhich ſprouting leaves did ſuddenly incloſe,
And peaceful Olives ſhaded as they roſe.

How ſtrangely active are the arts of Peace,
Whoſe reſtleſs motions leſs than Wars do ceaſe!
Peace is not freed from labour but from noiſe;
And War more force but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty Swiftneſs of your mind,
That (like the Earths,) it leaves our ſenſe behind,
While you ſo ſmoothly turn and roul our Sphear,
That rapid motion does but reſt appear.
For as in Natures ſwiftneſs, with the throng
Of flying Orbs while ours is born along,
All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye:
(Mov'd by the Soul of the ſame harmony,)
So carry'd on by your unwearied care
VVe reſt in Peace and yet in motion ſhare.
Let Envy then thoſe Crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
(Envy that does with miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd Pride;)
Think it not hard, if at ſo cheap a rate
You can ſecure the conſtancy of Fate,
VVhoſe kindneſs ſent, what does their malice ſeem,
By leſſer ills the greater to redeem.

Nor can we this weak ſhow'r a tempeſt call,
But drops of heat that in the Sun-ſhine fall.
You have already weari'd Fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your Friend or Foe;
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A Fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet ſwells not into ſtate,
But like ſome Mountain in thoſe happy Iſles,
Where in perpetual Spring young Nature ſmiles,
Your greatneſs ſhews: no horror to afright
But Trees for ſhade, and Flo'wrs to court the ſight;
Sometimes the Hill ſubmits it ſelf awhile
In ſmall deſcents, which do its height beguile;
And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
Whoſe riſe not hinders but makes ſhort our way.
Your Brow which does no fear of Thunder know,
Sees rouling Tempeſts vainly beat below;
And (like *Olympus* top,) the impreſſion wears
Of Love and Friendſhip writ in former years.
Yet unimpair'd with labours or with time
Yours age but ſeems to a new youth to climb.

Thus Heav'nly bodies do our time beget;
And meaſure Change, but ſhare no part of it.
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this New-year, whoſe motions never ceaſe;
For ſince the glorious Courſe you have begun
Is led by CHARLES, as that is by the Sun,
It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the Center of it is above.

FINIS.

Mac Flecknoe.

ALL humane things are ſubject to decay, [bey:
And, when Fate ſummons, Monarchs muſt o-
This *Flecnoe* found, who, like *Auguſtus*, young
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
In Proſe and Verſe, was own'd, without diſpute
Through all the Realms of *Non-ſenſe*, abſolute.
This aged Prince now flouriſhing in Peace,
And bleſt with iſſue of a large increaſe.
Worn out with buſineſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the Succeſſion of the State:
And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit:
Cry'd, 'tis reſolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
Should onely rule, who moſt reſembles me:
Sh———alone my perfect image bears,
Nature in dulneſs from his tender years.
Sh—alone of all my Sons, is he
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—never deviates into ſenſe.
Some Beams of Wit on other ſouls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
But *Sh*—'s genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing Fogs prevail upon the Day:

Beſides his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs Majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as Monarch Oakes, that ſhade the plain,
And, ſpread in ſolemn ſtate, ſupinely reign.
Heywood and *Sherley* were but Types of thee,
Thou laſt great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way:
And courſly clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom ſtrung
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I ſung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver *Thames* did'ſt cut thy way,
With well tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celeſtial charge;
And big with Hymn, Commander of an Hoſt,
The like was ne'er in *Epſom* Blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new *Arion* Sail,
The Lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well ſharpned thumb from Shore to Shore
The Treble ſqueaks for fear, the Baſes roar:
Echoes from *Piſſing-Ally*, *Sh*---- call,
And *Sh*---- they reſound from *A*---- *Hall*.
About thy boat the little Fiſhes throng,
As at the Morning Toaſt, that Floats along.
Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
Thou weild'ſt thy Papers in thy threſhing hand.

St. *Andre*'s feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Pſyche*'s rhime:
Though they in number as in ſenſe excell;
So juſt, ſo like tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forſwore
The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villerius* more.
Here ſtopt the good old *Syre*; and wept for joy
In ſilent raptures of the hopefull boy.
All Arguments, but moſt his Plays, perſwade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.
Cloſe to the Walls which fair *Auguſta* bind,
(The fair *Auguſta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch Tower once; but now, ſo Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys.
Where their vaſt Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by Watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a Nurſery erects its head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.
Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnſon* dares in Socks appear.

But gentle *Simkin* juſt reception finds
Amidſt this Monument of vaniſht minds:
Pure Clinches, the ſuburbian Muſe affords;
And *Panton* waging harmleſs War with words.
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his *Sh*——'s Throne.
For ancient *Decker* propheſi'd long ſince,
That in this Pile ſhould Reign a mighty Prince,
Born for a ſcourge of Wit, and flayle of Senſe:
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome *Pſyches* owe,
But Worlds of *Miſers* from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and *Hypocrites* it ſhould produce,
Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.
  Now Empreſs *Fame* had publiſht the renown,
Of *Sh*——'s Coronation through the Town.
Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bun-Hill*, and diſtant *Watling-ſtreet*.
No *Perſian* Carpets ſpread th' Imperial way,
But ſcatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Sh*---- almoſt choakt the way.
Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And *H*---- was Captain of the Guard.
The hoary Prince in Majeſty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.

At his right hand our young *Aſcanius* ſate
Rome's other hope, and Pillar of the State.
His Brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulneſs plaid around his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Swore by his *Syre* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh----* ſwore, nor ſhould his Vow be vain,
That he till Death true dulneſs would maintain;
And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Senſe.
The King himſelf the ſacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Prieſt by Trade:
In his ſiniſter hand, inſtead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway; [young,
Whoſe righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd
And from whoſe Loyns recorded *Pſyche* ſprung.
His Temples laſt with Poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head:
Juſt at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis ſung, by *Tyber*'s Brook,
Preſage of Sway from twice ſix Vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The *Syre* then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed

Full on the ſilial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his Breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetick mood:
Heavens bleſs my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To far *Barbadoes* on the Weſtern main;
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne.
Beyond loves Kingdom let him ſtretch his Pen;
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen.*
Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs Induſtry.
Let *Virtuoſo's* in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toyl of Wit.
Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their folly ſhew the Writers wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtifie their Author's want of ſenſe.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid:
That they to future ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.
Nay let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name;

But let no alien *S--dl--y* interpoſe
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epſom* proſe.
And when falſe flowers of *Rhethorick* thou would'ſt
Truſt Nature, do not labour to be dull; [cull,
But write thy beſt, and top; and in each line,
Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.
Sir *Formal*, though unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating *Johnſon's* Hoſtile name.
Let Father *Flecnoe* fire thy mind with praiſe,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnſon* has no part;
What ſhare have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at Arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in *Pſyche's* humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he Bargains, Whip-ſtich, kiſs my Arſe,
Promis'd a Play and dwinled to a Farce?
When did his Muſe from *Fletcher* ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridg* doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd as Oyl on Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boaſted Byas of thy mind,
By which one way, to dulneſs, 'tis inclin'd.

Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muſe gives ſmiles, thy Comick ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thy ſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive Satyrs never bite.
In thy fellonious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Iriſh* pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuſe for thy command
Some peacefull Province in Acroſtick Land.
There thou may'ſt wings diſplay and Altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word Ten thouſand ways.
Or if thou would'ſt thy diff'rent talents ſuit,
Set thy own Songs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid, but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they ſent thee yet declaiming Bard.
Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
Born upwards by a Subterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
With double portion of his Father's Art.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

——Si Propriùs ſtes
Te Capiet Magis——

The Seventh Edition; Augmented and Reviſed.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head*, in
Chancery-lane, near *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1692.

TO THE

READER.

'TIS not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: *Some will think it needs no Excuſe; and others will receive none. The deſign, I am ſure, is honeſt: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, muſt expect to make Enemies of the other. For,* Wit *and* Fool, *are Conſequents of* Whig *and* Tory: *And every man is a Knave or an Aſs to the contrary ſide. There's a Treaſury of Merits in the* Phanatick Church, *as well as in the* Papiſt; *and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintſhip, Honeſty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longeſt Chapter in* Deuteronomy, *has not Curſes enough for an Anti-*Bromingham. *My Comfort is, their manifeſt Prejudice to my Cauſe, will render their Judgement of leſs Authority againſt me. Yet if a* Poem *have a* Genius, *it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a ſweetneſs in good Verſe, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleaſes him againſt his will. The Commendation of Adverſaries, is the greateſt Triumph of a Writer; becauſe it never comes unleſs Extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſie terms: If I happen to pleaſe the more Moderate ſort I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt Party; and, in all probability, of the beſt Judges: for, the leaſt Concern'd, are commonly the leaſt Corrupt. And, I confeſs, I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the* Satyr *(where Juſtice would allow it) from carrying too ſharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worſt, may be convinc'd, at their own Coſt, that I can write Severely, with more eaſe, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at ſome mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd againſt*

their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, *I expect you ſhould return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Profeſſions, God forgive you* Common-wealths men, *for Profeſſing ſo plauſible for the Government. You cannot be ſo Unconſcionable, as to charge me for not Subſcribing of my Name; for that would reflect too groſly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to ſecure them. If you like not my* Poem, *the fault may, poſſibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge againſt himſelf;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both ſides, will condemn the Character of* Abſalom, *as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I deſire to pleaſe. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confeſs freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues: and,* David *himſelf, could not be more tender of the Young-man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, ſince the moſt excellent natures are almoſt the moſt eaſie; and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill Counſels, eſpecially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of* Achitophel, *than it was for* Adam, *not to have reſiſted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman: The Concluſion of the Story, I purpoſely forbore to proſecute: becauſe, I could not obtain from my ſelf, to ſhew* Abſalom *Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waſte; and, if the Draught be ſo far true, 'tis as much as I deſign'd.*

Were I the Inventor, who am onely the Hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Abſalom *to* David. *And, who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There ſeems, yet, to be room left for a Compoſure; hereafter, there may onely be for Pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt* Achitophel; *but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and to hope with* Origen, *that the Devil himſelf may, at laſt, be ſav'd. For which reaſon, in this* Poem, *he is neither brought to ſet his Houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his Perſon afterwards, as he in Wiſedom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely merciful: and his Vicegerent is onely not ſo, becauſe he is not Infinite.*

The true end of Satyr, *is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honeſtly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Phyſician to the Patient, when he preſcribes harſh Remedies to an inveterate Diſeaſe: for thoſe, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an* Enſe reſcindendum, *which I wiſh not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of* Oblivion *were as neceſſary in a Hot, Diſtemper'd State, as an* Opiate *would be in a Raging Fever.*

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOUR
OF THIS
EXCELLENT POEM.

TAke it as earneſt of a Faith renew'd, [good:
Your Theme is vaſt, your Verſe divinely
Where, tho' the nine their beauteous ſtroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So all Serenely Great, ſo juſt refin'd,
Like Angels love to Humane Seed enclin'd,
It ſtarts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit ſeen, whoſe fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis miniture of Man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art:
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe.
As if a *Milton* from the Dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the Ruſt, and the right Party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the Gloomy ſay,
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Puſh on your Theme,
Lean your griev'd head on *David*'s Diadem.

David that rebel *Iſrael*'s Envy mov'd,
David by God and all Good Men belov'd.
The Beauties of your *Abſalom* excell :
But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel* ;
Of *Annabel*, than *May*'s firſt Morn more bright,
Chearfull as Summer's Noon, and chaſt as Winter's [Night.
Of *Annabel* the Muſes deareſt Theme,
Of *Annabel* the Angel of my Dream.
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Maſter-piece theſe Shadows ſend.

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOUR
OF THIS
ADMIRABLE POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boaſted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madneſs did accuſe
The wretch that thought himſelf poſſeſt with Muſe;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inſpire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful Quire;
But ſure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
Of Rhimers ſlumbring by the Muſes ſtream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly droſs, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witneſs theſe mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th' informing Genius ſhines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inſpir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing.
Not *David*'s ſelf could in a nobler Verſe
His glorioully offending Son rehearſe,
Tho' in his Breaſt the Prophet's Fury met.
The Father's Fondneſs, and the Poet's Wit.
Here all conſent in Wonder and in Praiſe,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raiſe.

Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy,
As when *Ænæas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs and unſeen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of Fame,
Nor want'ſt new Glories to exalt thy Name:
What Father elſe would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like *Abſalon*?

R. D.

TO THE CONCEAL'D AUTHOUR OF THIS INCOMPARABLE POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muſe! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
The Glory of our Iſle and of our Age.
Th' inſpiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
The North at length teems with a work to vie
With *Homer*'s Flame and *Virgil*'s Majeſty.
While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet ſought,
(His raviſht Mind with vaſt *Idea*'s fraught)
Our Language fail'd beneath his riſing Thought;
This checks not his Attempt, for *Maro*'s Mines,
He dreins of all their Gold t'adorn his Lines:
Through each of which the *Mantuan Genius* ſhines.
The Rock obey'd the pow'rfull *Hebrew* Guide,
Her flinty Breaſt diſſolv'd into a Tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn Language he prevails,
And makes the *Helicon* in which he ſails.
The Dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And, with his Poem, a new ſpeech preſents.
Hail then thou matchleſs Bard, thou great unknown,
That give your Country Fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain----for ev'ry where your Praiſe you find,
And not to meet it, you muſt ſhun Mankind.

Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,
And ev'n the Factious give your Verſe applauſe,
Whoſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their Idol cauſe.
The Cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a Flood
Of Civil Gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal-bloud :
The Cauſe whoſe growth to cruſh, our Prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our *Hero's* fought.
Yet by one Stab of your keen Satyr dies :
Before your ſacred Lines their ſhatter'd *Dagon* lies.
Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
The Sire, to whom this lovely Birth we owe :
(Deny'd our ready Homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankfull be by gueſs :)
This hope remains,--May *David's* God-like Mind,
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Authour find :
And, having found, ſhow'r equal Favours down
On Wit ſo vaſt as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N.T.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN pious Times, e'er Prieſt-craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man on many, multiply'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, curſedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Iſrael*'s Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variouſly, impart.
To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungratefull to the Tiller's care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, ſeveral Sons before.

But, ſince like Slaves his Bed they did aſcend,
No true Succeſſion cou'd their Seed attend.
Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull, ſo Brave as *Abſalom*:
Whether, inſpir'd by ſome diviner Luſt,
His Father got him with a greater Guſt;
Or that his conſcious Deſtiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States Ally'd to *Iſrael's* Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And ſeem'd as he were onely born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And *Paradiſe* was open'd in his face.
With ſecret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deny'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes, which the Law forbore,
Were conſtru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon's* Mother by a ſpecious Name,
Was call'd a juſt Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undiſturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.

But Life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heav'n puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The *Jews*, a Head-ſtrong, Moody Murm'ring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;
God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with eaſe,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd pleaſe;
(Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That God-ſmiths cou'd produce, or Prieſts deviſe:)
Theſe *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty,
And when no rule, no preſident was found,
Of men, by Laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to Woods and Caves;
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh *Iſhboſheth* the Crown forego;
Who baniſht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a General ſhout, proclaim'd him King:
Thoſe very *Jews*, who, at their very beſt,
Their Humour more than Loyalty expreſt,
Now, wondred why, ſo long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But theſe were random bolts: No form'd Deſign,
Nor Intereſt made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The ſober part of *Iſrael*, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign;

And, looking backward with a wiſe afright,
Saw ſeams of wounds, diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly Scars,
They curſt the memory of Civil Wars.
The moderate ſort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
Inclin'd the Ballance to the better ſide:
And, *David's* mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to Rebell.
But, when to Sin our byaſt Nature leans,
The carefull Devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently Pimps for ill deſires;
The Good Old Cauſe reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jeruſalem*
Were *Jebuſites:* the Town ſo call'd from them;
And their's the Native right----
But when the choſen People grew more ſtrong,
The rightfull Cauſe at length became the wrong:
And every loſs the men of *Jebus* bore,
They ſtill were thought God's Enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to *David's* Government:
Impoveriſht and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they loſt their Land;
And, what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their Gods diſgrac'd, & burnt like common Wood

This ſet the Heathen Prieſthood in a flame;
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame:
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewiſh Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honeſt Men and wiſe:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T' eſpouſe his Cauſe by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curſe,
Bad in it ſelf, but repreſented worſe.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the Maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but daſht and brew'd with
To pleaſe the Fools, and puzzle all the Wiſe. [Lies,
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' *Ægyptian* Rites the *Jebuſites* embrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſav'ry Deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for Worſhip and for Food.
By force they could not introduce theſe Gods;
For Ten to One, in former days was odds
So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade)
Fools are more hard to conquer than perſwade

Their buſie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd for Converts, even the Court & Stews
Which *Hebrew Prieſts* the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to ſlay
by Guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our Authour ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebuſites* may go?
This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Senſe
Had yet a deep and dangerous Conſequence:
For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The ſtanding Lakes ſoon floats into a Flood;
And ev'ry hoſtile Humour; whch before
Slept quiet in its Chanels, bubbles o'er:
So, ſeveral factions from this firſt Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
Some by their Friends, more by themſelves thought
Oppos'd the Pow'r, to wch they could not riſe. [wiſe,
Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from
Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence. [thence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardon'd Rebels, Kinſmen to the Throne;
Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cou'd tye
Of theſe the falſe *Achitophel* was firſt:
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt.
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit:

Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace.
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves wen high
He ſought the Storms: but for a Calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit.
Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near ally'd;
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Elſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needfull hours of Reſt?
Puniſh a Body which he cou'd not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of eaſe?
And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendſhip falſe, implacable in Hate:
Reſolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
To Compaſs this, the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the Publick Safety ſhook:
And fitted *Iſrael* for a Foreign Yoke.
Then, ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Uſurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
So eaſie ſtill it proves in Factious Times,
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:

How ſafe is Treaſon, and how ſacred Ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deſerv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Stateſman we abhor, but praiſe the Judge.
In *Iſrael's* Courts ne'er ſat an *Abbethdin*
With more diſcerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unſought, the Wretched to redreſs;
Swift of Diſpatch, and eaſie of Acceſs.
Oh, had he been content to ſerve the Crown,
With Virtues onely proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankneſs of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppreſt the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tunefull Harp had ſtrung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawfull Fame, and lazy Happineſs;
Diſdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arme to ſhake the Tree.
Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown; and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes;
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.

By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the ears
Of liſtning Crouds, with Jealouſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite*.
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebel.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame Track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their Scribes Record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as War-like *Abſalom*:
Not, that he wiſh'd his Greatneſs to create,
(For Polititians neither love nor hate:)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the Croud:
That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venome, in ſuch words as theſe.
    Auſpicious Prince, at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Deſire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day, in every diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage:

The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Viſion, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfi'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content ingloriouſly to paſs thy days
Like one of Virtues Fools that feeds on Praiſe;
Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our dayly ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be,
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n, has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth Deſcent,
And, from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:
But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies.
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loins you Spring
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain;
And Heav'ns Anointing Oyl had been in vain.

Let his ſucceſsfull Youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:
Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The ſhadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on *Jordan*'s Sand
The joyfull People throng'd to ſee him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
(Our onely bleſſing ſince his curſt Return:)
Thoſe heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and ſcatter'd by a puff of Wind.
What ſtrength can he to your Deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of Friends, and round beſet with Foes?
If *Pharaoh*'s doubtfull Succour he ſhould uſe,
A Foreign Aid wou'd more incenſe the *Jews*:
Proud *Ægypt* wou'd diſſembled Friendſhip bring;
Foment the War, but not ſupport the King:
Nor wou'd the Royal party e'er unite
With *Pharaoh*'s Arms, t'aſſiſt the *Jebuſite*;
Or if they ſhou'd, their Intereſt ſoon wou'd break,
And, with ſuch odious Aid, make *David* weak.
All ſorts of men, by my ſucceſsfull Arts,
Abhorring Kings, eſtrange their alter'd Hearts
From *David*'s Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.

If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Iſrael* hope, and what Applauſe
Might ſuch a General gain by ſuch a Cauſe?
Not barren Praiſe alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair onely to the ſight, but ſolid Pow'r:
And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a ſucceſſive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* Ark.
What cannot Praiſe effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Deſire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, ſprung from High, is of Cœleſtial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aſpire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Virtues ways;
Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Blood within him ſtruggled ſtill)
He thus reply'd.----And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
My Father Governs with unqueſtion'd Right:
The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
Good, Gracious, Juſt, Obſervant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonders has eſpous'd his Cauſe.

Whom has he wrong'd in all his Peacefull Reign ?
Who ſues for Juſtice to his Throne in vain ?
What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Juſt Revenge did to his Wrath expoſe ?
Mild, Eaſie, Humble, Studious of our Good ;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averſe from Blood.
If Mildneſs ill with Stubborn *Iſrael* Suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to Betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway ?
Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curſe with ſuch a Reign,
His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
If *David*'s Rule *Jeruſalem* Diſpleaſe,
The *Dog-ſtar* heats their Brains to this Diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad ?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawleſs Might,
Oppreſt the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebuſite*,
Well might I Mourn ; but Natures holy Bands
Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and reſtrain my Hands :
The People might aſſert their Liberty ;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require ;
Prevents my Wiſhes, and out-runs Deſire ;
What more can I expect while *David* lives ?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives :
And that : But there he paus'd ; then Sighing, ſaid,
Is Juſtly deſtin'd for a Worthier Head.

For when my Father from his Toyls ſhall Reſt,
And late Augment the Number of the Bleſt:
His Lawfull Iſſue ſhall the Throne aſcend;
Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that ſhall end.
His Brother, though Oppreſt with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntleſs and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find;
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhould I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiouſly Inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,
To my large Soul, not all her Treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David*'s Part diſdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I ſcanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth;
And, made for Empire, Whiſpers me within;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a God-like Sin.
  Him Staggering ſo when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:
  Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wiſe,

Imparts not theſe Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign?
Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Virtue's onely given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildneſs I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Laviſh Grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhould People ſtrive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin ſhall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome Expenſive War;
Which when his Treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the Remains of Kingſhip, buy
His faithfull Friends, our Jealouſies and Fears,
Call *Jebuſites*; and *Pharaoh*'s Penſioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Succeſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.

His Right, for Sums of neceſſary Gold,
Shall firſt be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time ſhall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To paſs your doubtfull Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Truſt:
Which when reſum'd, can be no longer Juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general Good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a Nation grieve. [choſe,
The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they
God was their King, and God they durſt Depoſe.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Univerſal Call,
To which even Heav'n ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their Poſterity.
Or let his Kindneſs by th' Effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aſide.
God ſaid he lov'd your Father; could he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a Flock as *Iſrael.*

Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may bluſh to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land:
Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays;
Or ſome dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praiſe.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wiſe,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Diſguiſes of your Arts,
And marks the Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who leaſt complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep diſſembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearleſs Foes within his Diſtance draws;
Conſtrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the laſt, his time for Fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Proſtrate Vulgar, paſſes o'er, and Spares,
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Caſe no tame Expedients will afford:
Reſolve on Death, or Conqueſt by the Sword,
Which for no leſs a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldeſt Law.
Leave the warm People no Conſidering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.

Prevail your ſelf of what Occaſion gives,
But try your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whoſe Sacred Life each minute would Expoſe,
To Plots, from ſeeming Friends, and ſecret Foes.
And who can ſound the depth of *David's* Soul?
Perhaps his fear, his kindneſs may Controll.
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by Force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like Womens Leachery, to ſeem Conſtrain'd:
Doubt not: but, when he moſt affects the Frown,
Commit a pleaſing Rape upon the Crown.
Secure his Perſon to ſecure your Cauſe;
They who poſſeſs the Prince, poſſeſs the Laws.
He ſaid, And this Advice above the reſt,
With *Abſalom's* Mild Nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition ſet aſide,)
Not ſtain'd with Cruelty, nor puft with Pride.
How happy had he been, if Deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not ſo high!
His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;
And bleſt all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatneſs, ſince ſo few refuſe;
'Tis Juſter to Lament him, than Accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandiſhments to gain the publick Love;

To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly proſecute the Plot.
To further this *Achitophel* Unites
The Male-contents of all the *Iſraelites:*
Whoſe differing Parties he could wiſely Joyn,
For ſeveral Ends, to ſerve the ſame Deſign.
The Beſt, and of the Princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Miſtaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but ſeduc'd by Impious Arts.
By theſe the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound ſo high, they Crack't the Government.
The next for Int'reſt ſought t' embroil the State,
To ſell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewiſh* Markets of the Throne;
Pretending Publick Good, to ſerve their own.
Others thought Kings an uſeleſs heavy Load,
Who Coſt too much, and did too little Good.
Theſe were for laying Honeſt *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not onely hating *David*, but the King;
The *Solymæan* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treaſon bold;
Cowring and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Reſtor'd;

Saw with Diſdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And Scorn'd by *Jebuſites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Reſum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
Purſu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.
Where Sanhedrin and Prieſt enſlav'd the Nation,
And juſtifi'd their Spoils by Inſpiration:
For who ſo fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
Theſe led the Pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt mouth'd againſt the Government.
A numerous Hoſt of dreaming Saints ſucceed;
Of the true old Enthuſiaſtick Breed:
'Gainſt Form and Order they their Pow'r employ;
Nothing to Build, and all things to Deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the Herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
Theſe out of mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the ſame blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebuſite* did hate:
Born to be ſav'd, even in their own deſpight;
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the firſt Rank of theſe did *Zimri* ſtand:

A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and Nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, Stateſ-man and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Railing and praiſing were his uſual Themes;
And both (to ſhew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In ſquandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Deſert.
Beggar'd by Fools, whom ſtill he found too late:
He had his Jeſt, and they had his Eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from Court; then ſought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
For, ſpight of him, the weight of Buſineſs fell
On *Abſalom*, and wiſe *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of That was left.
  Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of Lords, below the dignity of Verſe. [beſt:
Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the
Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the reſt.

And therefore, in the name of Dulneſs, be
The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paſchal-Lamb.
Let Friendſhips holy Band ſome Names aſſure:
Some their own Worth, and ſome let Scorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the Raſcal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who cou'd Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treaſon Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a werſe,
The Wretch, whoſe Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to Curſe
Shimei, whoſe Youth did early Promiſe bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wiſely from Expenſive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curſe, unleſs againſt the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Againſt his Maſter, choſe him Magiſtrate:
His Hand a Vare of Juſtice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treaſon was no Crime.
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himſelf:

When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
Againſt the Monarch of *Jeruſalem*,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them.
And, if they Curſt the King when he was by,
Would rather Curſe, than break good Company.
If any durſt his Factious Friends accuſe,
He pact a Jury of diſſenting *Jews*:
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly Cauſe,
Wou'd free the ſuff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws are onely made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leiſure time he had from Pow'r,
(Becauſe 'tis Sin to miſ-employ an hour:)
His Bus'neſs was, by Writing to perſwade,
That Kings were Uſeleſs, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more ſhun'd the fumes of Wine.
Chaſt were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Groſſneſs of a City Feaſt abhor'd:
His Cooks, with long diſuſe, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brains were hot.
Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the *Jews*:
For Towns once burnt, ſuch Magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Fleſh, that made the *Jews* rebel:

And *Moſes*'s Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the Mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witneſs of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou ſhalt from Oblivion paſs;
Erect thy ſelf thou Monumental Braſs:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet Comets riſe
From Earthly Vapours e'er they ſhine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weaver's Iſſue, as by Prince's Son.
This Arch-Atteſtor for the Publick Good,
By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
Who ever ask'd the Witneſſes high Race,
Whoſe Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were God Almightie's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermillion, and a *Moſes*'s Face.
His Memory miraculouſly great,
Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For human Wit cou'd never ſuch deviſe.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But where the Witneſs fail'd, the Prophet ſpoke:

Some things like Viſionary flights appear ;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where :
And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
Unknown to Foreign Univerſity.
His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excell ;
Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence ſo well :
And ſuited to the temper of the Times ;
Then groaning under *Jebuſitick* Crimes.
Let *Iſrael*'s Foes ſuſpect his Heav'nly call,
And raſhly Judge his Writ Apocryphal :
Our Laws for ſuch affronts have Forfeits made :
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my ſelf in Witneſs *Corah*'s place,
The Wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince deſpiſe,
And load his Perſon with indignities :
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords ;
Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag*'s Murther call :
In terms as courſe as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.
What others in his Evidence did join,
(The beſt that cou'd be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah*'s own predicament will fall :
For *Witneſs* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every ſort,
Deluded *Abſalom*, forſakes the Court :

Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a Crown:
Th' admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his Goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſht out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then, with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity e'er he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſie thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.
I mourn, my Country-men, your loſt Eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a baniſht Man, for your dear Cauſe
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebuſites* your Sacred Rites invade.
My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his Fame:
And brib'd with petty ſums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba*'s Embraces old:

Exalts his Enemies, his Friends deſtroys:
And all his pow'r againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why ſhould he his own, and yours betray?
He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my preſent pow'r ſupplies:
No Court-Informer can theſe Arms accuſe;
Theſe Arms may Sons againſt their Fathers uſe;
And 'tis my wiſh the next Succeſſor's Reign
May make no other *Iſraelite* complain.
  Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, ſeldom fail:
But Common Intereſt always will prevail:
And Pity never ceaſes to be ſhown,
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that ſtill believe their Kings oppreſs,)
With lifted hands their young *Meſſiah* bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain;
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a num'rous Train:
From Eaſt to Weſt his Glories he diſplays:
And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
And ſhouts of Joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a Guardian God;
And Conſecrates the Place of his abode:
But hoſpitable Treats did moſt commend
Wiſe *Iſſachar*, his wealthy Weſtern Friend.

This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes.
And ſeem'd but Pomp, did other Ends diſguiſe:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts; diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And try their ſtrength, before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redreſs of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always pleaſes,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus in a Pageant Shew; a Plot is made;
And Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh *Iſrael!* never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of Health Imagine a Diſeaſe;
Take pains Contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themſelves and Sons, their native Sway:
Then they are left deſenceleſs to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe Laws deſtroy.
Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and Juſt,
And Kings are onely Officers in Truſt,

Then this reſuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If thoſe who gave the Sceptre cou'd not tie
By their own deed their own Poſterity,
How then cou'd *Adam* bind his future Race?
How cou'd his forfeit on Mankind take place?
Or how cou'd Heavenly Juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our Father's Fall?
Then Kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the Croud:
For who can be ſecure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be diſſolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The Moſt may err, as groſly as the Few.
And faultleſs Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppreſſion, and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which flowing to the Mark, runs faſter out?
Nor onely Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this Publick Lunacy:
And Share the madneſs of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
Not Kings alone, (the God-head Images,
But Government it ſelf at length muſt fall
To Natures State, where all have Right to all.

Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a ſetled Throne wou'd ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them ſuffer more.
All others Errours but diſturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall.
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttreſs of the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, caſt the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who baſe Ends purſue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tamp'ring world is ſubject to this Curſe,
To Phyſick their Diſeaſe into a Worſe.
  Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch, muſt be the Peoples Foes:
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praiſe.
  In this ſhort File *Barzillai* firſt appears; D. of Ormond
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years;
Long ſince, the riſing Rebels he withſtood
In regions VVaſte beyond the *Jordan*'s Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But ſinking underneath his Maſter's Fate:

In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd :
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art :
Large was his VVealth, but larger was his Heart :
VVhich, well the Nobleſt Objects knew to chuſe,
The Fighting VVarriour, and Recording Muſe.
His Bed cou'd once a fruitfull Iſſue boaſt ;
Now more than half a Father's Name is loſt.
His Eldeſt Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (ſo Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in Manhoods prime
B' unequal Fates, and Providences Crime :
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son ;
Swift was the Race, but ſhort the Time to run.
Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchleſs VVorth was kuown ;
Arms thy Delight, and VVar was all thy Own :
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd :
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune ſtop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
VVhom Foes unpuniſh'd never cou'd withſtand !
But *Iſrael* was unworthy of his Name :
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy Fortune and thy Mind.

Now free from Earth, thy diſencumbred Soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry [Pole:
From thence thy kindred Legions maiſt thou bring,
To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painfull flight;
No Pinions can purſue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy Soul he ſhould have fled before;
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this Verſe
To hang on her departed Patron's Hearſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from Heav'n, and ſee
If thou canſt find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the Prieſt, whom, ſhunning Pow'r and Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to *David*'s Grace:
With him the *Sagan* of *Jeruſalem*,
Of hoſpitable Soul, and noble Stem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by ſuch Example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To theſe ſucceed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who beſt cou'd plead, and beſt can judge a Cauſe.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers aſcend,
Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muſes Friend,

[illegible] A. B.
[illegible] B. of [illegible]
Dr [illegible] Bp of Ro
[illegible] of [illegible]

Himſelf a Muſe:---In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David*'s Love with Honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient Son were torn.
Ld Hallifax
Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought:
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Aſſemblies, who but onely try'd
The worſe a-while, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one Brave man can doe.
Hyde Ld Rochester
Huſhai the Friend of *David* in diſtreſs,
In publick ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs;
By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low?
For Sovereign Pow'r is too depreſt or high,
When Kings are forc'd to ſell or Crouds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
Sr Edwd Seymour
For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel*'s praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reaſon guided, and their Paſſion cool'd;
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a Loyal Nations Senſe,

That as their Band was *Iſrael's* Tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now rather Charioteirs the Seat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe Careirs his ſteady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Miſguide the Seaſons, and miſtake the Way;
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief; a ſmall but faithfull Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to ſtand
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd ſuch powerfull Engines bent,
To batter down the Lawfull Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Succeſſor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot, by hireling Witneſſes, improv'd.
Theſe Ills they ſaw, and as their Duty Bound,
They ſhew'd the King the danger of the Wound;
That no Conceſſions from the Throne wou'd pleaſe;
But Lenitives fomented the Diſeaſe:
That *Abſalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
That falſe *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worſe:
That *Shimei* taught *Jeruſalem* to Curſe.

With all theſe loads of Injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his carefull Breaſt
Th' event of things; at laſt, his Patience tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
The God-like *David* ſpoke; with awfull fear
His Train their Maker in their Maſter hear.
Thus long have I by Native Mercy ſway'd.
My wrongs diſſembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King Aſſwage.
But now ſo far my Clemency they ſlight,
Th' Offenders queſtion my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
They call my tenderneſs of Blood, my Fear:
Though manly Tempers can the Longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my Native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by Force.
Thoſe heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the Nations weight:
If my young *Sampſon* will pretend a Call
To ſhake the Column, let him ſhare the Fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!

Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear:
Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whoſe Modern ſenſe
Is one that wou'd by Law ſupplant his Prince:
The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
Should more be *Abſalom*'s than *David*'s Cauſe?
His old Inſtructor, e'er he loſt his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with ſo much Grace.
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
Wou'd *They* impoſe an Heir upon the Throne?
Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
A King's at leaſt a part of Government;
And mine as requiſite as their Conſent:
Without my leave a future King to chooſe,
Infers a Right the Preſent to Depoſe:
True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
But *Eſau*'s Hands ſuit ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to ſecure, they take my Pow'r away,
From Plots and Treaſons Heav'n preſerve my Years,
But ſave me moſt from my Petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot grant ſo much as they can crave.

What then is left, but with a jealous Eye
To guard the ſmall Remains of Royalty?
The Law ſhall ſtill direct my peacefull Sway,
And the ſame Law teach Rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more Eſtabliſh'd Pow'r control,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundleſs Clamours ſhall my Friends remove,
Nor Crouds have Pow'r to puniſh e'er they prove:
For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care expreſs,
Still to defend their Servants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againſt my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Muſt I at length the Sword of Juſtice draw?
Oh, curs'd Effects of neceſſary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy ſcan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
Law they require, let Law then ſhew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the Terrour of her Front, and Dy,
By their own Arts, 't is Righteouſly decreed,
Thoſe dire Artificers of Death ſhall bleed.
Againſt themſelves their Witneſſes will ſwear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:
And ſuch for Nutriment that bloody Gore
Which was their Principle of Life before.

Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes ſhall doe me right:
Nor doubt th' Event: for Factious Crouds engage
In their firſt Onſet, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unreſiſted Courſe:
Ritire and Traverſe, and Delude their Force:
But when they ſtand all Breathleſs, urge the Fight,
And riſe upon 'em with redoubled Might:
For lawfull Pow'r is ſtill Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it ſtands the ground.
He ſaid. Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new Time began,
The mighty Years in long Proceſſion ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was reſtor'd,
And willing Nations knew their lawfull Lord.

FINIS.

The Medal.

A
SATYRE
AGAINST
SEDITION.

By the Author of *Abſalom* and *Achitophel*.

Per Graiûm *populos, mediæque per* Elidis *Urbem*
Ibat ovans; Divúm*que ſibi poſcebat Honores.*

The Third Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head*, in
Chancery-lane, near *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1692.

EPISTLE
TO THE
WHIGS.

F*OR to whom can I dedicate this* Poem, *with ſo much juſtice, as to you? 'Tis the repreſentation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize ſo much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landſcap of the Tower, nor the Riſing Sun; nor the* Anno Domini *of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This muſt needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: eſpecially to thoſe who have not been ſo happy as to purchaſe the Original. I hear the* Graver *has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder ſo inhanc'd, that many a poor* Polander, *who would be glad to worſhip the Image, is not able to go to the coſt of him: But muſt be content to ſee him here. I muſt confeſs I am no great Artiſt; but Sign-poſt painting will ſerve the turn to remember a Friend by; eſpecially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he ſate not five times to me, as he did to* B. *yet I have conſulted Hiſtory; as the* Italian *Painters do, when they wou'd draw a* Nero *or a* Caligula; *though they have not ſeen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from* Suetonius *and* Tacitus. *Truth is, you might have ſpar'd one ſide of your Medall: the Head wou'd be ſeen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun. Which* *wou'd then break out to better purpoſe. You tell us in your Preface to the* No-proteſtant Plot, *that you ſhall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modeſty: I ſuppoſe you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medall. Never was their practis'd ſuch a piece of notorius Impudence in the face of an Eſtabliſh'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the* Turks *did* Scanderbeg; *as if there were virtue in his Bones to preſerve you againſt Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not onely zeal for the Publick good, but a due veneration for the perſon of the King. But all men, who can ſee an inch before them, may eaſily detect thoſe groſs fallacies. That it is neceſſary for men in your circumſtances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raiſe a Faction. But I would ask you one civil queſtion, what right has any man among you, or any Aſſociation of men, (to come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament, cannot be conſider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factious Clubs, to vilifie the Government, in your Diſcourſes, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made you Judges in* Iſrael? *or how is it conſiſtent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of Loyal, which is to ſerve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is inveſted? You complain that his Majeſty has loſt the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him loſe them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would ſeem, you would not at this rate incenſe the Multitude to aſſume it; for no ſober man can fear it, either from the King's Diſpoſition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiouſly*

odiouſly lay it, from his Miniſters. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we deſire to tranſmit to our Poſterity. You are not the Truſtees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Croud, much leſs have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reaſonable man will believe you reſpect the perſon of his Majeſty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are ſtuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis eaſie to be evinc'd from a thouſand Paſſages, which I onely forbear to quote, becauſe I deſire they ſhould dy and be forgotten. I have peruſ'd many of your Papers; and to ſhew you that I have, the third part of your No-proteſtant Plot *is much of it ſtoln from your dead Authour's Pamphlet call'd, the* Growth of Popery; *as manifeſtly as* Milton's *defence of the* Engliſh *People, is from* Buchanan de jure regni apud Scotos: *or your firſt Covenant, and new Aſſociation, from the holy League of the* French Guiſards. *Any one who reads* Davila, *may trace your Practices all along. There were the ſame pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the ſame Aſperſions of the King, and the ſame grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Hiſtorian's word, who ſays it was reported, that* Poltrot *a* Hugonot, *murther'd* Francis *Duke of* Guiſe *by the inſtigations of* Theodore Beza: *or that it was a* Hugonot *Miniſter, otherwiſe call'd a* Presbyterian, *(for our Church abhors ſo deviliſh a Tenet) who firſt writ a Treatiſe of the lawfulneſs of depoſing and murthering Kings, of a different Perſwaſion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrin of* Calvin, *and Principles of* Buchanan, *that they ſet the People above the Magiſtrate; which if I* *miſtake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your liking. When a Vote of the Houſe of Commons goes on your ſide, you are as ready to obſerve it, as if it were paſs'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed* Act of Parliament, *you declare that in ſome caſes, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Paſſage is in the ſame third part of the* No-proteſtant Plot; *and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Aſſociation, you neither wholly juſtifie nor condemn: But, as the Papiſts, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worſhip; but in times of War, when they are hard preſs'd by Arguments, ly cloſe intrench'd behind the* Council of Trent: *So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whenſoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and juſtify'd to purpoſe. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to ſay any thing, when men have all things in their power.*

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Aſſociation, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. *But there is this ſmall difference betwixt them, that the ends of one are directly oppoſite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation, and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the conſent, or knowledge of the King, againſt whoſe Authority it is manifeſtly deſign'd. Therefore you do well to have recourſe to your laſt Evaſion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and ſhuffled into the Papers that were ſeiz'd: which yet you ſee the Nation is not ſo eaſie to believe as your own Jury: But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in* New-gate, *who wou'd acquit a Malefactour.*

I have one onely favour to deſire of you at parting, that when you think of anſwering this Poem, *you wou'd* *wou'd employ the ſame Pens againſt it, who have combated with ſo much ſucceſs againſt* Abſalom *and* Achitophel: *for then you may aſſure your ſelves of a clear Victory, without the leaſt reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a Cuſtome, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a conſiderable point, which is wholly to wave the anſwer of my Arguments. Never own the bottome of your Principles, for fear they ſhou'd be Treaſon. Fall ſeverely on the miſcarriages of Government; for if ſcandal be not allow'd, you are no free-born Subjects. If God has not bleſs'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make uſe of my poor Stock and welcome: let your Verſes run upon my feet: and for the utmoſt refuge of notorious Blockheads, reduc'd to the laſt extremity of ſenſe, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter deſpair of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my ſelf. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; but above all the reſt commend me to the Non-conformiſt Parſon, who writ the* Whip and Key. *I am affraid it is not read ſo much as the Piece deſerves, becauſe the Bookſeller is every week crying help at the end of his* Gazette, *to get it off. You ſee I am charitable enough to doe him a kindneſs, that it may be publiſh'd as well as printed; and that ſo much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waſte-paper in the Shop. Yet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his Learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which are printed at the end of ſome* Engliſh *Bibles. If* Achitophel *ſignifie the Brother of a Fool, the Authour of that Poem will paſs with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the Verſes are; buy 'em up I beſeech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is ſhut up, and the Brother of* Achitophel *out of ſervice.*

Now Footmen, you know, have the generoſity to make a Purſe, for a Member of their Society, who *has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Proteſtant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Diſſenter in Poetry from Senſe and* English, *will make as good a Proteſtant Rhimer, as a Diſſenter from the Church of* England *a Proteſtant Parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtyle a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and ſawcy Jack, and Atheiſtick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expreſſions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his Name. What wou'd you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cauſe from* Geneſis *to the* Revelations: *And has half the Texts of both the* Teſtaments *againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to your ſelves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for* Iriſh *Witneſſes. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him onely for the opening of your Cauſe, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his Predeceſſours, you may either conclude, that I truſt to the goodneſs of my Cauſe, or fear my Adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe, for the ſhort on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble ſervant, whatever your Party ſays or thinks of him.*

UPON THE AUTHOUR Of the Following POEM.

ONCE more our awfull Poet Arms, t' engage
The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muſe attends him to the Field:
By Art and Nature for this Task deſign'd,
Yet modeſtly the Fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the Torrent of his Verſe to pour,
Nor loos'd his Satyre till the needfull Hour:
His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his Avenging Genius to its Aid.
Bleſt Muſe, whoſe Wit with ſuch a Cauſe was Crown'd,
And bleſt the Cauſe that ſuch a Champion found.
With choſen Verſe upon the Foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of Conqueſt he rebates his Rage;
His Fury not without Diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:

To leſs infected Members gentle found,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours Balm into the Wound.
Such gen'rous Grace th' ingratefull Tribe abuſe,
And treſpaſs on the Mercy of his Muſe;
Their wretched dogrell Rhimers forth they bring,
To ſnarl and bark againſt the Poets King;
A Crew, that ſcandalize the Nation more
Than all their Treaſon-canting Prieſts before!
On theſe he ſcarce vouchſafes a ſcornfull Smile,
But on their Pow'rfull Patrons turns his Style.
A Style ſo keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
The vital Poyſon, ſtabs to th' Heart their Cauſe.
Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raiſe;
Accept our Thanks, for you tranſcend our Praiſe.

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOUR
Of the Following
POEM,
And that of
ABSALOM and *ACHITOPHEL*.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praiſe,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raiſe;
They knew not the lov'dDeity, they knew
Divine effects a cauſe Divine did ſhew;
Nor can we doubt, when ſuch theſe Numbers are,
Such is their cauſe, tho' the worſt Muſe ſhall dare
Their ſacred worth in humble Verſe declare.
As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tunefull Song,
Glides in a peacefull Majeſty along;
No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
The eaſie paſſage of his ſilent wave;
So, ſacred Poet, ſo thy Numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
Yet ſoft as Down upon the Wings of Love:
How ſweet does Vertue in your dreſs appear?
How much more charming, when much leſs ſevere?

Whilſt you our ſenſes harmleſly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy Style;
Y' inſinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
And into ſenſe th' unthinking Many cheat:
So the ſweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
Into rude Nature virtue did inſpire;
So he the ſavage herd to reaſon drew,
Yet ſcarce ſo ſweet, ſo charmingly as you:
Oh, that you would with ſome ſuch powerfull
Enervate *Albion* to juſt valour warm! [Charm,
Whether much ſuffering *Charles* ſhall Theme afford,
Or the great Deeds of God-like *James*'s Sword;
Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
Another Fleet might paſs the ſubject Main;
Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
Or ſuch an *Oſſory* as you did moan:
While in ſuch Numbers you, in ſuch a ſtrain,
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
  Let falſe *Achitophel* the rout engage,
Talk eaſie *Abſalom* to rebel rage;
Let frugal *Shimei* curſe in holy Zeal,
Or modeſt *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
Whilſt conſtant to himſelf, ſecure of fate,
Good *David* ſtill maintains the Royal State;
Tho' each in vain ſuch various ills employs,
Firmly he ſtands, and even thoſe ills enjoys;
Firm as fair *Albion* midſt the raging Main
Surveys encirling danger with diſdain.
In vain the Waves aſſault the unmov'd ſhore,
In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
Fair *Albion*'s beauteous Cliffs ſhine whiter than
[before.
  Nor ſhalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conſpire,
Tho' the worſe rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire;
Thou beſt, thou greateſt of the *Britiſh* Race,
Thou onely fit to fill Great *Charles* his place.

Ah wretched *Britains!* ah too ſtubborn Iſle!
Ah ſtiff-neck'd *Iſrael* on bleſt *Canaan*'s ſoyl!
Are thoſe dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Reſtoring *David* and his gentle Reign?
Is it in vain thou all the Goods doſt know
Auſpicious Stars on Mortals ſhed below,
While all thy ſtreams with Milk, thy Lands with
[Honey flow?
No more, fond Iſle! no more thy ſelf engage,
In civil fury, and inteſtine rage;
No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land moleſt,
But a ſmooth Calm ſooth every peacefull breaſt,
While in ſuch Charming notes Divinely ſings,
The beſt of Poets, of the beſt of Kings.

THE

The Medal.

A SATYRE AGAINST SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry,
Which *Engliſh* Idiots run in crouds to ſee,
The *Poliſh Medal* bears the prize alone:
A Monſter more the Favourite of the Town
Than either Fairs or Theatres have ſhown.
Never did Art ſo well with Nature ſtrive;
Nor ever Idol ſeem'd ſo much alive?
So like the Man; ſo golden to the ſight,
So baſe within, ſo counterfeit and light.
One ſide is fill'd with Title and with Face;
And, leſt the King ſhou'd want a regal Place,
On the reverſe, a Tow'r the Town ſurveys;
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams diſplays.

The Word pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in *Poliſh*, is *rejoyce*.
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd
And a new Canting Holiday deſign'd.
Five days he ſate, for every caſt and look;
Four more than God to finiſh *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Eſſence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer*!
Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd ſuch furrows for an Eunuch face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill!
A Martial Heroe firſt, with early care,
Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to war.
A beardleſs Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man:
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)
Next this, (How wildly will Ambition ſteer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th' Uſurper's Ear.
Bart'ring his venal wit for ſumms of gold
He caſt himſelf into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd, ſigh'd and pray'd, while Godlineſs was gain;
The lowdeſt Bag-pipe of the Squeaking Train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdneſs he cou'd ne'er diſguiſe.
There ſplit the Saint: for Hypocritick Zeal
Allows no Sins but thoſe it can conceal.
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a ſcope:
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.

Th' ungodly Principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Beſides, their pace was formal, grave and ſlack:
His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
Yet ſtill he found his Fortune at a ſtay;
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way:
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.
Pow'r was his aim: but, thrown from that pretence,
The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguiſh of his Soul he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd.
Behold him now exalted into truſt;
His Counſel's oft convenient, ſeldom juſt.
Ev'n in the moſt ſincere advice he gave
He had a grudging ſtill to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
Made him uneaſie in his lawfull gears.
At beſt as little honeſt as he cou'd:
And, like white Witches, miſchievouſly good.
To his firſt byaſs, longingly he leans;
And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;
(Advice unſafe, precipitous, and bold.)
From hence thoſe tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
Who helps a pow'rfull Friend, fore-arms a Foe.

What wonder if the Waves prevail ſo far
When He cut down the Banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
So *Sampſon* to his Foe his force confeſt;
And, to be ſhorn, lay ſlumb'ring on her breaſt.
But, when this fatal Counſel, found too late,
Expos'd its Authour to the publick hate;
When his juſt Sovereign, by no impious way,
Cou'd be ſeduc'd to Arbitrary ſway;
Forſaken of that hope, he ſhifts the ſail;
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale;
And ſhews the Fiend confeſs'd without a vail.
He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
That claims ſucceſſive bear no binding force;
That Coronation Oaths are things of courſe;
Maintains the Multitude can never err;
And ſets the People in the Papal Chair.
The reaſon's obvious; *Int'reſt never lyes*;
The moſt have ſtill their Int'reſt in their eyes;
The pow'r is always theirs, & pow'r is ever wiſe.
Almighty Crowd, thou ſhorten'ſt all diſpute;
Power is thy Eſſence; Wit thy Attribute!
Nor Faith nor Reaſon make thee at a ſtay,
Thou leap'ſt o'r all Eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique* way!
Athens, no doubt, did righteouſly decide,
When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:

As righteouſly they did thoſe dooms repent,
Still they were wiſe, what-ever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the Father, and recall the Son.
Some think the Fools were moſt, as times went [then;
But now the World's o'er ſtock'd with prudent men.
The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Teſt;
The *Turk*'s is, at *Conſtantinople*, beſt;
Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
And our own Worſhip onely true at home.
And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This ſide to day, and that to morrow burns;
So all are God a'mighties in their turns.
A Tempting Doctrine, plauſible and new:
What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to deſtroy the ſeeds of Civil War,
Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:
And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never ceaſe,
Secur'd Succeſſion, to ſecure our Peace.
Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at laſt
In equal Balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new *Jehu* ſpurs the hot mouth'd horſe;
Inſtructs the Beaſt to know his native force:
To take the Bit between his Teeth and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;
Wou'd we poſſeſs the freedom we purſue!

The laviſh Government can give no more:
Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought:
He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they ſought:
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping Brave,
The free-born Subject ſunk into a Slave.
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
Ah, what is man, when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill;
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundleſs in his Will!
That Kings can do no wrong we muſt believe:
None can they do, and muſt they all receive?
Help Heav'n! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
Already they have loſt their beſt defence,
The benefit of Laws, which they diſpence.
No juſtice to their righteous Cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.
And Medals grav'd, their Conqueſt to record,
The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to ſee an Aſs
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd Thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again, to ſee a Jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable Law.
The Witneſſes, that, Leech-like, liv'd on Bloud,
Sucking for them were med'cinal good;

But, when they faſten'd on *their* feſter'd Sore,
Then, Juſtice and Religion they forſwore;
Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
And Rogue and Saint diſtinguiſh'd by their Side.
They rack ev'n Scripture to confeſs their Cauſe;
And plead a Call to preach, in ſpight of Laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,
It has been us'd as ill in every Age;
And is conſtrain'd, with patience, all to take;
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking Trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever Senſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd, at firſt, our Oracle t' enquire;
But, ſince our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
The Text inſpires not them; but they the Text inſpire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Iſle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitfull *Nile*,
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert!
Or ſeparate thy ſound, from thy corrupted part!
I call'd thee *Nile*; the parallel will ſtand:
Thy tydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land;
Yet Monſters from thy large increaſe we find,
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'ſt behind.
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.

Of *Iſrael's* Tribes thou haſt a numerous band;
But ſtill the *Canaanite* is in the Land.
Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſinchanted Burghers few.
The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;
But what's a Head with two ſuch gouty Hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way;
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wiſedom is to Sloath too great a Slave;
None are ſo buſie as the Fool and Knave.
Thoſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they urge,
Whoſe Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;
Nor ſharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!
In Goſpel-phraſe their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;
They boaſt e'en when each other they beguile.
Cuſtoms to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
They cheat the Country firſt, and then infect.
They, for God's Cauſe their Monarchs dare dethrone;
And they'll be ſure to make his Cauſe their own.
Whether the plotting Jeſuite lay'd the plan
Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides out-go;
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.

What means their Trait'rous Combination leſs,
Too plain t'evade, too ſhamefull to confeſs.
But Treaſon is not own'd when 'tis deſcry'd;
Succesfull Crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The Men, who no Conſpiracy wou'd find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.
Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt their Prince.
If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they ſcan,
The ſame bold Maxime holds in God and Man:
God were not ſafe, his Thunder cou'd they ſhun
He ſhou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.
Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
The rich Poſſeſſion was the Murth'rers own.
In vain to Sophiſtry they have recourſe:
By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.
Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may ſee
'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
For, from pretended Grievances they riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, and after to deſpiſe.
Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Fleſh to deal,
Chop up a Miniſter, at every meal;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
But clip his regal rights within the Ring.
From thence, t'aſſume the pow'r of Peace and War;
And eaſe him by degrees of publique Care.

Yet, to conſult his Dignity and Fame,
He ſhou'd have leave to exerciſe the Name;
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game.
For what can Pow'r give more than Food & Drink,
To live at eaſe, and not be bound to think?
Theſe are the cooler methods of the Crime;
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loſs of time:
On utmoſt bounds of Loyalty they ſtand,
And grin and whet like a *Creatian* Band;
That waits impatient for the laſt Command.
Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain;
They ſteal not, but in Squadrons ſcour the Plain:
And, if their Pow'r the Paſſengers ſubdue;
The moſt have right, the wrong is in the Few.
Such impious Axiomes fooliſhly they ſhow;
For, in ſome Soils Republicks will not grow;
Our Temp'rate Iſle will no extremes ſuſtain,
Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign;
But ſlides between them both into the beſt;
Secure in freedom, in a Monarch bleſt.
And though the Climate, vext with various Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
The wholſome Tempeſt purges what it breeds;
To recommend the Calmneſs that ſucceeds.
  But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
(O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,)
Whoſe blandiſhments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds ſhe plighted to her Lord;

What Curſes on thy blaſted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy ſhall call; [all,
For all muſt curſe the Woes that muſt deſcend on
Religion thou haſt none: thy *Mercury* [Thee.
Has paſs'd through every Sect, or theirs through
But what thou giv'ſt, that Venom ſtill remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
What elſe inſpires the Tongues,& ſwells the Breaſts
Of all thy bellowing Renegado Prieſts;
That preach up thee for God;diſpence thy Laws;
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cauſe?
Freſh Fumes of Madneſs raiſe; and toil and ſweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.
Yet,ſhou'd thy Crimes ſucceed,ſhou'd lawleſs Pow'r
Compaſs thoſe Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and Theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou haſt any,) muſt be one
That lets the World and Humane Kind alone;
A jolly God, that paſſes hours too well
To promiſe Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion ſit;
And wink at Crimes he did himſelf commit.
A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Prieſthood paints
A Conventicle of gloomy ſullen Saints;
A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, ſlovengly and ſad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with falſe Religion mad.

Without a Viſion Poets can fore-ſhew
What all but Fools, by common Senſe may know:
If true Succeſſion from our Iſle ſhou'd fail,
And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not thou, nor thoſe thy Factious Arts ingage
Shall reap that Harveſt of Rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'ſt thy decrepit Age.
The ſwelling Poiſon of the ſev'ral Sects,
Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects
Shall burſt its Bag; and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter*, puſt up with ſpiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.
But ſhort ſhall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
[Crane.
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown ſhall
In ſharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War: [jar,
Chiefs ſhall be grudg'd the part wch. they pretend,
Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
About their impious Merit ſhall contend.
The ſurly Commons ſhall reſpect deny;
And juſtle Peerage out with Property.

Their Gen'ral either ſhall his Truſt betray,
And force the Crowd to Arbitrary ſway;
Or they ſuſpecting his ambitious Aim,
In hate of Kings ſhall caſt a-new the Frame;
And thruſt out *Collatine* that bore their Name.

Thus in-born Broils the Factions wou'd ingage;
Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:
And our wild Labours, wearied into Reſt,
Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breaſt.

———Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

THE END.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM,

In Three Parts.

———*Antiquam exquirite matrem.*
Et vera, inceſſu, patuit Dea.——— } Virg.

The Third Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges Head* in
Chancery Lane near *Fleetſtreet*, 1687.

TO THE READER.

T*HE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even ſo much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the oppoſite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this ſide or that: and tho' Conſcience is the common* Word, *which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of* Their *Conſcience, he is knock'd down before the Reaſons of his own are heard. A* Preface, *therefore, which is but a beſpeaking of Favour, is altogether uſeleſs. What I deſire the* Reader *ſhould know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem; if he have but the patience to peruſe it. Only this Advertiſement let him take before-hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cauſe. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be ſo fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the ſeveral Members of 'em; at leaſt all ſuch as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example; there are ſome of the Church by Law Eſtabliſh'd, who envy not Liberty of Conſcience to Diſſenters; as being well ſatisfied, that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to perſecute them. Yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the Numbers of the reſt with whom they are Embodied in one common Name: On the other ſide there are many of our Sects, and more indeed than I could reaſonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themſelves from the Communion of the* Panther; *and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majeſty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this Satyr any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe who are come over to the Royal Party are conſequently ſuppos'd to be out of Gunſhot. Our Phyſicians have obſerv'd, that in Proceſs of Time, ſome Diſeaſes have abated* *of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, ſo as to be no longer Mortal: and why may not I ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, As well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by Comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Perſecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.*

'Tis not for any Private Man to Cenſure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: but, without ſuſpicion of Flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary Meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the Spirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the Diſſenters in their Addreſſes to His Majeſty have ſaid That he has reſtor'd God to his Empire over Conſcience: *I Confeſs I dare not ſtretch the Figure to ſo great a boldneſs: but I may ſafely ſay, that Conſcience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every Private man. He is abſolute in his own Breaſt, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which paſſes only betwixt God and Him. Thoſe who are driven into the Fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made Hypocrites then Converts.*

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuſe the Benefit, and adhere to thoſe whom they have eſteem'd their Perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publickly to own that they ſuffer'd not before for Conſcience ſake; but only out of Pride and Obſtinacy to ſeparate from a Church for thoſe Impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd? After they have ſo long contended for their Claſſical Ordination, (not to ſpeak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length ſubmit to an Epiſcopal? if they can go ſo far out of Complaiſance to their old Enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſwade 'em to taka another ſtep, and ſee whether that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hands they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, *a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Chriſtian King, their Native Sovereign: who expects a Return in* Specie *from them; that the Kindneſs which He has Graciouſly ſhown them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſwaſion.*

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfie the Reader*: That it was neither impos'd on me, nor ſo much as the Subject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finiſh'd it, His Majeſties Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience came abroad: which, if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpar'd my ſelf the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third part of it. But I was alwayes in ſome hope, that the Church of* England *might have been perſwaded to have taken off the* Penal Laws *and the* Teſt, *which was one Deſign of the Poem when I propos'd to my ſelf the writing of it.*

'Tis evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, and not firſt intended. I mean that defence of my ſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound, when he is injuriouſly attacqu'd in Print: and I refer my ſelf to the judgment of thoſe who have read the Anſwer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, *and that of the* Dutcheſs, *(in which laſt I was concern'd) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Superviſers of his Pamphlet: and will reply when I think he can affront me: for I am of* Socrate's *Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider, whether he deſerv'd not a more ſevere reprehenſion then I gave him formerly; for uſing ſo little reſpect to the Memory of thoſe whom he pretended to anſwer: and, at his leiſure look out for ſome Original Treatiſe of Humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh, (I believe I may ſay in any other Tongue:) for the magnified Piece of* Duncomb *on that Subject, which either he muſt mean or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Tranſlated from the Spaniſh of* Rodriguez: *tho' with the Omiſſion of the* 17th, *the* 24th, *the* 25th, *and the laſt Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.*

He would have inſinuated to the World that Her late Highneſs died not a Roman Catholick: He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied, to the contrary; in which he has giv'n up the Cauſe: for matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would diſpute the Motives of her Change: how prepoſterouſly let all men judge, when he ſeem'd to deny the Subject of the Controverſy, the Change it ſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick can *not faſt, becauſe he will not take up the Cudgels againſt Mrs.* James, *to confute the Proteſtant Religion.*

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the Poem as ſuch, and abſtracting from the Matters either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The firſt part, *conſiſting moſt in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raiſe, and give it the Majeſtick Turn of Heroick Poeſie. The* ſecond, *being Matter of Diſpute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I cou'd: yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the Magnificence of Verſe. The* third, *which has more of the Nature of Domeſtick Converſation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.*

There are in it two Epiſodes, *or* Fables, *which are interwoven with the main Deſign; ſo that they are properly parts of it, though they are alſo diſtinct Stories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the Common Places of* Satyr, *whether true or falſe, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church againſt the other: At which I hope no* Reader *of either Party will be ſcandaliz'd, becauſe they are not of my Invention; but as old to my knowledge, as the Times of* Boccace *and* Chaucer *on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.*

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no Sin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds,
And Scythian ſhafts; and many winged wounds

Aim'd at Her Heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to Death, though fated not to dye.

Not ſo her young; for their unequal Line
Was Heroe's make, half humane, half Divine.
Their Earthly Mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part aſſum'd immortal State.
Of theſe a ſlaughtered Army lay in Blood,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,
Their native walk; whoſe vocal Blood aroſe,
And cry'd for Pardon on their perjur'd Foes;
Their Fate was Fruitful, and the ſanguin ſeed
Endu'd with Souls, encreas'd the ſacred breed.
So Captive *Iſrael* multiply'd in Chains,
A numerous Exile; and enjoy'd her Pains.
With grief and gladneſs mixt, their Mother view'd
Her martyr'd off-ſpring, and their Race renew'd;
Their Corps to periſh, but their kind to laſt,
So much the deathleſs Plant the dying Fruit ſurpaſs'd.

Panting and Penſive now ſhe rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms, once Her own.
The common Hunt, though from their rage reſtrain'd
By ſov'reign Pow'r, her Company diſdain'd:
Grin'd as they paſs'd, and with a glaring Eye
Gave gloomy ſigns of ſecret Enmity.
Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and trip'd ſo light
They had not time to take a ſteady Sight.
For truth has ſuch a Face and ſuch a meen
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.

The bloody *Bear* an *Independant* Beaſt,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſs'd.
Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
Profeſs'd Neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheiſts uſe,
Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuſe:
Still when the Lyon look'd, his Knees he bent,
And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Complement.

The briſtl'd *Baptiſt Boar*, impure as He,
(But whitn'd with the foam of Sanctity)
With fat pollutions fill'd the ſacred Place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race,
So firſt Rebellion founded was in grace.
But ſince the mighty ravage which he made
In *German* Foreſts, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name
He ſhun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in Sects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe *Reynard* fed on conſecrated Spoil:
The graceleſs beaſt by *Athanaſius* firſt
Was chas'd from *Nice*, then by *Socinus* nurs'd
His impious race their Blaſphemy renew'd,
And natures King through natures opticks view'd.
Revers'd the view'd him leſſened to their Eye,
Nor in an Infant could a God deſcry:
New ſwarming Sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of antient witneſs can prevail
If private reaſon hold the publick Scale?
But, gracious God, how well doſt thou provide
For erring Judgments an unerring Guide?
Thy throne is darkneſs in th' abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight;
O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thy ſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my Directour take
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain deſires,
My manhood, long miſled by wandring Fires,
Follow'd falſe Lights; and when their Glimps was gone,
My Pride ſtruck out new Sparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am,
Be thine the Glory, and be mine the Shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done,
(What more could fright my Faith, than three in One?)

Can I believe eternal God could lye
Diſguis'd in mortal Mold and Infancy?
That the great Maker of the World could dye?
And after that, truſt my imperfect Sence
Which calls in queſtion his Omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my Faith compel,
And ſhall my Sight, and touch and taſte rebel?
Superiour faculties are ſet aſide,
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the Moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking Tapers ſhew the Sun his way;
For what my Senſes can themſelves perceive
I need no Revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the Hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By Senſe, define a Body glorify'd?
Impaſſible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious Arts
He ſhot that Body through th' oppoſing might
Of Bolts and Barrs impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.

For ſince thus wonderouſly he paſs'd, tis plain
One ſingle place two Bodies did contain,
And ſure the ſame Omnipotence as well
Can make one Body in more places dwell.
Let reaſon then at Her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp Infinity ?

'Tis urg'd again that Faith did firſt commence
By miracles, which are appeals to Senſe,
And thence concluded, that our Senſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of Credibility.
For latter Ages muſt on former wait,
And what began belief, muſt propagate.

But Winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find,
'Tis light as chaff, that flies before the Wind.
Were all thoſe Wonders wrought by pow'r divine
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign ?

Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the God-head of th' eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted: man is to believe
Beyond what Senſe and reaſon can conceive.
And for myſterious things of Faith rely
On the Proponent, Heav'ns Authority.
If then our Faith we for our Guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of human wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take th' unuſeful ſcaffolding away:
Reaſon by Senſe no more can underſtand,
The Game is play'd into another Hand.
Why chuſe we then like *Bilanders* to creep
Along the Coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame Veſſel which our Saviour bore
Himſelf the Pilot, let us leave the Shoar,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could He his Godhead veil with Fleſh and Blood
And not veil theſe again to be our Food?

His grace in both is equal in extent,
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.
And if he can, why all this frantick pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what He made ſo plain?
To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling biggottry.
Both knave and fool the Merchant we may call
To pay great ſumms, and to compound the ſmall.
For who wou'd break with heav'n, and wou'd not break for all?
Reſt then, my ſoul, from endleſs anguiſh freed;
Nor ſciences thy guide, nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt enſurer of thy bliſs;
The Bank above muſt fail before the venture miſs.
But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from Thee
Thou firſt Apoſtate to Divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;
A fiercer foe th' inſatiate *Wolf* remains.

Too boaſtful *Britain* pleaſe thy ſelf no more,
That Beaſts of Prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhoar:
The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every ſalvage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy Woods, deſtroy thy bliſsful bow'r,
And muzl'd though they ſeem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the reſt the *Wolfiſh* race,
Appear with Belly Gaunt, and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a Beaſt of Grace.
His ragged Tail betwixt his Legs he wears,
Cloſe clap'd for ſhame, but his rough Creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating Ears.
His wild diſorder'd walk, his hagger'd Eyes,
Did all the beſtial Citizens ſurpriſe.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while
As Captain or Companion of the Spoil.
Full many a Year his hateful Head had been
For Tribute paid, nor ſince in *Cambria* ſeen:

The laſt of all the Litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from *Geneva* firſt infeſted *France.*
Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart Race:
Becauſe of *Wickliff's* Brood no mark he brings
But his innate Antipathy to Kings.
Theſe laſt deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind
Who near the *Leman lake* his Conſort lin'd.
That fi'ry *Zuynglius* firſt th' Affection bred,
And meagre *Calvin* bleſt the Nuptial Bed
In *Iſrael* ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince;
When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppreſs'd the Prince,
Or ſince he will be *Jew,* derive him high'r
When *Corah* with his Brethren did conſpire,
From *Moyſes* Hand the Sov'reign ſway to wreſt,
And *Aaron* of his Ephod to deveſt:
Till opening Earth made way for all to paſs,
And cou'd not bear the Burd'n of a *Claſs.*
The *Fox* and he came ſhuffl'd in the Dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in *Noah's* Ark:

Vid. Pref. to Heyl. *Hiſt. of Preſb.*

Perhaps not made ; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common ſpecies) will contain.
And ſome wild currs, who from their maſters ran,
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you encreas'd,
What ills in Church and Srate have you redreſs'd !
With Teeth untry'd, and rudiments of Claws
Your firſt eſſay was on your native Laws :
Thoſe having torn with Eaſe, and trampl'd down,
Your Fangs you faſten'd on the miter'd Crown,
And freed from God and Monarchy your Town.
What though your native kennel ſtill be ſmall
Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall,
Yet your Victorious Colonies are ſent
Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.
Quickned with fire below your Monſters Breed,
In Fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Tweed.*

And like the firſt the laſt effects to be
Drawn to the dreggs of a Democracy.
As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſow'r herbage riſes on the Green;
So, ſpringing where theſe mid-night Elves advance,
Rebellion Prints the Foot-ſteps of the Dance.
Such are their Doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,
As none but Traytors and Blaſphemers know.
God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,
And Kings, like ſlaves, beneath the Croud debas'd.
So fulſome is their food, that Flocks refuſe
To bite; and only Dogs for Phyſick uſe.
As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
No husbandry can heal the blaſting Wound,
Nor bladed Graſs, nor bearded Corn ſucceeds,
But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds:
Such Warrs, ſuch Waſte, ſuch fiery tracks of Dearth
Their Zeal has left, and ſuch a teemleſs Earth.

But as the Poiſons of the deadlieſt kind
Are to their own unhappy Coaſts confin'd,
As only *Indian* Shades of Sight deprive,
And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive;
So Presbyt'ry and Peſtilential Zeal
Can only flouriſh in a Common-weal.

From *Celtique* Woods is chas'd the *wolfiſh* Crew;
But ah! ſome Pity e'en to Brutes is due,
Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy
Curb'd of their native Malice to deſtroy.
Of all the Tyrannies on humane kind
The worſt is that which Perſecutes the Mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we ſtrike,
'Tis but becauſe we cannot think alike.
In puniſhing of this we overthrow
The Laws of Nations and of Nature too.
Beaſts are the Subjects of Tyrannick ſway,
Where ſtill the ſtronger on the weaker Prey.

Man only of a ſofter mold is made;
Not for his Fellows ruine, but their Aid.
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble Image of the Deity.

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n
To Brutes, th' Inferiour Family of Heav'n:
The Smith Divine, as with a careleſs Beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat:
But when arriv'd at laſt to humane Race,
The Godhead took a deep conſid'ring Space:
And, to diſtinguiſh Man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred Treaſures of his Breaſt:
And Mercy mixt with Reaſon did impart;
One to his Head, the other to his Heart:
Reaſon to Rule, but Mercy to forgive:
The firſt is Law, the laſt Prerogative.
And like his Mind his outward form appear'd.
When iſſuing Naked, to the wondring Herd,
He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd.

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or Claws to ſeize their furry ſpoils in Fight,
Or with encreaſe of Feet, t'o'ertake 'em in their flight.
Of eaſie ſhape, and pliant ev'ry way;
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his Clay,
And kind as Kings upon their Coronation-Day:
With open Hands, and with extended ſpace
Of Arms to ſatisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new made Man
His Kingdom o'er his Kindred world began:
Till Knowledg miſ-apply'd, miſ-underſtood,
And pride of Empire ſour'd his Balmy Blood
Then, firſt rebelling, his own ſtamp he coins;
The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins;
And Blood began its firſt and loudeſt Cry
For diff'ring worſhip of the Deity.
Thus Perſecution roſe, and farther Space,
Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his Race.
Not ſo the Bleſſed *Pan* his flock encreas'd,
Content to fold 'em from the famiſh'd Beaſt:

Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmleſs Hind
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious Paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the *Britiſh* Lyon flows,
That both provide protection for their foes.

Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain!
The *Wolfe*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance:
And ſelf-preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd 'em let 'em ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital air.
Themſelves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws diſabl'd, and their claws diſarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not ſeize the Hind nor leap the fold.
More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repreſs'd, though pinch'd with famine ſore,
They ſtand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

These are the chief; to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beaſt,
Were weary work; nor will the Muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten Tribe:
Who, far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found:
Theſe groſs, half animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive,
But if they think at all, 'tis ſure no high'r
Than matter, put in motion may aſpire.
Souls that can ſcarce ferment their maſs of clay;
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are They,
As wou'd but ſerve pure bodies for allay:
Such ſouls as *Shards* produce, ſuch beetle things,
As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;

Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name,
To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the ſame.

The *Panther* ſure the nobleſt, next the *Hind*,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of Prey!
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend!
Her faults and vertues lye ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd *Lyon*, let me ſpeak,
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The *Wolfe* begins to ſhare her wandring heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who ſins but in Her will.

If, as our dreaming *Platoniſts* report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropt half way done, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high,
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the skie.
Her houſe not ancient, whatſoe'er pretence
Her clergy Heraulds make in her defence.
A ſecond century not half-way run
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A *Lyon* old, obſcene, and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade.
Then, by a left-hand marr'age weds the Dame,
Cov'ring adult'ry with a ſpecious name:
So ſchiſm begot; and ſacriledge and ſhe,
A well-match'd pair, got graceleſs hereſie.
God's and Kings rebels have the ſame good cauſe,
To trample down divine and humane laws:
Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their hate,
A like deſtructive both to Church and State:

The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawleſs Prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence,
By ruins, charity; by riots, abſtinence.
Confeſſions, faſts, and penance ſet aſide;
Oh with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide!
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd.
Where marr'age pleaſures, midnight pray'r ſupply,
And mattin bells (a melancholly cry)
Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encreaſe* and *multiply*.
Religion ſhows a Roſie colour'd face;
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace;
A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
What fleſh and blood wou'd croud the narrow gate,
Or, till they waſte their pamper'd paunches, wait!
All wou'd be happy at the cheapeſt rate.

Though our lean faith theſe rigid laws has giv'n,
The full fed *Muſulman* goes fat to heav'n;
For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
Of ſenſe, allur'd his eaſtern Proſelytes.

The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began
T'interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran*;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of *Paradiſe* more ſweet:
Bethought him of a wife e'er half way gone.
(For 'twas uneaſie travailing alone,)
And in this maſquerade of mirth and love,
Miſtook the bliſs of heav'n for *Bacchanals* above.
Sure he preſum'd of praiſe, who came to ſtock
Th' etherial paſtures with ſo fair a flock;
Burniſh'd, and bat'ning on their food, to ſhow
The diligence of carefull herds below.

Our *Panther*, though like theſe ſhe chang'd her head,
Yet, as the miſtreſs of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
The Crozier weilded, and the Miter wore.
Her upper part of decent diſcipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line:

And fathers, councils, church and churches head,
Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
But what diſgrac'd and diſavow'd the reſt,
Was *Calvin*'s brand, that ſtigmatiz'd the beaſt.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth ſhe lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no ſound of Her is come,
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At leaſt ſhe leaves the refuſe of the bad.
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of beſt,
And leaſt deform'd, becauſe reform'd the leaſt.
In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,
Where one for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends,
Their contradicting terms ſhe ſtrives to joyn.
Sign ſhall be ſubſtance, ſubſtance ſhall be ſign.
A real preſence all her ſons allow,
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
Becauſe the God-head's there they know not how.

Her Novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the viſible and outward ſign
Receiv'd by thoſe who in communion joyn.
But th' inward grace, or the thing ſignify'd,
His blood and body, who to ſave us dy'd;
The faithful this thing ſignify'd receive.
What is't thoſe faithful then partake or leave?
For what is ſignify'd and underſtood,
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and blood.
Then, by the ſame acknowledgement, we know
They take the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too.
The lit'ral ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.

Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is toſt,
But ſure no Church can better morals boaſt.
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
And ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her blood;

Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy,
That int'reſt or obligement made the tye,
(Bound to the fate of murdr'd Monarchy:)
(Before the ſounding Ax ſo falls the Vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the Poplar twine.)
She choſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an *Indian* wife:
A rare example: But ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortunes favours are undone,
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be natures frailty, or her fate,
Or * *Iſgrim*'s counſel, her new choſen mate; * *The Wolfe.*
Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen Crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate auctority;

For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey
Who has her ſelf caſt off the lawful ſway?
Rebellion equals all, and thoſe who toil
In common theft, will ſhare the common ſpoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiours firſt to fight;
If ſhe reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
For her own Rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own Interpreter,
Our ai'ry faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:
The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolfe*, by turns prevail,
The moſt in pow'r ſupplies the preſent gale.
The wretched *Panther* crys aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom ſhe firſt betray'd;
No help from Fathers or traditions train,
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain.
And by that ſcripture which ſhe once abus'd
To Reformation, ſtands her ſelf accus'd.

What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns her ſelf may err?
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts ariſe ſhe ſlips herſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide.
If then that conſcience ſet th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church auctority.
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be conſtru'd to defend?
Ev'n thoſe whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil pow'r, her doctrine firſt acquits;
Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue,
Where no ſubmiſſion to a Judge is due.
Each judging for himſelf, by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.
Suppoſe the Magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis only for tranſgreſſing humane laws.
How anſw'ring to its end a church is made,
Whoſe pow'r is but to counſel and perſwade?

O ſolid rock, on which ſecure ſhe ſtands!
Eternal houſe, not built with mortal hands!
O ſure defence againſt th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleaſure of the ſtate!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock Queen of a divided Herd;
Whom ſoon by lawful pow'r ſhe might controll,
Her ſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole.
Then, as the Moon who firſt receives the light
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrow'd from a better Star:
Big with the beams which from her mother flow
And reigning o'er the riſing tides below:
Now, mixing with a ſalvage croud, ſhe goes
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing ev'ry hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening while the cooler ſhade ſhe ſought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
VVith ruful viſage for her vaniſh'd train:
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Leveés and coucheés paſs'd without reſort.
So hardly can Uſurpers manage well
Thoſe, whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel:
More liberty begets deſire of more,
The hunger ſtill encreaſes with the ſtore.
VVithout reſpect they bruſh'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathſome food,
Ask'd no permiſſion to the neighb'ring flood.
The *Panther*, full of inward diſcontent,
Since they wou'd go, before 'em wiſely went:
Supplying want of pow'r by drinking firſt;
As if ſhe gave 'em leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the *Hind*, with fearful face
Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,

Nor durſt approach; till with an awful roar
The ſovereign *Lyon* bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd:
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs *Hind*,
Such as the *Wolfe* and *Panther* had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd, for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hiew!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or int'reſt, ev'ry ſect
Of all the ſalvage nation ſhew'd reſpect:

The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the herd,
The more the company the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly *Wolfe* with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the *Panther* durſt.

For when the herd ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their foreſt lare,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
That ſince the Skie was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
VVith much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat awhile on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the grateful *Hind* ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſuff'rer in the plot.
Yet wondring how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,

Which, well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſid'ring Her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a Gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumours ran,
The Lady of the ſpotted-muff began.

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The Second Part.

DAME, ſaid the *Panther*, times are mended well
Since late among the *Philiſtines* you fell,
The Toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious tract of ground
With expert Huntſmen was encompaſs'd round;
Th' Encloſure narrow'd; the ſagaciouss Pow'r
Of Hounds, and Death drew nearer every Hour.

'Tis true, the younger *Lyon* ſcap'd the Snare,
But all your Prieſtly Calves lay ſtrugling there;
As ſacrifices on their Altars laid;
While you their careful Mother wiſely fled
Not truſting deſtiny to ſave your Head.
For whate'er Promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing Church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair Legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er Tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell,
Yet ſaving Reverence of the Miracle,
The better luck was yours to ſcape ſo well.

As I remember ſaid the ſober *Hind*,
Thoſe Toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and with the ſelf ſame throw,
To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,
(Forgive the ſland'rous Tongues that call'd you ſo.)
Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry
Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty;

Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
(As evil Tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,)
Becauſe ſome forms, and Ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long
The *Teſt* it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your Tongue.
And, to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real Preſence in the Sacrament,
(After long fencing puſh'd againſt a Wall,)
Your *ſalvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your Faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a ſtay ?

Tortures may force the Tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd my ſelf infallible,
Reply'd the *Panther*; grant ſuch Preſence were,
Yet in your Senſe I never own'd it there.
A real *vertue* we by Faith receive,
And that we in the *Sacrament* believe.

Then ſaid the *Hind*, as you the matter ſtate
Not only *Jeſuits* can Equivocate;
For *real*, as you now the Word expound,
From Solid Subſtance dwindles to a Sound.
Methinks an *Eſop's* fable you repeat,
You know who took the Shadow for the Meat;
Your Churches ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former Figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your Life,
For then you lay beneath the Butchers Knife.
Long time you fought, redoubl'd Batt'ry bore,
But, after all, againſt your ſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf, for ev'ry Hour your Form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.
Thus Fear and Int'reſt will prevail with ſome,
For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd;
That Men may err was never yet deny'd.

But, if that common Principle be true,
The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.
But, ſhunning long diſputes, I fain wou'd ſee
That wond'rous Wight infallibility,
Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come,
Or lodg'd below in ſubterranean *Rome*?
Firſt, ſeat him ſomewhere, and derive his Race,
Or elſe conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppoſe (though I diſown it) ſaid the *Hind*,
The certain Manſion were not yet aſſign'd,
The doubtful reſidence no proof can bring
Againſt the plain exiſtence of the thing.
Becauſe *Philoſophers* may diſagree,
If Sight b'emiſſion or reception be,
Shall it be thence infer'd, I do not ſee?
But you require an Anſwer poſitive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
For Fallacies in Univerſals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In Pope and gen'ral Councils muſt reſide;
Both lawful, both combin'd, what one decrees
By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies:
On this undoubted Senſe the Church relies.
'Tis true, ſome Doctors in a ſcantier ſpace,
I mean in each apart contract the Place.
Some, who to greater length extend the Line,
The Churches after acceptation join.
This laſt Circumference appears too wide,
The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd;
As Members by their Repreſentatives
Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate gives:
Thus ſome contract, and ſome enlarge the Space;
In Pope and Council who denies the place,
Aſſiſted from above with God's unfailing Grace?
Thoſe Canons all the needful Points contain;
Their Senſe ſo obvious, and their words ſo plain,
That no diſputes about the doubtful Text
Have hitherto, the lab'ring World perplex'd;

If any ſhou'd in after times appear,
New Councils muſt be call'd, to make the meaning clear
Becauſe in them the Pow'r ſupream reſides;
And all the promiſes are to the Guides.
This may be taught with ſound and ſafe Defence:
But mark how ſandy is your own pretence,
Who ſetting Councils, Pope and Church aſide,
Are ev'ry Man his own preſuming Guide.
The ſacred Books you ſay, are full and plain,
And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain:
All who can read, Interpreters may be:
Thus though your ſeveral Churches diſagree,
Yet ev'ry Saint has to himſelf alone
The ſecret of his Philoſophick Stone.
Theſe Principles you jarring Sects unite,
When diff'ring Doctors and Diſciples Fight.
Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy Chiefs
Have made a Battel Royal of Beliefs;
Or like wild Horſes ſev'ral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd Text about the Chriſtian World;

Each *Jehu* laſhing on with furious Force,
That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worſe.
No matter what diſſention leaders make
Where ev'ry private Man may ſave a ſtake;
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own Advice
Each has a blind-by-Path to Paradiſe;
Where driving in a Circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing Sects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wondrous Charity you have in Store
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow Door:
So much, that *Mahomet* had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind Prophet was for damning none,
But *Chriſt* and *Moyſes* were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
Though reaſon good for *Turks* to take the Place,
And he allow'd to be the better Man
In virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, ſaid the *Panther*, I ſhall ne'er deny
My Breth'ren may be ſav'd as well as I:

Though *Huguenots* contemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation;
And *Luther*, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred Body with the Bread;
Yet, *Lady*, ſtill remember I maintain,
The Word in needfull points is only plain.

Needleſs or needful I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend,
(Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not *Arius* firſt, *Socinus* now,
The Son's eternal god-head diſavow,
And did not theſe by Goſpel Texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all hereticks the ſame pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the *Nicene* council then decide
That ſtrong debate, was it by Scripture try'd?

No, ſure to thoſe the Rebel would not yield,
Squadrons of Texts he marſhal'd in the field;
That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
Where Piles with piles, and Eagles Eagles met.
With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour ſo?
The good old Biſhops took a ſimpler way,
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
And by traditions force upheld the truth.

The *Panther* ſmil'd at this, and when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt Councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were Apoſtolick?

Friend, ſaid the *Hind*, you quit your former ground,
Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found,
Now, 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ,
But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No, ſaid the *Panther*, for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I ſet 'em by the rule, and as they ſquare,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This Oral fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind.*) The Council ſteer'd it ſeems a diff'rent courſe,
They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;
But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Purſu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus ſaid the *Dame*, and ſmiling, thus purſu'd,
I ſee tradition then is diſallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithfull ground;
Unleſs you cou'd infallibly expound.

Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labour loſt, and times expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end.
Thus when you ſaid tradition muſt be try'd
By Sacred Writ, whoſe ſenſe your ſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that your ſelves muſt be
The judges of the Scripture ſenſe, not we.
Againſt our church tradition you declare
And yet your Clerks wou'd ſit in *Moyſes* chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.

If not by Scriptures how can we be ſure
(Reply'd the *Panther*) what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old,
All, as they ſay, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where, ev'ry age do's on another move,
And truſts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like *Jacob*'s ladder riſe,
The loweſt hid in earth, the topmoſt in the skyes.

Sternly the ſalvage did her anſwer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
And ſaid but this, ſince lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times ſuch dreadfull gaps have made
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your ſons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(*Hind.*) The *Panther*'s breath was ever fam'd for ſweet,
But from the *Wolfe* ſuch wiſhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt,
Or rather did not ſpeak, but were poſſeſs'd.
As for your anſwer 'tis but barely urg'd;
You muſt evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemiſh'd author's uſe
As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;
Till when 'tis not ſufficient to defame:
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, till Elder quitts the claim.
Then for our int'reſt which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry:
As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve Apoſtles would be left.

Your friend the *Wolfe* did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide:
And *Fathers* too, unleſs when reaſon ſpent
He cites 'em but ſometimes for ornament.
But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your Adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your authours find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe 'em was to make 'em proud.
Thus, with full ſails, they ran upon the ſhelf;
Who cou'd ſuſpect a couzenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond hand.
But you who *Fathers* and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church auctority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix.

Are like a *Mule* made up of diff'ring ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,
While you (to ſpeak the beſt) are at a ſtay,
For ſects that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
If we muſt fix on church auctority,
Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood,
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command, who has her ſelf rebell'd?
Is *Antichriſt* by *Antichriſt* expell'd?
Did we a lawfull tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?

Why all theſe wars to win the Book, if we
Muſt not interpret for our ſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves or wholly free.
For *purging* fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove Epiſcopacy's right:
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native Prince.
Againſt domeſtick foes of *Hierarchy*
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanaticks fly;
But, when they ſee their countrey-men at hand,
Marching againſt 'em under church-command,
Streight they forſake their colours, and disband.

Thus ſhe, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;
But ſaid, for what did *Chriſt* his Word provide,
If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
And if all ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,

From after-ages we ſhould hope in vain
For truths, which men inſpir'd, cou'd not explain.

Before the Word was written, ſaid the *Hind*:
Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to humane kind;
From his Apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt,
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding Paſtours nurs'd.
This was the way our wiſe Redeemer choſe,
(Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe,)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He cou'd have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw
Th' event would be like that of *Moyſes* law;
Some difference wou'd ariſe, ſome doubts remain,
Like thoſe, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.
No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure,
But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure,
Not thoſe indited by his firſt command,
A Prophet grav'd the text, an Angel held his hand.

Thus faith was e'er the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
But ſince the Apoſtles cou'd not be confin'd,
To theſe, or thoſe, but ſeverally deſign'd
Their large commiſſion round the world to blow;
To ſpread their faith they ſpread their labours too.
Yet ſtill their abſent flock their pains did ſhare,
They hearken'd ſtill, for love produces care.
And as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
Or bold ſeducers taught 'em to rebell,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their leſſons had forgot,
For all their wants they wiſely did provide,
And preaching by Epiſtles was ſupply'd:
So great Phyſicians cannot all attend,
But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
Yet all thoſe letters were not writ to all;
Nor firſt intended, but occaſional.
Their abſent ſermons; nor if they contain
All needfull doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.

Clearneſs by frequent preaching muſt be wrought,
They writ but ſeldom, but they daily taught.
And what one Saint has ſaid of holy *Paul*,
He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.
For this obſcurity cou'd heav'n provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts aroſe, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needfull, therefore made;
And, if appointed, ſure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due rev'rence, to th' Apoſtles writ,
By which my ſons are taught, to which, ſubmit;
I think, thoſe truths their ſacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the paſt,
May reſt upon the Primitive at laſt.
Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the church interpreter.
Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is it ſelf the ſubject of diſpute.

But what th' Apoſtles their ſucceſſours taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted ſenſe which is in ſcripture ſought.
From hence the church is arm'd, when errours riſe,
To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And ſafe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By theſe all feſtring ſores her counſels heal,
Which time or has diſcloas'd, or ſhall reveal,
For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
Nor can a council national decide
But with ſubordination to her Guide:
(I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd.)
Much leſs the ſcripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate,
Bequeath'd by ſome Legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's Teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtfull heirs their diff'ring titles plead:
All vouch the words their int'reſt to maintain,
And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.

Shall then the teſtament award the right?
No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;
The field of battel, ſubject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
The ſenſe is intricate, 'tis onely clear
What vowels and what conſonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide.

Suppoſe, (the fair Apoſtate ſaid,) I grant,
The faithfull flock ſome living guide ſhould want,
Your arguments an endleſs chaſe perſue:
Produce this vaunted Leader to our view,
This mighty *Moyſes* of the choſen crew.

The Dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
(And looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words--*ſhe whom ye ſeek am I.*)

Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the *Panther* heard,
Than were thoſe *Jews* to hear a god declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd;
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of 'em your ſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit:
Each Proſelyte wou'd vote his Doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
Thus wou'd your *Poliſh* Diet diſagree,
And end as it began in Anarchy:
Your ſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-gen'ral of the land;
But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſov'raignty
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw wou'd ſee,
And call Rebellion goſpel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion modify'd, if not entire;

Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed;
But when *Curtana* will not doe the deed,
You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take
(Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make).
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your onely rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which ev'ry ſect will for themſelves expound:
Nor think leſs rev'rence to their doctours due
For ſound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhou'd obey.
But if you mean your ſelves are onely ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found.

Becauſe in ſundry Points you ſtand alone,
Not in Communion join'd with any one;
And therefore muſt be all the Church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whoſe Judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While *ſound* and *ſound* a diff'rent ſenſe explains·
Both play at hard-head till they break their Brains:
And from their Chairs each others force defy,
While unregarded Thunders vainly fly.
I paſs the reſt, becauſe your Church alone
Of all Uſurpers beſt cou'd fill the Throne
But neither you, nor any Sect beſide
For this high Office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary Gifts requir'd in ſuch a Guide.
For that which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one Bond of Faith and Unity:
But all your ſev'ral Churches diſagree.
The *Conſubſtantiating* Church and Prieſt
Refuſe Communion to the *Calviniſt*;

The *French* reform'd, from Preaching you reſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their Ordination vain;
And ſo they judge of yours, but Donors muſt ordain,
In ſhort in Doctrine, or in Diſcipline
Not one reform'd, can with another join:
But all from each, as from Damnation fly;
No Union they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.
Nor ſhould their Members in a Synod meet,
Cou'd any Church preſume to mount the Seat
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide;
None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide:
And face to face Diſſentions wou'd encreaſe;
For only diſtance now preſerves the Peace.
All in their Turns accuſers and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd.
What one can plead, the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt Equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary Guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:

Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shows want of ſuch a ſure Interpreter:
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that Neceſſity.
It then remains that Church can only be
The Guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Ralapſing from a neceſſary Guide.
But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,
Immunity from Errours, you diſown,
Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretenſions down
For petty Royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing Univerſal State
You ſhun: nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight.
And for that cauſe thoſe Promiſes deteſt
With which our Saviour did his Church inveſt:

But ſtrive t'evade, and fear to find 'em true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the Mother Church aſſerts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim aſcends the Throne.
So when of old th' Almighty Father ſate,
In Council, to redeem our ruin'd State,
Millions of millions at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred Conſiſtory Crown'd,
To hear what Mercy mixt with Juſtice cou'd propound.
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creatour's will:
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper through the Hoſt was heard,
And the whole Hierarchy, with Heads hung down,
Submiſſively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd Crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t'accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of Heav'n had bent,
Nor he Himſelf cou'd bear, but as omnipotent.

Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That ev'n the blear-ey'd Sects may find her out,
Behold what Heav'nly Rays adorn her Brows,
What from his Wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the Wedding-day of his unſpotted Spouſe.
Behold what marks of Majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than antient Heirs of Eaſtern Kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the Keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe Commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the Sinner free,
With that t'aſſert ſpiritual Royalty.

Marks of the Catholick Church from the Nicene *Creed.*

One in herſelf not rent by Schiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining Diamond,
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into Sects like you,
One is the Church, and muſt be to be true:
One central Principle of Unity.
As undivided, ſo from Errours free,
As one in Faith, ſo one in Sanctity.

Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting Rage
Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age:
Still when the Giant-Brood invades her Throne
She ſtoops from Heav'n, and meets 'em half way down,
And with Paternal Thunder vindicates her Crown.
But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly lift aloft your Magick Wand,
To ſweep away the ſwarms of Vermin from the Land:
You cou'd like them, with like infernal Force
Produce the Plague, but not arreſt the Courſe.
But when the Boils and Botches, with diſgrace
And publick ſcandal ſat upon the Face,
Themſelves attack'd, the *Magi* ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore;
Themſelves they could not Cure of the diſhoneſt Sore.
Thus one, *thus* pure, behold her largely ſpread
Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;
From Eaſt to Weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All ſhoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.

The Goſpel-ſound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where waves can roll.
The ſelf ſame Doctrin of the ſacred Page
Convey'd to ev'ry clime in ev'ry age.

Here let my ſorrow give my ſatyr place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my *Britiſh* race;
Our Sailing Ships lik common ſhoars we uſe,
And through our diſtant Colonies diffuſe
The draughts of Dungeons, and the ſtench of Stews.
Whom, when the home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far *Indian* Coaſt:
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, Sins of every ſort,
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the *Miſſioners* our Zeal has made:
For with my Countrey's Pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our Trade.

Yet ſome improve their Traffick more than we,
For they on gain, their only God, rely:
And ſet a publick price on Piety.
Induſtrious of the Needle and the Chart
They run full ſail to their *Japponian* Mart:
Prevention fear, and prodigal of Fame
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked ſhame.

Thus, of three marks which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much leſs the fourth; in vain alas you ſeek
Th' ambitious Title of Apoſtolick:
God-like deſcent! 'tis well your Blood can be
Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
Was Errour fulminated o'er and o'er.

Old Hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.

'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands:
Judge that ye winds and rains; you prov'd her, yet ſhe ſtands:
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew when, and how, and from what hands they grew.
We claim no pow'r when Hereſies grow bold
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old.
How elſe cou'd that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, then ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.
Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd
Till Schiſm or Hereſie call down *Goliah*'s ſword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are in truth,
The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth,

Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again
And view thoſe errours which new ſects maintain,
Or which of old diſturb'd the churches peaceful reign,
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th'eclipſe endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs and decay.

Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike
Till you can prove your faith Apoſtolick;
A limped ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawful in a lineal courſe.
Prove any church oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,
Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate,
Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
In no communion join'd with hereſie:

If ſuch a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A Church unprincipl'd kicks up the ſcale.

But if you cannot think, (nor ſure you can
Suppoſe in God what were unjuſt in man,)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should ſuffer falſhood for ſo long a ſpace
To baniſh truth, and to uſurp her place:
That ſeav'n ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt,
And Preach damnation at their proper coſt:
That all your erring anceſtours ſhould dye,
Drown'd in th' Abyſs of deep Idolatry;
If Piety forbid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
Awake and open your unwilling eyes:
God has left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he ſent his Son;
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.

See how his church adorn'd with ev'ry grace
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long loſt Sons embrace.
Not more did *Joſeph* o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf cou'd from diſcovery keep,
When in the croud of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt beloved *Benjamin.*
That pious *Joſeph* in the Church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuſe your Gold;
The *Joſeph* you exil'd, the *Joſeph* whom you ſold.

The renunciation of the *Benedictines* to the Abby Lands.

Thus, while with heavenly charity ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke;
Shot from the Skyes: a chearful azure light;
The Birds obſcene to forreſts wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandring guilty ſpright.

Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the Sky
For *James* his late nocturnal victory;

The pledge of his Almighty Patron's love,
The fire-works which his Angel made above.
I ſaw my ſelf the lambent eaſie light Poëta loquitur.
Guild the brown horrour and diſpell the night;
The Meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore;
News which three lab'ring Nations did reſtore,
But Heavn's own *Nuntius* was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely Cell,
And vapours roſe, and dews unwoleſome fell.
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on Heav'n had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the Skyes.
The Weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The Moon deſcending look'd all flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger Dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, courſe dyet and a ſhort repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the taſt
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt.

But what plain fare her cottage cou'd affor'd,
A hearty welcome at a homely board
Was freely hers; and to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt.
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's Wealth;
A grace-cup to their common Patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that travelling ſo late,
Some evil minded beaſts might lye in wait;
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though ſhe lent a liſt'ning ear,
Had more of *Lyon* in her than to fear:

Yet wiſely weighing ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe cou'd afford,
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word,
Who ent'ring firſt her lowly roof, (a ſhed
With hoary moſs and winding Ivy ſpread,
Honeſt enough to hide an humble Hermit's head,)
Thus graciouſly beſpoke her welcome gueſt;
So might theſe walls, with your fair preſence bleſt
Become your dwelling-place of everlaſting reſt;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a ſojourner.
This peaceful ſeat my poverty ſecures,
War ſeldom enters but where wealth allures;
Nor yet deſpiſe it, for this poor aboad
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;
A god victorious of the ſtygian race
Here laid his ſacred limbs, and ſanctified the place.

This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;
Be emulous of him, and pomp diſdain,
And dare not to debaſe your ſoul to gain.

The ſilent ſtranger ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Contempt of wealth and wilfull poverty:
And, though ill habits are not ſoon controll'd,
A while ſuſpended her deſire of gold.
But civilly drew in her ſharpn'd paws,
Not violating hoſpitable laws,
And pacifi'd her tail and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The *Hind* did firſt her country Cates provide;
Then couch'd her ſelf ſecurely by her ſide.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The Third Part.

MUCH malice mingl'd with a little wit
Perhaps may cenſure this myſterious writ:
Becauſe the Muſe has peopl'd *Caledon*
With *Panthers*, *Bears* and *Wolves*, and Beaſts unknown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.

Let *Æſop* anſwer, who has ſet to view,
Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew;
And mother *Hubbard* in her homely dreſs
Has ſharply blam'd a *Britiſh Lioneſs*,
That *Queen*, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obſcenely naked and a-ſleep.
Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will endite,
To entertain a dang'rous gueſt by night.
Let thoſe remember that ſhe cannot dye
Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
Becauſe the *Lyon*'s peace was now proclaim'd;
The wary ſalvage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her *Prince*;

But watch'd the time her vengeance to compleat,
When all her furry ſons in frequent Senate met.
Mean while ſhe quench'd her fury at the floud,
And with a Lenten ſallad cool'd her bloud.
Their commons, though but courſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whoſe noble nature ſtrove
T'expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly pleaſing theam;
Remembring ev'ry ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the publick hate,
And drop'd a tear betwixt for her own childrens fate.

Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the *Panther* ſuffer'd for her ſake.

Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd Heir,
Her ſtrength t'endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe prolixly thankfull, ſhe enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgments herſelf ſhe charg'd:
For friendſhip of it ſelf, an holy tye,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues wou'd ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone.
But ſaid her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Chriſtian care.

If to the lawfull Heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but *Cæſar* what was *Cæſar*'s due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuff'ring ſons, and ſo return your bribe;
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd,
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gawdy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and bask in your Great *Patron*'s day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind;
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice ſtood in open ſight.
Ambition, int'reſt, pride without controul,
And jealouſie, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloudy miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormenters of the will.
'Twas eaſie now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new made union with her ancient foes.

Her forc'd civilities; her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound;
But ſtrove with Anodynes t'aſſwage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to eaſe their pain,
It ſhows a Reſt of kindneſs to complain;
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold,
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſie would ſhow,
If others good were injury to you:
Witneſs ye heav'ns how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth, and riſing loyalty.
Your Warrier Offſpring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honours of your peacefull gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind:

When vertue ſpooms before a proſp'rous gale
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail;
And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd:
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field.
Yours be the harveſt, 'tis the beggars gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
My daily bread is lite'rally implor'd,
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard;
If *Cæſar* to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives, to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore;

I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury.
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhips holy laws,
For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.

Show more occaſion for your diſcontent,
Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent;
Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some *French*, where force is uppermoſt, will doe.
When at the fountains head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſie 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below;
Or call her, (when no farther cauſe you find,)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,
The *Wolf* deſign'd to eat as well as drink.

This laſt alluſion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, though ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her Paſſive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the *Lyon's* court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuff'ring ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood:
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my bloud.

Ah, ſaid the *Hind*, How many ſons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead
Are ſuch ungratious youths as wiſh you dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nible at your grandame gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim and doted, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line;
They ask you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boyes wou'd piſs upon your grave.

Your ſons of Latitude that court your grace,
Though moſt reſembling you in form and face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
Pray god you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For in ſome *Popiſh* Libells I have read,
The *Wolf* has been too buſie in your bed.

At leaſt their hinder parts, the belly piece,
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at Kings:
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,
Fat Biſhopricks are ſtill of right divine.

Think you your new *French* Proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkl'd from afar:
They found the new *Meſſiah* by the ſtar:
Thoſe *Swiſſes* fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t' other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts make,
All wou'd have latitude enough to take;

The reſt unbenefic'd, your Sects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber-practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home, are much like theſe,
Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe;
They melt, and take the figure of the mould:
But harden, and preſerve it beſt in gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,
Is double edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine who bear upon their ſhield,
Three ſteeples Argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lyes with bold aſſertions they can face,
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.

Thus our eighth *Henry's* marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Devorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame.
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd
That conſcience, conſcience would not let him reſt;
I mean not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming *Catherine* was remov'd.
For ſundry years before did he complain,
And told his ghoſtly Confeſſour his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay, that look the reformation round,
No *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.
But if none were, the Goſpel does not want,
Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The Sermon in the mount was *Proteſtant:*

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.

Now for my converts, who you ſay unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread,
Judge not by hear-ſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change their loaves have been increaſt.
The *Lyon* buyes no Converts, if he did,
Beaſts wou'd be ſold as faſt as he cou'd bid.
Tax thoſe of int'reſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign.
Your broad-way ſons wou'd never be too nice
To cloſe with *Calvin*, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples high'r, wou'd change their note,
And quit the Caſſock for the Canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by your ſelves, and think not others ſold.

Mean-time my ſons accus'd, by fame's report
Pay ſmall attendance at the *Lyon*'s court.
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late,
(For ſilently they beg who daily wait.)

Preferment is beſtow'd that comes unſought,
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they ſhou'd ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd,
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bleſs,
And hope they ſhou'd not murmur, had they leſs.
But, if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they wou'd paſs your door;
Unpity'd *Hudibraſs*, your Champion friend,
Has ſhown how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious *Atheiſt* names you load your foes,
Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true religion is profeſs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives,
The Homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murtherer ſurvives.

This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſs'd
The boiling indignation of her breaſt;
She knew the vertue of her blade, nor wou'd
Pollute her ſatyr with ignoble bloud:
He panting foes ſhe ſaw before her lye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry:
So when the gen'rous *Lyon* has in ſight
His equal match, he rouſes for the fight;
But when his foe lyes proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane;
And, pleas'd with bloudleſs honours of the day,
Walks over, and diſdains th' inglorious Prey.
So *JAMES*, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rowling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungratefull friends a lengthn'd ſpace,
T'implore the remnants of long-ſuff'ring grace.

This breathing-time the *Matron* took; and then,
Reſum'd the thrid of her diſcourſe agen.
Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
And let heav'n judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joys hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
VVith loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
Then welcome infamy and publick ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farwell to worldly fame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to humane honour ty'd!
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then thou rebell,never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt, and doſt ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt giv'n, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou haſt to give,
Then add thoſe *may-be* years thou haſt to live.

Yet nothing ſtill: then poor, and naked come,
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's blood diſcharge the mighty ſum.

Thus (ſhe purſu'd) I diſcipline a ſon
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts a-ſide, and flounders at the croſs.
Inſtruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too.
That ſuff'ring from ill tongues he bears no more
Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And ask why *God*'s anointed he revil'd;
A *King* and *Princeſs* dead: did *Shimei* worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o're,
But he who councell'd him, has paid the ſcore:

The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,
But wo to him on whom the weights deſcend:
So to permitted ills the *Dæmon* flyes:
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skyes;
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The foe diſcharges ev'ry Tyre around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight,
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

In *Henry*'s change his charge as ill ſucceeds,
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs,
Confront but *Henry*'s words with *Henry*'s deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open ſight,
VVhich from the cauſe, he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.

Now laſt your ſons a double *Pæan* ſound,
A *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been ſought
Than thus in Proteſtant proceſſion brought.
The fam'd original through *Spain* is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated ſon,
VVhich yours by ill-tranſlating made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and uſurp'd the name,
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
My Altars kindl'd firſt that living coal,
Reſtore, or practice better what you ſtole:
That vertue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her fav'rite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of Pirates in whoſe hands he fell:

But at the den of thieves he juſtly flies,
And ev’ry *Algerine* is lawfull prize.
No private perſon in the foes eſtate
Can plead exemption from the publick fate.
Yet Chriſtian laws allow not ſuch redreſs ;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs.
But let th’ Abbetors of the *Panther*’s crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons ; for ’tis no common ſight
A ſpotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though ſhe ſaw her plea controll’d,
Yet wou’d not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer’d fairly to compound the ſtrife ;
And judge converſion by the convert’s life.
’Tis true, ſhe ſaid, I think it ſomewhat ſtrange,
So few ſhou’d follow profitable change :
For preſent joys are more to fleſh and blood,
Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.

'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliſs,
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails,
VVe nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inf'rence wou'd be ſtrong (the *Hind* reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuff'ring ſide:
Your clergy ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My Proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread,
Your bloody Comet-laws hang blazing o're their head.
The reſpite they enjoy but only lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.

Be judge your ſelf, if int'reſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours, or mine, will turn the ſcale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe,
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe,
Admire no longer at my ſlow encreaſe.

By education moſt have been miſled,
So they beleive, becauſe they ſo were bred.
The *Prieſts* continues what the nurſe began,
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But int'reſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
The ſly ſeducer both of Age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth:
VVhen int'reſt fortifies an argument
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the wills aſſent;
For ſouls,already warp'd,receive an eaſie bent.

Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And picque of honour to maintain a cauſe,

And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And Zeal, the blind conductor of the will ;
An chief among the ſtill miſtaking crow'd,
The ſame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.
Diſadain of Fathers which the daunce began,
And laſt, uncertain who's the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a ſcornfull ſmile :
Yet ſtill you travail with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without controll
Among my ſons, for Proſelytes to prole,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate,
Pray heav'n you did not propheſie your fate ;
Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year ;
The *Swallows* fortune gives you cauſe to fear.

For charity (reply'd the Matron) tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befell.

Nay, no miſchance, (the ſalvage Dame reply'd)
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar Gueſt,
Purſues the Sun in ſummer brisk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoak alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of heav'nly line,
Endu'd with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry Choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt.

Till frowning skys began to change their chear
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct, or Prophecy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes
And ſeek a better heav'n, and warmer clymes.

Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeples height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhou'd be fair,
All to the gen'ral rendezvouz repair,
They try their flutt'ring wings, and truſt themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns not us to know.

Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:

Next morn they roſe and ſet up ev'ry ſail,
The wind was fair, but blew a *mackrel* gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhiv'ring on the ſhoar,
Abhorr'd ſalt-water never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.

With theſe the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,
A church-begot, and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as *Martyns* are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and *Code*,
And Fathers which he never underſtood,
But little learning needs in noble bloud.
For, ſooth to ſay, the *Swallow* brought him in,
Her houſhold Chaplain, and her next of kin.
In Superſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting Schemes, by planetary gueſs:

In fine, ſhortwing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul-weather in the sky.

Beſides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croke.
That omen lik'd him not, ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price:
(A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardiſe.)
To ſtrengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubl'd ſtream,
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawfull to expreſs:
By which he ſlyly ſeem'd to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rime,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The *Sibyl*'s hand of the *Cumæan* Grott:
The mad Divinereſs had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come (but many ages yet,)

In which, ſiniſter deſtinies ordain,
A *Dame* ſhou'd drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.

'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their onely danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd ſay,
Wou'd never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good, the wind, 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
Nor more than uſual *Equinoxes* blew.
The Sun (already from the ſcales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the Sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas onely water thrown on ſails too dry.

But, leaſt of all *Philoſophy* preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the *Martyn* hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of Ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a dream.
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear.
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each *Noſtradamus* can foretell with eaſe:
Not naming perſons, and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rimes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put, to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to ſtay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence
His pow'r, and from a Prieſt became a Prince.

He order'd all things with a buſie care,
And cells, and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare.
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heav'n ſome miracle might ſhow,
And, for their ſakes, the ſun ſhou'd backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in Sacred ſtory lay,
Of *Ahaz* dial, and of *Joſhuah*'s day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe
A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of eaſe:
For *Martyn* much devotion did not ask,
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That, this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin*'s art.

Some * *Swifts*, the Gyants of the *Swallow* kind,
Large limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For *Swiſſes*, or for *Gibeonites* deſign'd,)
Theſe Lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air ſurvey'd the neighbouring plain ;
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New Bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flow'rs ariſe ;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his foot-ſteps, and reform'd the year :
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh *Cuckow* ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy-day of ſpring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial sky.
The *Prieſt* before 'em did his wings diſplay ;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St. *Martyn*'s day.

* *Otherwiſe call'd* Martlets.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,
The Canopy of heaven is all her own,
Her youthfull offspring to their haunts repair;
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That ev'ry ſon can live upon his trade;
And now the carefull charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthfull widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the lover is by Lawyers ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimneys on the bride.
So thick they couple, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That *Martyns* marr'age Offrings riſe apace;
Their ancient houſes, running to decay,
Are furbiſh'd up and cemented with clay;
They teem already; ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call *Lucina*'s aid.

Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year,
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad, and people colonies;
The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny requir'd)
Were ſent far off on an ill fated day;
The reſt wou'd needs conduct 'em on their way,
And *Martyn* went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.

So long they flew with inconſiderate haſte
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was entr'd into *Capricorn*;
Which, by their bad Aſtronomers account,
That week the virgin balance ſhou'd remount;
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day:

The crowd amaz'd, purſu'd no certain mark;
Bnt birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark;
Few mind the publick in a Panick fright;
And fear increas'd the horrour of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repoſe,
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe,
Alone, and black ſhe came, no friendly ſtars aroſe.

What ſhou'd they doe, beſet with dangers round,
No neighb'ring Dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call,
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath 'em craul,
She ſpread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
T'augment their woes, the wings began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
Till *Boreas* got the skyes, and powr'd amain
His ratling hail-ſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain.

The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadfull deſolation reign a-round,
Some buried in the Snow, ſome frozen to the ground:
The reſt were ſtrugling ſtill with death, and lay
The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended prey:
Excepting *Martyn*'s race; for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree;
But ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
Mirtyn himſelf was caught a-live, and try'd
For treas'nous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No *Martyn* there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an Oak which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air;
And there his corps, unbleſs'd, are hanging ſtill,
To ſhow the change of winds with his prophetick bill.

The patience of the *Hind* did almoſt fail,
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which Ribbald art their church to *Luther* owes,
In malice it began, by malice grows,
He ſow'd the *Serpent*'s teeth, an iron-harveſt roſe.
But moſt in *Martyn*'s character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the *Panther*'s hate,
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th' advice in friendly part,
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-ſeeing skill,
For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe ev'ry child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatick Authour lyes
Who ſumm'd their Scandals up by Centuries.

But, through your parable I plainly ſee
The bloudy laws, the crowds barbarity:
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight,
Had ſome their wiſhes, it wou'd ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not, the charge concerns not you,
Your ſons are male-contents, but yet are true,
As far as non-reſiſtance makes 'em ſo,
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe you know,
A paſſive term which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebell and a king.

Reſt well aſſur'd the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My ſons wou'd all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though heav'n forbid the cauſe by battel ſhou'd be try'd.

The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſu'd her argument agen.
If as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what your ſelf profeſs,
What angry pow'r prevents our preſent peace?

The *Lyon,* ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires, (and Kings deſires are ill withſtood,)
To join our Nations in a laſting love;
The barrs betwixt are eaſie to remove,
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny
Whoſe mandate forc'd your *Gallick* friends to fly,
Make not a worſe example of your own,
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword, your ſuff'ring brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt, he ſtops it ſhort of bloud:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the *Scorpion* joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great Monarch's loins.
But you perhaps remove that bloudy note,
And ſtick it on the firſt Reformers coat;

Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep,
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now,
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Teſt wou'd put you in a rage,
You charge not that on any former age;
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember that you weild a ſword
Forg'd by your foes againſt your Sovereign Lord.
Deſign'd to hew th' imperial Cedar down,
Defraud ſucceſſion and diſ-heir the Crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate Traytors, and their treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppoſe ſome great Oppreſſor had by ſlight
Of law, diſſeis'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendring in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was *Judas*, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he cou'd not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendr'd back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you doe,
Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
The dire Magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now when time has made th' impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, & limping held her train,)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted Harlot might awhile bewitch,
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?

The firſt Reformers were a modeſt race,
Our Peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place:
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd onely in the common fate;
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal chair
And mitr'd ſeats are full, yet *David*'s bench is bare:
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſs'd,
They need but rub their mettle on the Teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithfull Teſt, unſound will paſs
The droſs of Atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe productions, and reject the gold:
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger to the church or ſtate from theſe,
The Papiſt onely has his Writ of eaſe.

No gainfull office gives him the pretence
To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience may deſerve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to ſterve.

Still thank your ſelves you cry; your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place.
Our doors are open: true, but e'er they come,
You toſs your cenſing Teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere *Toby*'s rival to expell,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.

To this the *Panther* ſharply had reply'd,
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and peace:
And for the Plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſu'd in *formâ Pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhould be ſaid,
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd:

So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks ſuch terms of proferr'd peace you bring
As once *Æneas* to th' *Italian* King:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine,
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient Pedigree,
And claim a peacefull ſeat by fates decree.
In ready pomp your Sacrificer ſtands,
T' unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands;
And that the League more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold Poppits on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barb'rous laws have been preferr'd,
I ſpake againſt the *Teſt*, but was not heard;

Theſe to reſcind, and Peerage to reſtore,
My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more.

Conſcience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,
Which well-inform'd will ever be the ſame.
But yours is much of the *Camelion* hew,
To change the dye with every diff'rent view.
When firſt the *Lyon* ſat with awfull ſway,
Your conſcience taught you duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Teſt,
No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſs'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the ſects aſſay'd their utmoſt art
With offer'd treaſure to eſpouſe their part;
Their treaſures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had proov'd,
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;

A goodneſs that excell'd his godlike race,
And onely ſhort of heav'ns unbounded grace:
A floud of mercy that o'erflow'd our Iſle,
Calm in the riſe, and fruitfull as the *Nile*;
Forgetting whence your *Ægypt* was ſupply'd,
You thought your Sov'reign bound to ſend the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
But vainly deem'd, he durſt not be a king:
Then conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
To ſtretch her limits, and extend the ſpan;
Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe,
And made a wiſe Alliance with her foes.
Can conſcience own th' aſſociating name,
And raiſe no bluſhes to conceal her ſhame?
For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhfull Dame.
But if the cauſe by battel ſhou'd be try'd,
You grant ſhe muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
O *Proteus* Conſcience, never to be ty'd!
What *Phœbus* from the *Tripod* ſhall diſcloſe,
Which are in laſt reſort, your friends or foes?

Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The ſeeming *Gordion* knot wou'd ſoon unty;
Immortal pow'rs the term of conſcience know,
But int'reſt is her name with men below.

Conſcience or int'reſt be't, or both in one;
(The *Panther* anſwer'd in a ſurly tone,)
The firſt commands me to maintain the Crown,
The laſt forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no ſons of yours admit,
Our *Teſt* excludes your Tribe from benefit.
Theſe are my banks your ocean to withſtand,
Which proudly riſing overlooks the land:
And once let in, with unreſiſted ſway
Wou'd ſweep the Paſtors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity:
Imperious need which cannot be withſtood
Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.

Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend:
A more auſpicious Planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancell my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye Pow'rs above)
To mend my errours and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow,
Your all-diſpenſing pow'r protects you now.

Hold, ſaid the *Hind*, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You wou'd *poſtpone* me to another reign:
Till when you are content to be unjuſt;
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For preſent profit and inheritance:
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute,
Who will not now repeal wou'd perſecute:
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier Planet wou'd aſcend:

For ſhame let Conſcience be your Plea no more,
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before;
But ſhe's a Bawd to gain, and holds the Door.

Your care about your Banks, infers a fear
Of threatning Floods, and Inundations near;
If ſo, a juſt Repriſe would only be
Of what the Land uſurp'd upon the Sea;
And all your Jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your Cauſe;
And argues that the true Religion lyes
In thoſe weak Adverſaries you deſpiſe.

Tyrannick force is that which leaſt you fear,
The ſound is frightfull in a Chriſtian's ear;
Avert it, Heav'n; nor let that Plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain ;
Thoſe Pray'rs are needleſs in this Monarch's Reign.
Behold ! how he protects your Friends oppreſt,
Receives the Baniſh'd, ſuccours the Diſtreſs'd :
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open Breaſt.
He ſtands in Day-light, and diſdains to hide
An Act to which, by Honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and Kingly Pride.
Your Teſt he would repeal, his Peers reſtore,
This when he ſays he means, no more.

Well, ſaid the *Panther*, I believe him juſt,
And yet——

And yet, 'Tis but becauſe you muſt,
You would be truſted, but you would not truſt.
The *Hind* thus briefly ; and diſdain'd t' inlarge
On Pow'r of *Kings*, and their Superiour charge,

As Heav'ns Truſtees before the Peoples choice:
Tho' ſure the *Panther* did not much rejoyce
To hear thoſe *Echo*'s giv'n of her once Loyal voice.

The *Matron* woo'd her Kindneſs to the laſt,
But cou'd not win; her hour of Grace was paſt.
Whom, thus perſiſting when ſhe could not bring
To leave the *Woolf*, and to believe her King.
She gave Her up, and fairly wiſh'd her joy
Of her late Treaty with her new Ally:
Which well ſhe hop'd wou'd more ſucceſsful prove,
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* love.
The *Panther* ask'd, what concord there cou'd be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe Natures diſagree?
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis ſung in ev'ry Street,
The common chat of Goſſips when they meet:
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholſome Tale, tho' told in homely ſtile.

A Plain good Man, whoſe name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of Plain and Good)
Of three fair lineal Lordſhips ſtood poſleſs'd,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt;
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early Youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his Truth:
At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtfull Fight,
Was never known a more adventrous Knight,
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

As fortune wou'd (his fortune came tho' late)
He took poſſeſſion of his juſt Eſtate:
Nor rack'd his Tenants with increaſe of Rent,
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent;
But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay was juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt:
Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkard at a trick.

For little Souls on little ſhifts rely,
And cowards Arts of mean Expedients try:
The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.
Falſe Friends, (his deadlieſt foes,) could find no way
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs to betray;
That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd,
He look'd into Himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky Planet ſure attends his Birth,
Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth;
For proſp'rous Honeſty is ſeldom ſeen:
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would ſtrive,
To ſhew Plain dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her Commiſſion to befriend.

This gratefull man, as Heav'n encreas'd his Store,
Gave *God* again, and daily fed his Poor;
His houſe with all convenience was purvey'd;
The reſt he found,but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd;
And

And in that Sacred Place, his beauteous Wiſe
Employ'd Her Happieſt hours of Holy Life.

Nor did their Alms extend to thoſe alone
Whom common Faith more ſtrictly made their own;
A ſort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,
Who croſs the Proverb, and abound with Gall.
Tho' ſome 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on Salt they feed.
Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws;
Yet, bound by Promiſe, he ſupports their Cauſe,
As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.

That Houſe which harbour to their kind affords
Was built, long ſince, God knows, for better Birds;
But flutt'ring there they neſtle near the Throne,
And lodg in Habitations not their own,
But their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards known.

Like *Harpy's* they could ſcent a plenteous board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their Lord.
The reſt was form, and bear Attendance paid,
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more,
They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beerſheba* poor;
All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
The pref'rence was but due to *Levi*'s Kind,
But when ſome Lay-preferment fell by chance
The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd, they never quit their Claim,
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to Hea'vens high Name;
And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Conſent,
The Gift ſhould be prophan'd by Worldly management.

Their Fleſh was never to the Table ſerv'd,
Tho' tis not thence inferr'd the Birds were ſtarv'd;
But that their Maſter did not like the Food,
As rank, and Breeding Melancholy Blood.

Nor did it with His Gracious Nature ſuite,
Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to perſecute:
Yet He refus'd, (nor could they take Offence)
Their Glutton Kind ſhould teach him abſtinence.
Nor conſecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:
But left his Hinds, each in his Private Pow'r,
That thoſe who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r.
He for himſelf, and not for others choſe,
Nor would He be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their Faces His Devotion paid,
And Sacrifice with Solemn Rites was made.
And Sacred Incenſe on His Altars laid.

Beſides theſe jolly Birds, whoſe Crops impure,
Repay'd their Commons with their Salt Manure;
Another Farm he had behind his Houſe,
Not overſtock't but barely for his uſe;
Wherein his poor Domeſtick Poultry fed,
And from His Pious Hands receiv'd their Bread.

Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes,
Beheld theſe Inmates, and their Nurſeries:
Tho' hard their fare, at Evening, and at Morn
A Cruiſe of Water and an Ear of Corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought
A Sheaf in ev'ry ſingle Grain was brought;
Fain would they filch that little Food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy Gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their Hall,
The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;
That he ſhould raiſe his miter'd Creſt on high,
And clap his wings, and call his Family
To ſacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Pow'rs
With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours:
Nay more, his quiet Neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their Morning reſt.

Beaſt of a Bird, ſupinely when he might
Lye ſnugg and ſleep, to riſe before the light:

That if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,
Cou'd he not let a Bad Example dye?
The VVorld was fall'n into an eaſier way;
This Age knew better, than to Faſt and Pray.
Good Senſe in Sacred VVorſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in Cloyſter'd VValls.
Expell'd for this, and for their Lands they fled;
And Siſter Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a Bed.
The way to win the reſtiff, World to God,
Was to lay by the Diſciplining Rod,
Unnatural Faſts, and Forreign Forms of Pray'r;
Religion frights us with a meen ſevere.
'Tis Prudence to reform her into Eaſe,
And put Her in Undreſs to make Her pleas:
A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind,
And leave the Luggage of Good VVorks behind.

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-houſe were taught,
You need not ask how wondrouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common Cry was all for theſe
VVhoſe Life, and Precept both encourag'd Eaſe.
Yet fearing thoſe alluring Baits might fail,
And Holy Deeds o're all their Arts prevail:
(For Vice, tho' frontleſs, and of harden'd Face
Is daunted at the ſight of awfull Grace)
An hideous Figure of their oes they drew,
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours true;
nd this Groteſque deſign, expos'd to Publick view.
One would have thought it ſome Ægyptian Piece,
With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,
More thick than *Ptolomey* has ſtuck the Skies.
All ſo perverſe a Draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no Libell where it meant to ſtrike:
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small
To view the Monſter crowded Pigeon-hall.

There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees,
And by him, a miſhapen, ugly Race;
The Curſe of God was ſeen on ev'ry Face:
No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look the fitter for a Fiend.

The Maſter of the Farm diſpleas'd to find
So much of Rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the Cauſe, and came to know,
The Paſſive Church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow:
With groundleſs Fears, and Jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding Gueſt
Would drive the Birds of *Venus*, from their Neſt.
A Deed his inborn Equity abhorr'd,
But Int'reſt will not truſt, tho God ſhould plight his Word.

A Law, the Source of many Future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the Poultry from the Farms;

With loſs of Life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.
That Bloody Statute chiefly was deſign'd
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet;
For them, for their Inferiours and Allyes,
Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to Truſt, or Profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poyſonous wicked Weed.
Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curs't,
Or Henbane-Juice to ſwell 'em till they burſt.
The Patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this Inquiſition in his Yard,
By which the Soveraign was of Subjects uſe debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' Effects of ſo unnatural a Law:

But ſtill the Dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:
And which was worſe, (if any worſe could be)
Repented of their boaſted Loyalty:
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cauſe,
And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruine has deſign'd,
He fits for Fate, and firſt deſtroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted Dangers, interpos'd Delays;
And Emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper Counſels in their Patrons Ear;
And veil'd their falſe Advice with Zealous Fear.
The Maſter ſmil'd to ſee 'em work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their Protractive Arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their Hearts;

But they abus'd that Grace to make Allyes,
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies;
or Fools are double Fools, endeav'ring to be wiſe.

After a grave Conſult what courſe were beſt,
One more mature in Folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aſide,
That deſp'rate Cures muſt be to deſp'rate Ills apply'd:
And therefore ſince their main impending fear
Was from th' encreaſing race of *Chanticleer*:
Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,
A Foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggar'd *Hawk*, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak:
The *Muſquet*, and the *Coyſtrel* were too weak,
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the reſt,
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me beſt;
Of ſmall Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,
We call him but a *Hawk* by courteſie.

But

I know he haunts the *Pigeon*-Houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of War, has done us harm;
But all his hate on trivial Points depends,
Give up our Forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For *Pigeons* fleſh he ſeems not much to care,
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare;
On this high Potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would conferr the Sovereign ſway:
Petition him t' accept the Government,
And let a ſplendid Embaſſy be ſent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* ſhould ſucceed.

Their welcom Suit was granted ſoon as heard,
His Lodgings furniſh'd, and a Train prepar'd,
With *B's* upon their Breaſt, appointed for his Guard.
He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
God ſave King *Buzzard*, was the gen'rall cry.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height:
Like thoſe whom ſtature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter*:
Broad-back'd, and Brawny built for Loves delight,
A Prophet form'd, to make a female Proſelite.
A Theologue more by need, than geniall bent,
By Breeding ſharp, by Nature confident.
Int'reſt in all his Actions were diſcern'd;
More learn'd than Honeſt, more a Wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
Or both conjoyn'd, his Native clyme he fled;
But brought the Vertues of his Heav'n along,
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue:
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky Paraſite alive.
Loud Praiſes to prepare his Paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſu'd his Compliment:

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And then himſelf purſu'd his Compliment:

But, by reverſe of Fortune chac’d away,
His Gifts no longer than their Author ſtay :
He ſhakes the Duſt againſt th’ ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of Ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter’d, and blaſphem’d the ſame,
For in his Rage, he ſpares no Sov’rains name :
The Hero, and the Tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile ;
When well receiv’d by hoſpitable Foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe :
For Courteſies, tho’ undeſerv’d and great,
No gratitude in Fellon-minds beget,
As tribute to his Wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of Foes is venemouſly Nice,
So touch’d, it turns a Vertue to a Vice :
A Greek, *and bountiful forewarns us twice.*
Sev’n Sacraments he wiſely do’s diſown,
Becauſe he knows Confeſſion ſtands for one ;
Where Sins to ſacred ſilence are convey’d,
And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray’d :

But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his Soul:
Stood forth th' accuſing Sathan of his Crimes,
And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.
Prompt to aſſayle, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his Impudence;
He dares the World, and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and Satyr-proof he ſcow'rs the ſtreets,
And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud Report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known, for what he is.

Such was, and is the Captain of the teſt,
Tho' half his Vertues are not here expreſs't;
The modeſty of Fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful *Pigeons* never could create
A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:

Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave;
A King, whom in his wroth, th' Almighty gave:
For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;
Gave time to fix their Friends, and to ſeduce the crow'd.
They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthrall,
Their Patrons promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

False Fears their Leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the *Doves* were to be diſpoſſeſs't;
Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want;
For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.
The Houſe of Pray'r is ſtock'd with large encreaſe;
Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Preſs:
For Birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n Atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the Stews, Adult'rers come,
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demoliſh *Rome.*

That Conſcience which to all their Crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to Perſecute.
No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lords requeſt:
They though it great Sov'rain to controul,
And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect
Were ſhort of Pow'r their purpoſe to effect:
But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,
And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their food:
And much the *Buzzard* in their Cauſe did ſtir,
Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer
With all reſpect, He was a groſs Idolater.
But when th' Imperial owner did eſpy
That thus they turn'd his Grace to villany,
Not ſuff'ring wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extreams to find,
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind.

Then, all Maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom
Of Sacred Strength for ev'ry Age to come.
By this the Doves their Wealth and State poſſeſs,
No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppreſs:
Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long
To Crowns aſcrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.
But, ſince His own Domeſtick Birds have try'd
The dire Effects of their deſtructive Pride,
He deems that Proof a Meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his Kingly Breaſt,
His Fowl of Nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect
Free of his Farm; with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſev'ral Kinds alike, and equally protect.
His Gracious Edict the ſame Franchiſe yields
To all the wild Encreaſe of Woods and Fields,
And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds.
To *Crows* the like Impartial Grace affords,
And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and ſuch Republick Birds:

Secur'd with ample Priviledge to feed,
Each has his Diſtrict, and his Bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common Int'reſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons *Rubicon*.

Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove;
All Prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to remove.
Reduc'd from Her Imperial High Abode,
Like *Dyonyſius* to a private Rod:
The Paſſive Church, that with pretended Grace
Did Her diſtinctive Mark in Duty place,
Now Touch'd, Reviles Her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs;
The ſmall Beginnings had a large Encreaſe,
And Arts and Wealth ſucceed (the ſecret ſpoils of Peace.)
'Tis ſaid the Doves repented, tho' too late,
Become the Smiths of their own Fooliſh Fate:

Nor did their Owner haſten their ill hour:
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r:
Like Snows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the Silence of Decay.

The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race,
To hide the thinneſs of their Flock from Sight,
And altogether make a ſeeming, goodly Flight:
But each have ſep'rate Int'reſts of their own,
Two *Czars*, are one too many for a Throne.
Nor can th' Uſurper long abſtain from Food,
Already he has taſted Pigeons Blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this Indulgent Lord ſhall late to Heav'n repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting Months may come,
When lagging late, they cannot reach their home:
Or Rent in Schiſm, (for ſo their fate decrees,)
Like the Tumultuous Colledge of the Bees;

They fight their Quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt ;
The Tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her fable end,
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend ;
But, with affected Yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe.
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep ;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her Gueſt
The peace of Heav'n, betook her ſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand Angels on her ſlumbers waite
With glorious Viſions of her future ſtate.

FINIS.

RELIGIO LAICI

OR A

Layman's Faith.

A

POEM.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Ornari res ipſa negat; contenta doceri——.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head*
in *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1683.

THE PREFACE.

A Poem with ſo bold a Title, and a Name prefix'd, from which the handling of ſo ſerious a Subject wou'd not be expected, may reaſonably oblige the Author, to ſay ſomewhat in defence both of himſelf, and of his undertaking. In the firſt place, if it be objected to me, that being a *Layman*, I ought not to have concern'd my ſelf with Speculations, which belong to the Profeſſion of *Divinity*; I cou'd Anſwer, that perhaps, Laymen, with equal advantages of Parts and Knowledge, are not the moſt incompetent Judges of Sacred things; But in the due ſenſe of my own weakneſs and want of Learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make my ſelf a Judge of Faith, in others, but onely to make a Confeſſion of my own; I lay no unhallowed hand upon the Ark; but wait on it, with the Reverence that becomes me at a diſtance: In the next place I will ingenuouſly confeſs, that the helps I have us'd in this ſmall Treatiſe, were many of them taken from the Works of our own Reverend Divines of the Church of *England*; ſo that the weapons with which I combat Irreligion are already conſecrated; though I ſuppoſe they may be taken down as lawfully as the Sword of *Goliah* was by *David*, when they are to be employed for the common Cauſe, againſt the Enemies of Piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errours; which, yet, I hope are onely thoſe of Charity to Mankind; and ſuch as my *own* Charity has cauſ'd me to commit, that of *others* may more eaſily excuſe. Being naturally inclin'd to Scepticiſm in Philoſophy, I have no reaſon to impoſe my Opinions, in a Subject which is above it: But whatever they are, I ſubmit them with all Reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no farther mine, than as they are authoriz'd, or at leaſt, uncondemn'd by her. And, indeed, to ſecure my ſelf on this ſide, I have us'd the neceſſary Precaution, of ſhowing this Paper before it was publiſh'd to a judicious and learned Friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the ſervice of the Church and State: and whoſe Writings have highly deſerv'd of both. He was pleas'd to approve the body of the Diſcourſe, and I hope he is more my Friend, than to doe it out of Complaiſance: 'Tis true he had too good a taſte to like it all; and amongſt ſome other faults recommended to my ſecond view, what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. *Athanaſius*: which he adviſed me wholly to omit. I am ſenſible enough that I had done more *prudently* to have follow'd his opinion: But then I could not have ſatisfied my ſelf, that I had done honeſtly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my *thought*, that Heathens, who never did, nor without Miracle cou'd hear of the name of Chriſt were yet in a poſſibility of Salvation. Neither will it enter eaſily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole World, excepting onely the Jewiſh Nation, ſhou'd lye under the inevitable neceſſity of everlaſting Puniſhment, for want of that Revelation, which was confin'd to ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground as that of *Palæſtine.* Among the Sons of *Noah* we reade of one onely who was accurs'd; and if a bleſſing in the ripeneſs of time was reſerv'd for *Japhet*, (of whoſe Progeny we are,) it ſeems unaccountable to me, why ſo many Generations of the ſame Offſpring, as preceeded our Saviour in the Fleſh, ſhou'd be all involv'd in one common condemnation, and yet that their Poſterity ſhou'd be intituled to the hopes of Salvation: As if a Bill of Excluſion had paſſed onely on the Fathers, which debarr'd not the Sons from their Succeſſion. Or that ſo many Ages had been *deliver'd over* to Hell, and ſo many *reſerv'd* for Heaven, and that the Devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed Religion which was taught by *Noah* to all his Sons, might continue for ſome Ages in the whole Poſterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the Family of *Sem* is manifeſt: but when the Progenies of *Cham* and *Japhet* ſwarm'd into Colonies, and thoſe Colonies were ſubdivided into many others; in proceſs of time their Deſcendants loſt by little and little the Primitive and Purer Rites of Divine Worſhip, retaining onely the notion of one Deity; to which ſucceeding Generations added others: (for Men took their Degrees in thoſe Ages from Conquerours to Gods.) Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all Mankind, the light of Nature as the next in Dignity was ſubſtituted; and that is it which St. *Paul* concludes to be the Rule of the Heathens; and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my ſuppoſition be true, then the conſequence which I have aſſum'd in my Poem may be alſo true; namely, that Deiſm, or the Principles of Natural Worſhip, are onely the faint remnants or dying flames of reveal'd Religion in the Poſterity of *Noah*: And that our Modern Philoſophers, nay and ſome of our Philoſophiſing Divines have too much exalted the faculties of our Souls, when they have maintain'd that by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supreme Agent or Intellectual Being which we call God: that Praiſe and Prayer are his due Worſhip; and the reſt of thoſe deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our Diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the benefit of Divine Illumination. So that we have not lifted up our ſelves to God, by the weak Pinions of our Reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us: and what *Socrates* ſaid of him, what *Plato* writ, and the reſt of the Heathen Philoſophers of ſeveral Nations, is all no more than the Twilight of Revelation, after the Sun of it was ſet in the Race of *Noah*. That there is ſomething above us, ſome Principle of *motion*, our Reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is, by its own Vertue. And indeed 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the ſtrength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any *Being*, not ſo much as of our *own*, ſhould be able to find out by them, that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwiſe define, than by ſaying it is Infinite; as if Infinite were definable, or Infinity a Subject for our narrow underſtanding. They who wou'd prove Religion by Reaſon, do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: 'tis to take away the Pillars from our Faith, and to prop it onely with a twig: 'tis to deſign a Tower like that of *Babel*, which if it were poſſible (as it is not) to reach Heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the Workmen. For every man is Building a ſeveral way; impotently conceited of his own Model, and his own Materials: Reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs, and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while 'tis exercis'd about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt, to know God by his own Methods; at leaſt ſo much of him, as he is pleas'd to reveal to us in the Sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the Word of God, is all our Reaſon has to doe; for all beyond it is the work of Faith, which is the Seal of Heaven impreſs'd upon our humane underſtanding.

And now for what concerns the Holy Biſhop *Athanaſius*: the Preface of whoſe Creed ſeems inconſiſtent with my opinion; which is, That Heathens may poſſibly be ſav'd; in the firſt place I deſire it may be conſider'd that it is the Preface onely, not the Creed it ſelf, which, (till I am better inform'd) is of too hard a digeſtion for my Charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many ſeveral Texts of Scripture ſeemingly ſupport that Cauſe; but neither am I ignorant how all thoſe Texts may receive a kinder, and more mollified Interpretation. Every man who is read in Church Hiſtory knows *that* Belief was drawn up after a long conteſtation with *Arrius*, concerning the Divinity of our Bleſſed Saviour, and his being one Subſtance with the Father; and that thus compil'd, it was ſent abroad among the Chriſtian Churches, as a kind of Teſt, which whoſoever took, was look'd on as an Orthodox Believer. 'Tis manifeſt from hence, that the Heathen part of the Empire was not concerned in it: for its buſineſs was not to diſtinguiſh betwixt Pagans and Chriſtians, but betwixt Hereticks and true Believers. This, well conſider'd, takes off the heavy weight of Cenſure, which I would willingly avoid from ſo venerable a Man; for if this Proportion, *Whoſoever will be ſav'd*, be reſtrained onely to thoſe to whom it was intended, and for whom it was compoſed, I mean the Chriſtians; then the Anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Chriſt, and were nothing intereſſed in that diſpute. After all, I am far from blaming even that Prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavelling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church; where on the days appointed, 'tis publickly read: For, I ſuppoſe, there is the ſame reaſon for it now, in oppoſition to the *Socinians*, as there was then againſt the *Arrians*; the one being a Hereſie, which ſeems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plauſibility of Reaſon it combats our Religon, with ſo much more caution to be avoided: and therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended which has interpos'd her Authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to ſuch as are grounded in the true belief, thoſe explanatory Creeds, the *Nicene* and this of *Athanaſius* might perhaps be ſpar'd: for what is ſupernatural, will always be a Myſtery in ſpight of Expoſition: and for my own part the plain Apoſtles Creed is moſt ſutable to my weak underſtanding; as the ſimpleſt diet is the moſt eaſie of Digeſtion.

I have dwelt longer on this Subject than I intended; and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my Foundation, that the Scripture is a Rule; that in all things needfull to Salvation, it is clear, ſufficient, and ordain'd by God Almighty for that purpoſe, I have left my ſelf no right to interpret obſcure places, ſuch as concern the poſſibility of eternal happineſs to Heathens: becauſe whatſoever is obſcure is concluded not neceſſary to be known.

But, by aſſerting the Scripture to be the Canon of our Faith, I have unavoidably created to my ſelf two ſorts of Enemies: The Papiſts indeed, more directly, becauſe they have kept the Scripture from us, what they cou'd; and have reſerv'd to themſelves a right of Interpreting what they have deliver'd under the pretence of Infallibility: and the Fanaticks more collaterally, becauſe they have aſſum'd what amounts to an Infallibility, in the private Spirit: and have detorted thoſe Texts of Scripture, which are not neceſſary to Salvation, to the damnable uſes of Sedition, diſturbance and deſtruction of the Civil Government. To begin with the Papiſts, and to ſpeak freely, I think them the leſs dangerous (at leaſt in appearance to our preſent State) for not onely the Penal Laws are in Force againſt them, and their number is contemptible; but alſo their Peerage and Commons are excluded from Parliaments, and conſequently thoſe Laws in no probability of being Repeal'd. A General and Uninterrupted Plot of their Clergy, ever ſince the Reformation, I ſuppoſe all Proteſtants believe. For 'tis not reaſonable to think but that ſo many of their Orders, as were outed from their fat poſſeſſions, wou'd endeavour a re-entrance againſt thoſe whom they account Hereticks. As for the late deſign, Mr. *Colemans* Letters, for ought I know are the beſt Evidence; and what they diſcover, without wyre-drawing their Senſe, or malicious Gloſſes, all Men of reaſon conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this requir'd of me, I muſt believe it as well as I am able, in ſpight of the Witneſſes, and out of a decent conformity to the Votes of Parliament: For I ſuppoſe the Fanaticks will not allow the private Spirit in this Caſe: Here the Infallibility is at leaſt in one part of the Government; and our underſtandings as well as our wills are repreſented. But to return to the Roman Catholicks, how can we be ſecure from the practice of Jeſuited Papiſts in that Religion? For not two or three of that Order, as ſome of them would impoſe upon us, but almoſt the whole Body of them are of opinion, that their Infallible Maſter has a right over Kings, not onely in Spirituals but Temporals. Not to name *Mariana*, *Bellarmine*, *Emanuel Sa*, *Molina*, *Santaret*, *Simanca*, and at leaſt twenty others of Foreign Countries; we can produce of our own Nation, *Campian*, and *Doleman* or *Parſons*, beſides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them atteſt this Doctrine, that the Pope can Depoſe and give away the Right of any Sovereign Prince, *ſi vel paulum deflexerit*, if he ſhall never ſo little Warp: but if he once comes to be Excommunicated, then the Bond of obedience is taken off from Subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another *Nebuchadnezzar*, *ex hominum Chriſtianorum Dominatu*, from exerciſing Dominion over Chriſtians: and to this they are bound by virtue of Divine Precept, and by all the tyes of Conſcience under no leſs Penalty than Damnation. If they anſwer me (as a Learned Prieſt has lately Written,) that this Doctrine of the Jeſuits is not *de fide*, and that conſequently they are not oblig'd by it, they muſt pardon me, if I think they have ſaid nothing to the purpoſe; for 'tis a Maxim in their Church, where Points of Faith are not decided, and that Doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they pleaſe: but more ſafely the moſt receiv'd and moſt authoriz'd. And their Champion *Bellarmine* has told the World, in his Apology, that the King of *England* is a Vaſſal to the Pope, *ratione directi Domini*, and that he holds in Villanage of his Roman Landlord. Which is no new claim put in for *England*. Our Chronicles are his Authentique Witneſſes, that, King *John* was depos'd by the ſame Plea, and *Philip Auguſtus* admitted Tenant. And which makes the more for *Bellarmine*, the French King was again ejected when our King ſubmitted to the Church, and the Crown receiv'd under the ſordid Condition of a Vaſſalage.

'Tis not ſufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papiſts, (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the Evidences of their Loyalty to the late King, and to declare their Innocency in this Plot; I will grant their behaviour in the firſt, to have been as Loyal and as brave as they deſire; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the ſecond, (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for 'tis a madneſs to be ſober alone, while the Nation continues Drunk:) but that Saying of their Father *Creſs* is ſtill running in my head, that they may be diſpens'd with in their Obedience to an Heretick Prince, while the neceſſity of the times ſhall oblige them to it: (for that (as another of them tells us,) is onely the effect of Chriſtian Prudence) but when once they ſhall get power to ſhake him off, an Heretick is no lawfull King, and conſequently to riſe againſt him is no Rebellion. I ſhould be glad therefore, that they wou'd follow the advice which was charitably given them by a Reverend Prelate of our Church; namely, that they would joyn in a publick Act of diſowning and deteſting thoſe Jeſuitick Principles; and ſubſcribe to all Doctrines which deny the Popes Authority of Depoſing Kings, and releaſing Subjects from their Oath of Allegiance: to which I ſhou'd think they might eaſily be induc'd, if it be true that this preſent Pope has condemn'd the Doctrine of King-killing (a Theſis of the Jeſuites) amongſt others *ex Cathedra* (as they call it) or in open Conſiſtory.

Leaving them, therefore, in ſo fair a way (if they pleaſe themſelves) of ſatisfying all reaſonable Men, of their ſincerity and good meaning to the Government, I ſhall make bold to conſider that other extreme of our Religion, I mean the Fanaticks, or Schiſmaticks, of the Engliſh Church. Since the Bible has been tranſlated into our Tongue, they have us'd it ſo, as if their buſineſs was not to be ſav'd, but to be damn'd by its Contents. If we conſider onely them, better had it been for the Engliſh Nation, that it had ſtill remain'd in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at leaſt in the honeſt Latine of St. *Jerome*, than that ſeveral Texts in it, ſhould have been prevaricated to the deſtruction of that Government which put it into ſo ungratefull hands.

How many Hereſies the firſt Tranſlation of *Tyndal* produced in few years, let my Lord *Herbert*'s Hiſtory of *Henry* the Eighth inform you; Inſomuch that for the groſs errours in it, and the great miſchiefs it occaſion'd, a Sentence paſs'd on the firſt Edition of the Bible, too ſhamefull almoſt to be repeated. After the ſhort Reign of *Edward* the Sixth (who had continued to carry on the Reformation, on other principles than it was begun) every one knows that not onely the chief Promoters of that Work, but many others, whoſe Conſciences wou'd not diſpence with Popery, were forc'd for fear of perſecution, to change Climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, many of them who had been in *France*, and at *Geneva*, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious diſcipline of *Calvin*, to graff upon our Reformation. Which though they cunningly conceal'd at firſt, (as well knowing how nauſeouſly that Drug wou'd go down in a lawfull Monarchy, which was preſcrib'd for a rebellious Common-wealth) yet they always kept it in reſerve; and were never wanting to themſelves either in Court or Parliament, when either they had any proſpect of a numerous Party of Fanatick Members in the one, or the Encouragement of any Favourite in the other, whoſe Covetouſneſs was gaping at the Patrimony of the Church. They who will conſult the Works of our venerable *Hooker*, or the account of his Life, or more particularly the Letter written to him on this Subject, by *George Cranmer*, may ſee by what gradations they proceeded; from the diſlike of Cap and Surplice, the very next ſtep was Admonitions to the Parliament againſt the whole Government Eccleſiaſtical: then came out Volumes in Engliſh and Latine in defence of their Tenets: and immediately Practices were ſet on foot to erect their Diſcipline without Authority. Thoſe not ſucceeding, Satyr and Railing was the next: And *Martin Mar-Prelate* (the *Marvel* of thoſe times) was the firſt Preſbyterian Scribler, who ſanctify'd Libels and Scurrility to the uſe of the Good Old Cauſe. Which was done

(ſays my Authour) upon this account; that (their ſerious Treatiſes having been fully anſwered and refuted) they might compaſs by railing what they had loſt by reaſoning; and when their Cauſe was ſunk in Court and Parliament, they might at leaſt hedge in a ſtake amongſt the Rabble: for to their ignorance all things are Wit which are abuſive; but if Church and State were made the Theme, then the Doctoral Degree of Wit was to be taken at *Billingsgate*: even the moſt Saint-like of the Party, though they durſt not excuſe this contempt and villifying of the Government, yet were pleas'd, and grin'd at it with a pious ſmile; and call'd it a judgment of God againſt the Hierarchy. Thus Sectaries, we may ſee, were born with teeth, foul-mouth'd and ſcurrilous from their Infancy: and if Spiritual Pride, Venome, Violence, Contempt of Superiours and Slander had been the marks of Orthodox Belief; the Presbytery and the reſt of our Schiſmaticks, which are their Spawn, were always the moſt viſible Church in the Chriſtian World.

'Tis true, the Government was too ſtrong at that time for a Rebellion; but to ſhew what proficiency they had made in *Calvin*'s School, even *Then* their mouths water'd at it: for two of their gifted Brotherhood (*Hacket* and *Coppinger*) as the Story tells us, got up into a Peaſe-Cart, and harangued the People, to diſpoſe them to an Inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their Diſcipline by force: ſo that however it comes about, that now they celebrate Queen *Elizabeth*'s Birth-night, as that of their Saint and Patroneſs; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by Arms againſt her; and in all probability, they wanted but a Fanatique Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs of their Party to have compaſs'd it.

Our venerable *Hooker*, after many Admonitions which he had given them, toward the end of his Preface, breaks out into this Prophetick Speech, " *There is in every one of theſe Conſiderations moſt juſt cauſe to fear, leſt our* " *haſtineſs to embrace a thing of ſo perilous conſequence* (meaning the Presbyte-" rian Diſcipline) *ſhould cauſe Poſterity to feel thoſe Evils, which as yet are* " *more eaſie for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy.*

How fatally this *Caſſandra* has foretold we know too well by ſad experience: the Seeds were ſown in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, the bloudy Harveſt ripened in the Reign of King *Charles* the Martyr: and becauſe all the Sheaves could not be carried off without ſhedding ſome of the looſe Grains, another Crop is too like to follow; nay I fear 'tis unavoidable if the Conventiclers be permitted ſtill to ſcatter.

A man may be ſuffer'd to quote an Adverſary to our Religion, when he ſpeaks Truth: and 'tis the obſervation of *Meimbourg* in his Hiſtory of Calviniſm, that where-ever that Diſcipline was planted and embrac'd, Rebellion, Civil-War and Miſery attended it. And how indeed ſhould it happen otherwiſe? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our Diviſions in *England*. While we were Papiſts, our Holy Father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depoſe Princes, when we ſhook off his Authority, the Sectaries furniſhed themſelves with the ſame Weapons; and out of the ſame Magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themſelves the greateſt ſecurity of Governours, as commanding expreſs obedience to them, are now turn'd to their deſtruction; and never ſince the Reformation, has there wanted a Text of their interpreting to authorize a Rebel. And 'tis to be noted by the way, that the Doctrines of King-killing and Depoſing, which have been taken up onely by the worſt Party of the Papiſts, the moſt frontleſs Flatterers of the Pope's Authority, have been eſpous'd, defended and are ſtill maintain'd by the wholly body of Nonconformiſts and Republicans. 'Tis but dubbing themſelves the People of God, which 'tis the intereſt of their Preachers to tell them they are, and their own intereſt to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one Text or another will turn up for their purpoſe: If they are under Perſecution (as they call it,) then that is a mark of their Election; if they flouriſh, then God works Miracles for their Deliverance, and the Saints are to poſſeſs the Earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this Paper; but I who know beſt how far I could have gone on this Subject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpar'd: though at the ſame time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildneſs of a Writer to them, as they do the mercy of the Government; in the one they think it Fear, and conclude it Weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me, is, as I before adviſ'd the Papiſts, to diſclaim their Principles, and renounce their Practices. We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen when they obey the King, and true Proteſtants when they conform to the Church Diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that the Verſes were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my Friend; upon his Tranſlation of *The Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament*, compos'd by the learned Father *Simon*: The Verſes therefore are addreſſed to the Tranſlatour of that Work, and the ſtyle of them is, what it ought to be, Epiſtolary.

If any one be ſo lamentable a Critique as to require the Smoothneſs, the Numbers and the Turn of Heroick Poetry in this Poem; I muſt tell him, that if he has not read *Horace*, I have ſtudied him, and hope the ſtyle of his Epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The Expreſſions of a Poem, deſign'd purely for Inſtruction, ought to be Plain and Natural, and yet Majeſtick: for here the Poet is preſum'd to be a kind of Law-giver, and thoſe three qualities which I have nam'd are proper to the Legiſlative ſtyle. The Florid, Elevated and Figurative way is for the Paſſions; for Love and Hatred, Fear and Anger, are begotten in the Soul by ſhewing their Objects out of their true proportion; either greater than the Life, or leſs; but Inſtruction is to be given by ſhewing them what they naturally are. A Man is to be cheated into Paſſion, but to be reaſon'd into Truth.

On Mr. *Dryden's*

RELIGIO LAICI.

BEgone *you Slaves, you Idle Vermin go,*
Fly from the Scourges, and your Maſter know;
Let free, impartial men from Dryden *learn*
Myſterious Secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing Senſe,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (Reverend Levi) *here take ill?*
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do
Muſt be an Angel; But what's that to you?

While mighty Lewis *finds the* Pope *too Great,*
And dreads the Yoke of his impoſing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power aſſume,
And would for Scorpions change the Rods of Rome.
That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;
Fanaticks caſt the Pearls of Heaven to Swine:
What then have honeſt thinking men to doe,
But chuſe a mean between th' Uſurping two?

Nor can the Ægyptian *Patriarch blame a Muſe,*
Which for his firmneſs does his heat excuſe;
Whatever Counſels have approv'd his Creed,
The PREFACE *ſure was his own Act and Deed.*

Our

Our Church will have that Preſace read (You'll ſay,)
'Tis true, But ſo ſhe will th' Apocrypha;
And ſuch as can believe them freely may.

But did that God *(ſo little underſtood)*
Whoſe Darling *attribute is being good,*
From the dark Womb of the Rude Chaos bring
Such various Creatures; and make Man their King;
Yet leave his Favorite, Man, *his chiefeſt care,*
More wretched than the vileſt Inſects are?

O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs Millions *muſt be doom'd a Prey*
To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief is one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not doe!

The very Fiends *know for what Crime they fell,*
(And ſo do all their Followers that rebell)
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian *ſtray,*
Shall the great Gulph be ſhew'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln Angels Rooms will be but ill ſupply'd.

That Chriſt, *who at the great deciding Day*
(For he declares what he reſolves to ſay)

Will damn the Goats, for their Ill-natur'd faults,
And ſave the Sheep, for Actions, *not for Thoughts,*
Hath too much mercy to ſend men to Hell,
For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity profuſely ſhown
In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their own!

I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

Roſcomon.

To Mr. *DRYDEN*,

On his POEM called

RELIGIO LAICI.

Great is the task, and worthy ſuch a Muſe,
To doe Faith right, yet Reaſon diſabuſe.
How chearfully the Soul does take its flight,
On Faith's ſtrong wings guided by Reaſon's light?
But Reaſon does in vain her beams diſplay,
Shewing to th' place, whence firſt ſhe came, the way,
If Peter's *Heirs muſt ſtill hold faſt the Key,*

The houſe which many Manſions ſhou'd contain,
Form'd by the great wiſe Architect in vain,
Of Diſproportion juſtly we accuſe,
If the ſtrait-gate ſtill entrance muſt refuſe.
The onely free enriching Port God made
What ſhamefull Monopoly did invade?
One Factious Company ingroſs'd the Trade.
Thou to the diſtant Shore haſt ſafely ſail'd,
Where the beſt Pilots have ſo often fail'd.
Freely we now may buy the Pearl of price,
The happy Land abounds with fragrant Spice,
And nothing is forbidden there but Vice.
Thou beſt Columbus to the unknown World!
Mountains of Doubt that in thy way were hurld,
Thy generous Faith has bravely overcome,
And made Heaven truly our familiar home.
Let Crowds impoſſibilities receive,
Who cannot think, ought not to disbelieve.
Let 'em pay Tithes, and bud-wink'd go to Heaven,
But ſure the Quaker cou'd not be forgiven,
Had not the Clerk who hates Lay-policy
Found out, to countervail the Injury,
Swearing, a trade of which they are not free.
Too long has captiv'd Reaſon been enſlav'd,
By Viſions ſcar'd, and airy Phantaſms brav'd,
Liſt'ning t' each proud Enthuſiaſtick Fool,
Pretending Conſcience, but deſigning Rule;
Whilſt Law, Form, Intereſt, Ignorance, Deſign,
Did in the holy Cheat together join.

Like vain Aſtrologers gazing on the Skies,
We fell, and did not dare to truſt our Eyes.
'Tis time at laſt to fix the trembling Soul,
And by thy Compaſs to point out the Pole;
All men agree in what is to be done,
And each Man's Heart his Table is of Stone,
Where he the God-writ Character may view:
Were it as needfull, Faith had been ſo too.
Oh, that our greateſt fault were humble Doubt!
And that we were more Juſt, though leſs Devout;
What reverence ſhou'd we pay thy ſacred Rhimes,
Who in theſe Factious too-believing Times
Has taught us to obey, and to diſtruſt:
Yet to our ſelves, our King, and God, prove juſt.
Thou wantſt not Praiſe from an enſuring Friend,
The Poor to Thee on double Intereſt lend.
So ſtrong thy Reaſons, and ſo clear thy Senſe,
They bring, like Day, their own bright Evidence:
Yet whilſt myſterious Truths to light you bring,
And heavenly things in heavenly numbers ſing,
The joyfull younger Choir may clap the Wing.

To Mr. DRYDEN,
On *RELIGIO LAICI.*

'T*IS nobly done, a Layman's Creed profeſt,*
When all our Faith of late hung on a Prieſt;
His doubtfull words like Oracles receiv'd,
And when we could not underſtand, believ'd.

Triumphant Faith now takes a nobler courſe,
'Tis gentle, but reſiſts intruding force:
Weak Reaſon may pretend an awfull ſway,
And Conſiſtories charge her to obey;
(Strange Nonſenſe to confine the ſacred Dove,
And narrow Rules preſcribe how he ſhall love,
And how upon the barren Waters move.)
But ſhe rejects and ſcorns their proud Pretence,
And whilſt thoſe grovling things depend on Senſe;
She mounts on certain wings and flys on high,
And looks upon a dazling Myſtery,
With fix'd, and ſteddy, and an Eagle's Eye.
Great King of Verſe, that doſt inſtruct and pleaſe,
As Orpheus *ſoften'd the rude Savages:*
And gently freeſt us from a double Care,
The bold Socinian, and the Papal Chair:
Thy Judgment is correct, thy Fancy young,
Thy Numbers, as thy generous faith, are ſtrong:
Whilſt through dark Prejudice they force their way,
Our Souls ſhake off the Night and view the Day.
We live ſecure from mad Enthuſiaſts Rage,
And fond Tradition now grown blind with Age.
Let factious and ambitious Souls repine,
Thy Reaſon's ſtrong, and generous thy Deſign,
And always to doe well is onely thine.

Tho. Creech.

Religio Laici.

DIM, as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars
To *lonely*, *weary*, *wandring* Travellers,
Is *Reaſon* to the *Soul*: And as on high,
Thoſe rowling Fires *diſcover* but the Sky
Not light us *here*; So *Reaſon's* glimmering Ray
Was lent, not to *aſſure* our *doubtfull* way,
But *guide* us upward to a *better Day*.
And as thoſe nightly Tapers diſappear
When Day's bright Lord aſcends our Hemiſphere;
So pale grows *Reaſon* at *Religions* ſight;
So *dyes*, and ſo *diſſolves* in *Supernatural Light*.

Some few, whoſe Lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
From Cauſe to Cauſe, to *Natures* ſecret head;
And found that *one firſt principle* muſt be:
But *what*, or *who*, that *VNIVERSAL HE*;
Whether ſome *Soul* incompaſſing this Ball
Vnmade, unmov'd; yet *making, moving All*;
Or various *Atom's*, interfering Dance
Leapt into *Form*, (the Noble work of *Chance*;)
Or this great *All* was from *Eternity*;
Not ev'n the *Stagirite* himſelf could ſee;
And *Epicurus gueſs'd* as well as He:
As *blindly grop'd* they for a *future State*;
As *raſhly judg'd* of *Providence* and *Fate*:
But leaſt of all could their endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of Humane kind:
For *Happineſs* was never to be found;
But vaniſh'd from 'em, like Enchanted ground.

Opinions of the ſeral Sects of Philoſophers concerning the Summum Bonum.

One thought *Content* the Good to be enjoy'd:
This, every little *Accident* deſtroy'd:
The *wiſer Madmen* did for *Vertue* toil:
A Thorney, or at beſt a barren Soil:
In *Pleaſure* ſome their glutton Souls would ſteep;
But found their Line too ſhort, the Well too deep;
And leaky Veſſels which no *Bliſs* cou'd keep.
Thus, *anxious Thoughts* in *endleſs Circles* roul,
Without a *Centre* where to fix the *Soul*:
In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end.
How can the *leſs* the *Greater* comprehend?
Or *finite Reaſon* reach *Infinity*?
For what cou'd *Fathom GOD* were *more* than *He*.

Syſteme of Deiſm.

The *Deiſt* thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρεκα: the mighty Secret's found:
God is that *Spring* of *Good*; *Supreme*, and *Beſt*;
We, made to *ſerve*, and in that Service *bleſt*;

If ſo, ſome *Rules* of Worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by Heaven:
Elſe *God* were *partial*, and to *ſome* deny'd
The Means his Juſtice ſhou'd for *all* provide.
This *general Worſhip* is to *PRAISE* and *PRAY*:
One part to *borrow* Bleſſings, one to *pay*:
And when frail Nature ſlides into *Offence*,
The *Sacrifice* for *Crimes* is *Penitence*.
Yet, ſince th' Effects of Providence, we find
Are variouſly diſpens'd to Humane kind;
That *Vice triumphs*, and *Vertue ſuffers* here,
(A Brand that Sovereign Juſtice cannot bear;)
Our Reaſon prompts us to a *future* State:
The *laſt Appeal* from *Fortune*, and from *Fate*:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The *Bad* meet *Puniſhment*, the *Good*, *Reward*.

Of Reveal'd Religion.

Thus Man by his own ſtrength to Heaven wou'd ſoar:
And wou'd not be Oblig'd to God for more.
Vain, wretched Creature, how art thou miſled
To think thy Wit theſe God-like Notions bred!
Theſe Truths are not the product of thy Mind,
But dropt from Heaven, and of a Nobler kind.
Reveal'd Religion firſt inform'd thy Sight,
And *Reaſon* ſaw not, till *Faith* ſprung the Light.
Hence all thy *Natural Worſhip* takes the *Source*:
'Tis *Revelation* what thou think'ſt *Diſcourſe*.
Elſe, how com'ſt *Thou* to ſee theſe Truths ſo clear,
Which ſo obſcure to *Heathens* did appear?
Not *Plato* theſe, nor *Ariſtotle* found:
Nor He whoſe Wiſedom *Oracles* renown'd. *Socrates.*
Haſt thou a Wit ſo deep, or ſo ſublime,
Or canſt thou lower dive, or higher climb?

Canſt *Thou*, by *Reaſon*, more of *God-head* know
Than *Plutarch*, *Seneca*, or *Cicero*?
Thoſe Gyant Wits, in happier Ages born,
(When *Arms* and *Arts* did *Greece* and *Rome* adorn)
Knew no ſuch *Syſteme*: no ſuch Piles cou'd raiſe
Of *Natural Worſhip*, built on *Pray'r* and *Praiſe*,
To One ſole GOD.
Nor did Remorſe, to expiate Sin, preſcribe:
But ſlew their fellow Creatures for a Bribe:
The guiltleſs *Victim* groan'd for their Offence;
And *Cruelty*, and *Bloud* was *Penitence*.
If *Sheep* and *Oxen* cou'd attone for Men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the *Rich* might Sin!
And great Oppreſſours might Heavens Wrath beguile
By offering his own Creatures for a Spoil!

Dar'ſt thou, poor Worm, offend *Infinity*?
And muſt the Terms of Peace be given by *Thee*?

Then *Thou* art *Juſtice* in the *laſt Appeal*;
Thy eaſie God inſtructs Thee to *rebell*:
And, like a King remote, and weak, muſt take
What Satisfaction *Thou* art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a *Pow'r* too *Juſt*, and *ſtrong*
To wink at *Crimes*, and bear unpuniſh'd *Wrong*;
Look humbly upward, ſee his Will diſcloſe
The *Forfeit* firſt, and then the *Fine* impoſe:
A *Mulct thy* Poverty cou'd never pay
Had not *Eternal Wiſedom* found the way:
And with Cœleſtial Wealth ſupply'd thy Store:
His Juſtice makes the *Fine*, *his Mercy* quits the *Score*.
See God deſcending in thy Humane Frame;
Th' *Offended*, ſuff'ring in th' *Offenders* Name:
All thy Miſdeeds to him imputed ſee,
And all his Righteouſneſs devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have Sin'd, and that th' offence
Of *Man*, is made againſt *Omnipotence*,
Some Price, that bears *proportion*, muſt be paid
And *Infinite* with *Infinite* be weigh'd.
See then the *Deiſt loſt* : *Remorſe* for *Vice*,
Not paid, or *paid*, *inadequate* in price :
What farther means can *Reaſon* now direct,
Or what Relief from *humane Wit* expect ?
That ſhews us *ſick*; and ſadly are we ſure
Still to be *Sick*, till *Heav'n* reveal the *Cure* :
If then *Heaven's Will* muſt needs be underſtood,
(Which muſt, if we want *Cure*, and *Heaven*, be *Good*)
Let all Records of *Will reveal'd* be ſhown ;
With *Scripture*, all in equal balance thrown,
And *our one Sacred Book* will be *That one*.

Proof needs not here, for whether we compare
That Impious, Idle, Superſtitious Ware

Of *Rites*, *Luſtrations*, *Offerings*, (which before,
In various Ages, various Countries bore)
With *Chriſtian Faith* and *Vertues*, we ſhall find
None anſw'ring the great ends of humane kind
But *This one Rule of Life* : *That* ſhews us beſt
How *God* may be *appeas'd*, and *Mortals bleſt.*
Whether from length of *Time* its worth we draw,
The *World* is ſcarce more *Ancient* than the *Law* :
Heav'ns early Care preſcrib'd for every Age ;
Firſt, in the *Soul*, and after, in the *Page*.
Or, whether more abſtractedly we look,
Or on the *Writers*, or the *written Book*,
Whence, but from *Heav'n*, cou'd men unskill'd in Arts,
In ſeveral Ages born, in ſeveral parts,
Weave ſuch *agreeing Truths* ? or *how*, or *why*
Shou'd *all* conſpire to cheat us with a *Lye* ?
Unask'd their *Pains*, *ungratefull* their *Advice*,
Starving their *Gain*, and *Martyrdom* their *Price*.

If on the Book it ſelf we caſt our view,
Concurrent Heathens prove the Story *True* :
The *Doctrine*, *Miracles*; which muſt convince,
For *Heav'n* in *Them* appeals to *humane Senſe* :
And though they *prove* not, they *Confirm* the Cauſe,
When what is *Taught* agrees with *Natures Laws.*

Then for the *Style* ; *Majeſtick* and *Divine*,
It ſpeaks no leſs than God in every Line :
Commanding words; whoſe *Force* is ſtill the ſame
As the firſt *Fiat* that produc'd our Frame.
All Faiths *beſide*, or did by *Arms* aſcend ;
Or *Senſe* indulg'd has made *Mankind* their *Friend* :
This *onely* Doctrine does our *Luſts* oppoſe :
Unfed by Natures Soil, in which it grows ;
Croſs to our *Intereſts*, curbing Senſe, and Sin ;
Oppreſs'd without, and undermin'd within,

It thrives through pain; its own Tormentours tires;
And with a ſtubborn patience ſtill aſpires.
To what can *Reaſon* ſuch Effects aſſign
Tranſcending *Nature*, but to *Laws Divine*?
Which in that Sacred Volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that uſe ordain'd.

Objection of the Deiſt.

But ſtay: the *Deiſt* here will urge anew,
No *Supernatural Worſhip* can be *True*:
Becauſe a *general Law* is that alone
Which muſt to *all*, and every *where* be known:
A Style ſo large as not *this* Book can claim
Nor ought that bears *reveal'd* Religions *Name*.
'Tis ſaid the ſound of a *Meſſiah's Birth*
Is gone through all the habitable Earth:
But ſtill that Text muſt be confin'd alone
To what was *Then* inhabited, and known:

And what Proviſion cou'd from *thence* accrue
To *Indian* Souls, and Worlds diſcover'd *New*?
In other parts it helps, that Ages paſt,
The Scriptures there were *known*, and were *imbra ced*,
Till Sin ſpread once again the Shades of Night:
What's that to theſe who never *ſaw* the Light?

The Objection anſwer'd.

Of all Objections this indeed is chief
To ſtartle Reaſon, ſtagger frail Belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heav'n from humane Senſe
Has hid the ſecret paths of *Providence*:
But *boundleſs Wiſedom, boundleſs Mercy*, may
Find ev'n for thoſe *be-wildred* Souls, a *way*:
If from his *Nature Foes* may Pity claim,
Much more may *Strangers* who ne'er heard his *Name*.
And though *no Name* be for *Salvation* known,
But that of his *Eternal Sons* alone;

Who knows how far tranſcending Goodneſs can
Extend the *Merits* of *that Son* to *Man*?
VVho knows what *Reaſons* may his *Mercy* lead;
Or *Ignorance invincible* may plead?
Not onely *Charity* bids hope the *beſt*,
But *more* the great Apoſtle has expreſt:
That, *if the* Gentiles, (whom no Law inſpir'd,)
By Nature did what was by *Law requir'd*;
They, who the written Rule had never known,
Were to themſelves both Rule and Law alone:
To Natures plain Indictment they ſhall plead;
And, by their Conſcience, be condemn'd or freed.
Moſt righteous Doom! becauſe a *Rule reveal'd*
Is *none* to *Thoſe*, from whom it was *conceal'd*.
Then thoſe who follow'd *Reaſons* Dictates right;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their *Natural Light*;
VVith *Socrates* may ſee their Maker's Face,
VVhile Thouſand *Rubrick-Martyrs* want a place.

Nor does it baulk my *Charity*, to find
Th' *Egyptian* Biſhop of another mind:
For, though his *Creed Eternal Truth* contains,
'Tis hard for *Man* to doom to *endleſs pains*
All who believ'd not all, his Zeal requir'd;
Unleſs he firſt cou'd prove he was inſpir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to ſay
This Faith, where *publiſh'd*, was the onely way;
Or elſe conclude that, *Arius* to confute,
The good old Man, too eager in diſpute,
Flew high; and as his *Chriſtian* Fury roſe
Damn'd all for *Hereticks* who durſt *oppoſe*.

Digreſſion to the Tranſlatour of **Father** Si-*mon's Critical Hiſtory of the* Old *Teſtament.*

Thus far my Charity this path hath try'd;
(A much unskilfull, but well meaning guide:)
Yet what they are, ev'n theſe crude thoughts were bred
By reading that, which better thou haſt read.

Thy Matchleſs Author's work: which thou, my Friend,
By well tranſlating better doſt commend:
Thoſe youthfull hours which, of thy Equals moſt
In *Toys* have *ſquander'd*, or in *Vice* have *loſt*,
Thoſe hours haſt thou to Nobler uſe employ'd;
And the ſevere Delights of Truth enjoy'd.
VVitneſs this weighty Book, in which appears
The crabbed Toil of many thoughtfull years,
Spent by thy Authour, in the Sifting Care
Of *Rabbins* old Sophiſticated VVare
From Gold Divine; which he who well can ſort
May afterwards make *Algebra* a ſport.
A Treaſure, which if *Country-Curates* buy,
They *Junius*, and *Tremellius* may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and Tranſlations;
And without *Hebrew* make moſt learn'd quotations.
A VVork ſo full with various Learning fraught,
So nicely pondred, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,

As Natures height and Arts laſt hand requir'd:
As much as Man cou'd compaſs, uninſpir'd.
VVhere we may ſee what *Errours* have been made
Both in the *Copiers* and *Tranſlaters Trade*:
How *Jewiſh*, *Popiſh*, Intereſts have prevail'd,
And where *Infallibility* has *fail'd.*

For ſome, who have his ſecret meaning gueſs'd,
Have found our Authour not too *much* a *Prieſt*:
For *Faſhion-ſake* he ſeems to have recourſe
To *Pope*, and *Councils*, and *Traditions* force:
But he that *old* Traditions cou'd ſubdue,
Cou'd not but find the weakneſs of the *New*:
If *Scripture*, though deriv'd from *heav'nly birth*,
Has been but careleſly preſerv'd on *Earth*;
If *God's own People*, who of *God before*
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,

In fuller Terms, of Heav'ns aſſiſting Care,
And who did neither *Time*, nor *Study* ſpare
To keep this Book *untainted*, *unperplext*;
Let in groſs *Errours* to corrupt the *Text*:
Omitted *paragraphs*, embroyl'd the *Senſe*;
With vain *Traditions* ſtopt the gaping Fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with eaſe:
What Safety from ſuch *bruſhwood-helps* as theſe?
If *written words* from time are not ſecur'd,
How can we think have *oral Sounds* endur'd?
Which *thus* tranſmitted, if *one* Mouth has fail'd,
Immortal Lyes on *Ages* are intail'd:
And that ſome ſuch have been, is prov'd too plain;
If we conſider *Intereſt*, *Church*, and *Gain*.

Of the Infallibility of Tradition, in General.

Oh but ſays one, *Tradition* ſet aſide,
Where can we hope for an *unerring Guide*?

For ſince th' *original* Scripture has been loſt,
All Copies *diſagreeing*, *maim'd* the *moſt*,
Or *Chriſtian Faith* can have no *certain* ground,
Or *Truth* in *Church Tradition* muſt be found.

Such an *Omniſcient* Church we wiſh indeed;
'Twere worth *Both Teſtaments*, and caſt in the *Creed:*
But if *this Mother* be a *Guide* ſo ſure,
As can all *doubts reſolve*, all *truth ſecure*,
Then her *Infallibility*, as well
Where Copies are *corrupt*, or *lame*, can tell;
Reſtore *loſt Canon* with as little pains,
As *truly explicate* what ſtill *remains:*
Which yet no *Council* dare *pretend* to doe;
Unleſs like *Eſdras*, they cou'd *write* it new:
Strange Confidence, ſtill to *interpret* true,
Yet not be ſure that all they have explain'd,
Is in the bleſt *Original* contain'd.

More ſafe, and much more modeſt 'tis, to ſay
God wou'd not leave Mankind without a way:
And that the *Scriptures*, though not *every where*
Free from Corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, ſufficient, clear, intire,
In *all* things which our needfull *Faith* require.
If *others* in the *ſame Glaſs better* ſee
'Tis for *Themſelves* they look, but not for *me:*
For *MY* Salvation muſt its Doom receive
Not from what *OTHERS*, but what *I* believe.

Objection in behalf of Tradition; urg'd by Father Simon.

Muſt *all Tradition* then be ſet aſide?
This to affirm were Ignorance, or Pride.
Are there not many points, ſome needfull ſure
To ſaving Faith, that Scripture leaves obſcure?
Which every Sect will wreſt a ſeveral way
(For what *one* Sect Interprets, *all* Sects *may*:)

We hold, and ſay we prove from Scripture plain,
That *Chriſt* is *GOD*; the bold *Socinian*
From the *ſame* Scripture urges he's but *MAN*.
Now what Appeal can end th' important Suit;
Both parts *talk* loudly, but the *Rule* is *mute*?

Shall I ſpeak plain, and in a Nation free
Aſſume an honeſt *Layman's Liberty*?
I think (according to my little Skill,)
(To my own Mother-Church ſubmitting ſtill)
That many have been ſav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this Queſtion brought in play.
Th' *unletter'd* Chriſtian, who believes in *groſs*,
Plods on to *Heaven*; and ne'er is at a loſs:
For the *Strait-gate* wou'd be made *ſtraiter* yet,
Were *none* admitted there but men of *Wit*.
The few, by Nature form'd, with Learning fraught,
Born to inſtruct, as others to be taught,

Muſt Study well the Sacred Page; and ſee
Which Doctrine, this, or that, does beſt agree
With the whole Tenour of the Work Divine:
And plainlieſt points to Heaven's reveal'd Deſign:
Which Expoſition flows from *genuine Senſe*;
And which is *forc'd* by *Wit* and *Eloquence*.
Not that Traditions parts are uſeleſs here:
When general, old, diſintereſs'd and clear:
That Ancient Fathers thus expound the Page,
Gives *Truth* the reverend Majeſty of *Age*:
Confirms its force, by biding every *Teſt*;
For beſt *Authority's* next *Rules* are *beſt*.
And ſtill the nearer to the Spring we go
More limpid, more unſoyl'd the Waters flow.
Thus, *firſt Traditions* were a proof alone;
Cou'd we be *certain* ſuch they *were*, ſo *known*:
But ſince ſome Flaws in long deſcent may be,
They make not *Truth* but *Probability*.

Even *Arius* and *Pelagius* durſt provoke
To what the *Centuries preceding* ſpoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told Tale:
But Truth by its own Sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from *Voice* deſcends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rouls down to us the Sacred Hiſtory:
Which, from the *Univerſal Church receiv'd*,
Is *try'd*, and *after*, for its *ſelf* believ'd.

The Second Objection.

The partial *Papiſts* wou'd infer from hence
Their Church, in laſt reſort, ſhou'd Judge the *Senſe*.

Anſwer to the Objection.

But firſt they wou'd aſſume, with wondrous Art,
Themſelves to be the *whole*, who are but *part*
Of that vaſt Frame, the Church; yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer

A right t' interpret? or wou'd they alone
VVho brought the Preſent, claim it for their own?
The *Book*'s a *Common Largeſs* to *Mankind*;
Not more for *them*, than *every* Man deſign'd:
The *welcome News* is in the *Letter* found;
The *Carrier*'s not Commiſſion'd to *expound*.
It *ſpeaks* its *Self*, and what it does contain,
In all things *needfull* to be *known*, is *plain*.

In times o'ergrown with Ruſt and Ignorance,
A gainfull Trade their Clergy did advance:
VVhen want of Learning kept the *Laymen* low,
And none but *Prieſts* were *Authoriz'd* to *know*:
VVhen what ſmall Knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a *God* who cou'd but *Reade* or *Spell*;
Then *Mother Church* did mightily prevail:
She parcel'd out the Bible by *retail*;

But ſtill *expounded* what She *ſold* or *gave*;
To keep it in *her Power* to *Damn* and *Save*:
Scripture was *ſcarce*, and as the Market went,
Poor *Laymen* took *Salvation* on *Content*;
As needy men take Money, good or bad:
God's VVord they had not, but the *Prieſts* they had.
Yet, whate'er *falſe Conveyances* they made,
The *Lawyer* ſtill was *certain* to be paid.
In thoſe dark times they learn'd their knack ſo well,
That by long uſe they grew *Infallible*:
At laſt, a knowing Age began t' enquire
If *they* the *Book*, or *That* did *them* inſpire:
And, making narrower ſearch, they found, thô late,
That what they thought the *Prieſts*, was *Their* Eſtate:
Taught by the *Will produc'd*, (the written Word)
How long they had been *cheated* on *Record*.
Then, every man who ſaw the Title fair,
Claim'd a Child's part, and put in for a Share:

Conſulted ſoberly his private good ;
And ſav'd himſelf as cheap as e'er he cou'd.

'Tis true, my Friend, (and far be flattery hence,)
This good had full as bad a Conſequence :
The Book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each preſum'd he beſt cou'd underſtand,
The *Common Rule* was made the *common Prey* ;
And at the mercy of the *Rabble* lay.
The tender Page with horney Fiſts was gaul'd ;
And he was gifted moſt that loudeſt baul'd :
The *Spirit* gave the *Doctoral Degree :*
And every member of a *Company*
Was of *his Trade*, and of the *Bible free.*
Plain *Truths* enough for needfull *uſe* they found ;
But men wou'd ſtill be itching to *expound :*
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place,
No meaſure ta'n from *Knowledge*, all from GRACE.

Study and *Pains* were now no more their Care ;
Texts were explain'd by *Faſting*, and by *Prayer* :
This was the Fruit the *private Spirit* brought ;
Occaſion'd by *great Zeal*, and *little Thought*.
While Crouds unlearn'd, with rude Devotion warm,
About the Sacred Viands buz and ſwarm,
The *Fly-blown Text* creates a *crawling Brood* ;
And turns to *Maggots* what was meant for *Food*.
A Thouſand daily Sects riſe up, and dye ;
A Thouſand more the periſh'd Race ſupply :
So all we make of Heavens diſcover'd Will
Is, not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The Danger's much the ſame ; on ſeveral Shelves
If *others* wreck *us*, or *we* wreck our *ſelves*.

VVhat then remains, but, waving each Extreme,
The Tides of Ignorance, and Pride to ſtem ?

Neither ſo rich a Treaſure to forgo;
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our pow'r to know:
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we *muſt* believe, are *few*, and *plain*:
But ſince men *will* believe more than they *need*;
And every man will make *himſelf* a Creed:
In doubtfull queſtions 'tis the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected Ancients ſay:
For 'tis not likely *we* ſhou'd higher Soar
In ſearch of Heav'n, than *all the Church before*:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The *Scripture*, and the *Fathers diſagree.*
If after all, they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
(For no man's Faith depends upon his VVill;)
'Tis ſome Relief, that points not clearly known,
VVithout much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our Church can ſay,
If ſtill our Reaſon runs another way,

That private Reaſon 'tis more Juſt to curb,
Than by Diſputes the publick Peace diſturb.
For points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn:
But *Common quiet* is *Mandkind's concern.*

Thus have I made my own Opinions clear:
Yet neither Praiſe expect, nor Cenſure fear:
And this unpoliſh'd, rugged Verſe, I choſe;
As fitteſt for Diſcourſe, and neareſt Proſe:
For, while from *Sacred Truth* I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's, or *Tom Sha---ll's Rhimes* will ſerve.

FINIS.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A
Funeral-Pindarique
POEM
Sacred to the Happy Memory
OF
King CHARLES II.

By *JOHN DRYDEN*,
Servant to His late MAJESTY, and to the
Preſent KING.

Fortunati Ambo, ſi quid mea Carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo! Virg.

The Second Edition.

London, Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's Head*
in *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1685.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL-*PINDARIQUE* POEM
Sacred to the Happy Memory
OF
King CHARLES II.

I.

THus long my Grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe,
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the ſad Soul retires into her inmoſt Room:
Tears, for a Stroke foreſeen, afford Relief;
But, unprovided for a ſudden Blow,
Like *Niobe* we Marble grow;
And Petrifie with Grief.

Our *Britiſh* Heav'n was all Serene,
No threatning Cloud was nigh,
Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the Sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the firſt Age in Natures golden Scene;
Supine amidſt our flowing Store,
We ſlept ſecurely, and we dreamt of more:
When ſuddenly the Thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already loſt before we fear'd.
Th' amazing News of *Charles* at once were ſpread,
At once the general Voice declar'd,
Our Gracious Prince was dead.
No Sickneſs known before, no ſlow Diſeaſe,
To ſoften Grief by Juſt Degrees:
But, like an Hurricane on *Indian* Seas,
The Tempeſt roſe;
An unexpected Burſt of Woes:
With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
This *Now* becalm'd, and periſhing the next.
As if great *Atlas* from his Height
Shou'd ſink beneath his heavenly Weight,
And, with a mighty Flaw, the flaming Wall
(As once it ſhall)

Shou'd gape immenſe and ruſhing down, o'erwhelm this
(neather Ball;
So ſwift and ſo ſurprizing was our Fear:
Our *Atlas* fell indeed; But *Hercules* was near.

II.

His Pious Brother, ſure the beſt
Who ever bore that Name,
Was newly riſen from his Reſt,
And, with a fervent Flame,
His uſual morning Vows had juſt addreſt
For his dear Sovereign's Health;
And hop'd to have 'em heard,
In long increaſe of years,
In Honour, Fame and Wealth:
Guiltleſs of Greatneſs thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wiſht thoſe Vows he made,
On his own Head ſhou'd be repay'd.
Soon as th' ill omen'd Rumour reacht his Ear,
(Ill News is wing'd with Fate, and flies apace)
Who can deſcribe th' Amazement in his Face!
Horrour in all his Pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a Tear:
And then the *Hero* firſt was ſeen to fear.

Half unarray'd he ran to his Relief,
So haſty and ſo artleſs was his Grief:
Approaching Greatneſs met him with her Charms
Of Pow'r and future State;
But look'd ſo ghaſtly in a Brother's Fate,
He ſhook her from his Armes.
Arriv'd within the mournfull Room, he ſaw
A wild Diſtraction, void of Awe,
And arbitrary Grief unbounded by a Law.
God's Image, God's Anointed lay
Without Motion, Pulſe or Breath,
A ſenſeleſs Lump of ſacred Clay,
An Image, now, of Death.
Amidſt his ſad Attendants Grones and Cryes,
The Lines of that ador'd, forgiving Face,
Diſtorted from their native grace;
An Iron Slumber ſate on his Majeſtick Eyes.
The Pious Duke--- forbear audacious Muſe,
No Terms thy feeble Art can uſe
Are able to adorn ſo vaſt a Woe:
The grief of all the reſt like ſubject-grief did ſhow,
His like a Sovereign did tranſcend;
No Wife, no Brother, ſuch a Grief cou'd know,
Nor any name, but Friend.

III.

O wondrous Changes of a fatal Scene,
Still varying to the laſt!
Heav'n, though its hard Decree was paſt,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious Turn agen:
And Death's up-lifted Arme arreſted in its haſt.
Heav'n half repented of the doom,
And almoſt griev'd it had foreſeen,
What by Foreſight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her Reſemblance here below;
And mild Forgiveneſs intercede
To ſtop the coming Blow.
New Miracles approach'd th' Etherial Throne,
Such as his wondrous Life had oft and lately known,
And urg'd that ſtill they might be ſhown.
On Earth his Pious Brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing Greatneſs at ſo dear a rate,
Himſelf defending what he cou'd,
From all the Glories of his future Fate.
With him th' innumerable Croud,
Of armed Prayers

Knock'd at the Gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud;
The firſt, well meaning rude Petitioners.
All for his Life aſſayl'd the Throne,
All wou'd have brib'd the Skyes by offring up their own.
So great a Throng not Heav'n it ſelf cou'd bar;
'Twas almoſt born by force as in the Giants War.
The Pray'rs, at leaſt, for his Reprieve were heard;
His Death, like *Hezekiah's*, was deferr'd:
Againſt the Sun the Shadow went;
Five days, thoſe five Degrees, were lent
To form our Patience and prepare th' Event.
The ſecond Cauſes took the ſwift Command,
The med'cinal Head, the ready Hand,
All eager to perform their Part,
All but Eternal Doom was conquer'd by their Art:
Once more the fleeting Soul came back
T' inſpire the mortal Frame,
And in the Body took a doubtfull Stand,
Doubtfull and hov'ring like expiring Flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the (Brand

IV. The

IV:

The joyful ſhort-liv'd news ſoon ſpread around,
Took the ſame Train, the ſame impetuous bound:
The drooping Town in ſmiles again was dreſt,
Gladneſs in every Face expreſt,
Their Eyes before their Tongues confeſt.
Men met each other with erected look,
The ſteps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haſte;
And long inveterate Foes ſaluted as they paſt:
Above the reſt Heroick *James* appear'd
Exalted more, becauſe he more had fear'd:
His manly heart, whoſe Noble pride
Was ſtill above
Diſſembled hate or varniſht Love,
Its more then common tranſport cou'd not hide;
But like an * *Eagre* rode in triumph o're the tide.
Thus, in alternate Courſe,
The *T*yrant paſſions, hope and fear,
Did in extreams appear,
And flaſht upon the Soul with equal force.

---

* *An* Eagre *is a Tyde ſwelling above another Tyde, which I have my ſelf obſerv'd on the River* Trent.

*T*hus, at half Ebb, a rowling *S*ea
Returns and wins upon the ſhoar;
The watry Herd, affrighted at the roar,
Reſt on their Fins a while, and ſtay,
Then backward take their wondring way:
The Prophet wonders more than they,
At Prodigies but rarely ſeen before,
And cries a *King* muſt fall, or Kingdoms change
their ſway.
Such were our counter-tydes at land, and ſo
Preſaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious Ebb and flow.
The Royal *S*oul, that like the labouring Moon,
By Charms of Art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her Native Sphear,
Came but a while on liking here:
Soon weary of the painful ſtrife,
And made but faint Eſſays of Life:
An Evening light
Soon ſhut in Night;
A ſtrong diſtemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The Sons of Art all Med'cines try'd
*A*nd every Noble remedy apply'd;
With emulation each eſſay'd
His utmoſt skill, nay more they pray'd:
Never was loſing game with better conduct plaid.
Death never won a ſtake with greater toyl,
Nor e're was Fate ſo near a foil:
But, like a fortreſs on a Rock, (mock;
Th' impregnable Diſeaſe their vain attempts did
They min'd it near, they batter'd from a far
With all the Cannon of the Med'cinal War;
No gentle means cou'd be eſſay'd,
Twas beyond parly when the ſiege was laid:
Th' extreameſt ways they firſt ordain,
Preſcribing ſuch intolerable pain,
As none but *Cæſar* cou'd ſuſtain:
Undaunted *Cæſar* underwent
The malice of their Art, nor bent
Beneath what e're their pious rigour cou'd invent:
In five ſuch days he ſuffer'd more
Then any ſuffer'd in his reign before;

More, infinitely more, than he,
Againſt the worſt of Rebels, cou'd decree,
A Traytor or twice pardon'd Enemy.
Now *Art* was tir'd without ſucceſs,
No Racks cou'd make the ſtubborn malady confeſs.
The vain *Inſurancers* of life,
And He who moſt perform'd and promis'd leſs,
Even *Short* himſelf forſook th' unequal ſtrife.
Death and deſpair was in their looks,
No longer they conſult their memories or books;
Like helpleſs friends, who view from ſhoar
The labouring Ship, and hear the tempeſt roar,
So ſtood they with their arms acroſs;
Not to aſſiſt; but to deplore
Th' inevitable loſs.

VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful ſound
Which ev'n the beſt can hardly bear,
He took the Summons void of fear;
And, unconcern'dly, caſt his eyes around;
As if to find and dare the grieſly Challenger.

What death cou'd do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more then dy'd.
The ſame aſſurance all his words did grace;
The ſame Majeſtick mildneſs held its place;
Nor loſt the Monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He lookt as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if ſome *A*ngel had been ſent
To lengthen out his Government,
And to foretel as many years again,
*A*s he had number'd in his happy reign,
*S*o chearfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor ſhrunk nor ſtept aſide for death:
But, with unalter'd pace, kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he reſign'd the **Throne.**
*S*till he maintain'd his Kingly *S*tate;
*A*nd grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good and gracious to the laſt,
On all he lov'd before, his dying beams he caſt:

Oh truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he roſe benignly ſo he ſet!
All that on earth he held moſt dear,
He recommended to his Care,
To whom both heav'n,
The right had giv'n
And his own Love bequeath'd ſupream command:
He took and preſt that ever loyal hand,
Which cou'd in Peace ſecure his Reign,
Which cou'd in wars his Pow'r maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well for ſo great a truſt, he choſe
A Prince who never diſobey'd:
Not when the moſt ſevere commands were laid;
Nor want, nor Exile with his duty weigh'd:
A *P*rince on whom (if Heav'n its Eyes cou'd cloſe)
The Welfare of the Worl'd it ſafely might repoſe.

VIII.

*T*hat King who liv'd to Gods own heart,
Yet leſs ſerenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harſh decree
For *S*choolmen with laborious art

To ſalve from cruelty:
Thoſe, for whom love cou'd no excuſes frame,
He graciouſly forgot to name.
Thus far my Muſe, though rudely, has deſign'd
Some faint reſemblance of his Godlike mind:
But neither Pen nor Pencil can expreſs
The parting Brothers *tenderneſs*:
Though thats a term too mean and low;
(The bleſt above a kinder word may know:)
But what they did, and what they ſaid,
The Monarch who triumphant went,
The Militant who ſtaid,
Like *P*ainters, when their heigthning arts are ſpent,
I caſt into a ſhade.
That all forgiving King,
The type of him above,
That inexhauſted ſpring
Of clemency and Love;
Himſelf to his next ſelf accus'd,
And ask'd that Pardon which he ne're refus'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and Crimes
Of Godleſs men, and of Rebellious times:
For an hard Exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful Country ſent

*T*heir beſt *Camillus* into baniſhment:
*A*nd forc'd their *S*ov'raigns *Act*, they cou'd not his (conſent.
Oh how much rather had that injur'd Chief
Repeated all his ſufferings paſt,
*T*hen hear a pardon beg'd at laſt,
Which giv'n cou'd give the dying no relief:
He bent, he ſunk beneath his grief:
His dauntleſs heart wou'd fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
*P*erhaps the Godlike Heroe in his breaſt
Diſdain'd, or was aſham'd to ſhow
So weak, ſo womaniſh a woe,
Which yet the Brother and the Freind ſo plenteouſly (confeſt.

IX.

Amidſt that ſilent ſhow'r, the Royal mind
An Eaſy paſſage found,
*A*nd left its ſacred earth behind:
Nor murm'ring groan expreſt, nor labouring ſound,
Nor any leaſt tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
*S*oft as thoſe gentle whiſpers were,
In which th' *A*lmighty did appear;

By the ſtill Voice, the Prophet knew him there.
That Peace which made thy Proſperous Reign to ſhine,
That Peace thou leav'ſt to thy Imperial Line,
That Peace, oh happy Shade, be ever thine!

X.

For all thoſe Joys thy Reſtauration brought,
For all the Miracles it wrought,
For all the healing Balm thy Mercy pour'd
Into the Nations bleeding Wound,
And Care that after kept it ſound,
For numerous Bleſſings yearly ſhour'd,
And Property with Plenty crown'd;
For Freedom, ſtill maintain'd alive,
Freedom which in no other Land will thrive,
Freedom an *Engliſh* Subject's ſole Prerogative,
Without whoſe Charms ev'n Peace wou'd be
But a dull quiet Slavery:
For theſe and more, accept our Pious Praiſe;
'Tis all the Subſidy
The preſent Age can raiſe,
The reſt is charg'd on late Poſterity.
Poſterity is charg'd the more,
Becauſe the large abounding ſtore

To them and to their Heirs, is ſtill entail'd by thee.
Succeſſion, of a long Deſcent,
Which Chaſtly in the Chanells ran,
And from our Demi-gods began,
Equal almoſt to Time in its extent,
Through Hazzards numberleſs and great,
Thou haſt deriv'd this mighty Bleſſing down,
And fixt the faireſt Gemm that decks th'Imperial Crown:
Not Faction, when it ſhook thy Regal Seat,
Not Senates, inſolently loud,
(Thoſe Ecchoes of a thoughtleſs Croud,)
Not Foreign or Domeſtick Treachery,
Could warp thy Soul to their Unjuſt Decree.
So much thy Foes thy manly Mind miſtook,
Who judg'd it by the Mildneſs of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd Sword, it bent at will;
But kept the Native toughneſs of the Steel.

XI.

Be true, O *Clio*, to thy Hero's Name!
But draw him ſtrictly ſo,
That all who view, the Piece may know;
He needs no Trappings of fictitious Fame:

The Load's too weighty : Thou may'ſt chuſe
Some Parts of Praiſe, and ſome refuſe: (the Muſe.
Write, that his Annals may be thought more laviſh than
In ſcanty Truth thou haſt confin'd
The Vertues of a Royal Mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, juſt and kind:
His Converſation, Wit, and Parts,
His Knowledge in the Nobleſt, uſeful Arts,
Were ſuch, Dead Authors cou'd not give;
But habitudes of thoſe who live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His Apprehenſion quick, his Judgment true:
That the moſt Learn'd, with ſhame, confeſs
His Knowledge more, his Reading only leſs.

XII.

Amidſt the peaceful Triumphs of his Reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he ſhed
Reviv'd the drooping Arts again,
If Science rais'd her Head,
And ſoft Humanity that from Rebellion fled;

Our Iſle, indeed, too fruitful was before ;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the *Solar* walk and Heav'ns high way ;
With rank *Geneva* Weeds run o're,
And Cockle, at the beſt, amidſt the Corn it bore :
The Royal Husbandman appear'd,
And Plough'd, and Sow'd, and Till'd,
The Thorns he rooted out, the Rubbiſh clear'd,
And Bleſt th' obedient Field.
When, ſtraight, a double Harveſt roſe ;
Such as the ſwarthy Indian mowes ;
Or happier Climates near the Line,
Or Paradiſe manur'd, and dreſt by hands Divine.

XIII.

As when the New-born Phœnix takes his way,
His rich Paternal Regions to Survey,
Of airy Choriſters a numerous Train
Attend his wondrous Progreſs o're the Plain ;
So, riſing from his Fathers Urn,
So Glorious did our *Charles* return ;
Th' officious Muſes came along,
A gay Harmonious Quire like Angels ever Young: ſung)
(The Muſe that mourns him now his happy Triumph

Even *they* cou'd thrive in his Auſpicious reign;
And ſuch a plenteous Crop they bore
Of pureſt and well winow'd Grain,
As *Britain* never knew before.
Tho little was their Hire, and light their Gain,
Yet ſomewhat to their ſhare he threw;
Fed from his Hand, they ſung and flew,
Like Birds of Paradiſe, that liv'd on Morning dew.
Oh never let their Lays his Name forget!
The Penſion of a Prince's Praiſe is great.
Live then, thou great Encourager of Arts,
Live ever in our Thankful Hearts;
Live bleſt Above, almoſt invok'd Below;
Live and receive this Pious Vow,
Our Patron once, our Guardian Angel now.
Thou *Fabius* of a ſinking State,
Who didſt by wiſe delays, divert our Fate,
When Faction like a Tempeſt roſe,
In Death's moſt hideous form,
Then, Art to Rage thou didſt oppoſe,
To weather out the Storm:
Not quitting thy Supream command,
Thou heldſt the Rudder with a ſteady hand,
Till ſafely on the Shore the Bark did land:

The Bark that all our Bleſſings brought,
Charg'd with thy Self and *James*, a doubly Royal fraught.

XIV.

Oh frail Eſtate of Humane things,
And ſlippery hopes below !
Now to our Coſt your Emptineſs we know,
(For 'tis a Leſſon dearly bought)
Aſſurance here is never to be ſought.
The Beſt, and beſt belov'd of Kings,
And beſt deſerving to be ſo,
When ſcarce he had eſcap'd the fatal blow
Of Faction and Conſpiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes deſtroy :
He toyl'd, He gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What miſts of Providence are theſe
Through which we cannot ſee !
So Saints, by ſupernatural Pow'r ſet free,
Are left at laſt in Martyrdom to dye ;
Such is the end of oft repeated Miracles.
Forgive me Heav'n that Impious thought,
'Twas Grief for *Charles*, to Madneſs wrought,
That Queſtion'd thy Supream Decree !

Thou didſt his gracious Reign prolong,
Even in thy Saints and Angels wrong,
His Fellow Citizens of Immortality:
For Twelve long years of Exile, born,
Twice Twelve we number'd ſince his bleſt Return:
So ſtrictly wer't thou Juſt to pay,
Even to the driblet of a day.
Yet ſtill we murmur, and Complain,
The Quails and Manna ſhou'd no longer rain;
Thoſe Miracles 'twas needleſs to renew;
The Choſen Flock has now the Promis'd Land in view.

XV.

A Warlike Prince aſcends the Regal State,
A Prince, long exercis'd by Fate:
Long may he keep, tho he obtains it late.
Heroes, in Heaven's peculiar Mold are caſt,
They and their Poets are not form'd in haſt;
Man was the firſt in God's deſign, and Man was made (the laſt.
Falſe Heroes, made by Flattery ſo,
Heav'n can ſtrike out, like Sparkles, at a blow;
But e're a Prince is to Perfection brought,
He coſts Omnipotence a ſecond thought.

With Toyl and Sweat,
With hardning Cold, and forming Heat,
The Cyclops did their ſtrokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable Shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker wou'd not own
The Noble work for his,
Before 'twas try'd and found a Maſterpiece.

XVI.

View then a *Monarch* ripen'd for a Throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O're Infancy he ſwiftly ran;
The future God, at firſt was more than Man:
Dangers and Toils, and *Juno*'s Hate
Even o're his Cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled firſt with Fate:
In his young Hands the hiſſing Snakes he preſt,
So early was the Deity confeſt;
Thus, by degrees, he roſe to *Jove*'s Imperial Seat;
Thus difficulties prove a Soul *legitimately* great.
Like his, our Hero's Infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their Snakes provide;
And, to his Infant Arms oppoſe

His Father's Rebels, and his Brother's Foes;
The more oppreſt the higher ſtill he roſe:
Thoſe were the Preludes of his Fate,
That form'd his Manhood, to ſubdue
The *Hydra* of the many-headed, hiſſing Crew.

XVII.

As after *Numa*'s peaceful Reign,
The Martial *Ancus* did the Scepter wield,
Furbiſh'd the ruſty Sword again,
Reſum'd the long forgotten Shield,
And led the *Latins* to the duſty Field;
So *James* the drowſy *Genius* wakes
Of *Britain* long entranc'd in Charms,
Reſtiff and ſlumbring on its Arms:
'Tis rows'd,& with a new ſtrung Nerve, the Spear already (ſhakes:
No Neighing of the Warriour Steeds,
No Drum, or louder Trumpet, needs
T' inſpire the Coward, warm the Cold,
His Voice, his ſole Appearance makes 'em bold.
Gaul and *Batavia* dread th' impending blow;
Too well the Vigour of that Arm they know;
They lick the duſt, and Crouch beneath their fatal Foe.

Long may they fear this awful Prince,
And not Provoke his lingring Sword;
Peace is their only ſure Defence,
Their beſt Security his Word:
In all the Changes of his doubtful State,
His Truth, like Heav'ns, was kept inviolate,
For him to Promiſe is to make it Fate.
His *Valour* can Triumph o're Land and Main;
With broken Oaths his Fame he will not ſtain;
With Conqueſt baſely bought, and with Inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy Adamantine Book;
And let his wondring *Senate* ſee,
If not thy firm Immutable Decree,
At leaſt the ſecond Page, of ſtrong contingency;
Such as conſiſts with wills, Originally free:
Let them, with glad amazement, look
On what their happineſs may be:
Let them not ſtill be obſtinately blind,
Still to divert the Good thou haſt deſign'd,
Or with Malignant penury,
To ſterve the Royal Vertues of his Mind.

Faith is a Chriſtian's, and a Subject's Teſt,
Oh give them to believe, and they are ſurely bleſt!
They do; and, with a diſtant view, I ſee
Th' amended Vows of Engliſh Loyalty.
And all beyond that Object, there appears
The long Retinue of a Proſperous Reign,
A Series of Succeſsful years,
In orderly Array, a Martial, manly Train.
Behold ev'n to remoter Shores
A Conquering Navy proudly ſpread;
The Britiſh Cannon formidably roars,
While ſtarting from his Oozy Bed,
Th' aſſerted Ocean rears his reverend Head;
To View and Recognize his ancient Lord again:
And, with a willing hand, reſtores
The *Faſces* of the Main.

FINIS.

Advertiſement.

☞ *The Hiſtory of the* League. *Written in* French *by Monſieur* Maimbourg. *Engliſhed upon his late Majeſties Command by Mr.* Dryden, *Sold by* J.Tonſon.

Britannia Rediviva:

A
POEM
ON THE
BIRTH
OF THE
PRINCE.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Dii Patrii Indigetes, & Romule, Veſtaque Mater,
Quæ Tuſcum Tiberim, & Romana Palatia ſervas,
Hunc ſaltem everſo Puerum *ſuccurrere ſæclo*
Ne prohibite : ſatis jampridem ſanguine noſtro
Laomedonteæ luimus Perjuria *Trojæ.*
Virg. Georg. 1.

LONDON,
Printed for *J. Tonſon,* at the *Judges-Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1688.

June the 19*th*. 1688.

Let this be PRINTED.

Middleton.

Britannia Rediviva:

A

POEM

ON THE

PRINCE,

Born on the 10*th*. of *June*; 1688.

OUR Vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r:
Preventing Angels met it half the way,
And ſent us back to Praiſe, who came to Pray.
Juſt on the Day, when the high mounted Sun
Did fartheſt in his Northern Progreſs run,
He bended forward and ev'n ſtretch'd the Sphere
Beyond the Limits of the lengthen'd Year;

To view a Brighter Sun in *Britain* Born;
That was the Bus'neſs of his longeſt Morn;
The Glorious Object ſeen 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring cou'd only ſtay to ſhed
Her Bloomy Beauties on the Genial Bed,
But left the Manly Summer in her ſted,
With timely Fruit the longing Land to chear,
And to fulfill the Promiſe of the Year.
Betwixt Two Seaſons comes th' Auſpicious Heir,
This Age to bloſſom, and the next to bear.
(*a*) Laſt ſolemn Sabbath ſaw the Church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery Pomp deſcend;
But when his Wondrous (*b*) Octave rowl'd again,
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train.
So great a Bleſſing to ſo good a King
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.
Or did the Mighty Trinity Conſpire,
As once, in Council to Create our Sire?

(a) *Whit-Sunday.* (b) *Trinity-Sunday.*

It ſeems as if they ſent the New-Born Gueſt
To wait on the Proceſſion of their Feaſt;
And on their Sacred Anniverſe decree'd
To ſtamp their Image on the promis'd Seed.
Three Realms united, and on One beſtow'd,
An Emblem of their Myſtick Union ſhow'd:
The Mighty Trine the Triple Empire ſhar'd,
As every Perſon wou'd have one to guard.
Hail Son of Pray'rs! by Holy Violence
Drawn down from Heav'n; but long be baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy Paternal Skyes retire:
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd require:
To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,
And finiſh what thy Godlike Sire begins.
Kind Heav'n, to make us *Engliſh-Men* again,
No leſs can give us than a Patriarchs Reign.
The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve;
Thy Father's Angel and Thy Father joyn
To keep Poſſeſſion, and ſecure the Line;

But long defer the Honours of thy Fate,
Great may they be like his, like his be late.
That *James* this running Century may view,
And give his Son an Auſpice to the New.
Our Wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay :
For ſee the (*c*) Dragon winged on his way,
To watch the (*d*) Travail, and devour the Prey.
Or, if Alluſions may not riſe ſo high,
Thus, when *Alcides* rais'd his Infant Cry,
The Snakes beſieg'd his Young Divinity :
But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat ;
For Oppoſition makes a Heroe Great.
To needful Succour all the Good will run ;
And *Jove* aſſert the Godhead of his Son.
O ſtill repining at your preſent State,
Grudging your ſelves the Benefits of Fate,
Look up, and read in Characters of Light
A Bleſſing ſent you in your own Deſpight.

(*c*) *Alluding only to the Common-wealth Party, here and in other places of the Poem.* (*d*) Rev. 12. v. 4.

To

The Manna falls, yet that Cœleſtial Bread
Like *Jews* you Munch, and Murmure while you Feed.
May not your Fortune be like theirs, Exil'd,
Yet Forty Years to wander in the Wild:
Or if it be, may *Moſes* live at leaſt
To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Reſt.

Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow
What Plants will take the Blite, and what will grow,
By tracing Heav'n his Footſteps may be found:
Behold! how Awfully He walks the round!
God is abroad, and wondrous in his ways,
The Riſe of Empires, and their Fall ſurveys;
More (might I ſay) than with an uſual Eye,
He ſees his bleeding Church in Ruin lye,
And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his Altar cry.
Already has he lifted high, the (*e*) Sign.
Which Crown'd the Conquering Arms of *Conſtantine*:
The (*f*) Moon grows pale at that preſaging ſight,
And half her Train of Stars have loſt their Light.

(*e*) *The Croſs.* (*f*) *The Creſcent, which the* Turks *bear for their Arms.*

Behold another (g) *Sylveſter*, to bleſs
The *S*acred *S*tandard and ſecure *S*ucceſs;
Large of his Treaſures, of a *S*oul ſo great,
As fills and crowds his Univerſal *S*eat.
Now view at home a (*h*) ſecond *Conſtantine*;
(The former too, was of the *Britiſh* Line)
Has not his healing Balm your Breaches clos'd,
Whoſe Exile many ſought, and few oppos'd ?
Or, did not Heav'n by its Eternal Doom
Permit thoſe Evils, that this Good might come ?
So manifeſt, that ev'n the Moon-Ey'd Sects
See *Whom* and *What* this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our Minds no more
Than that One Shipwrack on the Fatal (*i*) Ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What Wonders God reſerves for ſuch a Reign.
To dream that Chance his Preſervation wrought;
Were to think *Noah* was preſerv'd for nought;

(g) *The Pope in the time of* Conſtantine *the Great*, *alluding to the preſent Pope.* (*h*) K. James *the Second.* (*i*) *The Lemmon Ore.*

Or the Surviving Eight were not deſign'd
To people Earth, and to reſtore their Kind.

When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,
The Manly Lines of a Majeſtick Face
Give Awful Joy: 'Tis Paradiſe to look
On the fair Frontiſpiece of Nature's Book;
If the firſt opening Page ſo charms the ſight,
Think how th' unfolded Volume will delight!
See how the Venerable Infant lies
In early Pomp; how through the Mother's Eyes
The Father's Soul, with an undaunted view
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due.
See on his future Subjects how He ſmiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with Craft beguiles;
But with an open Face, as on his Throne,
Aſſures our Birthrights, and aſſumes his own.

Born in broad Day-light, that th' ungrateful Rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt:
Truth, which it ſelf is light, does darkneſs ſhun,
And the true Eaglet ſafely dares the Sun.

(*k*) Fain wou'd the Fiends have made a dubious Birth,
Loth to confeſs the Godhead cloath'd in Earth.
But ſickned after all their Baffled lies,
To find an Heir apparent of the Skyes:
Abandon'd to deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.

Not great (*l*) *Æneas* ſtood in plainer Day,
When, the dark mantling Miſt diſſolv'd away,
He to the *Tyrians* ſhew'd his ſudden Face,
Shining with all his Goddeſs Mother's Grace:
For She her ſelf had made his Count'nance bright,
Breath'd honour on his Eyes, and her own Purple Light.

If our Victorious (*m*) *Edward*, as they ſay,
Gave *Wales* a Prince on that Propitious Day,
Why may not Years revolving with his Fate
Produce his Like, but with a longer Date?
One who may carry to a diſtant ſhoar
The Terrour that his Fam'd Foreſather bore.

(*k*) *Alluding to the Temptations in the Wilderneſs.* (l) Virg. *Æneid.* 1.
(m) Edw. *the black Prince, Born on Trinity Sunday.*

But why ſhou'd *James* or his Young Hero ſtay
For ſlight Preſages of a Name or Day?
We need no *Edward*'s Fortune to Adorn
That happy Moment when our Prince was Born:
Our Prince Adorns his Day, and Ages hence
Shall wiſh his Birth-day for ſome future Prince.

(n) Great *Michael*, Prince of all th' Ætherial Hoſts,
And what e're In-born Saints our *Britain* boaſts;
And thou, th' (o) adopted Patron of our Iſle,
With chearful Aſpects on this Infant ſmile:
The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from above,
Secures our Bliſs, and reconciles his Love.

Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,
When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter draught;
Then Airy Atoms did in Plagues conſpire,
Nor did th' Avenging Angel yet retire,
But purg'd our ſtill encreaſing Crimes with Fire.
Then perjur'd Plots, the ſtill impending Teſt,
And worſe; but Charity conceals the Reſt:

(n) *The Motto of the Poem explain'd.* (o) *St.* George.

Here ſtop the Current of the ſanguine flood,
Require not, Gracious God, thy Martyrs Blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a Rich Harveſt through their Native Soil:
A Harveſt ripening for another Reign,
Of which this Royal Babe may reap the Grain.
Enough of Early Saints one Womb has giv'n;
Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:
Let them for his, and our Attonement go;
And Reigning bleſt above, leave him to Rule below.
Enough already has the Year foreſlow'd
His wonted Courſe, the Seas have overflow'd,
The Meads were floated with a weeping Spring,
And frighten'd Birds in Woods forgot to ſing;
The Strong-limb'd Steed beneath his Harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhiv'ring Sweat his Lord attaints.
When will the Miniſter of Wrath give o're?
Behold him; at (p) *Araunah's* threſhing-floor.

(p) *Alluding to the paſſage in the* 1. *Book of Kings*, *Ch.* 24. v. 20th.

He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming brand;
Pleas'd with burnt Incenſe, from our *David's* hand.
David has bought the *Jebuſites* abode,
And rais'd an Altar to the Living God.
Heav'n, to reward him, make his Joys ſincere;
No future Ills, nor Accidents appear
To ſully and pollute the Sacred Infant's Year.
Five Months to Diſcord and Debate were giv'n:
He ſanctifies the yet remaining Sev'n.
Sabbath of Months! henceforth in Him be bleſt,
And prelude to the Realms perpetual Reſt!
Let his Baptiſmal Drops for us attone;
Luſtrations for (*q*) Offences not his own.
Let Conſcience, which is Int'reſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame Font be cleans'd, and all the Land Baptiz'd.
(*r*) Un-nam'd as yet; at leaſt unknown to Fame:
Is there a ſtrife in Heav'n about his Name?
Where every Famous Predeceſſour Vies,
And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?

(q) *Original Sin.* (r) *The Prince Chriſten'd, but not nam'd.*

Or muſt it be reſerv'd to thought alone?
Such was the Sacred (*s*) *Tetragrammaton.*
Things worthy ſilence muſt not be reveal'd:
Thus the true Name of (*t*) *Rome* was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the Spells, and Sorceries of thoſe
Who durſt her Infant Majeſty oppoſe.
But when his tender ſtrength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill Tongues, and faſcinating Eyes;
This Iſle, which hides the little Thund'rer's Fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his Name:
Th' Artillery of Heav'n ſhall make him known;
(*u*) *Crete* cou'd not hold the God, when *Jove* was grown.
  As *Joves* (*x*) Increaſe, who from his Brain was born,
Whom Arms and Arts did equally adorn,
Free of the Breaſt was bred, whoſe Milky taſte
Minerva's Name to *Venus* had debas'd;

(s) Jehovah, *or the name of God unlawful to be pronounc'd by the* Jews. (t) *Some Authors ſay, That the true name of* Rome *was kept a ſecret*; ne hoſtes incantamentis Deos elicerent. (u) Candie *where* Jupiter *was born and bred ſecretly.* (x) Pallas, *or* Minerva; *ſaid by the Poets, to have been bred up by Hand.*

So this Imperial Babe rejects the Food
That mixes Monarchs with *Plebeian* Blood:
Food that his inborn Courage might controul,
Extinguiſh all the Father in his Soul,
And, for his *Eſtian* Race, and *Saxon* Strain,
Might re-produce ſome ſecond *Richard's* Reign.
Mildneſs he ſhares from both his Parents blood,
But Kings too tame are deſpicably good:
Be this the Mixture of this Regal Child,
By Nature Manly, but by Virtue Mild.
Thus far the Furious Tranſport of the News,
Had to Prophetick Madneſs fir'd the Muſe;
Madneſs ungovernable, uninſpir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever ſhe deſir'd;
Was it for me the dark Abyſs to tread,
And read the Book which Angels cannot read?
How was I puniſh'd when the (y) ſudden blaſt,
The Face of Heav'n, and our young *Sun* o'recaſt!

(y) *The ſudden falſe Report of the Prince's Death.*

Fame, the ſwift Ill, encreaſing as ſhe rowl'd,
Diſeaſe, Deſpair, and Death, at three repriſes told:
At three inſulting ſtrides ſhe ſtalk'd the Town,
And, like Contagion, ſtruck the Loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd Wheat; but mounted high,
The Whirl-wind bore the Chaff, and hid the *Sky*.
Here black Rebellion ſhooting from below
(As Earth's (z) Gigantick brood by moments grow)
And here the Sons of God are petrify'd with Woe:
An *Appoplex* of Grief! ſo low were driv'n
The *Saints*, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.
As, when pent Vapours run their hollow round,
Earth-quakes, which are Convulſions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no Confinement brook,
Till the Third ſettles, what the Former ſhook;
Such heavings had our Souls; till ſlow and late,
Our Life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd on Fate.
By Prayers the mighty *Bleſſing* was implor'd,
To Pray'rs was granted, and by Pray'rs reſtor'd.

(z) *Thoſe Gyants are feign'd to have grown* 15 *Ells every day.*

So e're the (*a*) *Shunamite* a Son conceiv'd,
The Prophet promis'd, and the Wiſe believ'd,
A Son was ſent, the Son ſo much deſir'd,
But ſoon upon the Mother's Knees expir'd.
The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful Door,
Ran, pray'd, and ſent his Paſt'ral Staff before,
Then ſtretch'd his Limbs upon the Child, and mourn'd,
Till Warmth, and Breath, and a new Soul return'd.
Thus Mercy ſtretches out her hand, and ſaves
Deſponding *Peter* ſinking in the Waves.
As when a ſudden Storm of Hail and Rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded Grain,
Think not the hopes of Harveſt are deſtroy'd
On the flat Field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded ſtem, from Tempeſt free'd,
Will raiſe the youthful honours of his head;
And, ſoon reſtor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous Year.

(a) *In the ſecond Book of* Kings, *Chap.* 4*th*.

Nor yet conclude all fiery *Trials* paſt,
For Heav'n will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful Bleſſings, and with mingled fear;
That, ſtill depending on his daily Grace,
His every Mercy for an Alms may paſs:
With ſparing hands will Dyet us to good;
Preventing Surfeits of our pamper'd Blood.
So feeds the Mother-bird her craving Young,
With little Morſels, and delays 'em long.
True, this laſt Bleſſing was a Royal Feaſt,
But, where's the Wedding Garment on the Gueſt?
Our Manners, as Religion were a Dream,
Are ſuch as teach the Nations to *Blaſpheme*.
In Luſts we wallow, and with Pride we ſwell,
And Injuries, with Injuries repell;
Prompt to Revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our Lives unteach the Doctrin we believe;

Thus *Iſrael* Sin'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the *(b)* preſent Ark their Guard;
But when the haughty *Philiſtims* appear,
They fled abandon'd, to their Foes, and fear;
Their God was abſent, though his Ark was there.
Ah! leſt our Crimes ſhou'd ſnatch this Pledge away,
And make our Joys the Bleſſing of a Day!
For we have ſin'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our practice gives.
Our Crimes wou'd ſoon weigh down the guilty Scale,
But *James*, and *Mary*, and the Church prevail.
Nor (*c*) *Amaleck* can rout the *Choſen Bands*,
While *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up *Moſes* Hands.
By living well, let us ſecure his days,
Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the Free-born Spirit can conſtrain,
But Charity, and great Examples gain.
Forgiveneſs is our thanks, for ſuch a Day;
'Tis Godlike, God in his own Coyn to Pay.

(b) Sam. 4*th*. v. 10*th*. (c) Exod. 17. v. 8*th*.

But you, Propitious Queen, tranſlated here,
From your mild Heav'n, to rule our rugged Sphere,
Beyond the Sunny walks, and circling Year.
You, who your Native Climate have bereft
Of all the Virtues, and the Vices left;
Whom Piety, and Beauty make their boaſt,
Though Beautiful is well in Pious loſt;
So loſt, as Star-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the Day;
Or Gold about the Regal Diadem,
Loſt to improve the luſtre of the Gem.
What can we add to your Triumphant Day?
Let the Great Gift the Beautious Giver Pay.
For ſhou'd our thanks awake the riſing Sun,
And lengthen, as his lateſt ſhadows run,
That, tho' the longeſt day, wou'd ſoon, too ſoon be done.
Let Angels Voices, with their Harps Conſpire,
But keep th' Auſpicious Infant from the Quire;
Late let him ſing above, and let us know
No ſweeter Muſick, than his Cryes below.

Nor can I wiſh to you, Great Monarch more
Than ſuch an Annual Income to your ſtore;
The Day, which gave this *Unit*, did not ſhine
For a leſs Omen, than to fill the *Trine*.
After a *Prince*, an *Admiral* beget,
The Royal Sov'raign wants an Anchor yet.
Our Iſle has younger Titles ſtill in ſtore,
And when th' exhauſted Land can yield no more,
Your Line can force them from a Foreign ſhore.

The Name of Great, your Martial Mind will ſute,
But Juſtice, is your Darling Attribute:
Of all the *Greeks*, 'twas but (*d*) one *Hero's* due,
And, in him, *Plutarch* Prophecy'd of you,
A Prince's favours but on few can fall,
But Juſtice is a Virtue ſhar'd by all.

Some Kings the name of Conq'rours have aſſum'd,
Some to be Great, ſome to be Gods preſum'd;
But boundleſs Pow'r, and Arbitrary Luſt
Made Tyrants ſtill abhor the Name of Juſt;

(d) Ariſtides, *ſee his Life in* Plutarch.

They ſhun'd the praiſe this Godlike Virtue gives,
And fear'd a Title, that reproach'd their Lives.
The Pow'r from which all Kings derive their ſtate,
Whom they pretend, at leaſt, to imitate,
Is equal both to puniſh and reward;
For few wou'd love their God, unleſs they fear'd.
Reſiſtleſs Force and Immortality
Make but a Lame, Imperfect Deity:
Tempeſts have force unbounded to deſtroy,
And Deathleſs Being ev'n the Damn'd enjoy,
And yet Heav'ns Attributes, both laſt and firſt,
One without life, and one with life accurſt;
But Juſtice is Heav'ns ſelf, ſo ſtrictly He,
That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.
This Virtue is your own; but Life and State
Are One to Fortune ſubject, One to Fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears your ſteady Hand beguile;
Your ſelf our Ballance hold, the Worlds, our Iſle. }

FINIS.

The WORKS of Mr. *JOHN DRYDEN.* Containing as follows,

ESSAY on Dramatick Poetry.
Wild Gallant.
Rival Ladies.
Indian Emperour.
Maiden Queen.
Sir Martin Marr-all.
The Tempeſt.
Evening Love.
Royal Martyr.
Conqueſt of *Granada*.
Marriage A-la-mode.
Love in a Nunnery.
Amboyna.
State of Innocence.
Aurenzebe.
All for Love.
Limberham.
Oedipus.
Troilus and *Creſſide*.
Spaniſh-Fryar.
Duke of *Guiſe*.
Vindication of the Duke of *Gaiſe*
Don *Sebaſtian*.
Amphitryon.
King *Arthur*.
Annus Mirabilis.
Poem on the Return of K. *Ch.* II.
---On the Coronation of K. *Ch.* II.
A Poem to the L. Chancellor *Hide*.
Abſalom and *Achitophel*.
The Medall, a Poem.
Religio Laici, a Poem.
Elegy on the Death of K. *Charles* II.
The *Hind* and *Panther*.
Poem on the Birth of the Prince.

LONDON Printed, and are to be Sold by *Jacob Tonſon* at the
Sign of the *Judge's Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1691.

Eleonora:

A PANEGYRICAL

POEM:

Dedicated to the

MEMORY

Of the Late

COUNTESS

OF

ABINGDON.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

——*Superas evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt. Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Juppiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus;
Diis geniti potuere. Virgil Æneid. l. 6.

LONDON:
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleetſtreet.* 1692.

Where compleat Sets of Mr. *Dryden*'s Works are Sold: The Plays being put in the order they were Written.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of *Abingdon, &c.*

MY LORD,

THE Commands, with which You honour'd me ſome Months ago, are now perform'd: They had been ſooner; but betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forc'd to deferr them till this time. Ovid, *going to his Baniſhment, and Writing from on Shipbord to his Friends, excus'd the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes; and told them, that good Verſes never flow, but from a ſerene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind of* Mercury, *with Wings faſten'd to his Head and Heels, can flye but ſlowly, in a damp air. I therefore choſe rather to Obey You late, than ill: if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy Your Peruſal and Your Patronage. I cannot ſay that I have eſcap'd from a Shipwreck; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard ſwimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: For the Doctors give me a ſad aſſurance, that my Diſeaſe never took its leave of any man, but with a purpoſe to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval,*

terval, and menag'd the ſmall Stock which Age has left me, to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my Ladies Memory. We, who are Prieſts of Apollo, *have not the Inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the God comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to reſiſt: which gives us double ſtrength while the Fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent, at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this Occaſion; and prophecy'd beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believ'd, that the Exccellency of the Subject contributed much to the Happineſs of the Execution: And that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I ſwom with the Tyde, and the Water under me was buoyant. The Reader will eaſily obſerve, that I was tranſported, by the multitude and variety of my Similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant Fancy; and the wantonneſs of Wit. Had I call'd in my Judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of Critiques: For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroique Verſe, is of the Pindarique nature, as well in the Thought as the Expreſſion; and as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as Your Lordſhip ſees in the Title, not for an Elegie; but a Panegyrique. A kind of Apotheoſis, indeed; if a Heathen Word may be applyed to a Chriſtian uſe. And on all Occaſions of Praiſe, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns, we are bound by Preſcription to employ the magnificence of Words, and the force of Figures, to adorn the ſublimity of Thoughts.* Iſocrates *amongſt the* Grecian

Orators; *and* Cicero, *and the younger* Pliny, *amongſt the* Romans, *have left us their Precedents for our ſecurity: For I think I need not mention the inimitable* Pindar, *who ſtretches on theſe Pinnions out of ſight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another World.*

This at leaſt, my Lord, I may juſtly plead, that if I have not perform'd ſo well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my beſt endeavours to excel my ſelf. One Diſadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known, or ſeen my Lady: And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Deſcription which I have receiv'd from others, is for a Painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living Original before him. Which the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive; when he has only a relation given him, of ſuch and ſuch Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend; without the Nice Touches which give the beſt Reſemblance, and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf, (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular Obſervations, would have diſcover'd more perfections, at leaſt others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have receiv'd mine from the beſt hands, that is, from Perſons who neither want a juſt Underſtanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Doctor Donn *the greateſt Wit, though not the beſt Poet of our Nation, acknowledges, that he had never ſeen Mrs.* Drury, *whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries; I have had the ſame fortune; though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame Genius. However, I have follow'd his footſteps in the Deſign of his Panegyrick, which was to raiſe an Emulation in the living, to*

Copy out the Example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this Poem, the Pattern: And though on a ſecond conſideration, I chang'd the Title into the Name of that Illuſtrious Perſon, yet the Deſign continues, and Eleonora *is ſtill the Pattern of Charity, Devotion, and Humility; of the beſt Wife, the beſt Mother, and the beſt of Friends.*

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to anſwer Your Commands, yet I cou'd not anſwer it to the World, nor to my Conſcience, if I gave not Your Lordſhip my Teſtimony of being the beſt Husband now living: I ſay my Teſtimony only: For the praiſe of it, is given You by Your ſelf. They who deſpiſe the Rules of Virtue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon, *to have been ſo truly lov'd by you, while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honour'd, after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or cou'd have ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Conſtancy beyond the Grave. The exteriours of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Habits, are the uſual ſtints of Common Husbands: and perhaps their Wives deſerve no better than to be mourn'd with Hypocriſie, and forgot with eaſe. But You have diſtinguiſh'd Your ſelf from ordinary Lovers, by a real, and laſting grief for the Deceas'd. And by endeavouring to raiſe for her, the moſt durable Monument, which is that of Verſe. And ſo it wou'd have prov'd if the Workman had been equal to the Work; and Your Choice of the Artificer, as happy as Your Deſign. Yet, as* Phidias *when he had made the Statue of* Minerva, *cou'd not forbear to ingrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece; ſo give me leave to hope, that*

that by ſubſcribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the Goddeſs, and tranſmit my Name to Poſterity by the memory of Hers. 'Tis no flattery, to aſſure Your Lordſhip, that ſhe is remember'd in the preſent Age, by all who have had the Honour of her Converſation and Acquaintance. And that I have never been in any Company ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extoll'd her Virtues; and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in Proſe, which I have done in Verſe.

I therefore think my ſelf oblig'd to thank Your Lordſhip for the Commiſſion which You have given me: How I have acquitted my ſelf of it, muſt be left to the Opinion of the World, in ſpight of any Proteſtation, which I can enter againſt the preſent Age, as Incompetent, or Corrupt Judges. For my Comfort they are but Engliſhmen, and as ſuch, if they Think Ill of me to Day, they are inconſtant enough, to Think Well of me to Morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongſt them. The Good of both Sexes are ſo few, in England, that they ſtand like Exceptions againſt General Rules: And though one of them has deſerv'd a greater Commendation, than I cou'd give her, they have taken care, that I ſhou'd not tire my Pen, with frequent exerciſe on the like Subjects; that Praiſes, like Taxes, ſhou'd be appropriated; and left almoſt as Individual as the Perſon. They ſay my Talent is Satyre; if it be ſo, 'tis a Fruitful Age; and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a Harveſt: They have ſown the Dragons Teeth themſelves; and 'tis but juſt they ſhou'd reap each other in Lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my Happineſs to know

You, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall Remainders of the Engliſh *Nobility, truly ſuch, and unhurt your ſelves, behold the mad Combat. If I have pleas'd You, and ſome few others, I have obtain'd my end. You ſee, I have diſabled my ſelf, like an Elected Speaker of the Houſe; yet like him I have undertaken the Charge; and find the Burden ſufficiently recompenc'd by the Honour. Be pleas'd to accept of theſe my Unworthy Labours; this Paper Monument; and let her Pious Memory, which I am ſure is Sacred to You, not only plead the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me Your Protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,*

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

Eleonora:

A
PANEGYRICAL POEM
Dedicated to the
MEMORY
OF THE
Late Counteſs of *ABINGDON*.

AS, when ſome Great and Gracious Monarch dies, *The Introduction.*
Soft whiſpers, firſt, and mournful Murmurs riſe
Among the ſad Attendants; then, the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Through Town and Country, till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant Colonies at laſt;

Who, then perhaps, were off'ring Vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy Reign:
So ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did Matchleſs *Eleonora's* fate proclaim,
Till publick as the loſs, the news became.

The Nation felt it, in th' extremeſt parts;
With eyes o'reflowing, and with bleeding hearts:
Of her Charity. But moſt the Poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd;
Beginning to be ſuch, but when ſhe dy'd.
For, while ſhe liv'd, they ſlept in peace, by night;
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And, with ſuch firm dependance on the Day,
That need grew pamper'd; and forgot to pray:
So ſure the Dole, ſo ready at their call,
They ſtood prepar'd to ſee the Manna fall.

Such Multitudes ſhe fed, ſhe cloath'd, ſhe nurſt,

That ſhe, her ſelf, might fear her wanting firſt.
Of her Five Talents, other five ſhe made;
Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd:
And, in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A Fortune, better fitted to the Mind.
Nor did her Alms from Oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſire of Praiſe; the Soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No leſs than Heav'n; to heap huge treaſures, there.

Want paſs'd for Merit, at her open door,
Heav'n ſaw, he ſafely might increaſe his Poor.
And truſt their Suſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of Miracle.
None cou'd be needy, whom ſhe ſaw, or knew;
All, in the Compaſs of her Sphear, ſhe drew:
He who cou'd touch her Garment, was as ſure,
As the firſt Chriſtians of th' Apoſtles cure.

The

The diſtant heard, by Fame, her pious deeds;
And laid her up, for their extremeſt needs;
A future Cordial, for a fainting Mind;
For, what was ne're refuſ'd, all hop'd to find;
Each in his turn: The Rich might freely come,
As to a Friend; but to the Poor, 'twas Home.
As to ſome Holy Houſe th' Afflicted came;
The Hunger-ſtarv'd, the Naked, and the Lame;
Want and Diſeaſes fled before her Name.
For zeal like hers, her Servants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt where need requir'd, to go;
Her ſelf the Foundreſs, and Attendant too.

Sure ſhe had Gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her Great Maſter's Train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for ought we know;
Since in a Servant's form he liv'd below:

Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to ſtay:
Or ſome benighted Angel, in his way
Might eaſe his Wings; and ſeeing Heav'n appear
In its beſt work of Mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of Charity and Love
Were in as conſtant Method, as above:
All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her Alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her Praiſes, and as warm her Pray'rs.

Of her prudent Management.

Yet was ſhe not profuſe; but fear'd to waſt,
And wiſely manag'd, that the ſtock might laſt;
That all might be ſupply'd; and ſhe not grieve
When Crouds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve.
Which to prevent, ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up, and ſpar'd, that ſhe might give the more:
So *Pharaoh*, or ſome Greater King than he,
Provided for the ſev'nth Neceſſity:

Taught from above, his Magazines to frame;
That Famine was prevented e're it came.
Thus Heav'n, though All-ſufficient, ſhows a thrift
In his Oeconomy, and bounds his gift:
Creating for our Day, one ſingle Light;
And his Reflection too ſupplies the Night:
Perhaps a thouſand other Worlds, that lye
Remote from us, and latent in the Sky,
Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurſt;
Of which our Earthly Dunghil is the worſt.

Now, as all Vertues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her Soul; abhorring Avarice,
Bounteous, but, almoſt bounteous to a Vice:
Had ſhe giv'n more, it had Profuſion been,
And turn'd th' exceſs of Goodneſs, into Sin.

Theſe Vertues rais'd her Fabrick to the Sky; *Of her Humility.*
For that which is next Heav'n, is Charity.
But, as high Turrets, for their Ay'ry ſteep
Require Foundations, in proportion deep:
And lofty Cedars, as far, upward ſhoot,
As to the neather Heav'ns they drive the root;
So low did her ſecure Foundation lye,
She was not Humble, but Humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great, or fair,
Or wiſe, beyond what other Women are,
Or, which is better, knew; but never durſt compare.
For to be conſc'ious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances Vertue high'r:
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound:
Aſcrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to her ſelf alone.

Of her Piety.

Such her Devotion was, as might give rules
Of Speculation, to diſputing Schools;
And teach us equally the Scales to hold
Betwixt the two Extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may mod'rately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with zeal.
Buſineſs might ſhorten, not diſturb her Pray'r;
Heav'n had the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.
An Active life, long Oraiſons forbids;
Yet ſtill ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by deeds.

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath: Only free
From hours of Pray'r, for hours of Charity.
Such as the Jews from ſervile toil releaſt;
Where works of Mercy were a part of reſt:
Such as bleſt Angels exerciſe above,
Vary'd with Sacred Hymns, and Acts of Love;

Such Sabbaths as that one ſhe now enjoys;
Ev'n that perpetual one, which ſhe employs,
(For ſuch viciſſitudes in Heav'n there are)
In Praiſe alternate, and alternate Pray'r.
All this ſhe practis'd here; that when ſhe ſprung
Amidſt the Quires, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung.
Sung, and was ſung her ſelf, in Angels Lays;
For praiſing her, they did her Maker praiſe.
All Offices of Heav'n ſo well ſhe knew,
Before ſhe came, that nothing there was new.
And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Of her various Vertues.

Muſe, down again precipitate thy flight;
For how can Mortal Eyes ſuſtain Immortal Light!
But as the Sun in Water we can bear,
Yet not the Sun, but his Reflection there,

So let us view her here, in what ſhe was;
And take her Image, in this watry Glaſs:
Yet look not ev'ry Lineament to ſee;
Some will be caſt in ſhades; and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you ſcarcely know, 'tis ſhe.
For where ſuch various Vertues we recite,
'Tis like the Milky-Way, all over bright,
But ſown ſo thick with Stars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd Light.

Her Vertue, not her Vertues let us call,
For one Heroick comprehends 'em all:
One, as a Conſtellation is but one;
Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the Zodiack run.
Ever in Motion; now 'tis Faith aſcends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downvvards vvith diffuſive Good, deſcends.

As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and Coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what Scent is uppermoſt;
Nor this part Musk or Civet can we call,
Or Amber, but a rich Reſult of all;
So, ſhe was all a Sweet; whoſe ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's Art.
No ſingle Virtue we cou'd moſt commend;
Whether the Wiſe, the Mother, or the Friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That, as no one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece;
Th' Occaſion but exerted that, or this.

Of her Conjugal Virtues.

A Wiſe as tender, and as true withall,
As the firſt Woman was, before her fall:
Made for the Man, of whom ſhe was a part;
Made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart.

A ſecond *Eve*, but by no Crime accurſt;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the firſt.
Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had bin,
And Death had found no entrance by her ſin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from ill
Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern ſtill.

Love and Obedience to her Lord ſhe bore,
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more.
Not aw'd to Duty by ſuperior ſway;
But taught by his Indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God as Author of our good;
So Subjects love juſt Kings, or ſo they ſhou'd.
Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd;
In equal Fires the bliſsful Couple burn'd:
One Joy poſſeſs'd 'em both, and in one Grief they
[mourn'd.
His Paſſion ſtill improv'd: he lov'd ſo faſt
As if he fear'd each day wou'd be her laſt.

Too true a Prophet to foreſee the Fate
That ſhou'd ſo ſoon divide their happy State:
When he to Heav'n entirely muſt reſtore
That Love, that Heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry part,
So God and He, might each have all her Heart.

Of her love to her Children.

So had her Children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly Perſpective of diſtant view:
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a Face
In numb'ring o'er his future *Roman* Race,
And Marſhalling the Heroes of his name
As, in their Order, next to light they came;
Nor *Cybele* with half ſo kind an Eye,
Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Skie.

Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal Fruit,
As far as Pride with Heav'enly Minds may ſuit.

Her care of their Education.

Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore;
New Objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the Choſen found the perly Grain
As much as ev'ry Veſſel cou'd contain;
As in the Bliſsfull Viſion each ſhall ſhare,
As much of Glory, as his Soul can bear;
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpence her Care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt;
As longer cultivated than the reſt:
The Babe had all that Infant care beguiles,
And early knew his Mother in her ſmiles:
But when dilated Organs let in day
To the young Soul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs, the Maternal Love
Thoſe Rudiments of Reaſon did improve:

The tender Age was pliant to command;
Like Wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind
With eaſe was pious, generous, juſt and kind;
Soft for Impreſſion from the firſt, prepar'd,
Till Vertue, with long exerciſe, grew hard;
With ev'ry Act confirm'd; and made, at laſt
So durable, as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to Habit; and, from Vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into Neceſſity.

Thus fix'd ſhe Virtue's Image, that's her own,
Till the whole Mother in the Children ſhone;
For that was their Perfection: ſhe was ſuch,
They never cou'd expreſs her Mind too much.
So unexhauſted her Perfections were,
That, for more Children, ſhe had more to ſpare:

For Souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of Bodies, and of mortal breath:
And (cou'd they take th' Impreſſions of her Mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctifie her Kind.

Of her Friendſhip. Then wonder not to ſee this Soul extend
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a Friend:
As ſwelling Seas to gentle Rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the Tyde;
So this full Soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a vent,
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her Treaſures, and ſecurely reſt.
T' unboſom all the ſecrets of her Heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of Friendſhip's holy ſtate
To mix their Minds, and to communicate;
Though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.

Fixt to her choice; inviolably true;
And wiſely chuſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one cou'd find
A Tally fitted for ſo large a Mind.

The Souls of Friends, like Kings in Progreſs are;
Still in their own, though from the Pallace far:
Thus her Friend's Heart her Country Dwelling was,
A ſweet Retirement to a courſer place:
Where Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not;
Where Greatneſs was ſhut out, and Buis'neſs well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a Star
Exceeds the Meaſures of th' Aſtronomer.
She ſhines above we know, but in what place,
How near the Throne, and Heav'ns Imperial Face,

By our weak Opticks is but vainly gheſt;
Diſtance and Altitude conceal the reſt.

Reflections on the ſhortneſs of her life.

Tho all theſe rare Endowments of the Mind
Were in a narrow ſpace of life confin'd;
The Figure was with full Perfection crown'd;
Though not ſo large an Orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the publick place,
The Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to paſs,
And but one Day for Tiumph was allow'd,
Th eConſul was conſtrain'd his Pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift Proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, though not diſtinctly, might be ſhown;
So, in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious Mind:
And multitudes of Vertues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng;

Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room,
For greater Multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no Minute ſlipt away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of Heav'n to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle Acts, though each compleat;
But ev'ry Act ſtood ready to repeat.

Her fellow Saints with buſie care, will look
For her bleſt Name, in Fate's eternal Book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs Vertues, endleſs Charity;
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an Age;
To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page;
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The Piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.

She dy'd in her thirty third year.

But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, cou'd there be
A Copy near th' Original, 'twas ſhe.

As precious Gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the Temple, and expire,
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd; and vaniſh'd hence;
A ſhort ſweet Odour, of a vaſt expence.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now, did Heav'n and Earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath,
This Moment perfect health, the next was death.

The manner of her death.

One ſigh, did her eternal Bliſs aſſure;
So little Penance needs, when Souls are almoſt pure.
As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts purſue;
Or, one Dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
(So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild Order keep,
We think our ſelves awake, and are aſleep:)

So ſoftly death ſucceeded life, in her;
She did but dream of Heav'n, and ſhe was there.

No Pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with Noiſe;
Her Soul was whiſper'd out, with God's ſtill Voice:
As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feaſt,
And treated like a long familiar Gueſt;
He took her as he found; but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go. *Her prepa-redneſs to dye.*
Ev'n on that day, in all her Trim prepar'd;
As early notice ſhe from Heav'n had heard,
And ſome deſcending Courtier, from above
Had giv'n her timely warning to remove:
Or counſell'd her to dreſs the nuptial Room;
For on that Night the Bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay
Cloath'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the Day: *She dy'd on Whitſunday night.*

Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd, in thought, or word, or act;
Unleſs Omiſſions were to paſs for fact:
That hardly Death a Conſequence cou'd draw,
To make her liable to Nature's Law.
And that ſhe dy'd, we only have to ſhow,
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt (ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went)
Look'd like Tranſlation, through the Firmament;
Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand ſent.

Apoſtrophe to her Soul.

O happy Soul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all Intelligence, all Eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruines of thy Houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family;
Look on thy tender Pledges left behind:
And, if thou canſt a vacant Minute find

From Heav'nly Joys, that Interval afford
To thy ſad Children, and thy mourning Lord.
See how they grieve, miſtaken in their love,
And ſhed a beam of Comfort from above;
Give 'em, as much as mortal Eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there;
That they with mod'rate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollifie their Loſſes, in thy Gain.
Or elſe divide the grief, for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhou'd not all Relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.

Epiphonema: or cloſe of the Poem.

Let this ſuffice: Nor thou, great Saint, refuſe
This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muſe:
Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or Age depreſt,
Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntleſs breſt:
And dares to ſing thy Praiſes, in a Clime
Where Vice triumphs, and Vertue is a Crime:

Where ev'n to draw the Picture of thy Mind,
Is Satyr on the moſt of Humane Kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis Praiſe; before my rage
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad Age;
So bad, that thou thy ſelf had'ſt no defence,
From Vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art: To wiſh thy place,
Were in the beſt, Preſumption, more than grace.
Thy Reliques (ſuch thy Works of Mercy are)
Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.
As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,
So ſhall this Verſe preſerve thy Memory;
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of thee.

FINIS.